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GIVE ME A CALL.

THE MAN WHO PAYS.

There are men of brains who count their gains By the million dollars or more; They buy and sell, and really do well— On the money of the poor. They manage to get quite deep in debt By various crooked ways; And so we say that the man to-day Is the honest man who pays.

When in town he never sneaks down Some alley or way-back street; With head erect he will never deflect, But boldly each man will meet. He counts the cost before he is lost In debts mysterious mazes, And he never buys in manner unwise, But calls for his bills and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair In the man who buys for cash, He is not afraid of being betrayed By a jack-leg shyster's dash. What he says to you he will certainly do If it's cash for thirty days; And when he goes out, the clerk will shout Hurrah for the man who pays!

MURPHY'S PINSON CLAIM.

"Are you the pinson claim agent, Whose name is down there on the door? Will, my name, sir, is Terrence Murphy. An' I'll put me hat down on the floor While I tell you me business. Tim Murphy He's a neighbor of mine, or, is Tim, Has just got his pinson, an' I, sir, Did the book of the swearing for him.

"These pinsons are very convenient, An' they're aisy to get, too, you see, So I thought that I'd take wan, meself, now An' have Tim do the swearing for me. So many are trying for pinsons That I thought I'd try it a whack, For somehow, in leaping the bounties, Betad, sir, I hurted me back."

THANKSGIVING AT THE SQUIRE'S.

Ere Squire Berkley took his departure Thanksgiving day, he came into the kitchen and said to Mrs. Robbins, his housekeeper,— "Now, Roxana!"—he had grown to call her by her Christian name because, as she said, it made her "feel like a girl again!"—"now, Roxana, you must have a number one dinner at two o'clock sharp, for I shall be back, and am going to bring some one along to help eat your turkey and cranberry jelly; and that Bavarian cream I long to try, for I know most of the Jerseys make nicer cream than the common cows did last Thanksgiving."

"Squire, you have no idea what it will be like, for I took extra pains with it, so be back and try it," said the widow, as she glanced at him with her small gray eyes. "I shall be back, do not fear, for I know there will not be another such a dinner in all this neck of woods; for good cooking Roxana Robbins can't be beat, and when she sets herself to prepare a Thanksgiving dinner there is going to be a grand banquet. Really, I don't expect to get such a woman again to manage for me as you've been."

"He was just taking a raw oyster from the can as he said this, and the widow poked him in the short ribs and said,— "Now, squire, don't give me any more taffy; I do my best, but you must not praise me so. I don't expect to leave you, unless you marry Miss Smith—I mean Tabitha."

At this allusion she blushed, to give effect to the occasion, and the squire made up a shocking face and said,— "Tabitha! Why, Roxana, who do you take me for?" Roxana said simply,— "Why, for Squire Berkley, of course."

At this he laughed and said,— "You need not fear Miss Smith now, and this evening, if all goes as I expect it to, we will understand each other better. So have dinner at two, and expect some news."

With this he bolted out more like a school-boy than a man of forty winters, and was gone. The widow told herself it was a mercy he hadn't popped the question then and there. How rejoiced she was he hadn't, for her front hair was in crimping pins, and her collar badly soiled. In the evening she would be in her myrtle green cashmere, and her hair would be in such splendid waves; then he might be with her, and in the falling twilight some words might be said, and then—Well he had said enough to make her anticipate something, yes, something she had long expected. That the squire was preoccupied it was plainly to be seen, and of course it was attributed to his being in love, and who else was it if not herself? He had called her his Roxana, and had made such a face when she mentioned Miss Smith—really, she did not think the squire could screw up his face in such a shape!

So with her head full of bright anticipations she went into the dining-room and prepared the table, and then back again to the kitchen, where the great gobbler was nicely browning, and the potato croquettes sputtering in the skillet—all was going on well, for Peggy was a thrifty person as well as her mistress. The celery was blanched and crisp, for the squire took especial care of his celery bed. Mince and pumpkin pies were in readiness, and the macaroni and cheese was splendid. Then the Bavarian cream, to cap all—it was Mrs. Robbins' especial pride. She had taken great care in preparing it, knowing well it was the squire's favorite dish, for he had paid her several well turned compliments upon her success in this dish, and she, having an eye on his hundreds of well-titled acres and fine herds of

Jerseys, had undertaken to please his palate on his Thanksgiving Day.

Towards noon she donned her cashmere dress and took out her crimping pins; then she went out to Peggy and inquired if her dress fitted well and how her hair looked.

"Yes, your dress is a beautiful fit, and your hair is perfectly charming. I expect Mr. Berkley will be pleased to see you look so well on this day of all days to him."

Widow Robbins, ready to catch at any hint in regard to her and the squire, and just enough of an egotist to attribute this small allusion to herself, said,—

"Now, Peggy, don't go to making fun of me! Just as if the squire cared how I looked!"

"Oh, but it will set off things to have the housekeeper look well, and you know he likes to see things neat," answered Peggy.

"Are you sure you are as thankful as you ought to be, Peggy, on this day? I am sure we cannot be too thankful for all our good future. I am afraid I have too many good things; I am not sufficiently grateful for all. This is a Thanksgiving Day to be remembered."

Poor Roxana had bright anticipations. The time went on until the hand of the clock pointed to half past one; then Mrs. Robbins began to grow nervous and watchful!

She went in and again inspected the table, and viewed her trim figure in the mirror, and was very well satisfied with herself and surroundings. Then she went back to the kitchen.

"Peggy, did you ever think the squire had a fancy for Miss Smith?"

"No," said Peggy.

"Well, she told Mrs. Brown she could get Squire Berkley as easy as—well, I forgot what, but I guess she's mistaken."

"Oh, Mrs. Robbins, the squire never wanted her!" said simple Peg. Mrs. Robbins blushed at the thought of the morning conversation.

"He never wanted Miss Smith, but folks do say he goes out with Fay Carol, the teacher over in the Vernon district. She is a nice girl, and I suppose he could love her without much effort."

"Fay Carol! Pshaw! A man of his judgment would never be fool enough to marry that young snip, with no experience and less judgment. But it's most two, and he will be here soon, for he gave orders to have dinner at two sharp. When I get a chance I will tease him good."

All was in readiness now, just to lift the turkey and oysters. When the squire was seen coming it would be time enough for that. She looked out of the window. No one was coming.

"Well, I wish he would come. I'm getting anxious. It's now most two. He is not going to be punctual."

"Yes, he is!" answered the squire, as he peeped into the kitchen, and a flaxen head, in a Durby hat and violet plumes, peeped around his elbow.

Mrs. Robbins afterwards asserted it was five hundred wonders and ten thousand pities she didn't drop the turkey square in the middle of the floor when she saw Fay Carol, or Mrs. Berkley, nee Fay Carol, looking in at her.

"Mrs. Robbins, allow me to present my wife to you. I hope you will be good friends. I said this morning that we would understand each other better in the evening. Now you will not think I was wanting Miss Tabitha Smith."

Mrs. Robbins grew pale, but did remarkably well under the circumstances and considering the sudden surprise.

That night, when alone in her room, Widow Robbins was smoothing out her waves and soliloquizing thus— "If any one catches me ever twisting out all my front hair again to make waves, I wish they'd tell me of it. I've screwed it most all out, and 'tis scanty enough at best. No, 'tis the very last time! So, this is the end of all your speculations, Roxana Robbins! Bah! Wonder what notion he took all a sudden? He says he thinks his wife resembles Maria Louisa—well, I don't know who she was—'twasn't his other, 'cause her name was Lucinda. It might be some old paintin'; he always was a lunatic about old pictures and such trumpery. Still I didn't give him credit for being quite fool enough to the onto that thing. Well, if she and Maria Louisa wa'n't nothin' to brag on; laws, she's nothin' but a towheaded, pesky whipper-snapper of a brat when it's all said and done. They want me to stay and manage for 'em. I think it's quite likely I will—not. 'Spose they bear in mind the dinner they just eat, and wonder when they'll get another. I don't guess he'll feast his palate on such Bavarian cream again soon! They'll ask me to make some, I reckon—you're a-shoutin' if I do! Berkley says we order be thankful for all our blessin's. Maybe he is, just now. I don't see just what I've to be thankful for on this day in pertickler, 'cept it be for not havin' been born a fool, like some folks!"

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Some valuable experiments have been made upon bleaching by electricity. For this purpose the stuff is dipped into sea water and then passed through hot rolls which are connected with the poles of a galvanic battery. In order to decompose the hypochloride which is thus formed, the cloth is drawn through diluted acid fully bleached.

The method, some time since contrived, for the instantaneous formation of steam, so as to permit its use at once in the cylinder of the engine, is unique. A pump sends the required quantity of liquid between two plate surfaces, which are heated, and between which is only a capillary space. The liquid spreading in a thin layer evaporates at once, without going into the so-called spheroidal state, and this steam acts in the cylinder as fresh formed steam. The speed of the pump is regulated by the engine; the pump is connected with the engine shaft.

The views of Prof. Huggins, according to the *Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.*, favor the idea that comets emit a characteristic light which indicates, by spectral analysis, the presence of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, elements which are exhibited by the spectra of acetylene and cyanhydric light. These results are thought by M. Berthelot to point to an electric origin of the light. He was shown that acetylene is formed immediately and necessarily whenever carbon and hydrogen come under the influence of the electric arc; and when nitrogen is added to acetylene the electric influence produces cyanhydric acid. The simple comment to be made on this is, that while it seems scarcely possible to conceive of a continuous combustion in cometary matter, an electric illumination may be easily understood.

From the numerous researches made by Prof. Hughes, the well-known English electrician, he formulates the following interesting theory of magnetism, namely: That each molecule of iron, steel, or other magnetic metal is a separate and independent magnet, having its two poles and distribution of magnetic polarity exactly the same as its total evident magnetism when noticed upon a steel bar magnet; that each molecule, or its polarity, can be rotated in either direction upon its axis by torsion, stress or by physical forces such as magnetism or electricity; that the inherent popularity or magnetism of each molecule is a constant quantity like gravity—that it can neither be augmented nor destroyed. The conclusions thus propounded by Dr. Hughes are the result of prolonged and painstaking experiments.

In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, M. Gruner states, as the result of recent experiments, that in moist air chrome steels are most rapidly corroded, and tungsten steel less than carbon steel. In similar conditions, cast iron oxidized less than steel and soft iron, and white specular iron rusted less than gray cast iron. This confirms the opinion that hard white cast iron is the best for withstanding damp air; sea water, on the other hand, attacks cast iron more than steel, and especially the white specular kind. Tempered steel stands in sea water better than the same steel annealed, and soft steel is less attacked than manganese or chrome steel. Again, acidulated water acts upon gray cast iron like sea water, strongly affecting the more impure gray iron like sea water, strongly affecting the more impure gray cast iron, but white specular iron is not so much affected. These facts are regarded as valuable in indicating the best kind of material for iron structures according to locality.

It appears that the power for the new gas engine works of the celebrated Crossley manufacturers is obtained from gas engines driven with generator gas made by an improved process. The plant represents 150 horse-power, consisting of three producers connected with three scrubbers for washing the gas, and a holder for compensating the supply and regulating the pressure. In the case of a thirty-horse power engine, working regularly with this gas, it seems that the gas consumption was at the rate of 109 cubic feet per indicated horse-power per hour, representing a fuel consumption of 1.4 pounds per horse-power per hour, the coal used being small sized anthracite. It is admitted that the economy of the system consists chiefly in the low rate of fuel consumption—an important consideration, in connection with fact that the engines are small, from its enabling different lines of shafting to be driven by separate engines as economically, with regard to fuel, as by a single large engine of the best construction.

A guilty conscience is more terrified by imaginary dangers than a pure conscience is by real ones. Such a conscience is the devil's anvil, on which he fabricates all those swords and spears with which the guilty sinner pierces himself. Guilt is to danger what fire is to gunpowder, a man need not fear to walk among barrels of powder, if he have no fire about him.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can blow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.—[Fellham.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

"The dynamite party!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, who was reading over the papers. "Dear me, Augustus, we'll have to give one right away, before those Smiths hear of it. I wonder what it's like?"

"I pride myself on my descent," said a spinster of uncertain age recently. "One of my ancestors came over with the Conqueror." "Which one was it," cried cruel wit, "your father or your mother?"

"Is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

A "victim" declares that when a man is sitting still, steadfastly gazing at nothing, his wife has not a word to say to him; but as soon as he picks up a newspaper or a book to read she takes a long breath, and almost drowns him with an avalanche of questions.

A medical man said: "I found on examination a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state with abrasion of the cuticle." The thing thus described was a black eye.

A lover, young and enthusiastic, who sang and played nearly two hours before the house of his lady-love the other evening, was electrified—that is shocked—after a short pause by a cordial "Thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the drawing-room window.

Mrs. Shoddy, to shopman—"Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman—"This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy—"Silver! That would be nice for the kitchen, but I want one for my boodler. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

A burly, weather-beaten tramp recently entered a bank, and, addressing the urbane cashier, asked for five shillings. "Five shillings!" exclaimed the cashier, "isn't that rather high? I should think three-pence would be about your size, wouldn't it?" "Well," said the tramp, "if you think you understand this beggins business better than I do, perhaps we had best change places. If it suits you I'm agreeable."

"How long do you think it will take you to cure me, doctor?" "Well, Mr. Blank, I think you can get back to your desk at the bank in about a month, but you will have to remain under treatment several years." "But you mistake. I am not Mr. Blank the banker, but Mr. Blank the postman." "Oh, that alters the case. There is nothing the matter with you but a little biliousness. You will be well in a week."

"When we are old, Claude, we shall still be lovers," she said, gazing into his eyes with the rapture of a gilded woman who writes poetry. "The warm hues of our youthful affection shall never fade, but only grow brighter as we draw nearer the sunset. We shall still set out in the hush of the summer eyes and feed our souls on the poetry of the stars, shall we not?" "Well, hardly!" answered Claude, "unless you want me to remain up till daybreak basting your old back with arnica."

One of the French prisoners in Berlin during the last war between France and Prussia, who was earning some money by making shoes, was a very good-natured fellow, who, like Mark Tapley, seemed determined to make the most of the situation. When taunted by a Prussian as being a captive, and asked what had become of French boasting now, he undauntedly replied: "French boasting, indeed! We said we should be in Berlin in three weeks, and here we are!"

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying: "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down; I cannot live without you.'" "You had better not," said the friend; "she might pull the trigger." "I don't care for that," replied the heartbroken lover—"I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

"RAVEN."

A stranger in Denver stopped on the sidewalk and manifested deep interest in a broken down, spavined black horse that was doing his best to draw a load while a cart driver was vigorously belaboring him. At length the stranger called, in a low tone, "Raven! Raven!" The horse looked up with intelligence, glanced furtively around, and made for the stranger, drawing the cart out of the rut. He whinnied with delight, and then rubbed his nose against the stranger's shoulder. The stranger had known him when he was king of the turf in Texas, Mexico and Colorado, making mints of money for his owner, the notorious and improvident desperado, Clary Allison. The desperado broke the horse down and then broke himself down, and the horse was sold to a drayman.

Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favor; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but merit could extort.—[Goldsmith.