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Deey Van Annan

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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT PRESCOTT, A. T.,

February 7, 1885.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Prescott, Arizona, on the 13th day of March, 1885, viz: Jay W. Spafford, of Flagstaff, Yavapai county, Arizona Territory, for his declaratory statement, No. 1,444, for the southwest fourth of section No. twenty two (22) in township No. twenty-one (21) north, of range No. seven (7) east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: H. J. Miller, P. B. Brannen, A. E. Fay and J. F. Dags, all of Yavapai County, Arizona Territory.

THOMAS WING, Register.

AYER LUMBER CO.,

Flagstaff, Arizona.

Native Lumber of all Kinds,

SURFACED, MATCHED AND GROOVED,

Flooring, Siding, Rustic, Shingles

and Lath.

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We propose to give the people of this region

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FIGURE, and quote the following prices, delivered free on board cars at Flagstaff, in lots of one or more car-loads, NET CASH:

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Joists, - - - - - 20 00 "

First Common, - - - - - 18 00 "

Second Common, - - - - - 16 00 "

Mining Timber, - - - - - 7 00 "

Culls, - - - - - 10 00 "

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First Clear Flooring, - - - - - \$37 50 per M.

Second Clear Flooring, - - - - - 32 50 "

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First Clear Rustic, - - - - - 37 50 "

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Clear Shingles, - - - - - 4 50 "

No. 1, - - - - - 3 50 "

Lath, - - - - - 5 00 "

Counter Tops, 4 cents per foot.

Special Offer to Miners, Raucers and Others.

We have on hand from last year, two or three hundred thousand feet of COMMON B ARDS, assorted length and widths, sound and dry. We want to close it out, and in order to do so, have decided to offer it, just as it stands, at Ten Dollars a Thousand, delivered on cars here; Spot Cash. Our yard is getting overcrowded; we want room, and have determined to make this sacrifice to get it.

Remember, this is not refuse or cull lumber. It is GOOD, COMMON LUMBER, and just the thing for Barns, Shedding, Sheath-ing, Fences, &c. There is no reason why fire-blighted stock should be compelled to endure the storms of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, when material for a comfortable shelter can be procured at this rate. For temporary (or permanent) hoisting works, sorting platforms, light lagging, &c., this lumber is just the thing you've been wanting. Something that would do, and wasn't too high-priced. Come and look it over if you can; you won't regret it.

This offer is to remain OPEN SIXTY DAYS or until the Colorado River Bridge is finished. After that quit en sabe. We could not undertake to replace this lumber at anything like the figures named; to go for it if you want it. You'll not get such another chance till the next Centennial. We will sell the same lumber by the team load at TWELVE DOLLARS a thousand, in less than car-load lots. For lots of a car-load or over, and we don't care how you haul it, TEN DOLLARS GOES.

This isn't all the Lumber we have. Not by a jug-full. Not by millions of feet. We have it of all grades and at all prices; this year's cut PLUMP THICKNESS, and BRIGHT as the smile of your best girl. (Prices above).

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AYER LUMBER CO.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

THE COWBOY AND THE SCRIBE

They Visit the Supai Village

[Continued from last week.]

[For some reason best known to himself, "Hal," author of the "Cowboy and Scribe," refuses to finish the article, which has been running in the CHAMPION in the two preceding issues. Unfortunately, he has (like Milton Nobles in the "Phoenix") got his two principal characters in a precarious situation, and we supposed he would get them out of it all right in this issue of the paper. But, alas! man's inhumanity to man makes us all cry. However, we must substitute a yarn that will take its place this week. So, hold our coat, dear reader, and we'll make you very tired.—Ed.]

SCENE—Dining room. Mr. Mugwump has finished his meal and is thoughtfully examining a brass pistol; he has just received his commission as agent of the Supais. Mrs. Mug is still gorging herself (woman like) at the table, and stuffing the baby with hard-boiled eggs. Colloquy—Mrs. M. opens the ball.

"Why, that's just too sweet for anything!" squealed Mrs. Mugwump, as she absently dropped her thumb into her coffee-cup in mistake for a lump of sugar.

Mr. Mugwump was standing on the hearthrug, his face flushed, his left hand supporting the letter which told him of his succession to the chieftainship of the Supais.

"It's just lovely!" reiterated Mrs. Mugwump, "and we'll go and live in tents on the prairies, and slide down the Grand Canyon on ropes, and—live in the 'Temple of the Gods,'" and the "Lone Sentinel!" will try to make a mash on me, and—oh! I'll be a queen, and when those noble Supais, that "Hal" speaks of, comes to—

"Dod-gast the woman!" snorted Mugwump, "she thinks I'm the Kaiser Wilhelm. What d'ye suppose these Supais are, anyway? Think I'm going to be a long-haired German with spectacles and an opichidee? D'ye fancy Mr. Mugwump proposes opening a lager beer hall and laying an embargo on American hogs? Show me the man that suspects me of hankering after sauerkraut and dueling? Bring on your man! Produce your measly individual! You'd want to send me to the Arizona Legislature, and disgrace me, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, my! ain't this coffee hot! Why, Gen. Wardwell belongs to it; he ain't disgraced, is he?"

"Oh, no; the General is a very nice man, but he tried to disgrace women by giving them the right of suffrage—"

"Oh, dear! I—I don't want to suffer!"

"Dod-gast it, who wants you to suffer. He tried to pass a bill—"

"Oh! Poor fellow; couldn't he pass it? He should have taken some of Jim Vail's whisky; I think he would have passed in his chips. Say, Mr. Mugwump, do the Supai maidens bang their hair?"

"Dod-gast the Supai maidens—I don't know what they —. They're savages, that's what they are; the aboriginal vermilion-tinted children of the sun-kissed Territory of Arizona! Supais!"

"Oh I know what they are; they're Indians, and they live on a reservation and eat dog sausages, and there won't be any more buttons to sew on; and we'll live in a tent and teach baby the war whoop—Oh, Muggy! Muggy! And—and will they come and sit around us in a circle and say 'Waugh! the pale-faced brother speaks well, when we call them together?'"

"We! and what d'ye s'pose you've got to do with this thing? You'll be one of my squaws," shouted Mugwump.

"Oh-ow-w!" whined his spouse, "I won't be a squaw and you won't have more than one of me, will you Muggy, dear?"

"Well, don't go thinking you've got to run this tribe. If you do, when any dusky Pocahontas comes along, I'll give her the right hand of fellowship if I have to go to Yuma for it."

"Oh indeed I won't," gurgled Mrs. M. "I'll just sit and bead moccasins for you, and I'll make me a sacque of wigwam trimmed with elk teeth."

"Wigwam, eh? Don't you mean wampum?" snarled Mr. Mugwump. "Think I'm going to let the chief's

squaw go around in a full suit of tents? Suppose you're going to have a skirt made of pine lumber faced with brick.

"Well, I'll have a sacque made of wampum, trimmed with elk's teeth and eagle feathers, and baby shall have a beaded pelisse and a hood edged with pemican and—"

"Great Scott!" shouted Mugwump, kicking over a chair; "what d'ye think pemican is? Want to disgrace me by your ignorance before the whole tribe? Perhaps you'd like to see baby in a night dress of San Juan Chop Stand hash and a cloak of fricased chicken, nice and hot from Hawks' bakery? Guess you'd borrow Antelope Charley's buckskin suit and join the Prescott Dramatic Association and make love to Tom Weedin—there! don't give that young'n another egg, or we'll have a 'dead lock' in the Mugwump family."

"Well, they'll call me the Daughter of the 'Friscos, the pale-faced lily of the sun-kissed land, and I'll wheel over the prairies on a beautiful milk-white—no, 'Red Horse'—steed and you'll be a cow boy and roll rocks down the Grand Canyon on the Indians when—"

"Oh, certainly," granted Mag. "I'd like to see my wife sitting on a measly, pink-eyed broncho cayvas. Want to straddle the War Horse of the Huachucas, don't you, my dear? You can wheel the baby carriage while Mr. Mugwump holds the reins of government."

"That's what Indian princes do," expostulated Mrs. Mug, and they call the steed Chiquita, and they carry a bow and arrow and shoor skunks, then they get under the 'Bridal Veil Falls' and sing the mermaid song and 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' and Sam King will—"

"Oh, yes, you know all about Indians, don't you? You've spent your life on an agency, haven't you? You only want to embezzle a few million dollars and keep two bald-headed clerks to be an Indian bureau at Washington. If you were sold for two bits and had a Justice of the Peace seal on your hind cover you would pass for one of 'Hal's' editions of General Crook's campaign in the Sierra Madras, or 'What I Don't Know About the Supais.' You will say your prayers in Spanish and talk Injun to the baby, won't you? Frontier life and antelope hunting is your forte," snorted old Mug, as he pranced away, and made a bee line for Dan Murphy's to brace up on some of his 36-year-old whisky.

"Well, I don't care," soliloquized Mrs. Mugwump, as she gave the baby another egg, "I'll go and get his Sunday pants and cut them down to half his size, and put a fringe of red flannel up the side, and if he don't like them, they'll do for baby when he grows up."

[END OF THE COWBOY AND SCRIBE.]

NOTE—We hope our readers will accept the above true story as an offset to Mr. Spafford's unfinished narrative. Of course, we failed to get the cowboy and scribe out of their awful predicament, but we are elated over the fact that we came very nearly killing Mugwump's baby on hard boiled eggs.

Cleveland Shadowed.

Albany, March 2.—Two men who appeared to be acting suspiciously in the neighborhood of the mansion where Cleveland lives, were arrested at 11 o'clock by detectives Dwyer and Morris by order of the chief of police, and were taken to the police station here. They were identified as two detectives named Thomas Craig and Theodore Waldron, employed by a private agency on Broadway, New York. They refused to tell their business to the chief of police, and referred to Inspector Burns to say what it was. They were taken before a magistrate and committed for a further hearing. The latest supposition is that they are detectives employed by friends of Cleveland without his knowledge to protect him from threats of violence that have been made during the last two weeks. After the detectives were committed for further hearing a dispatch was received by Chief Willard, signed by Inspector Byrnes, which read: "They are all right; let them go." They were then set at liberty, and Byrnes arriving on the train said that while he knew the men were all right, he could not have signed the dispatch, as he left New York at 10:30 a. m.,

while the men were not arrested till 11 o'clock. Some one may have signed it. It transpires that both detectives had been here twenty-four days hunting defaulters, and were on their track near Cleveland's house.

Poison in Kissing.

The subjoined article on the evils of kissing, which is taken from an eastern journal, strikes terror to our heart, as everybody knows what good solid comfort there is in a nice, warm affectionate kiss. We have a yun-yum brother back in Indiana who used to like to kiss and hug the girls.

He used to watch for his best girl as she meandered leisurely from the pumpkin patch, barefooted. Meeting her at the bars he'd come the grapevine movement about her delicate waist, and when he'd plant a gentle kiss on her ruby, ruby lips it done us good to watch her index toe spread out like a morning glory and stir up the sand like a wounded bumble-bee.

Following is the extract:

THE EVILS OF KISSING.

Lives are daily sacrificed and diseases are daily communicated by the promiscuous habit of kissing. As a custom it should be abandoned among women in their greetings.

It is within remembrance that a boy was suddenly stricken down with that dreadfully, diptheria. The mother kissed the son most affectionately, but it was the kiss of death for her. I have no doubt other physicians have noted similar observations.

In the sacred precincts of the fire-side, when death has laid its relentless hand on one of its members, the common practice of kissing is liable to induce septicemia, and thus other precious lives be exposed to the venomous sting of death. As you can see more easily the action of a drug when given in a large dose, so you will see more pointedly the danger arising from kissing by giving an illustration of a malignant disease.

There is no longer any doubt in regard to the innocability and infectiousness of consumption. It is not an established fact that it is not contagious. When you remember that more die from its insidious hands than from any other cause, but few families or relatives can be exempt from it. This being true, should not persons visiting such unfortunate individuals do away with the accustomed mode of greeting by kissing? A disease which has resisted the treatment of the most skilled up to the present day should be prevented if possible. Is human life to be sacrificed for the sake of conforming to a custom? Change the custom, and other ways of greeting will be equally popular and much more sensible and safe. The bacillus of phthisis is a minute form of organized life, which acts so subtly that the introduction of it into the system would not be manifest by any immediate symptoms. As surely as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," just as surely will the microscopic germ multiply in the system in the most marvelous manner.

Soon there will be hacking cough, some elevation of the temperature, hoarseness or shallow voice, and the work of destruction now noticeable goes on until its victim can no longer resist its invasion, and death claims the victory. There is a disease more terrible the two previously mentioned. It is peculiar to no grade in the social world; it is handed down "unto the third fourth generation," when it gets thoroughly seated in the system, unless treatment be continued for years. It is more terrible than cancer, for that is not hereditary. It is constitutionally destructive, while cancer is more locally so. It eats away the palate, destroys the hearing, softens and disintegrates the bones, and in its hereditary descent descends produces malformations of brain and body. It is known as syphilis. It exists very extensively in this country, but more so in other parts of the globe. A person may have the appearance of health, yet the system may be poisoned by it. Such a person kissing another upon the lips free from the disease could communicate it. Every physician has seen these cases in hospitals or in private practice. Laying aside the question of heredity, a dissolute husband may convey it to his wife, and she in turn to her children and lady friends through kissing.

Five more days and Fighting Thirteenth will be knocked out.