

FENCE cutting has been revived in Texas.

They have a "Solid man's Camp" over on New Mexico.

RABBITs wrecked a freight train on the Mexican Central on last Friday.

As the holidays approach and taxes are paid off, business seems to be reviving a little.

ALBUQUERQUE is rapidly growing into a solid town. Her improvements are substantial and rapidly increasing in number.

A St. Louis paper states that for every carload of cotton received in that city from the southwest, three carloads of merchandise are sent out.

It is said that Beecher will succeed Minister Lowell at the English Court upon the accession of Cleveland to the White House. Sister Tilton should be provided for some where over the water, too.

It is a foregone conclusion that there will be no Freight and Fares bill passed this legislature. One can count on his finger ends to-day sufficient votes against it, and as certain as though they had been cast, to kill it as dead as a door nail. Let Maricopa's legislators not waste time and fool away opportunities on that score. Such a bill is simply impossible this legislature and the time had better be devoted to something that will tell.

TOM WEEDIN is a Democrat and the HERALD solid Republican, but it would see Weed in justice to the people of Pinal and to Weed in himself, who is undoubtedly their choice. Tom held on to the bird in the hand a little too long but then a merely technical matter should not stand in the way of the choice of the people of his county, especially as Mr. Walbridge would not catch the plum if he should shake it off the tree.

PHOENIX should join her forces and endeavor to get something, through the legislature, that will have a tendency to give her a start; either a railroad or some of the public institutions located here would have a tendency to revive matters with a little. If something of the kind is not done we can expect to see harder times than ever for some months to come, and at the best, we can hardly hope for a revival till active operations on some such public work begins.

If Maricopa county wants anything from the Territorial legislature let her work for it. This timid, afraid-somebody-won't-like-it character never won anything either for an individual or a body of individuals. He who wins stands up for what he thinks is right and deadens to fight as though he had stolen something for which the laws of the land were about to seize him. Has not Maricopa been the dog of the Territory and been kicked and buffeted long enough?

THERE is a matter of importance to this county which our legislators should take in hand this coming session; we allude to the division of the county into at least three Supervisors Districts, from each of which a Supervisor shall be elected, one each year to hold office for the term of three years. This is a matter of such plain justice to all concerned that it needs no argument or illustration to sustain it. The people demand such a change and this should be sufficient to guide our representatives.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal continues to remain on the rampage. To-day it is abusing Blaine as roundly as it did in the heat of the campaign. Furthermore, it is one of the journals in the country that sees Democracy in the tiny plant and hears it in the storm and imagines that it made the seas and the dry land and that the ocean rolls in the hollow of its hand. Recently, in a long and elaborate article descriptive of the completion of the Washington monument, great stress was laid on the incident that the completion took place on the same day that the electoral colleges of the various States met, and thereupon came a strained argument to the effect that various important events of the building of the monument marked epochs in the history of the party. In fact the Courier-Journal is going a little cranky on its party business.

CHRISTMAS CARVINGS.

The Herald is not in the mood of moralizing on Christmas this year. Each successive season the great majority of journals all over the land write up the "history" of Christmas, and talk about the manners and the customs of the fading past concerning Christmas day. Much of this is interesting, in single doses, but when the thing is repeated it spoils one's appetite for a Christmas dinner.

As a general destroyer of tom-turkeys and cranberry sauce the world over, the day has no equal. Unlike Thanksgiving Day, it is not peculiarly an American institution, though the tom-turkey is. It is a mooted scientific question, however, as to whether the tom-turkey was not a special providence for Thanksgiving Day, and whether beef should not be the peculiar aliment whereupon Christmas rejoicing should be based. The day is practically an English institution, and an eminent writer has said, in effect, that to be English is to be beefy, hence the deduction that Christmas should be beefy, in a gastronomic sense.

There was, however, another important dish that occupied the seat of honor in the capacious stomachs of the early Christianized Anglo-Saxons about Christmas time; this was a roasted boar's head; don't mistake; the head was roasted; the boar cut no figure in the case after he had lost his head, though he occasionally cut various figures in the epidermis of his pursuers before he consented to furnish them the useful for the occasion. There is some question at the present day as to whether this was not rather a hogish custom among the forefathers of our race. Unlike Mark Anthony, who only wanted the ears of his audience, they wanted the whole head of an unwilling audience, and, furthermore, in view of the fact that in the aesthetic present age, the custom is entirely abandoned, and the whole hog is put upon the dish, the old custom must have been hogish indeed. However, one cannot but have some respect for the olden custom after all, for it was decidedly "brainy," which can hardly be said of the custom of to-day; but, as it has gone out of fashion, it is most probable that brains are not a necessity of the present Christmas day; stomachs, however, is in demand in unlimited quantities, and the two—brains and stomachs—seldom can agree to become part and parcel of the same corporation.

People used to drink some in those days too. The called the stuff was "ale," we call it tangle-leg, their term meant, in a general way, something that made cheerful; our term means something that makes a fellow imagine that a mistake has been made somehow in his legs and the anatomy within them is all backbone with the guys cut; in fact, he feels as though pretty much all his anatomy was backbone in a state of uncertainty. As to whether the early beverage or the later has the effect of developing the spirit of the present day scarcely seems to consider; in fact, digestion seems to have more to do with the business than philosophy, anyway.

They were accustomed to give gifts in days, as we are now—a beautiful and generous custom. They had not developed all its beauties in those primeval Christmas days; stomachs ache, an article of exquisite delight of the present time, was then entirely unknown, and hence much pleasure of the occasion was lost. Then, too, Jonah had not been heaved long enough for people to know how to indulge in that delight. What bushels of fun they missed, and how plentifully their favored ones are supplied with those delights now. More than that a fellow can get a prognosis printed red, or an optic dressed in ebony now; history is entirely silent as to those delicacies in earlier times; doubtless the ancient Christmas revellers did not enjoy them.

But Christmas, in the abstract, was a season of joy then as it is now if the old timers did miss much of the beauties of the present day. The world is doubtless better for the day. It's the only day of the year that gets even on the miser and selfishness; they bring nothing into it and take nothing out of it except as objects of pity. It is one of the days that gets even on the gormand and helps to kill him off; it's a Christian day.

A box of 23 pounds of raisins from Malaga is shipped to Chicago, a distance of 3,500 miles by water and 4,000 miles by land, at a cost of freight of 20 cents per box; a box of 30 pounds of raisins from California laid down in the same market over a distance of but 2,000 miles by railroad costs 35 to 40 cents freight per box.

The cowboys are not all college graduates, as some sentimental people suppose. A cowboy of Jack's valley, Nevada, recently posted up the following notice: "If any man or woman's cows or oxes get in these oats his or her bill will be cut off, as the case may be." Etc.

CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the use of the stockings are unknown, and Christmas trees are hung with unfortunates instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the north pole, where the nights last for six months, so that even the bluest of the Esquimaux cannot distinguish Christmas eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's birthday or Decoration day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveller once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveller was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals, and original sources of the Nile in the heart of Africa, and his only desire was to do good to the human race, and prove that the maps made by other travellers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of deadly serpents, and the cruelties of native kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least five hundred miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to faint in Central Africa, but expecting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined that it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 24th of December, and that Christmas eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet, for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mother's longest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untraced animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself to sleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The words were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Folly wants a cracker," and owls and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of their voices. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjos came over the water to the wearied traveller. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to the will without help, so he sank back, murmuring, "This 'ard, 'ard indeed, to die on Christmas among heathens!"

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only with the *tasse* and *pombe* worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveller, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang, in a low, mournful tone: "The poor white trash come come to Africa. He hasn't no mother for to fry hominy for him, nor no wife for to send to the store with a jug." Enraptured as he was, the traveller knew that this was wrong, for he had read *Mungo Park's Travels*, and he could not help remarking, "You women don't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer, in a cold, heartless way, and thereupon the women passed on and left the wretched white man to perish. The cruelty of the women made the traveller so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific means, and hobbled slowly toward a native village about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the king's palace where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care which, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveller, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him. "Poor white trash, Mr. Johnson," replied the largest of the two cannibals. "Mr. Jones—I should say, prisoner," began the king, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveller, "but I haven't had any soap for years, so I plead hextenuating circumstances. Besides, I am 'ungry. Will you not give me some breakfast?" The king's face grew bright with rage—for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveller, for presently the middle king cleared his throat, and said: "I have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterwards eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum, and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Bones?"

A unanimous "yah yah" from the other kings expressed their warm approval. "No! no!" cried the traveller, in an agony of fear. "Give me some little show. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this 'oly Christmas morning with your howling songs and conundrums. I've 'eard them all 'ome." And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native king who had pronounced the dreadful sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his guitar and struck the traveller a terrible blow over the head. The whole earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious. When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man, neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him, and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I believe."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dare say," replied the traveller. "Ave you got anything to heat with you?" The young man had been sent to find the traveller. He had with him all sort of stores, including canned plum pudding and boned turkey. As he drew the traveller's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas." It was the merriest Christmas the traveller had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native kings. STOLEN.

PREPARATIONS FOR BETTER TIMES.

There is but little change to note in general business since last week. The process of adjusting wages to the scale of prices for manufactured products continues, and in the great majority of cases the workmen accept the inevitable reduction, while the few strikers reported do not seem to offer much chance of success. The stoppage of mills is less common, and even in the iron and steel trades, where the shutting-down of work appears to attract more attention than elsewhere, the suspensions are offset by the renewal of work in other places. With prices lower than those to which the trade has been accustomed, it is a natural result that some works can afford to continue or resume production while others are obliged to stop in view of certain loss.

The reports from the New England cotton mills are less unfavorable, the demand for wool shows continued improvement, and manufacturers generally are at least in no worse condition. The coal trade is somewhat disturbed by the change of plan by the anthracite companies, which recalled the order for suspending work during the first week of December.

Everything in the way of prices for stocks depends on the view taken from day to day as to the prospects of traffic, until navigation opens in the spring, and the leading speculators are exerting themselves to induce investors to buy at once. The enormous surplus held by the banks encourages these efforts, as does the continued low rate for loans. And it is a practical sanction of this view that we see offered for public subscription new securities of strong and well-known railroad companies. Underwood's Reporter.

How Wooden Spools are Made. The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln. At that time the are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whir of the brittle block against sharp knives shaped by a pattern, make the spool at the rate of one per second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in the spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machinery is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polished themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red or black. They are made into thousands of shapes and sizes. When one sees on a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards" these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread. When a silk or linen or a cotton firm wants a spool made it sends a pattern to the spool maker. The pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel and of the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the spool will hold. One factory turns out 100,000 gross of spools per day, and consumes 3,500 cords of birch annually.

Brigham Young imported from Europe the first Shorthorn bull that ever crossed the plains. He was a vicious brute as well as high bred, and valuable also, and one day gored one of the Apostles, when the Mormons slew him, (he bull we mean), and burned his flesh, and for many years chanted a curse to the Tabernacle for all Shorthorns.—Breeder and Sportman.



Dr. Edward B. Foot as a representative of electric medicine, as a writer of popular medical literature, and as a physician stands prominent, and is, perhaps, better known by his writings than any other medical writer who has directed his teachings to the people rather than to the profession. Born and raised among Connecticut settlers, on the "West Hill Reserve" in Ohio, he early began the work of many self-made men. Starting at the age of sixteen as "printer's devil" in a newspaper office, he worked his way to the editorial chair, and was severally connected with the most prosperous weekly of its time, in Connecticut, and the first successful morning paper of Brooklyn, N. Y., but his main impulse had always been toward the study of medicine, and to this end business enterprises were sacrificed until an apprenticeship with a noted historical specialist, and a course of study finishing with graduation, found him prepared to follow out the bent of his life to its completion. He was among the earliest of those who advocated the publication of anatomical, physiological and hygienic books for the masses, and his success in writing and popular books has been conspicuous. His first and best known book, entitled "Medical Common Sense," reached a circulation of 250,000 copies, probably because of its originality and novelty in a new field; and his subsequent writings have been mainly in the same line, "Science in Story" having been written for the purpose of affording a readable book for children, and one which should make plain to their comprehension the facts which he considered it necessary for them to know concerning their own bodies.

In speaking of the late Prof. J. S. Smith, of Oxford, London, *Nature* remarks: "It has been said that in scientific thought, the best and most original ideas have always been conceived before the age of thirty." This is probably true also of the original of this portrait. His most radical thoughts were published in his first work, written before he was twenty-nine years of age, and though his pen is never idle, his first success has not yet been equalled by subsequent work, though his "Plain Home Talk," a revision and enlargement of "Medical Common Sense," seems likely in time to obtain a circulation rivaling that of its predecessor.

In practice Dr. Foot has always been independent, progressive and original, always a foe to old-fogism and trade-unionism in medicine; once a disciple of the old Thompsonian botanical school, as opposed to mineral and blood-letting practice, and now a staunch supporter of Eclecticism in that the name implies. He has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession for thirty years, and the portrait given here is from a recent photograph, hard work appears to agree with him, and he looks equal to twenty years more of it.

Hindu Loveliness. The Hindu girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercises is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindoostan. Dr. H. Spry says that this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding schools and private families, and that it might even supersede the present machinery of dumb bells, etc. The young girls ought to be taught to carry the jars as these Hindu women, without even touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Italy.

Didn't Belong to Him. An old bachelor who lives in the suburbs of Austin hires a colored man of about 18 to clean out his room, fill the lamp, and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said: "Boss, our blackin' an out."

"What do you mean?" growled the sorbid employer; "everything belongs to me, I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." The terrified darkey promised to comply with the request. On the following Sunday the boss happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored woman pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked the next day, quite a number of his friends being present.

"No, boss, dat's not my chile; dat is your chile. I've nubber zwin ter say nuffin' belongs to me no mo'."

The secretary of the interior recommends that renters of grazing lands in the Indian Territory be required to pay the Indians more for the use of the lands than they are now paying, which is about two cents an acre. He also favors the repeal of all the existing laws by which settlers can obtain clear title to public lands, except the homestead law and the mining acts. He does not say anything about the proposed leasing of the public domain to ranchmen.—Stockman.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS. In cases of Dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, fever and ague, liver complaint, irritability of the kidneys and bladder, constipation and other organic maladies Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a tried remedy, to which the medical profession have lent their professional sanction, and which as a tonic, alterative and household specific for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels has an unbounded popularity. For sale by Druggists and Dealers to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1885.

NOTICE. AT A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Arizona Industrial Exposition Association, held this day at their office in the City of Phoenix, it was ordered that all persons who had subscribed to the Capital Stock of the said association, and who had not paid the full amount of their subscription to the Secretary at his office in the City of Phoenix, A. T., on or before the first day of January, 1885, or the same will be deemed delinquent and will be advertised for sale as provided by law. G. W. INGALLS, Secretary. Phoenix, A. T., Dec. 16, 1884.

Assignees' Notice. W. A. Hancock and Lawrence M. Dun can having assigned to me their property and effects for the benefit of their creditors, all persons having claims against them, or either of them, are requested to present the same to me at my office in Phoenix, and all persons indebted to said assignors will please make payment to me without delay. C. A. TWEED, Assignee. Phoenix, A. T., Oct. 6, 1884.

Young Bulls For Sale. EXCELLENT STOCK of fine young bulls for sale, require of Judge C. A. Tweed or T. Metz, at Tweed's ranch.

TOYS I HAVE TOYS At Cost. Now on display a complete line of HOLIDAY GOODS, embracing the latest designs in Bisque and Plush Goods.

Bohemian Ware, Japanese and Swiss carved goods, Ladies and Gents' Dressing cases, Ladies' Card Cases in shell, and choice novelties in Gilt, Silver and China Cups and Saucers in the newest and latest patterns, a fine selection of Books especially for the HOLIDAY TRADE.

Also a full line of cheap goods, such as Dolls and Doll Wagons, Iron and Wood Wheel Wagons, Vases, Toilet Sets, Work Boxes, German Goods, Flowers, Dishes, Iron and Tin Toys, Blocks, Games, Knife Sets, Cut up figures, Mechanical Toys &c., &c. Everything marked in plain figures. See our JOB LOT OF TOYS.

At 25 cents and 50 cents per package, cheaper than the cost of manufacture. My store is fitted up in elegant style and we shall be glad to see you whether you buy or not. Bring the children and show them the Wonderful Bear, Jump on Wheels, &c., &c.

Toys At Cost. Geo. F. Coats. Toys At Cost. Goldberg's Cash Store! t, Finest and Cheapest Stock STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES BEST ASSORTMENT FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Goldberg's Cash Store.

DILLON & KENEALY. From the unprecedented success and generous patronage we have received from The People of Phoenix and Salt River Valley. Since the reopening of our Store, we respectfully beg leave to announce that on Saturday, November 23d, '84, We will display on our counters the Finest and Best assorted lines of Imported Dress Goods. Ever shown in the valley, and at such low prices that will astonish you. Consisting of the following, in all shades and tints: DRAP D'LONDRES, BROCADE SATTEEN, HONEY MOON CLOTH, OTTOMAN CLOTH, FRENCH ARMURES, EPANCELINES, GEYSER SUITINGS, PIN-HEAD CHECKS, WOOL SERGE PLAIDS, LLENO, for Evening Costumes, COMBINATION SUITS, etc. In our Fancy Department can be found the latest novelties. Our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes is now complete. The Gents' Underwear, as usual, stands unsurpassed. N. B.—Our stock of Ladies' Ulsters, Dolmans, Newport Wraps, Shoulder Capes, Redingotes, English Walking Jackets and Children's Cloaks, will be sold at half the cost of manufacture, to close out.

COYS' \$1.00 Collection of NEW and SPARKER SHEETS. THOS. A. COX & CO. Office and Store, 409 Sanson St. SAN FRANCISCO.

READ READ READ LOOK LOOK LOOK To the people of Phoenix and Salt River Valley. Take the pleasure of laying before you one of the Grandest Slaughters of TOYS and HOLIDAY goods ever offered in Phoenix or Salt River Valley. My entire stock, consisting of Ladies' Dressing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Ladies Purses and Satchels of all kinds, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Fancy Books, Christmas Cards, Vases and Toilet Sets of all kinds, Baskets, Tin Toys, Drums, Dolls, Wagons, Doll Carriages, Horses, Music Boxes and everything pertaining to the holiday line, will be and must be sold at and Below Cost from this date to January. Give me a call and see for yourself. PHOENIX CASH STORE, W. F. EVERHART.

The Acme Pulverizer, HARROW CRUD-CRUSHER LEVELER. For all the purposes of its use is unequalled. R. SHAW, Agent for Maricopa County.