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Vol. IV, No. 11.

NOGALES, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

Whole No. 89.

THE PATTERN OF BABY'S FEET.

I remember of once readin' a tender, sweet refrain
Woven from the fancy of some dreamy poet's brain,
Tells of the joy that comes when lyin' in your bed,
You hear the raindrops fallin' on the shingles overhead,
Some folks may not think so, but with him I quite agree
That the simple sounds of nature hold the sweetest melody;
And that is why I'm thinkin' that there's no tone quite as sweet
As the soft, melodious patter of baby's little feet,
From early mornin's brightness 'till evenin's gatherin' gloom
We hear the tuneful patter of his footsteps in each room;
Now along the hallway, now upon the stair,
Up and down, come and go, wanderin' here and there,
Fillin' all the hours with the music of his tread,
Till sleep o'ercomes and bears him a captive to his bed,
'Tis with joy I leave the hustle and the bustle of the street
For the gentle, restful patter of baby's little feet.
They have worn a pathway that winds all through my breast,
And their soothing, patterin' music lulls me to my nightly rest;
And even when sleep has claimed me I hear it in my dreams,
Like symphonies of angels, so mellow-like it seems.
There is somethin' very pleasin' in the whisperin' of the trees,
In the murrurin' of a mountain brook in the sighin' of the breeze;
But in all of art or nature there is no tone that can beat
The smooth, harmonious patter of baby's little feet. WILLIAM WEST.

Ocean Newspapers.

Years ago, before the great ocean liners made a trip from this country to Europe a matter of only a few days, and the one way to get to Europe was by clipper ship, and the voyage occupied from four to six weeks, it was the custom to publish a weekly newspaper on board the larger ships for the edification of the passengers. The captain and officers would store up news items before leaving port, and these enlarged and greatly embellished, would be made the leading feature of the weekly issue. Information from the captain's cabin as to the weather prospects, and other interesting scraps of news of the ship, together with whatever contributions the passengers cared to make, would help fill up the paper and make it an exceedingly attractive sheet for people a thousand miles from land. The mid-ocean newspaper was always a curious looking affair, and copies of all the issues were eagerly sought by collectors whenever a ship touched port. But since the ocean greyhounds have made the trip so short the ocean newspaper has disappeared. A year or so ago, however, the American line began the publication of newspapers on board of the big steamers New York and City of Paris.

One paper is published each trip, and is usually run off the press when the steamer is four days out and rolling in the roaring forties. On the Paris the publication is called the Paris Gazette, while it is the New York Gazette on the sister ship. The limited printing apparatus on the steamers makes it impossible to turn out a very large paper. The sheet is six inches wide and nine inches long, and is a four-page affair printed on manilla paper. The first item of news that strikes the eye, is a description of the ship,

signed by the captain. This is a stock paragraph, and is printed in every issue. The daily runs of the steamer follow and the distance still to go and the probabilities of doing it within a certain time are discussed in short paragraphs. The second column of the first page generally contains some paragraphs headed "General Information," and here the passengers find many useful little hints as to cures for sickness, the necessity of exercising by taking regular walks around the decks, and advice as to handling of valuable information for people making their first trip. The paper contains contributions of prose and verse, some of them decidedly clever, and there is also a column devoted to queries. The price of the Gazette is six-pence in English or 15 cents in American money, and it meets with a ready sale in the second cabin and steerage, as well as among the saloon passengers.

Something About Truffles.

"Ten thousand dollars' worth at a time and three orders a year," was the reply of one New York firm when asked if America liked truffles. This output from one establishment emphasized the fact that New Yorkers like the stimulating French mushroom.

But the land of sunshine has not a monopoly on the truffle trade; England and Germany are taking quite a bit of interest in their yield; still, the opinion of the chief agrees with that of the milliner, France is the country for perfect truffles as well as bonnets.

The French variety is very dark, without attaining the blackness of the German species. It is found in loose, light soil, about a foot from the surface, preferring the ground where chestnut trees grow. Its whereabouts is discovered by pigs, which scent out the palatable acorn and root it up, trained, however, like good pointers, not to despoil their prize.

In Wiltshire and Kent, where the English kind has been discovered, dogs instead of pigs are used, and the folk of Kent divide their time between hop-picking and truffle-finding as a means of livelihood. Great Britain, seeing the enormous profit to be made in this vegetable luxury, has been endeavoring to grow it, rightfully fearing that it will soon cease; but so far all efforts have failed. The last attempt of the French to force the production was in Pottou. There they sowed a profitable bit of soil with acorns, and they claim that when the oaks are large enough to shade the grounds truffles will be found in abundance at their roots. This is certainly dealing in futures, and the sower's great-grand-children must reap the reward.

A trial that may prove of quicker benefit is watering the ground from rinsings where parings of the truffle had soaked. This method has already had a small harvest, and it is the hope of epicures that the genius of tillers of the soil will find some way to originate and perpetuate the culture of this succulent bit of vegetable growth.

It has been reported to the fish commissioners that lobsters will soon be an appetizing dream of the past, and if truffles also are to be numbered among the bygone luxuries of the palate, what will the world of fashionable dinner-givers do then?

A NEW "GYM" GAME.

It Hasn't a Name Yet, but It's a Good One to Play.

Chicago Record.

Dr. Sargent of the Hemenway gymnasium is trying a new game. The title has not yet been decided on, but the term "pass ball" does very well provisionally.

There may be any number of players, the more the merrier, and as a rule every man in the gym is enlisted in the game. They are divided into two sides, each taking half of the gym as its field.

The players are aligned in rows, arranged the long way of the hall, the men about four feet apart and the rows about six feet. At one end is the gym table, such as instructors generally stand on when directing a class. On each side of the table is a rough trough, and in each trough are placed nine small "medicine balls," the kind measuring about ten inches in diameter and weighing a pound.

The game is to pass the balls along the rows from hand to hand, the circuit sometimes going up and down the hall several times when there are many players. The sides start together and the side passing all the balls around first and replacing them on the table wins.

It looks simple, but taxes strong players more than would be believed to pass the ball accurately and rapidly. When nine balls coming down the line, each of which must be caught and thrown so that the next man can get it, and the other balls crowding the game, is a trial to the nerves, indeed.

The game of "pass ball" is necessarily a gymnasium game, designed, as it is the aim of modern gymnastics, to relieve the tedium and monotony of the current work. No one, for instance, questions the value of tossing the "medicine ball," such practical athletes as fighters even finding it an invaluable and inexpensive aid to their training apparatus. The average man finds it a most uninteresting instrument, however, unless some such idea as "pass ball" comes out, when the much despised "medicine ball" becomes instinct with interest.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy that he has used in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Chenoweth & Mix's drug store. Regular size \$5.00 and \$1.00.

An exchange tells the following: "The meanest man on record lives in Union county Mo. He sold his son-in-law one-half of a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half. The son-in-law was also required to provide the feed the cow consumed and compelled to carry her water three times a day. Recently the cow hooked the old man and now he is suing his son-in-law for damages."

"Tricks in all Trades."

A fond mother tells how she married off her six daughters:

"I did it," she says, "with the frying pan, a cozy fire and cushioned chair. There now, you have the whole story," confessed the lady. "I would have every one of those girls on my hands this minute if I hadn't found them husbands out of my cookery book. Despising an old maid as I do a smoky chimney, when my eldest girl was fully grown I turned right and left for some means of marrying her. Mary was neither very handsome nor very lively, so I knew better than to trust to luck. So I just set to work and determined on a plan that has never miscarried with any of them, says Pearson's Weekly.

"All my life I have made close observations of men's ways and have heard great stories of the happy results of feeding the sex. So I looked carefully over the field and picked out a pleasant, thriving young fellow, whose habits were good and his heart whole. I began by asking him in a friendly manner to call. Then I led the conversation around to his mother the way he had been nurtured and what he most cared to eat in general. I never missed a word, and after the first visit we got him to drop in to tea on Sunday evening. Then, you may be sure, I did my best, and when the second meal was over I knew the yearnings of that man's appetite better than he did himself.

"My calculations seemed to believe it best to start toward the close of the year. Spring is no good. A man loves all womankind at that season; his appetite is slight. In my experience courtships started in November lead as a rule to a wedding in May. Of course my chief reliance is in tempting food, but I would always advise supporting the liberal table with a big, comfortable rocking-chair, drawn facing a cheerful fire. Speak of it as 'his chair,' and you won't make any mistake.

Another thing—don't be too pressing. A steady eye and a light hand count more than nagging. I was always careful not to gush, but if I had apple-fritters on Tuesday I apologized for their poorness and begged him to drop in on Thursday and let Mary redeem her mother's reputation with some particularly appetizing dish. In the evenings I had her trained to sit in a low sewing chair under the big lamp and either darn socks or hem dusters. When we spoke of her I said I trembled at the awful blow it would be for us if she should marry and go away. This kind of thing was kept up until Feb. 1, when my gentleman began to feel easy and snug like one of the family.

"Then came the delicate moment, for just at this point I would introduce some silly dandy that neither I nor Mary would have looked at. But I coddled the youngster, had him to tea on the same night and waited to see what would happen. The ruse always succeeded. He and Mary would come blushing to ask if they might have each other, and while they made up in the parlor I looked my cookery book up to see my way to another son-in-law."

The Kansas supreme court says the holder of a mortgage assigned to a non-resident to avoid taxation cannot collect the debt by legal process.