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GIVE ME A CALL.

"BIG GAME" IN INDIA.

Hunters who wish to bag "big game" should lose no time in visiting the unhappy hunting-grounds that are situated among the jungles of the Madras Presidency, India. Hunting, which is a pastime in most countries, is a necessary occupation, if not a duty, in this "neck of woods." If the human inhabitants should not keep up an active war against the ferocious animals, the latter would soon exterminate the former. A constant warfare for the supremacy is going on. The official reports show that during last year wild beasts killed 1,195 persons; while human beings killed 2,055 dangerous wild beasts. Among the dangerous beasts killed were five ferocious elephants. This was not a large number, but it must be kept in mind that one elephant can do a great amount of damage. He goes through a country spreading desolation like a tornado, uproots trees, overturns houses, demolishes carriages, and kills domestic animals and men. Each of the elephants slain last season had "killed his man." Among the animals killed were 578 tigers, 1,300 panthers and leopards, 213 bears, 24 wolves. No less than 920 huge serpents were also slain. These monsters had killed 206 human beings. Bears are credited with killing 11, and panthers 26. The tiger is held in the greatest terror. It is far more dangerous than the lion. It is the impersonation of hunger, cruelty and cunning. Its appetite appears never to be fully satisfied. In early life it devours the helpless young of other wild animals. As it becomes larger and stronger it attacks full-grown domestic animals. Finally it gets sufficiently bold to pursue men. It lurks by the wayside or near wells and springs, ready to leap upon the traveler or the water-seeker. Leopards and panthers are dangerous enough, but are less destructive of human life than tigers.

The character of the wild animals of a country exerting a most powerful influence on its settlement and the prosperity of its inhabitants. In this respect the territory occupied by the United States was most remarkable. In the opinion of an eminent naturalist, it contained no wild animal that was not of more benefit than disadvantage to the settlers. It abounded in fur-bearing animals, whose skins were in great demand in all the great centers of wealth and civilization. These skins constituted a source of wealth to the early settlers. Hunting and trapping were profitable employments when people could not engage in farming. Some of the skins were converted into garments and others into money. The skins of buffaloes were made into garments, employed as coverings for beds, or used as protections in sleighs. Moose, deer, antelope and bears furnished meat until domesticated animals could be introduced and raised in sufficient numbers to supply the people with food. Their fat and hides were useful for a great variety of purposes. Rabbits, squirrels, ground-hogs, opossums and "coons" also furnished valuable meat and skins. Foxes and bears did some damage, but were useful in keeping in check many of the small animals that rank as vermin. They were easily caught in traps and their skins were very valuable and brought a high price at a time when agricultural products raised at a distance from water communication could not be sold for money or exchanged for articles of food and clothing. All the native animals of this country are of easy extermination. Most of them disappear before the march of civilization, and only stay as long as they are wanted by the inhabitants. The Hindus might lead happier and less exciting lives if their game were as valuable and as little troublesome.—[Chicago Times.

NOT NEEDED.—"Is it a fact," asked Gilhooley of Gus De Smith, "that you recently inherited \$50,000?" "Fifty thousand!" said Gus; "why, I have just inherited \$100,000." "Well, then," said Gilhooley, "what are you looking so blue about?" "Ah, Gilhooley," replied Gus, "I feel a blamed sight bluer than I look." "Why so?" "Because, before I received this money I had to pay cash for everything I purchased. Now my credit is good, I can buy anything I want without money. I don't need this money, and that's what troubles me."—[Texas Sittings.

"Look a heah, sah," indignantly exclaimed a colored gentleman, "does yer mean ter call me a thief?" "Dat's what I means." "An' why, sah?" "Splain yerself, ur take de rough consequence." "Case I seed yer when yer stole a coat." "Wall, dat's all right, but ef yer hadn't ter seen me I'd er whipped yer, sho." "Better be pertic'lar how yer fools wid me, man, 'case I comes from a proud fan'ly."—[Arkansas Traveler.

Pootie's wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Pootie, "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."

The Indian "summer"—An aboriginal arithmetician,

THE BAD BOY.

The Boy and his Chum Have a Boxing Match—His Pa Knocked out.

"Say, mister," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in buying his face in a California pear, it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it."

"What's that," said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a wood-sawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the wood-sawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was painted, "Take one." I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromos of a new clothes-wringer, for people to take one, and by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on to the basket of pears, and I suppose every darn fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

"No, sir-ree," said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same though," and the boy put up his hands like a prize fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.

"O, say," said the grocery man, confidentially, "there is a rumor that our minister is a reformed prize fighter, and an old maid that was in here yesterday says he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?"

"Know anything about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them," and the boy dodged away from an imaginary opponent in a prize ring, and tipped over a barrel of ax handles. "You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other, evenings. Since I have got the Irish boy to box with pa, last summer, and he patted pa in the nose, pa has not visited the laundry to see us box, but last night the minister called to talk with pa about raising money to pay the church debt, and they heard us down stairs warning each other with the gloves, and the minister asked pa what it was, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusemet with boxing gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it, and the minister said he didn't think there was. He said when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium, every day, and he enjoyed it very much, and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. He said the only student that ever got the best of him in boxing was one who is now preaching in Chicago, and he was the hardest hitter in the college. Pa asked the minister if he wouldn't like to go down cellar and see the boys box, and he said he didn't mind, and so they came down where we were. I felt really ashamed when the minister came down, and was going to apologize, but the minister said he considered boxing the healthiest exercise there was, and if our people would practice more with boxing-gloves and dumb-bells, there would be less liver complaint, and less need of summer vacations. Me and my chum boxed a couple of rounds, and the minister told us where we made several mistakes, and then pa got excited and wanted the minister to put on the gloves with him, but he said he was out of practice, and he did not know but it would cause talk in the church if it should get out that he had been boxing with one of the members, but pa told him nobody would ever know it, and it would do them both good, and so the minister took off his coat, let his suspenders hang down, rolled up his sleeves, and they put on the gloves. I tell you it was fun for us boys, and I enjoyed it better than a circus. Pa is a pretty hard hitter, but he hasn't got the wind that the minister has. Pa pranced around, and the minister kept his face guarded, cause he didn't want to have to preach with a black eye, but pretty soon pa made a pass at the preacher and took him 'hiff' right on the nose, but he rallied and landed one on pa's stomach, and made pa grunt. The blow on the nose made the minister perspire, and he was more excited than I ever saw him when he was preaching, and he danced around pa until he got a good chance and then he landed one on pa's eye, and the other under pa's ear, and pa gave him one on the eye, and they clinched, and the minister got pa's head under his arm and was giving it to pa real hard, just as ma and three of the sisters of the church came down cellar to see ma's canned fruit, and the minister got pa's legs tangled and threw him against ma and they both went into a clothes basket of wet clothes, and ma yelled 'police,' and she scratched pa on the side of the face, and the minister turned suddenly and one glove hit a deacon's wife on the bangs and knocked

the hair off, and the minister was excited and he said, 'whoop! I'm a bad man. This makes me think of when I was on the turf,' and the woman yelled murder. Ma picked pa out of the clothes basket, and held his head, and wiped his bloody nose on a pillow case, and pa was mad at the minister for striking so hard, and the minister said he shouldn't have struck hard only pa patted him on the nose, and pa said it was no such thing, and referred to my chum, who was referee, and the woman all said it was a perfect shame to see a minister descend to become a slugger, and I guess they are going to bring the minister up before the committee and bounce him. We all got on our coats and went up stairs, and finally ma furnished some court plaster for the minister's nose, and he went home with two of the sisters, though they insisted that he should wear soft gloves, so if he got on a boxing tantrum on the way home he couldn't hurt them. The minister felt real bad about hurting pa, and pa says that he will never attend that church again, as he should feel all the time as though the minister would be liable to escape from the pulpit and knock him out in one round. If the woman had kept out of the cellar nobody would ever have known anything about it but it is all over town now. Say, do you think it is all right for a minister to hide his talents under a bushel, or should he put on the gloves when members of his church want him to?"

"By gum, I don't know," said the grocery man. "But if I was a minister, and could box, and anybody went to putting on any scollaps over me, I would, at least I think I would, from the light I have before me now; knock two eyes into one. What's the use of learning to box, and then allow folks to boss you around. I have seen some ministers go around in a meek and lowly manner, taking slack from every deacon in church, and being made to feel as though he was an object of charity, who could whip the whole congregation in a fair, stand up fight, and I sometimes think if such a minister would get on his ear and knock a few of his persecutors down a couple of pair of stairs, they would have more respect for him. But it is fashionable for ministers to seem to be dependent sort of people, and I suppose it always will be."

"Well, I must go and get a couple of oysters to put on pa's eyes to take out the black," and the boy, went out and put the sign 'take one' on a pile of dressed chickens.

A SENSIBLE CAT.

One Which Preferred the Elevator to Walking.

The Tribune elevator car had started on its upward trip last evening, and the elevator boy was gazing upward into its farthest corner, evidently lost in reverie. Presently there came a distinct call in the shape of a plaintive "Miaouw." The elevator boy checked his car forthwith on a level with the floor whence the sound came. There was no one to be seen, and the smallest boy would have been visible.

"Going up?" asked the elevator boy, "Miaouw, miaouw?" was responded. The elevator boy slid open the door and a gray cat walked demurely in, sprang upon the seat and began licking her paws until two floors and been passed, when she uttered another cry and sprang down before the doorway. The car stopped, the door was opened and Tabby passed out.

"Is she a regular passenger?" was asked. "Is she?" said the elevator boy. "Of course she is. She lives in the building, she does. She never walks up or down stairs, cept on Sunday, when the elevator ain't running. If it's evening she uses the back elevator."

"Where is she going now?" "She's jest dropping in to see a friend of hers. He's a lawyer and he often stays late to write, and she goes in and sits on the table and watches him, and he gives her a bit of something to eat. In 'bout an hour, before my times up, she'll come back to the top floor. Maybe she'll stop a little in the editorial rooms; then she goes up to the restaurant. She always gets there about 12 o'clock, when the printers get their lunch. They all know her."

"Sometimes," he added, "she sits down in the car and keeps me company for awhile. She ain't any bother. She knows how to behave herself better than some of the lawyers and sharp chaps who are always asking a feller whether he is going to get married and how's his girl. She goes all around town by herself, she does. The other morning one of the fellers saw her down in Fulton Market. She knew him and came up and rubbed against his legs. Top floor here, sir, if you want to get out."

"No," remarked the young lady, as she touched the tips of her toes in the sea, "I don't think it a bit nice. I don't mind those young men up there on the rocks, for everybody says I look just charming in my bathing dress; but the idea of such a preposterously large bathtub! It's really quite ridiculous!"

A RUSSIAN JACK SHEPPARD.

The Russian newspapers are in an exultant mood just now on the capture of the celebrated "robber of the South," Mamai. This individual has long been the terror of Southern Russia. His career of crime commenced twenty years ago, but his principal laurels have been gained since he fled from Tomsk and turned up afresh in the scene of his former triumphs two years ago. Organizing a band of robbers, and arming them with Berdan rifles and revolvers, he roamed about the country, murdering in his course as many as sixty-five persons. Caught at last, through the treachery of a mistress, he was conveyed to Nicolaef in October, and locked up in prison there pending judicial examination. Although famous as a prison-breaker, the authorities appear to have planned no special watch over him, and, in consequence, Mamai nearly escaped by digging a subterranean passage one hundred feet long from his cell to the outer wall. Prison excavations are so common in Russia that the only merit about Mamai's was the length of it, but it was an uncommon feature in his case that he should have been discovered at last through the treachery of a fellow-prisoner, since honor prevails among thieves in Russia as elsewhere, and the traitor would himself have had a chance of escape with the rest as soon as the passage was finished. Rebuffed in this attempt, Mamai waited a while, and then, one afternoon, when a policeman came to his cell, he threw him down, gagged him and donned his uniform. The following day, having exchanged the uniform for a peasant's dress, he went into the market, and choosing the best cart without its driver, drove away to Kherston. Here he was recognized outside a public house by a police officer, who touched him on the shoulder and said, "What, Mamai, you here?" "Certainly," replied the fugitive, knocking him flat on his back, and before the officer could recover his senses Mamai was out of sight. After this he organized another band, and perpetrated a host of villainies too numerous to mention, culminating a few days ago in a fight in a farmhouse, during which Mamai got captured. At present he is in his old cell in the Nicolaef jail, awaiting trial, but he says he will not be there long, and the *Globe* significantly remarks that "the Nicolaef people believe him."

MENU.

"Do you know, my dear," said a fond mother to her little son at an up-town table d'hote, "that the word menu means bill of fare in french?" "Oh, yes, mama," was the mischievous reply, "menn it."

A sailor was describing a terrible storm at sea, from which the vessel barely escaped wreck and destruction, when a listener remarked that he (the sailor) must have suffered from death thus staring him in the face. "Not a bit of it," replied the sailor; "we got the best of death." "How so?" "Why, there was about 300 of us a-starin him in the face, an' he couldn't stan' it, an' so he hauled his wind an' gin us a clear passage."

A gentleman about preparing a dictionary of authors called upon a certain lady to furnish the year of her birth, who sent him the following:—

You'll think me a fool of a woman, I'll wager. Because I'm unwilling to tell you my age. But why, for the public, should I lift the curtain.

To reveal what had better remain still uncer-tain?

This called forth a gentlemanly response, to wit:

I esteem you a woman of wisdom most sage. To hesitate thus ere revealing your age; But since wisdom the suggest may make a mistake, And because over-cautions miss "taking the cake,"

I venture herewith to make this suggestion: That instead of this timidly begging the question, You no longer conceal whatever age you may be.

(I axes your pardon for being so free). For until the dear public knows how old you are not, It may blindly file on you more years than you've got.

TRIUMPH OF FAT.

A good story is told of William Holland, the present manager of the Alhambra, who has much of the spirit of the showman in his composition. In the early part of last year, before the old building was destroyed, the Board of Directors sent him to the continent to look up a new opera adapted to the edifice in question. He went to Paris without result, then on to Italy, then Vienna, afterwards Berlin, but he could not find a suitable opera, for any and every work will not fit into the vast arched of the Alhambra. It must be massive, sumptuous, spectacular! Holland deter-mined not to go home empty-handed, and so engaged a giantess in Germany and took her back. He presented himself at the board, and the directors were in solemn convulse. "Well," said the Chairman, "what opera did you find?" "None," promptly replied Holland. "I didn't hear any musical work adapted to our needs, and so I brought instead a fat woman who is the tallest maiden in Germany." Consternation on the faces of the board, but the fat 'un turned out a prize after all, for Holland rigged her out in a suit of dazzling armour, crowned her with a towering helmet, and made her lead the Amazons in the play that was then running. And this adipose high woman brought up the business wonderfully.