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THE COUNTRY AROUND.

From Canon Diablo to Cheno Valley.

NATURAL PASTURES FOR CRAZING.

The Water Supply.

Wonderful Crops of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Millet.

FAMOUS PUEBLO OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Strange Freaks of Nature.

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN ARIZONA. FORT MORONI.

ED. CHAMPION: In his effort to say something of interest about the country along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, your correspondent enters a field so vast in extent, so irregular in boundary and outline, that he may well be excused if he dwells but briefly on a few of the many features of interest in a country so varied in its resources, and scenery, so diversified in its character and aspects.

From Canon Diablo to Cheno Valley, a distance on one hundred and twenty miles, we find a plateau country belonging to the San Francisco group of mountains, ranging in its elevated position from 5,000 to 18,000 feet above the sea. The extreme heights represents but the mountain peaks, leaving the greater part of the country's surface within the main and lower levels as represented by its parks and foothills. The snow fall in the higher altitudes which continues throughout nine months of the year, is a local source of moisture to the lower levels, aided by a bountiful rain fall in July and August. The water supply, while sufficient for the now sparsely settled district, varies in volume according to the quantity of the fall of snow and can be considered as surface water. Few localities have the depth of soil or bodies of clay to hold moisture sufficient for other than a limited quantity of well water. Railway companies and private enterprises of great magnitude, who may require a large volume of water in one locality, will find it prudent, if not indispensable, to sink by artesian process below the volcanic matter of this section to a depth of from 300 to 3,000 feet. Our estimate of the depth and extent of this parched and organic matter was determined from observations made during frequent descents into the

CANONS AND MOUNTAIN GORGES

that here abound, in whose lower levels we found vast bodies of lime and sandstone. These bodies of lime and sand are productive of water, only when penetrated below the influences of the parched and porous conditions of the volcanic or upper surface matter. Unthinking writers speak of these valleys and canons as having been formed and fashioned by the rush of water from the higher altitudes into the lower plain. A little thought upon this matter would destroy this theory for the reason that the almost incessant crumbling of the abrupt walls and yearly accumulation of vegetable matter more than equals in quantity the excavations made by the water during the brief period of its descent. These canon gorges are in fact but great rents or cracks formed at the time of the volcanic disturbances in this quarter, and while they are effective as left to us by that great freak of nature as outlets for water, they formed no part of the original drainage system of the country and leave us but to imagine what it might have been. To those who have visited the ruined pueblos of the cliff dwellers in these dry and remote gorges, it has ever been a mystery where so many people procured water. It seems to follow within the line of our theory and reasoning that the prehistoric races who dwelt among these cliffs procured water from these same gorges

before they were partially filled up with the debris of their own, crumbling walls; as a time when they were in fact much deeper than at present. From this we may reason that that portion of our present water supply known as "tanks," will grow gradually less and in time cease to exist.

The broad parks and foothills of this section are rich in nutritious grasses, rendering it a

NATURAL PASTURE

unsurpassed for grazing purposes by even the most favored portions of our country. Cattle are not only marketable, but are in prime condition throughout the year. The beef and mutton of this section is much sought after and commands an extra price in the market. A few herds are found numbering from hundreds to thousands, but they are widely scattered over the land, occupying but a small area of the country and utilize but a portion of its resources. Possibly there is more water in this region than stock men admit of. It would be but human for them to keep surplus resources for their own fast increasing herds, which is best done by concealing any fact that will induce other stock men to come among them. Large flowing springs are known to exist in the higher peaks of San Francisco which, with the advent of capital will be "piped" to the lower levels thus creating an unlimited supply for the towns located near them. In fact the great problem of the water supply which was urged against this district is being rapidly solved by actual settlers that are pouring in, and the difficulties are disappearing in the face of

ACTUAL AND EARNEST INVESTIGATION.

Wool growing is engaged in with success. The numerous parks and prairies together with the open nature of the forest country adapts it to, and renders it a very desirable place for grazing and herding sheep. There are few dogs and no wolves in the mountainous portions to prey upon the flocks; while here Mexican lions and other destructive animals are found only in the fastness of the mountain gorge. The grazing season in the mountains continues from April until late in December. During the intervening months stock range lower down the slopes and are secure from the snow and rigor of the higher altitude. Domestic animals left to themselves come and go with the same regularity of the deer and antelope. The climate throughout is mild and healthful to a wonderful degree; aside from pulmonary diseases there are none of the complaints prevalent in lower countries. The soil is productive without irrigation for all kinds of cereals and vegetables that may mature in an altitude where the seasons are necessarily short. Wheat, oats, barley and millet grow to maturity and produce

WONDERFUL CROPS.

Potatoes, turnips, and all kinds of root vegetables grow to fabulous size and are of unsurpassed excellence. The principal resources of the central portion of this country lying between Flagstaff and Williams, is its vast forest of pine and spruce. The extensive mills at Flagstaff during the past season turned out two million feet monthly for foreign market, and two other mills near Belmont of less capacity turned out about half that amount.

Flagstaff, the initial point of the proposed M. B. R. R., is a prosperous town of six hundred inhabitants. It is the center of a thickly settled country around which is grouped a number of the finest cattle and sheep ranches in northern Arizona. It is geographically the center of the proposed new county of San Francisco, and is at this time enjoying an influx of emigration that will ere long give it in numbers that right it will surely demand, viz: A division of Yavapai county with Flagstaff as county seat. At present the town has six general stores, a newspaper, one very creditable hotel, and the usual amount of saloon and club rooms. It is the headquarters of the officers and the principal point of manufacture in the southwest of the great lumber dealers, Aver & Co., who employ in their different branches near here over five hundred men. Flagstaff, in fact, in point of commercial importance is the principal town on the great short line west of Albuquerque, New Mexico. It is also a central point around which cluster many of the most interesting and

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES

of a country that will in the near future

attract the tourist and traveller and of which particular feature we will hereafter speak.

The famous pueblo of cliff dwellers lies east of this place ten miles—a pleasant drive through heavy bodies of dark green pine woods, interspersed with pretty parks and prairie glades. Ascending from the A. & P. railroad, you have no warning of the great chasm before you until you are on its very brink, and you look down into a gorge so deep, so dark and forbidding in its aspect, that you may well expect to find therein something akin to Milton's

"Stygian cave forlorn,
Where brooding darkness ever dwells."
Descending into this canon, you feel an oppressive sensation, caused by the shutting out of the broad world, but you soon lose the unpleasant feeling in silent contemplation of

STRANGE AND WONDERFUL SIGHTS

around you. It seems, indeed, that you are transferred for the hour to some country and clime remote, abounding in forms grotesque and sights unique. You find trees and shrubs of a variety wholly different from those just left on the heights above you; birds of brighter plumage and gayer song; ever and anon the skeleton of some monster beast, and massive pairs of horns. Great fleets of logs, piled high by the floods of former years, dispute your passage and give you some knowledge of the volume and power of the water that flows from the melting snow in the higher altitudes. We found where

ONE OF THESE YAST DRIFTS

had been set on fire by an Indian or adventurer, and lay, a black and desolate mass, amid the ruin the heat of its burning had wrought. Far up the frowning cliffs, their very walls had decomposed, and tumbled down the blackened walls to mingle with half-burned trees and heaps of ash. It seemed alone, of all places on earth, a fitting haunt for gloomy Byron, when he conceived his dream of "Darkness."

Niched in the walls of these great cliffs, and within the narrow confines of this tortuous gorge, is the ancient city of the Cliff Dwellers. Some freak of nature, or the wearing of the elements, have worn great caverns into the stratified rocks, affording both floor and roof; leaving for the cliff dweller but the division of this space, by walls of stone and mud, according to fancy or number of his family. The walls show evidence of some skill and rare ingenuity in their construction, enclosing all the covered space, even though the outer wall is on the brink of the abyss below. Much has been said, and many different theories have been advanced, as to the cause of the disappearance from the face of this earth of this prehistoric race. Was it war, famine or pestilence? We stood amid the silent ruins of this city of the departed, and pondered upon the solemn thought! A whole and mighty people gone—gone forever! Not one left to record its history or relate its traditions! But the solemnity of the occasion kept not our mind from a practical solution of this great problem. War, famine and pestilence may have destroyed many of these people, but we think the continual dropping of infant dwellers from the narrow confines of a four-inch door-yard into five hundred feet of space did the work. This theory will be disputed, but it will not be denied that it must have caused a great falling off among the children of these tribes. These towns are accessible from one or two points, and but for two persons together. Having gained access to one tier or row of houses, you must follow the narrow footway to the extreme end of the city before gaining access to the tier below you. These narrow ways are divided at intervals by defensive walls. We believe, from all this, indeed, that it is a matter of great doubt about these people being extinct. We believe these pueblos have been the retreat, not the homes, of some vanquished race, who here sought refuge from the fierce nomadic tribes who roamed these wilds at a time now so remote that history records not their struggles, and their descendants' traditions, being mostly founded on superstition, leave us naught but a theory, hence we call them "Cliff Dwellers—a prehistoric race."

A ride of a few minutes up the gradual slope from Canon Diablo on the train of the A. & P. railway affords the traveler

A FINE VIEW

of the plain lying east, rent and gashed by Diablo and Padra and other gorges of

local fame. If in the mellow autumn weather he is delighted by the effect of the mirage on the objects below him in the shimmering and uncertain light of which the butts assume fantastic shapes. Or if it be in winter their outline stand black and bare above the snow, like a group of islands among the foam and breakers of a storm-tossed sea. For a few miles further the train glides smoothly along through dense forests of juniper and pinon with patched cone-shaped hills on the right and a straggling spur of the Mogollons on the left.

Twenty-four miles west of Diablo we pass Cosimo station and enter the great pineries of this section. For the next fifty miles the forests of pine and spruce with intervening parks and prairie glades must form a refreshing picture to the tourists and traveler, rendered more impressive in its contrast to the miles of somewhat arid country preceding it.

We have now carried the reader to the base of the

HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

in Arizona, but recommend the ascent to those only of strong limbs and sound lungs. The ascent was made early in autumn while yet an occasional rain made fresh and bright the luxuriant grassy parks on its slope. Great ominous clouds hung like the pall of night about the summit, and while awaiting a favorable day to make the ascent let us visit and speak of local features and other matters pertaining to our interests in this locality. Vague legends from Spanish history concerning the mineral wealth of this mountain are still extant. It is a pretty and plausible tale accredited to an early Spanish explorer who embodied it in a message to his King. It tells us of a lake beautifully picturesque as Como itself, and upon its banks deposits of silver ore was found rivaling in its richness a modern bonanza. Above the timber line we found this mountain but a vast heap of volcanic ash, a porous surface of parched and broken stone. The physical impossibility of the existence of mineral or a body of water was so apparent to our guide (who was a modern prospector) that he questioned the veracity of the cavalier, and in language more forcible than elegant, intimated that it must have been his purpose to practice upon the credulity of an avaricious sovereign more with a view to future "grub stakes" than consistency in his report. In the center of a beautiful park at the southern base of this mountain stands

FORT MORONI

named in honor of one of the patron saints of Mormonism. Its location is near a large spring that bursts from the mountain side, watering a considerable portion of the plain below. This fort was erected by John W. Young, a son of Brigham Young, late President of the Mormon church. Mr. Young was then a prominent contractor on the A. & P. line, and built this fort for the protection of his people and property during the excitement attending a threatened Apache raid. Mr. Young is a genial and hospitable gentleman and once within Moroni's walls it mattered not whether standing in defiance to the wily Apache, soothing a tumultuous mob of persistent, wolfish creditors or entertaining his three wives and five mothers-in-law, he was ever the same courteous hospitable gentleman and master of the situation. But we digress. From the summit of the main peak we look east upon the vast plains and foothills drained by Flax and Rio Pucoco rivers and far beyond a powerful field glass revealed to us the continental divide. In the murky distance south lie the Mogollons with intervening peaks, parks and mountain gorges. The thirty miles between us and bold Bill Williams to the west seemed not one-fourth that distance, while Antelope, Sitgreave and Kendrick seemed to join the foothills below us. To the west over the highest peaks of Bill Williams we could trace broad Cheno valley from its source in the red mesa country to where it is lost in the broader valley of the Verde, near Prescott. Beyond the Cheno in the hazy distance arose in shadowy outline the sombre hills of the Music and Hualapais, so far indeed their outline merged into the horizon and grow indistinct among the clouds. But the crowning glory in the wild and wonderful sights spread before us was the

GRAND CANON OF THE COLORADO,

whose course we could easily trace in its zigzag windings through the buckskin range from Lee's Ferry to where it enters

the broader valley above Hardyville.

But it is not within the province of your correspondent to lounge in ease within the luxurious coaches of the A. & R. railway, nor would we recommend such a course to the reader. With our continent cut by numerous railways; with the advancement of civilization from both Atlantic and Pacific shores the startled antelope and black tail deer have no far west to retreat to and opportunities such as this section now offers will have soon passed away. To him who would see

STRANGE FREAKS OF NATURE.

Or who has the love of adventure in his soul, a short journey through this country gives a brief experience in real frontier life in a country abounding in ruins and relics of prehistoric man fitted with countless numbers and species of game and unsurpassed perhaps in point of scenic beauty anywhere in the world. Let him chase the antelope or black tail in the higher mesa country and in the evening descend into one of the broad and beautiful parks and build his camp-fire. The immediate demands of his physical wants succumb for the moment all other cares of life. Walled on one side by an abrupt and inaccessible cliff of volcanic rock, on the other is gentle, sloping, pine clad hills. The broad park stretches far away between and although the gloom of twilight may be gathering around him the majestic peaks of the distant San Francisco stand bathed in golden sunshine like beacons of light to the surrounding world. It is a blending of day and night, a contrast of sunshine and shadow only to be enjoyed in a country of such varied attitudes.

We venture if he becomes not wholly enchanted of solitude his isolated position and novelty of his surroundings will lend a charm to this portion of his wanderings that will be of lasting pleasures to recall. South of Flagstaff fourteen miles, within the depths of Oak Creek Canon, we found a bold mountain stream filled with trout. The canon itself is surpassed only by the Grand Canon of the Colorado in its grandeur and beauty. Within this beautiful vale the writer spent three most enjoyable days catching trout. Even the boy days among the brooks of the Alleghenies never equaled them in unalloyed pleasure—nor in number and size of trout. Six miles north of Flagstaff we reach the base of the San Francisco peak, but it is fourteen miles to the base of the highest part of the group. The point from which the ascent can be made with greatest ease is from the ranch of Mr. Frank Hart, the principal wool grower of the country. Should this ever meet the eye of Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, who preside over the interests of the great sheep man, they will perhaps wonder who it is among the many they entertained that remembers with gratitude their cordial hospitality.

In our descent we encamped for the night half way down the grand old peak on the north side and while the flickering light of our camp fire threw grotesque and fantastic shadows along the white ghostly aspen around and above us, our patient burro assumed a pensive attitude and gazed wonderingly and it seemed pillaging by upon us, as if meditating on the follies and eccentricities of man. His attitude of mournful pensive resignation suggested to us the picture of Mark Twain weeping over the tomb of Adam, his sweetly submissive consciousness of outraged innocence the deplorable condition of Abigail, whom we are told was sent to purgatory without having ever committed sin. We were alone in as

WILD AND ROMANTIC

a spot as ever the moon shone down upon, and we will never forget how, when near the border of dream land that night, we were startled by the cry of some bird of night or prowling animal from the heights above, shrill and wild as a maniac's scream, defiant as the neighing of a war horse. From our camp the following morning we looked down upon the cone-shaped hills, themselves mountains of some magnitude, whose bowl-shaped basins on their summit suggested that they were extinct craters and owed their elevated position in the world to their own excavations.

Each altitude in our decent represented as many different seasons noticeable in the different stages of vegetable growth and especially in the berries from the flower at timber line

to ripe, luscious berries near the base.

Should the tourist or traveller desire to visit the village of the Yava or Ava Supais, he should procure guide at Williams. Without a guide he may flounder for days among the black gorges of the Cataract without having penetrated its mysterious depths. When he has once located the object of his search he will require the steady hand and cool head of the "old timer" to assist him to descend the steep trail that winds along the walls leading down to the narrow valley. Here lives the remnant of a once powerful tribe numbering now only 71 souls, one of the most interesting and perhaps the most isolated race on the continent. They are a simple, plodding people, given to some queer rites of idolatrous worship and as their location would intimate, are more given to their crude ideas of agriculture than to the chase. They grow corn, melons and peaches and carry on a desultory traffic with their neighbors, the Hualapais and Maquies. The men are bright and orderly in dress and manner, their chief presiding with seeming gravity and is treated more as a parent or advisor than a ruler. The women perform the labor for the tribe and are given to some filthy modes of destroying vermin not calculated to inspire the most philanthropic spectator with a belief in their ever attaining a high standard of civilization. They are in fact a wretched, filthy set of hags, without, perhaps, one single exception. They claim this secluded spot is one continual summer, free from storms of wind and snow. It is certainly a wild and wonderful place with its wild people and unnatural surroundings impressing one in a manner strangely felt at the time, but which is impossible to describe when once its novel influences have passed away.

H. A. L.

THE SOFTER SEX, ETC.

A true woman is never homely to one who knows her.

No writer ever succeeded save when in love with his subject.

When the gods made woman they made their divinest work.

He who cannot love or hate,
Can never be either good or great.

The greatest grief of love is the constant dread lest it leave us.

Love and wealth, to give us truest joy,
Should be ever increasing.

Female fancy is like lunar light. It is cosmopolitan and ever agreeable.

There is no place so sacred but woman's presence can make it more sacred.

He who truly loves one true woman is wholly worthy of the love of every true man.

Everyone thinks their own love different from all other love, and they are right.

As Venus was a daughter of the ocean so the truest affairs of love are ever tempestuous.

If we were as delightful as women there would not be a temperate man in the universe.

He who does not find something to love in every woman is unworthy the love of any woman.

A good man can always see some traces of the angelic even in the most depraved woman.

The Greek represented Love as a youth; perhaps because it makes all things seem younger.

What a farce life seems to be—years of tears, toil and trouble, to catch one fast-fleeting moment of triumph.

He that has loved a true woman has seen his "moment fair" for this life, and he who has lost one—his moment of sorrow.

I believe a lover would always be happy could we prove beyond a doubt that she whom he adores would forever love him.

At a recent temperance meeting a thrifty old lady observed that she knew something of the evils of rum. "I have buried three husbands and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say," she continued, "that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effects of liquor, but thanks to a kind providence, each death netted me a clear \$10,000."

MULCHING—The Epitome says: Material for mulching the strawberry beds should be carefully chosen. Last year we tried wheat chaff, thinking it would be convenient and easily applied. The crop of wheat and weeds which resulted was a terror, though in all other respects it answered admirably. This year we are experimenting with planing-mills shavings may prove a benefit. At any rate they will not introduce any weed seeds.