

# WEEKLY CHAMPION.

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## AUTUMN

Beautiful summer has gone with its roses; All its bright flowers have faded away; Autumn has come and new beauties disclose. Each season brings joy to gladden our way.

The trees are bedecked with light green and dark brown, Mingled and shaded with crimson and gold; The wild winds are chasing the tattle's white down, The beauty of autumn can never be told.

Autumn is here and the reapers are plying; Their sickles in fields of ripe waving grain; The bright hues of leaves on the trees are fast dying, The frost with its blight sweeps over the plain.

Yes, autumn has come, but soon it will leave us, The cricket's shrill tone be hushed in the night; Till "Old Father Time," who will never deceive us, Bring autumn again, the frost and the blight.

The harvest is gathered and autumn serene, With tall, naked trees and fields brown and bare; In waiting for winter to close up the scene, With its icy cold touch and keen frosty air.

Life's autumn will come, and with it the reaper, And so, with the seasons, we're passing away; We'll plant in our hearts more truths and still deeper, To light up our paths and point us the way.

Where summer still blooms with fairst of flowers, Our souls pave a way to that beautiful land; There we shall live in its sweet-scented bowers, And dwell with our friends in a bright angel band.

## A RIG BITE.

Mamma gave our Nellie an apple, So round, and big, and red, It seemed, beside dainty wee Nellie, To almost eclipse her head.

Beside her young Nellie was standing And Nellie loves apples, too, "Ah, Nellie," said Nellie, "Give Brother A bite of your apple—ah, do!"

Dear Nellie held out the big apple; Ned opened his mouth very wide— So wide that the startled red apple Could almost have gone inside!

And, oh! what a bite he gave it! The apple looked small; I declare; When Ned gave it back to his sister, Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nellie looked frightened a moment, Then a thought made her face grow bright, "Here, Ned, you can take the apple— I'd rather have the bite!"

## MRS. TATUM'S PLAN.

"Are you going to have some new carpets, Mrs. Tatum?" asked plump little Mrs. Wells, as she met her old friend in an upholstery establishment.

"Only one. I've been making a purchase of a little home, since I saw you," said Mrs. Tatum, "and I find my parlor carpet won't fit."

"Indeed! Well, I am glad you have bought a place at last," said Mrs. Wells.

"So am I. I was real disappointed when we failed to secure the Weldon place, last spring."

"The story about a flaw in the title was correct then?"

"Oh, yes. Tom found it out by mere accident, just as I was about closing the purchase. Of course we didn't want it, then, so we've gone on renting all summer."

"Have you secured a pleasant house, this time?" asked Mrs. Wells.

"Very pleasant, we think."

"Where is it?"

"No. 54 Oak street."

"Oh, Martha Tatum! I hope not! Dear, how funny!" And Mary Wells began to laugh.

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked Mrs. Tatum, quickly.

"No. 54 Oak street is where we lived last year."

"So you did! I remember now! I called on you there, and that was what made the house seem so familiar when I looked over it. Is there anything wrong, Mary?"

"Not with the house, oh no. It is a very comfortable, handy dwelling, good water, woodshed, cellar, well ventilated and all. It wasn't the house drove us away?"

"Well, what was it, Mary?"

"It was the next door neighbor, Mrs. Gordon. I dare say she lives there yet for they own the property, and wouldn't be likely to leave it."

"Yes, Gordon is the name on the next door-plate. Ours is the corner house."

"Yes. Well, I'm not given to gossip, Martha, but I couldn't stand her! And that is why I got away."

"But what is the trouble? Come, now Mary, I'm not a gossip either, still I want to know all about this. Forewarned is fore-armed, you know."

"I can tell you, but I don't see what good it will do now, as you have really taken the house. In the first place she is the worst borrower you ever saw. Of course I like to be as neighborly and kind as any one, but you know that kind of thing can be made a terrible nuisance, and she does ask for the most absurd things! I don't think I ever had a new pair of shoes or a new bonnet that she didn't send in for the first wear."

"I hope you were not silly enough to let her have it?" said Mrs. Tatum.

"Sometimes I did, because if I didn't she would tell such terrible tales! She'll give you the history of everybody in the neighborhood, before you have known her an hour. And then, the things she borrows either never come home at all, or come utterly ruined! Groceries and things of that sort never come back, and my husband said it was too expensive to live by her. And another thing, whenever we had company, she never failed to come for something, so we soon found out it was merely an excuse to satisfy her curios-

ty. I really feel almost ashamed to tell you all this, Mrs. Tatum, but if you go there to live, you'll find the half hasn't been told!"

"I'm very glad you have told me, Mary. I shall know now, what ground to meet Mrs. Gordon on, and I think I shall be able to manage her."

"I should like to know how! It's more than I could do I'm sure!" laughed Mrs. Wells.

"Oh, I'll not tell you my plan now. But if it proves a success I'll let you know. Come and see me in two or three weeks, and we'll compare notes."

"All right. I'll give you three weeks."

"I shall settle her in that time, I think. Now come and help me select my carpet."

The two ladies were soon deeply engaged over the merits of ingrain, Brussels and Wiltons, and the beauty of various colors and figures which the obliging clerk displayed to the best advantage.

After a while a selection was made, and the friends left the store.

Mrs. Tatum took a street car to her new home, and as she rode down, her mind was busy planning a means of getting rid of her obnoxious neighbor.

"I think that will do it!" she said, to herself, as she opened the next gate, and went round to the side door, where the cozy sitting-room was already arranged.

She had seen Mrs. Gordon at the pump on her own side of the fence, already, a tall, sandy-haired woman with pale blue eyes, a sharp nose and a slovenly dress, and heard her scolding in a loud key at her three or four sandy-haired children.

She did not impress Mrs. Tatum at all as a pleasant woman, even without Mrs. Wells' report, and being tormented with her was entirely out of the question.

"I never will stand what Mary did, and that's the end of it!" she said.

She had been settled several days before Mrs. Gordon came over to make a call.

She popped in, then, by the back door, just as Tom, Mrs. Tatum's son had finished his supper and gone out.

"How d'ye do?" she said. "I 'pose you don't know me? My name's Gordon. I thought I'd just run in, neighborly like, and see how you like it here?"

"Very much, so far, thank you," said Mrs. Tatum. "Will you walk into the sitting-room, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Oh, no!" said the visitor, helping herself to a chair. "I'll just sit down here a minute. Go right on with your work, I didn't come in here to hinder. Don't keep no girl, do ye?"

"No, I don't need one when I am well," said Mrs. Tatum. "There are only two of us."

"That young feller is your son, I reckon?"

"Yes, madam."

"You don't do your washing, do you?" pursued the visitor.

"No, madam. Nor my ironing, and I hire part of my sewing done, and do the rest myself. I am a widow, forty-six years old, and my son is twenty-two. We have bought this house, paid cash for it, and intend to keep it. Is there anything else you would like to know, Mrs. Gordon?" asked Mrs. Tatum, coolly.

The woman looked a little astonished, and answered:

"Oh, no. I never was a hand to ask questions, like some folks. I thought I'd come in, just a minute, and get acquainted. You like to be neighborly, I suppose, Mrs. Tatum?"

"Certainly with neighbors of the right kind," answered Mrs. Tatum.

"Yes, that's what I say," said Mrs. Gordon. "Well I must go home. I just run in, sorter easy like. Do come over, Mrs. Tatum?"

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Tatum, without accepting the invitation, or asking the "neighborly" lady to repeat her own call.

"If you want any little thing, don't hesitate to send over! I do believe in neighbors being accommodated!" said Mrs. Gordon, rising to go. "Haint got acquainted much, yet, with Oak street's folks, have ye?"

"No," said Mrs. Tatum.

"I loved not. Well, some of 'em'll do, and some won't! I'll run over tomorrow and tell you a little about 'em. Now I must really get home. Good-night, and do besociable, Mrs. Tatum!"

"Good-night," was all the answer Mrs. Tatum made. She laughed a little, jolly laugh after Mrs. Gordon was gone. And she might have laughed again, had she known that, in spite of her hurry, that lady, before she went home, took occasion to run across the street and tell another neighbor that Mrs. Tatum was "the queerest woman she ever did see!"

Next day little Johnny Gordon came over and said:

"Ma wanted to borrow a drawin' o' tea and three eggs, an' she'd send 'em home when she got some."

Mrs. Tatum gave the things, and marked the items down on a paper, tacked by the kitchen window.

Encouraged by this success, Johnny came back in the evening, and said:

"Ma was goin' to meetin', and wanted to borrow Mis' Tatum's Sunday cloak."

"Tell her I never lend a second thing until the first is returned. You have not brought the eggs and the tea, yet. I will mark it off the paper as soon as you do," calmly observed Mrs. Tatum.

Johnny departed. Presently in came Mrs. Gordon, bringing the eggs and the tea, looking red in the face.

"Here's your things!" she said.

"That fool of a boy of mine says you mark everything that's borrowed down on a paper, but I don't believe it!"

"See for yourself," said Mrs. Tatum, marking out with her pencil the two items from the paper she had tacked up. "It is the best way to keep things square, and avoid trouble, you know," she coolly added.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Gordon. She bounced out without ask-

ing for the cloak, and Mrs. Tatum hoped she was rid of her for good.

But, in three or four days, Mrs. Gordon seemed to have forgotten her resentment, and sent Johnny over for the clothes line.

It was given and marked down on the paper. But in the evening Johnny brought it back.

"Scratch it off your measly old paper, now says he. 'Pap says if ma sends over here for another thing, he'll lick her."

"Your mother is welcome to everything she returns in good order, Johnny," said Mrs. Tatum, "except my clothes, and those I never lend."

"Ma says she wouldn't be seen in your old duds!" said Johnny, retiring.

Mrs. Tatum smiled, and felt pretty sure her wardrobe would be undisturbed—as it was.

Several days passed, and then some callers came. They had hardly gone, when in popped Mrs. Gordon, without the ceremony of knocking.

"I thought I saw the Howards, and Mrs. Neely come in here, a while ago," she remarked.

"You did," said Mrs. Tatum.

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't have much to do with them Howards," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Indeed? They seem pleasant," said Mrs. Tatum.

"Oh, yes! But they do say all's not right there. And, if you'll believe it, Mr. Neely just goes and goes there! At all hours, too! And his poor wife at home, all alone! What he goes for, I can't say, but—"

"I will ask them, when I return the call," said Mrs. Tatum.

"Ask 'em?" And Mrs. Gordon looked astonished and uncomfortable.

"Why, certainly. I shall tell them all you have said, and no doubt they can explain Mr. Neely's visits."

"Mrs. Tatum, you surely won't repeat what I say?"

"I surely will! Of course you won't say what is not true, and if it is true, you can't object to my speaking of it. I always tell one neighbor what another says of another."

"Well, I never did see such a woman!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "I'll just let you alone, hereafter."

She bounced up, and out she went, and this time Mrs. Tatum felt sure she would not repeat her visit.

She did not. When Mrs. Wells came to make her call, Mrs. Tatum told her that her plan for getting rid of a troublesome neighbor had entirely succeeded, for Mrs. Gordon did not even speak to her on the street.

## A WOUND FROM A STAG'S HORN.

Throughout the West Highlands, a wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous. It is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Gamekeepers, foresters and their assistants dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification sore, however slight it may have seemed at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory: the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb or epileptic; or if he has been a wise and intelligent creature, he now becomes perfectly stupid. The author of "Nether Lochaber" was personally acquainted with a fine-looking young man, an assistant forester, who, in helping to take a dead steer off a hill-pony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the tines. He did not think much of the wound at the time. It was an ugly, ragged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once quite easily "by the first intention," as the doctors say. This wound from the dead stag's horn would not, however, heal, none of the salves or ointment or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect upon it. It always became the longer the worse, and when Mr. Stewart saw the young man he was on his way to Glasgow to see if the skill of the doctors there could counteract the dire effect of the stag's horn.—[Chambers's Journal.

## JEW'S OF WAZAN MOROCCO.

Our presence caused great excitement, the people pressing round our little cavalcade, and those who could not get near running on ahead and taking up a good position where we were likely to pass. Our guard were so violent in their efforts to clear a passage for us, that I was glad when they turned down a narrow court, and motioning us to dismount, showed us through a low door into a succession of open patios, round which the houses of the Jews were built. Generally the *melha*, or quarter where they live, is far dirtier than any other part of town; here it was the reverse, and the well-to-do appearance of the grown-up people, and pretty laughing faces of the children, show that in Wazan, at all events the ancient race is not subject to persecution. Some of them could speak a few words of Spanish, and the inmates of several houses into which we looked saluted us with: "Buenos dias, señores." I have always noticed how glad the Jews in Morocco are to see one, and particularly in Fez and Mequinez, after having been scowled at by the true believers as we rode along with our guard, it has been a relief to turn in to the *melha* and be greeted by the smiles and welcome of these persecuted Israelites. It is most difficult to form any correct estimate of the population of a Moorish town. Wazan, I should say, was certainly under 10,000, of which the Jews number probably about 600.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

"Why," asked a hoary sage, as he viewed one of our high-collared young men saluting about the Foreign Exhibition with a much-beplumed damsel during business hours, "why is the present generation of young men like vinegar?" And the listening multitude caught the whispered answer: "Verily, because it loseth strength when removed from the 'mother.'"

## AN EDUCATED BEGGAR.

Curious specimens of humanity pass before the police tribunals. A man named Amourette, just tried at Tours for vagrancy, is a type of what the beggar of the future may be expected to be under the system of obligatory instruction and cheap newspapers. The Judge before whom he was brought was evidently in doubt whether the fellow was not indulging in a little chaff at his worship's expense. Amourette, when charged with begging, protested against such an imputation, and expressed his horror of beggars. Asked why he did not get some regular employment, he said: "If I returned to Paris I should no doubt find some one to give me occupation. I formerly worked in the fur trade, and I flatter myself with considerable success. The moment is, besides, a favorable one. We are at the approach of the winter season, which is essentially the period when the fur trade is most prosperous. Everybody now wears furs, and fur is an article of dress that suits every one, from the leader of fashion to the concierge's daughter. It is true that there is a great difference in the prices. Some furs cost \$1,000, and others are within reach of the purse of the mechanic's wife, and may be had for 50. The trade is an excellent one."

The Judge: "Then why do you not get employment in it?" The prisoner, "Monsieur le President, I have plenty of good will, but we cannot always realize our wishes. Such as you see me, I have a horror of beggars." The Judge: "But you do nothing but beg yourself." The prisoner: "Yes; but that is purely accidental. I was saying that I have a horror of beggars. Every man that has not a trade is a beggar; and I do not hesitate to say a beggar of the worst kind. That is my opinion, and I make no secret of it." The Judge having asked him if he had nothing more to say in his defense, he continued, "Gentlemen, France is under the empire of institutions which seem to be regular and susceptible of stability. Serious incidents have recently occurred, and appear to me to be destined to follow a progressive course, which can not fail to produce the happiest results. I have heard that from a well informed person." The Judge: "I do not see what excuse that is for you. You are charged with begging, and this is not your first offense." The prisoner, "That is very true (with a bow); then I must ask for the indulgence of the Court." He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

## AN HEROIC EDITOR.

After each failure of an Arctic expedition, there arises a cheap, pusillanimous cry to put a stop to the expenditure of life and money for an object which is "of no possible practical use." That is it. This "practical" age can see nothing but a "practical" use; and the "practical" use is the lowest of all. Whale oil, with a profit of ten cents a gallon, is "practical." For that it is worth while to wreck ships or sacrifice life. Nobody questions that. We send our fleets every year for that ten cents; and ice-hips and wreckages on glacier coasts are well paid for with that ten cents. But when it comes to something so much less substantial as knowledge, mere knowledge with no dime in its hand, then arises the wail of the mock philanthropist that life is being sacrificed for nothing. As if knowledge were nothing. Why, knowledge is almost the only something there is. Beside it silver is silly vanity. Balance the two, whale oil versus knowledge! Thank God it has not yet come to this that money is regarded with us as the only profit under the sun. There are thousands of heroic souls among us who have not time to make money, because they have greater things to do; thousands who might think it a waste of value to sacrifice life for money, but who would pour out blood like water for an idea, a sentiment, an aspiration, for knowledge, for God. We still reverence the heroic, and who thinks of making a hero of our millionaires? It is not they whose character enriches our country, but the thinkers, the searchers, the workers for the true and good. These are platitudes; but we have to say them again when we see respectable journals crying out against the "folly" of Arctic explorations. The North Pole has got to be conquered. We shall never be satisfied until we know its secrets. The nations are laying siege to it in steady advance. America has its part to do, and must do it. Human life is cheap, is not worth talking about when there is this knowledge to be sought and gained. Who will volunteer next?—[N. Y. Independent.

## O'CONNELL'S LOVE-MAKING.

O'Connell gives us a glimpse of the supreme moment of happiness in the love-romance of his life. "I never," he says, proposed marriage to any woman, but one—my Mary. I said to her, 'Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?' She answered, 'I am not.' 'Then,' said I, 'will you engage yourself to me?' 'I will,' was her reply. And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should; she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed."

The lovers were privately married on the 23d of June, 1802, in Dane street, Dublin, at the lodgings of Mr. James Connor, the lady's brother-in-law. The bride was the daughter of a physician in Tarlee, who was indeed skillful in his profession, but not sufficiently rich to give a marriage portion with his daughter. This it was which caused a resentment in O'Connell's family when they came to know of the marriage, for it was kept secret for several months.

In a recent murder trial in Florida a single red hair found in blood spots on the handkerchief of the accused formed an important link in the testimony which led to his conviction. The victim had red hair.

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