

THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

PEACH SPRINGS, MOHAVE COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

NO. 8.

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY, Proprietor.

TERMS:
One Year \$5 00
Six Months 3 00
Advertising terms made known on application at the office or by mail.

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The Clipper Club and Sample Rooms keep constantly on hand choice old McElroy Whisky and good cigars.

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SIGN OF THE REVOLVING LIGHT.

Traveler's REST.

Comfort, Ease, Liquid Refreshments and the Choicest Brands of Cigars.

In addition to a well-fitted and well-furnished room I have added a

Lodging House,
Which is provided with comfortable beds, and always polite attendance.
The Weary and Thirsty "REST" with me.
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Best Brands of
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There is a well fitted Bar attached.

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Keep constantly on hand the celebrated McElroy and Hermitage Brands of Whiskies, and a splendid assortment of Cigars.

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Clothing, Boots & Shoes,

For Laboring Men,

PEACH SPRINGS, A. T.

Best Brands of
Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.
GIVE ME A CALL.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A ton of sorghum will produce from ten to fifteen gallons of syrup.

Steam power is rapidly superseding horse power in the manufacture of tile.

Hog-cholera is said to be raging among the swine of Randolph county, Indiana.

The *Planters' Journal* is authority for the statement that dry glucose fed to bees will kill them.

The carp as a fish for the table is said to be equal in flavor to the bass, and as having no more bones than the latter.

In selecting seed corn sound, solid, well-matured ears are to be chosen rather than those selected merely for size and beauty.

In the dry season roadstuds should be gathered to replenish the dust boxes in the poultry-house during the winter months.

One cause of blight in fruit orchards is a lack of thorough underdraining. It is seldom that an orchard which is well cultivated and underdrained suffers from blight.

The wheat farm of Dr. Glenn, the largest cultivated farm in the United States, is to be broken up and sold, 15,000 acres having already been advertised, while the remaining 25,000 acres will be shortly placed on the market.

The practice of hauling out manure to the fields in the fall is doubtless a good one, provided the scattering be not done until in the spring. However, many practical farmers advocate that little or no waste occurs even when scattered from the cart as hauled.

It scarcely pays to whitewash fruit-trees; a better method is to every year at least scrape the trees and then wash with soft soap and water. This will dislodge insects, open the pores of the trees, and give them a natural, healthy appearance.

In burying vegetables for winter keeping a liberal amount of straw covered with very little earth is the best until cold weather sets in. Cabbages, beets and potatoes should be covered at least a foot deep with straw, and two feet of straw is better than six inches.

Pears are better when harvested before becoming fully ripened, but not until they have attained their full size. They should be picked and allowed to ripen in a moderately warm, but perfectly dry, chamber. Care should also be observed in picking that the stems be not severed from the fruit; if the pears are bent slightly upwards the stems will separate at the juncture of the fruit spar.

Potatoes dug and exposed for a time to the sunlight before being put away in the bins will not be as good as if put away as quickly as possible after taking from the ground. The effect of the sunlight is to turn the starch into grape-sugar. The tuber will turn green, lose its crispness, and when cooked will not have that mealiness and agreeable flavor so pleasant to the taste.

The experience of all fruit-growers is that it pays to cultivate young orchards. The trees become thrifter, bear sooner and of course better fruit. The philosophy of this is simple: during that period when the young trees are growing, like everything else supported by the soil, they need and must have proper nourishment. After they have in a measure attained their growth the cultivation should cease, in order that they may ripen their wood. It has been observed that more trees die each winter in hard, unventilated soil than in one which has been cultivated.

THE MEADOWS OF MARYLAND.

SPRINGFIELD, Prince George's Co., Md. Mr. Chas. G. Addison, of the above place, states: "I sprained my right knee, causing intense suffering and the use of crutches for several weeks. I found no relief in other remedies and finally tried the miracle of cure, St. Jacob's Oil. In a short time I could bend my knee—which had been as stiff as an iron rod—laying aside my crutches and was able to walk as well as ever."

Massachusetts heads the list of States in wealth per capita, averaging \$1,500.

HARD LUMPS IN BREAST.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pellita" in June, and the lump is gone. Yours gratefully, Mrs. R. R. CLARK, Irvington, Mich.

Professor Paul Passy of Paris says America is the dustiest country he ever saw.

For five cents, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., will send colored samples of Diamond Dyes, with directions.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria, and all nervous affections.

Heart Tonic relieves pain about the heart.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c

Dr. A. Pape, Reservoir, O., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in several instances, and in each case obtained good results."

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

HE SAW TOO MUCH.

A Tall Man's Remarkable Experience—
"Working the Pipe."

The tall, gaunt man took his seat in the street car, and, turning to the ministerial passenger, three seats away, announced in a loud voice that he had passed through a remarkable experience.

"Indeed," remarked the ministerial passenger with an attempt to look interested. "May I ask you what it was?"

"Certainly. I thought you would want to know. That was why I addressed you. I have been working the pipe."

"Working the pipe?"

"Yes, having an opium debauch. If you want a new experience, try the pipe. It is beastly but novel. I had an opium dream that made my hair turn short in an hour. I thought I was being led through an enchanted valley by a veiled lady and a hideous Chinaman. The ground was paved with gold, emeralds, and rubies; the trees bore silver fruit, and the branches resembled icicles of fantastic form. There were banks of chocolate, ice-cream, and hillocks of pies, cakes, and puddings rose at intervals upon either side, while every few yards we passed fountains that spouted forth streams of beer and lemonade."

"Oh, how dreadful," exclaimed a horror-stricken passenger.

"Very dreadful," replied the tall, gaunt man, with a smile of approval.

"We didn't drink. The veiled lady and the hideous Chinaman next conducted me to the foot of the endless ladder, up which we climbed for seven hours, finally stepping off into a forest, the trees of which grew to an astonishing height. Upon the top of each was an elephant, and every bright particular beast held in his trunk a portrait of my puppy love. The woods were filled with a soft, sweet melody, but as we proceeded, dark, deep holes, or pits began to appear all about us, from which flames of fire and volumes of sulphurous smoke arose, and at intervals of a few seconds, hands, feet, and distorted countenances were thrust at us, and guttural oaths and foul epithets could be heard. I told my attendants that I was tired and wished to rest. We sat down upon a bench, which immediately arose to a height of ten miles, when it began falling at a terrific rate of speed. Our descent was made pleasant by innumerable owls with red wings, and eagles, with monkeys' heads flying about us, cracking jokes and repeating the shorter catechism. When we reached terra firma it turned out to be an island in midocean—a barren rock, inhabited by snakes, lizards, and ducks. Each of the latter played upon a Jew's harp, while the snakes brought us biscuits and cheese, which they held in their forked tails. At this point I went to sleep, and when I awoke found myself astride of a horse which could talk. The animal informed me that his name was Luciphatus.

"After traveling a long distance we came in sight of an immense crowd of people, animals, and reptiles—perhaps 10,000—of all kinds and creeds. In the first group we came to were Napoleon Bonaparte, Senator Lapham, Prince Bismarck, and Perry Carson, who were engaged in a social game of draw, with a copy of Schenck's rules on the ground nearby. The next personage was the queen of England on a bicycle, riding around amidst the crowd, trying to pass a silver quarter which had been perforated. A score or more of Sicilian barbers were lathering and scraping the bones of the people who were murdered during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. At this moment my horse turned to a snowflake and melted away before my eyes, and I mingled with the throng I saw Christians reading the Koran, Mahomedans talking about the telephone, saw monks training for the prize ring, women playing base ball, ostriches smoking Havana cigars, geese playing checkers, mules running sewing machines, cowboys boling cabbages, preachers pulling teeth, Quakers dancing, brick masons sawing wood, Indians compiling dictionaries, Esquimaux playing on a piano, fleas eating oysters, spotted men and pink colored children munching sawdust, horses fighting duels, goats wearing New Market jerseys, frogs throwing dice, gamblers praying, jackknives dancing jigs, editors writing English, creditors giving more time, anti-snowballing, whales eating Malaga grapes, pigs beating drums, office-holders resigning, and"

The tall, gaunt man stopped suddenly. His battered body fell upon the cold, hard pavement with a dull, sickening thud, and the passengers voted the ministerial passenger and the stout German butcher a resolution of thanks for killing him.—[Washington Republican.

The Queen has entrusted the task of writing her biography to Miss Keddie, a Scotch lady, introduced by Lord Ronald Gower. Little progress has yet been made with the work. The Queen has ordered an extensive section of Windsor Castle to be lighted with the Edison electric light.

"Do you believe in spirits?" the young lady asked the new pastor. "No, my daughter," replied the old man, "I don't believe in anything this side of heaven. I preached in Washington twenty years."

ACCOUNTING FOR MANY THINGS.

"Yes, sir," remarked the tramp, emptying his glass and looking around with a smile. "I have no doubt the President took trout out of a stream and flung them into a geyser to cook them. It sounds like a big story, and the description of the fact might have been written by the poet Rogers of the last Administration, who, I understand, accompanies the Presidential party, but I am remarking, gentlemen, that bigger things in the same line have been done right in that neck 'o' the woods."

"Under your personal observation?" inquired the gentleman in glasses.

"Under the same," answered the bald-headed man, taking the reply out of the tramp's mouth. "I've done the same thing myself, right where he is now, only I held the fish tail foremost toward a blizzard to scale 'em first."

"That's business," assented the tramp, with a smile of encouragement.

"The way we used to do was to scale 'em with a blizzard as you did, and then hold 'em between the Indians and us for a moment, to let an arrow cut 'em and clean 'em."

"A very good idea," conceded the bald-headed man. "We used to do that with prairie chickens, but we never tried it on fish. Our way was to turn the fish inside out and boil 'em in a geyser, and then turn 'em back again. It didn't spoil the outside appearance of the fish."

"We tried that until we found that the fish was better done inside than out," remarked the tramp. And then he gave it up. Our favorite way was to boil 'em without cleaning and then to let a hailstone run through 'em. They came out as sweet as a nut."

"I don't think much of the hailstone racket," observed the bald-headed man with some contempt. "I tried it once with a hundred-pound salmon, and when the stone got through there wasn't enough salmon left to make a killy fish."

"Did you ever try a streak 'o' lightning for cleaning fish?" asked the tramp.

"Only once," replied the bald-headed man. "And the fish got stale before we could get the clap of thunder out of it. Our greatest dodge was to hang the fish up on a stage route and let the road agents go through it. That used to clean it pretty well."

"Speaking of geysers," continued the tramp, with a pleasant smile. "I started them geysers in the Yellowstone Park!"

"May I ask how?" inquired the man in glasses.

"Them geysers are nothing but holes in the ice I dug one winter catching eels. I caught over 1,000,000 eels that season, and I pulled them up so fast that the water followed and kept running like a siphon ever since."

"But how do you account for the water being so hot?" asked the man in glasses.

"Friction!" exclaimed the tramp. "I pulled them eels up so lively that the friction of my line set the water on fire, and one time I was nearly scalded to death with the steam. I say, you see that man going out that door?" and he pointed to the departing bald-headed man. "That man aims to be a bigger liar than that man who is following the President around, but he can't fetch it. He hasn't the talent. Look here; I'm going out with the next Presidential party, and if you want my influence to get in with the gang all you've got to do is to set 'em up now while I feel in the humor for a snifter, or else you will stay at home and hear that bald-headed snipe get off his same lies while I am coining a reputation that may lead me to a cabinet office under the next administration. You hear me?"

And the man in glasses was not proof against the threat. He has read and heard enough to believe that anything is possible in a Presidential party.

THE CONSUMPTION OF GOLD.—The consumption of gold for other than monetary purposes in Europe, America and Australia has more than quadrupled in thirty years, and has quite trebled in twenty years. It is more than five times what it was half a century ago. The great mass of gold which has flowed from the mines has been absorbed in the same opulence and luxury of the times which have swallowed up the flood of gems, great in volume beyond any former precedent, from the diamond-fields of South Africa, and increasing prices will be quite as likely to whet the appetite of both as to check it. Five-sixths of the current production of gold is absorbed in the arts and manufactures in the Western world and in British India. A part of the remaining sixth is lost in the wear of coins, and by fires, shipwrecks and forgotten hoards. What is left to increase the stock of gold money in proportion to the increase of population, exchanges and wealth of the world?—[North American Review.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., the other day, a gentleman went into a bank to deposit \$1,100. He placed it on the desk in a book. A young man standing by nudged him, telling him he had dropped a bill. While he was stooping to pick it up, the young man, who, by the way, had dropped the bill, abstracted \$500 from the depositor's book and disappeared before the theft was discovered.

Louisa V. Bryant, a colored lady, practices law in Colorado.

BLUE LANDS.

A View that Charms Like a Beautiful Dream.

I have several times in my letters referred to the clearness of the atmosphere over the grand lakes, and especially Superior, and here I can give an illustration of it. At 11 a. m. we steam out by Thunder Cape. At 7 p. m. we are fully eighty miles to the east, as far to the south of Sick Minister rock, and fully ninety miles from La Pate. It is doubtless a rare day even for that lovely climate. With not a cloud to catch the sunlight, the sky is almost colorless, and one can gaze up there until he hears the music of the spheres. The weather is so clear that the bubbles around the bottom of the fantail under the stern show as white almost as snow through eight feet of water, and where the surface is unbroken you seem to be gazing upon the curtain of night that by some accident have fallen from their fixtures above. There is so little in the water to reflect light that sunbeams sink and give no farewell gleam. Away on our right hand the great hills of Keweenaw, on the south shore, are clearly outlined against the sky, fully fifty miles distant. Isle Royale, Fire Island (now Beaufort) and Thunder Cape to the west, and the dyspeptic Knob to the north, are still clearly defined. Standing on the hurricane deck as the sun goes down in a gleam of gold, I can see over a circle that must be nearly 600 miles in circumference. In the far distance the land is robed in a color as rare as the blue of a handsome eye. The whole vision is as charming as a beautiful dream. There is nothing like it on the New England coast. I have seen the White Mountains farther, but they don't show the same exquisite coloring. It is like the glimpse one gets of the mountains from afar off on the plains, and the land seems much higher than it really is, owing to the clearness with which it can be seen. On the whole, I do not wonder that the savages were superstitious regarding this lake and its surroundings. It were easy for one disposed to commune with nature to find up here along this crystal sea and among these beautiful hills a land of God and a home of the soul.—[Correspondence, Philadelphia Times.

THE KIND OF A COUNT "RUSSIAN BILL" WAS.

His looks would have attracted attention anywhere, but dressed in the fancy cowboy garb, he was particularly noticeable. His clearly cut features, long, drooping mustache, and curly blonde hair, which fell in curls on his shoulders made Russian Bill an object of special interest to strangers. Three years ago, when the writer first saw him, Russian Bill was known through southwestern New Mexico as one of the Sam Simon "rustlers," a gang of thirty or forty outlaws that made periodical raids through Western Arizona, Northern Mexico and Southern New Mexico, stealing cattle and horses and driving them to the San Simon Valley, where they were kept until an opportunity offered itself to dispose of them. Russian Bill was a man of good education; he spoke four languages fluently, and delighted whenever opportunity offered in discussing literature, science or art. Of his past nothing was known, save that he was from Russia. His reputation was not that of a "bad man," but of being a braggart whose heart was really kind and whose courage was doubtful.

About two years ago the residents of Shakespear, N. M., resolved to free themselves from the rough element that had for a long time ruled that place. The next morning twelve men were asked to leave, and when Russian Bill arrived in town a couple of days later, accompanied by another rustler named Sandy King, the citizens decided that the two men should die as an example to their companions in crime. Accordingly, at about midnight, a dozen men entered the room of the Stratford Hotel occupied by the rustlers. Before Sandy King and Russian Bill could offer any resistance they were tied securely, ropes were thrown over the beam above their beds, and they were pulled up and left hanging until they were dead. The next morning a coroner's jury held an inquest and brought in a verdict that the men committed suicide by hanging.

A short time ago the sheriff of Grant county, N. M., received a letter from the American Consul at St. Petersburg, saying that the Countess Telfin was very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her son, who had been banished for political reasons, but who possessed large estates. The letter inclosed a photograph of Russian Bill. Word was sent that the Count had committed suicide at Shakespear two years ago, and the true facts were kept from the knowledge of his mother.—[New York Times.

Dr. Al. Watts says the pug dog never bites. We don't see why he should. He is petted and coddled as if he were a baby. It is the "yaller" dog that is kicked from pillar to post that has the most reason to bite, but he is mainly on the lookout for a bite of something to eat.