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GIVE ME A CALL.

A SLIM YOUNG MAN'S APPETITE.

A slim young man, wearing a fur cap and a last year's ulster, stood with a lonesome look on his face in the waiting-room of the Polk street depot, Chicago, the other evening. He thoughtfully measured with his eye the colored youth behind the lunch counter, and reached for a sandwich. He winked at the colored boy, and was instantly supplied with a cup of coffee. Three more sandwiches came within his grasp and disappeared one after another. Then he devoured a turnover and two hard-boiled eggs. Another cup of coffee and a quarter of mince pie finished the meal. Then the slim young man gazed from his stool, and said carelessly: "What's the fillin' worth?" "Seventy cents, sah," replied the waiter promptly.

"What?" cried the slim young man, "you musn't call me passenger rates, you know. I'm a trainman, remember." "What kind of a trainman?" demanded the colored youth suspiciously. "Grand Trunk brakeman," responded the slim young man. "Got to 'identify yo'self,'" suddenly said the waiter. "Don't think anybody knows me said the other, with hesitation. "Show wat yo' got in yo' pockets, den. Ebery trainman has a car-key or a train book or somthin' else along to 'identify hisself wid."

"Changed my clothes since the last run," said the slim young man, growing pale. "You'll have to take my word for it." "Yo' word's no good," said the waiter, contemptuously. "I'll give yo' one mo' chance. Call out de towns jus' 's if dis was a pason'n'r cab." The slim young man threw back his shoulders, clutched the counter, and shouted: "Battle Creek! Niagara Falls! Montreal!" "Stop, sah; yo' is a cheat. No brakeman ebber call um day way. Dis is wot dese towns is!" "Bricawic! Nagowash! Goa-r-r-cal!"

"Dere," concluded the waiter triumphantly. "If yo'd called um dat way, I'd let yo' off wid thutty-five cents, Seventy-five cents, sah; an' hurry up." "Inter-Ocean." "TREE AND THOU."

It is no easy matter for a novice to talk fluently the "plain language" of the Society of Friends. The triple choice of pronouns confuse the tongue, and the speaker is apt to flounder hopelessly. The following humorous—but no doubt "made up" experience of one who professes to have tried to "tree and thou," will serve as an illustration: I well recollect my clumsy efforts to engage in conversation with a man whom I met in Chester county, the Quaker stronghold of Pennsylvania. When I happened upon him he was sitting on a worm-fence, staring at a cream-colored cow in the adjacent field.

I thought he was a Friend in undress, and determined to delight the old fellow, and amuse myself, by carrying on a skillful dialogue in his own idiom. This is how I succeeded: "How do thee do, sir? Is—that is, are thee meditating?"

If he was delighted, he controlled his emotion admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire: "He??" "Thee fields, the birds, the flowers," I pleasantly pursued, "are enough to bring thee dreams—I mean dreams to thee."

He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had been very idiotic, instead of idiomatic; so wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly, and observed: "Those cows, are they thy's or thee's—that is thou's—I mean thine's?" It was very unfortunate. He crawled down from the fence, and as he ambled away, exclaimed indignantly: "I'm a tramp, but a gentleman."

Poots says he cannot understand why his wife is always so particular in selecting a residence where she can have a "southern exposure." He says that just before the war he was down about Vicksburg, and he got enough Southern exposure in one dose to last him all his born days. They stripped him, tarred and feathered him, and run him out of town.

A lady of fashion of advanced age required the services of a page boy, and advertised "Youth wanted." One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of iodine soap.

A crusty old curmudgeon, who was laughing over something in his newspaper, being reproached by his wife for not reading it aloud so she could share in the enjoyment, testily said: "Oh! fudge, my dear; a thing that's funny enough to make only one laugh would be dreadfully stupid if divided between two."

And even now things go wrong in Oirland! Scene—An Irish cabin; Pat is ill; doctor has just called—"Well, Pat, have you saken the box of pills I sent you?" "Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have; but I don't feel any better yet; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet?"

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

They sat at their spinning together And they spun the fine white thread; One face was old and the other young— A golden and a silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song That was wonderfully sweet; And the mother's heart beat deep and calm, For her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson, Intersown with silent prayer, Taught to her gently, listening child, As they two sat spinning there.

"And of all that I speak, my darling, From my older head and heart, God giveth me one last thing to say, And with it thou shalt not part."

"Thou wilt listen to many voices, And ah! woe that this must be! The voice of praise and the voice of love, And the voice of flattery."

"But listen to me, my little one, There's one thing that thou shalt fear— Let never a word to my love be said Which her mother may not hear."

"No matter how true, my darling one, The words may seem to thee, They are not fit for my child to hear, If they cannot be told to me."

"If thou'lt ever keep the young heart pure And thy mother's heart from fear, Bring all that is said to thee by day At night to thy mother's ear."

BY THE SEASIDE.

A charming cottage, standing in a large, well-shaded garden, full of flowers, covered with climbing roses and sweet honeysuckle to the very roof. On one side shady woods; on the other pleasant meadows; and away down at the foot of the lane, gleaming and sparkling like an enormous living jewel in the sunshine, the sea.

"The beautiful, glorious sea!" said Rhoda Renfrew to herself, as she stood alone and thoughtful on its shore. "So grand, so strong, so free! Yes," she went on, apostrophizing the dancing, rippling waves, and dipping her little foot into them, "you can go where you will. Dashing, leaping, bounding, whither you please. You are not like me, 'cribbed, cabined, and confined,' in that hateful, blooming prison of a cottage yonder."

Certain old, half-forgotten words stole vaguely into her mind like a reproach: "He hath set bounds for the waters. At His command they arise; they flee away; they go down to the place He hath appointed for them."

Where had she heard such words as those? She raised her eyes to Heaven—they were full of tears—and clasped her hands with an earnest, passionate gesture.

"Is there no place for me?" she moaned. "Am I not capable of something higher, better than the mean domestic cares and drudgery of that house? Must all my education, my careful study, my accomplishments, be lost thus? Oh, Father! hast Thou not also appointed, even unto me, a place? and, if it be so, where is it?"

At that moment, faint and clear in the still summer air, a voice broke on her ear: "Rhoda, Rhoda Renfrew! Where are you?"

All the soft sorrow vanished from her face—her cheeks flushed, and her eyes sparkled angrily.

"Already! I may not have a moment to myself to rest, to think, even to suffer. God forgive me! How I am learning to hate that house—and her!"

The shrill call broke on her ear again: "Rhoda, Rhoda!"

"I must go," she said, with impatient weariness, "or she will publish my shortcomings to the whole neighborhood."

Mrs. Mallet stood in the pretty rose-covered cottage porch, shading her eyes from the sun with her raised hand and staring about her.

"Where can Rhoda be?" she muttered, peevishly. "I'm sure I've called her at least fifty times."

Just then she saw the graceful, elegant figure slowly coming up the road, and her light eyes flashed angrily.

"Well, to be sure! You take your time, my lady. Don't hurry because I'm calling you. This was *sotto voce*, of course, for no one was near enough to hear her. "Perhaps if you knew 'twas on your business that I called you—to get the letter you've been longing for—you'd come quicker. After all, with a spiteful glance at the letter in her hand, "why should I hurry to give it to her? I won't, I'll put it on the shelf and let her get it for herself. It's from Mr. Lisle, I guess, and would only serve to upset her."

Down she ran into the kitchen. There was a great, broad shelf there, which served as a general receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, and was only cleared and tidied at rare intervals.

Upon this shelf she threw the letter carelessly, and when Rhoda presently entered the kitchen, appeared to be busied in preparing tea.

"You kept me waiting so long that it's too late now," she snapped, and Rhoda turned away wearily.

Oh, for some means to earn her bread. The child of parents reputed wealthy, she had lost them both within a few weeks of each other, and found their riches but an idle show—her father's estate swallowed up by debts, herself a penniless orphan.

Mrs. Mallet, a cousin of her mother's, had offered her a home "until she could better herself." That was a year ago. She had not been able to find employment; her welcome was worn out; she

was of little use to her busy, bustling cousin, whose income depended largely on her summer boarders; she was unhappy, wretched, lonely. Another summer was gliding fast away, and still she had no prospect and no hope.

Exception—one little gleam of brightness in all the gloom; one poor, faint, little chance, in which she scarcely dared believe, it seemed so improbable that it should not fail her.

It was this: Secretly, without telling her aspirations to a soul—may, even hiding them, in her timid shame at her own presumption—she had been writing poems, essays, little stories, in a vague dream of being able some day to earn her own living by her pen.

How this was to be done when she had neither the courage to offer her productions for inspection, nor any idea of how to get them published, it would be hard to say.

All through the dreary winter, when boarders had fled and there was little to do in the cottage, she toiled patiently, and wrote many things whose merit would have insured their publication if they could only have been seen.

But one fine summer day, as she sat at her open window, with a poem—just poured forth from her sad, young heart—beneath her hand the mischievous wind snatched it suddenly from her table, and carrying it off, deposited it in triumph at the feet of Mr. Horace Lisle.

He was Mrs. Mallet's New York boarder, by whom she set great store; a man of rare intelligence and large means.

He lifted up the prettily written page, and, seeing at a glance that it was poetry, made no scruple about reading it.

He recognized its merit at a glance. Here was no common scribbling.

Half an hour later he had restored it to its author, and with kind, judicious words of encouragement and praise, so won her confidence that she gave him all her works to read.

It was a revelation to him. During the few weeks of his sojourn at the cottage he had often admired the lovely, black-robed girl, with her air of proud reserve or gentle melancholy; but this reading gave him an insight into a pure and noble mind and a loving, suffering heart.

Very soon his admiration changed to love. After that they were almost constant companions.

His sympathy and encouragement were so sweet to her. Mrs. Mallet made no complaint, though she grumbled privately; but she would not offend Mr. Lisle, and besides, though of a cross and spiteful temper, she had not a bad heart, and she thought:

"If he should take a fancy to Rhoda, and marry her, what a good thing it would be for her!"

Rhoda had no such thoughts. Mr. Lisle was her dear, kind friend; she never knew how dear to her heart until he had said "good-bye."

A telegram from New York had summoned him. He had gone like a flash, taking some of her writings in his pocket, which he was to offer for publication.

Almost his last word to her had been a promise to write.

"This telegram had taken me by surprise. I had something to say to you, Rhoda; but I will write. Good-bye, dear Rhoda; I will write."

"Dear Rhoda!" He had never called her so before.

The look, the tone, the words set her heart beating wildly.

"Oh, could it be—?" She hid her blushing face in her hands, ashamed at her own hopes.

"He will write to me," she murmured. "He will write."

But three weeks had gone and she had heard no word; he had not written. I have said that Mrs. Mallet was not a bad woman. Looking at her young cousin's sorrowful face next day her heart relented.

"Did you read your letter yet?" she asked, indifferently.

Rhoda started. "My letter? Did a letter come?" she cried, trembling and paling.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mallet, avoiding her eyes. "It came last night, and I laid it on that shelf for you. I'd like to know if there's any good news."

By this time Rhoda was searching the shelf. "Where can it be? I can't find it!" she said, anxiously.

Mrs. Mallet turned to help her. They searched long and carefully. All in vain; the letter had disappeared.

But when it was all too late—when the summer was over and the winter had come, and house-cleaning, after the summer season, was just ended, Rhoda picked it up from a mass of rubbish taken from the old shelf—her long looked for and despaired of letter.

manner to Rhoda was quiet and kind, as it had never been before.

"My poor child," said she; "I bring you good news as well as bad. I have been to the offices to which he took your writings; they are accepted, and you may send them more. Thus, you see, a mode of living, congenial to your tastes, is open to you. But, Rhoda, Mr. Lisle has gone to Europe."

She never confessed the share she had had in bringing about the girl's misfortune, but she strove to atone for it by unusual kindness. And Rhoda's sore heart was grateful for her sympathy, so that at last they grew to love each other dearly.

Three years went by. Rhoda was unmarried still; grown almost famous now, no longer poor, but still true to the old affection. She wrote constantly, still residing with her cousin Mallet, in the pretty cottage by the seaside.

One day, coming in from a ramble in the woods, she saw her cousin running out to meet her.

"Oh, Rhoda, be brave, my poor dear! Mr. Lisle is here—and his wife!"

It was a blow. She had not thought it could have struck so hard after all that time. But she composed herself to meet him quietly.

His wife was an old acquaintance, she found, had been one of their boarders during that eventful summer three years ago. She was a great invalid, and had insisted upon being brought here—to the seaside—to die.

He was very kind to her—patient, tender—but all his care and pity could not save; poor Marie's days were numbered.

She grew worse and worse; it was plain that the end was near; one evening she called them to her side, Rhoda and Mr. Lisle.

"I shall not live to see another sun," she said. "But I have a work to do before I die."

She took their hands, and feebly joined them, looking up pitifully with her dying eyes.

"Rhoda, he knows all, let me tell you—I took the letter. I loved him, and I hid your letter, dear. When you searched for it I had it safely hidden, when you gave it up for lost, I slipped it back on the shelf before I went back to town. I knew you would find it too late. I followed him to Europe, and told him you were promised to another. Oh, God, forgive me! I have been punished. He married me, but his heart was yours—yours! He will be all yours now, for I am going! Forgive—oh, forgive—"

She died forgiven, and they buried her as she had wished, in the old churchyard by the seaside.

Here too, a year later, Horace Lisle sought his own true love and married her. And so at last they found pure happiness where they had known much sorrow—by the seaside.

THAT BACKYARD.—It was ventilated one year ago, through the farmer, but not renovated. So there it stands, a monument of man's neglect and woman's indifference. No changes have been made in it during the past year, except some few additions to the litter.

The chicken-coops were turned up in the summer to accommodate the growing broods, but they are again tipped back and look much like wrecks on a battle-field. One more ash-barrel has been added to the number; there is a dog-kennel in one corner, and the children's play-house in another, while a few extra tin cans are scattered about.

The chip pile still mounds on. O, that backyard! Like the city of Cologne, it is noted for its smells. Let it be cleaned; let it be thoroughly renovated! Have a good old Aunt Dinah "clar up." Make a "bee," get out the hired man, the small boy, the wheelbarrow, the shovel, the rake and hoe, and let nothing be left undone that should be done. Then no more will your children rush into the house with torn clothes, injured limbs, and broken noses. Sickness will give place to health, frowns to smiles, and all because the backyard is changed from a wilderness of weeds, of slush and rubbish, to a cleanly, pleasant spot.

CHEEK UPON CHEEK.

A few days ago a man with a meek and humble expression and wearing a summer suit of clothes applied to one of the railroad passenger agents for a dead-head pass to Toledo?

"Why do you want to go to Toledo?" "To get married."

"And you haven't any money?" "Not above twenty-five cents."

"Hain't you better be worth your fare to Toledo before taking a wife on your hands to support?"

"You don't understand the case," protested the man. "I'm going to marry a widow worth at least \$5,000, and the first thing I shall do will be to remit you the price of the ticket. I'm poor and the widow knows it, but she marries me for love."

He protested so long and earnestly that he was finally passed down the road. Two days elapsed and then a letter was received from him, saying:

"Heaven bless you for your kindness! Reached here all right, and married the widow according to programme. It turns out that she isn't worth a copper. In this emergency may I ask you to pass us both to Detroit, where I have hopes of striking a job?"—[Detroit Free Press.]