Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME I. FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881. NUMBER 31.

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Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats

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FOR DELIVERY OF MACHINERY OR ANY FREIGHT

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GIVING AND LIVING.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the light it freely loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

The seas land silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire stream to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and image is death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother:
He doubles the length of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die.

THE TALE OF A TRAMP.

We had supped well over, and, seated before an open wood fire, our small family bade defiance to the chill frost of late autumn, when my wife, lifting her head from the sewing in her lap, said, in a low tone:

"Surely, I heard a rap."

"Or a rat," suggested Charlie, fresh from college, and skeptical on any subject that might be broached. "Really, mother, if your hearing is so acute, please count the steps of that half-frozen fly on the ceiling."

"Nonsense, Charlie," replied his mother, with a smile. "But I am sure I heard some one rap. There it is again! You must have heard that. Nettie, dear, run to the door."

The knock this time, though modest and apologetic in tone, was not to be disputed. Nettie reached out her hand to take the candle, but was anticipated by her incorrigible brother, who rudely blew out the taper, exclaiming:

"Now, then, mother, for a test of your ingenuity; who is this caller, and what is his or her errand? Listen! Can you analyze that knock?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his mother again. "Some tramp, I suppose, who has seen the light from our window, and——"

But she was interrupted by Charlie's burst of merriment.

"A tramp! And at this season of the year! No, no, mother; try again. A tramp's knock would reverberate through the house like thunder."

"Come, Charles," interposed I, "this is idle. You may be keeping a neighbor waiting, or a child."

"A little child!" cried Nettie, "and on a night like this! No, brother, you shall not detain me another moment." And, after a slight scuffle, Nettie emerged in triumph, bearing the disputed candle.

As she paused on the threshold to relight the candle, I may as well make public my secret conviction that a being nearer akin to the angels than our Nettie did not exist. She opens the outer door, her friendly face beaming a welcome to whoever might be standing in the darkness, while her gentle voice inquires: "Who is there?"

We all listened intently for the reply, that, quite in keeping with the rap, was delivered in a low, strained voice.

"I am hungry, cold and sick. I saw the light from your window, and——"

"You are welcome, sir," interrupted Nettie, gravely. "And," she added, glancing an arch look at her mother—"and expected."

[illegible] as he entered, directed an inquiring glance [illegible] Nettie, as if not comprehending the import of her last words, nor the smile that passed from lip to lip of the family circle.

Hungry, cold and sick! There are many such in the world, but few who bear such genuine marks of distress. His clothing, worn and torn by long service, hung in limp folds about his shrinking, shivering form; while his face, pale and contracted by physical (or was it mental?) suffering, might have been taken for that of a corpse, were it not for the dark, brilliant eyes that burned deep in their sockets.

Nettie had conducted him into the kitchen adjoining, and by a clever stratagem beguiled her brother out of his easy-chair, which, before he could intercept her, she had dragged into the next room and placed at the disposal of her visitor.

"You are too good," murmured the young man thankfully, as he sank wearily into the inviting chair.

"A model tramp!" sneered Charlie, the loss of whose easy-chair might have tempted him into whispering in a loud key.

The stranger probably overheard him, as he shielded his face with his white, bloodless hands, and spoke no more.

Nettie flitted busily from room to room, from pantry to cellar, on hospitable thought intent, apparently unconscious of her mother's slight coughs and other efforts to attract her attention when the stock of preserves was invaded, although a close observer would have noticed by the tell-tale dimples in her cheek and the sparkle in her eye that she was quite cognizant of her mother's uneasiness.

O these children! how they do wheedle and cajole their parents!

It was characteristic of Nettie that when she gave she gave with both hands full. She gave the cake and withheld the crust. And so it was that when the young man, letting his hands fall from before his face, beheld the glittering tea-table, with its goodly array of substantials and delicacies, he stared at his fair benefactress in such a mute, helpless way that it was half-amusing, half-saddening.

"And you have prepared this for me! For me! And you do not know who or what I am."

"Our guest," responded Nettie, gently.

"Not but that the light"—glancing disdainfully at his shabby coat—"reveals my wretchedness too plainly."

"Pardon me," said Nettie, bravely; "but it is the poor we are commanded to assist; nor do I know of any duty that yields half the pleasure."

"The warmth of the room betrayed me into a nap," continued the stranger, "and I dreamed—alas! it was but a dream—that I should go forth from this house free from the burden of remorse that has weighed me down these many years. But, no; such a miracle could not happen. I have waked once more to misery and to the fact that I am an outcast."

"Hush!" exclaimed Nettie. "We will speak of that later. You must not talk so bitterly; for, whatever your attire, your address is that of a gentleman."

Nettie now resumed her place with us, and the stranger was left to his repast. Charlie produced a highly-colored meerschaum, and, without regarding his mother's entreating looks, proceeded to fill and light it.

"Come, Charlie," she could not forbear saying at last; "it is not often that I ask you to sacrifice anything for me, but I do wish you would give up smoking."

"No use, mother; I should think you would know better than to make such a demand."

"Obey!" thundered a voice from the open door. "Let her lightest wish be law, or beware! My fate may be yours!"

The deep, tragic tones in which these words were uttered, the erect, dignified form standing upon the threshold with threatening forefinger pointing directly at the object of his attack, the flashing, magnetic eye that compelled attention and obedience—all involuntarily reminded me of an evening some forty years before when I had seen the elder Kean advance to the footlights, and, with rapid, unexpected speech, electrify the audience. So, too, I had seen a religious revivalist single out some stiff-necked sinner in the crowd, and with darting forefinger pour out the vials of scriptural vengeance on the unbaptized head.

"The man must be mad, or a strolling actor playing a part!" cried Charlie, who was the first to recover from the general amazement.

The effect of this remark on the man was magical; the extended hand dropped; his figure shrank and drooped into its former listless attitude; the fire died out in his eyes, and his coat once more revealed its rents, while his voice, low and hoarse, muttered an apology:

"Forgive me. I forgot where I was and who I am. No, I can never forget that. I cannot escape myself."

Nettie's sympathetic soul was touched.

"Perhaps you would like to tell us about yourself. That is, you might like to feel that there were those who pitied your misfortunes. My brother is sometimes hasty, but always kind-hearted. We would all be glad to assist you if we can."

"My tale is one of horror, and could gain me only your detestation; yet why should I shrink from the recital when the pain I thereby inflict on myself is the only penalty I can pay for my crime?

"I am," he continued, "or rather was, an actor, and so was my father before me. As a child, I mimicked the set phrases and gestures of the actors about me, and early learned to look upon the play-house as my home and the field wherein I should develop whatever talents I might possess. My father occupied the position of leading man at the B—— Theater, and was the most popular actor in town. He basked in the glare of the theater, exerted, nay, exhausted, himself in the effort to please a fickle public, and possibly looked upon his home only as a retreat where he might recuperate his exhausted energies and equip himself for fresh conquests. My mother naturally looked upon the theater as a rival, and a successful one, to the home. Yet, for all that, she never relaxed her efforts to make that home a pleasant and attractive one. Whatever her sufferings and despair might have been, she never voiced them. Only I remember on one occasion she had playfully asked me what I intended to be when I grew up to manhood, and I replied: 'An actor, mamma, an actor, by all means.' She pressed me closer in her arms, and I felt her warm tears on my face as she cried out: 'Oh, not that, my son! Anything but that. Choose again, just to please your mother.' But I obdurately insisted that I would be an actor and nothing else. From that moment my mother seemed to regard me with great apprehension, and I am afraid would have secretly rejoiced if my first appearance had been such an utter failure as to deter me from taking any further steps in that direction. But my father [illegible] and encouraged me. Himself a careful, conscientious student, he would quench my too-evident enthusiasm by an immersion in the ocean of work that lies between every artist and his goal; and anon, lifting me up to his own lookout, he would point out some new and undiscovered country where fresh glory awaited the first comer. Alternately stimulated and held in check, I rapidly grew in popular favor, and divided almost equally with my father the smiles and tears of the town. Oh! he alone who has commanded them can testify to the sweetness of the power.

"About this time there appeared on the scene one whom my father nervously feared as a possible rival. He played parts that my father considered peculiarly his own by right of repeated representation, and, being young, handsome and of good address, secured a large following of friends. The misunderstanding between this stranger and my father was of so serious a character that they only spoke to each other when the demands of their profession forced some courtesy from one or the other, and it required all the firmness of the stage manager to keep them to their duties. One night, late in the season, when all the new plays had been worn threadbare, an old melodrama was revived, and to my father and this new-comer the principal parts were assigned. Each now started out in the race to enlist the applause of the audience. My father watched the house nervously, both off and on the stage, to see to which side its favor might incline. He seemed to feel the laurels plucked from his own and bound on a younger brow. Near the close of the play my father was to shoot his opponent, who was to fall dead at his feet. You have already apprehended the sequel. The gun, an old, unused one, supposed to be loaded with a small charge of powder, went off in my father's hands, and the rival, whom he had so lately feared and hated, lay dead before him.

"I have related this incident to show you the cloud of misfortune that hung over our family, and shortly afterward enveloped me in its folds.

"Although probably no one actually believed that this tragedy was other than a sad accident, yet some there were who, recalling the enmity between the two men, were malicious enough to whisper that the shooting was premeditated under cover of the play. These rumors coming to my father's ears cut short his stage career. He secluded himself closely at home and would see no one. One night, I recollect, he called me into his room, and said: 'My son, it would have been far better for me if I had purposely killed that man, for in that case my punishment would be deserved and sure. This distrust, the averted eyes of those who were once proud to call themselves my friends, is killing me.' He must have spoken in a spirit of prophecy, for on the following morning he died.

"Soon after this event I was the recipient of some flattering offers from theatrical managers, and I determined to return to the stage, although my mother bitterly opposed it. Oh! that I had listened to her gentle pleadings. But youth is proud and headstrong, and unwilling to heed words of caution. Was I not desirous of providing for her present and future needs? Had although acting contrary to her wishes any other object than her ultimate happiness in view? Would she not, sooner or later, come round to look at things my way?

"My return to the stage was followed by almost immediate promotion, and the people flocked to see me in parts which my father had rendered famous. Many of my friends were anxious to see me attempt the higher walks of my art, and partly to please them, as well as to test certain theories and innovations of my own, I gave out that I would shortly essay the role of Othello. For weeks and months I studied this creation of the great dramatist, and succeeded in thoroughly identifying myself with the part. On the night before my debut as a tragedian was to take place I retired early, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams. By turns I was the fond and tender lover, the proud and powerful General, the crazed, relentless murderer.

"The morning dawned and developed in my own home a more horrible tragedy than was ever conceived by dramatist, for while I slept and dreamed a ruffian had entered my mother's chamber and robbed the life from her sweet body. Upon her fair white throat was the cruel imprint of the murderous hand, and, oh, God! while I slept, unconscious of her agony, she was struggling with her slayer.

"Weeks and months passed, but no clew to the murderer could be discovered, nor the object of the crime imagined. My life, robbed of its truest friend, seemed dull and melancholy. There was but one thing left for me to do, and that was to recall and act upon her admonitions, so that, if haply her spirit looked down on me, she might bless my efforts. I left the State and sought in a Western State to give a new direction to my life. But even here my reputation as an actor had preceded me, and I was waited upon one evening by the manager of the local theater with the request that I would take the place of his leading man on the following evening, he being incapacitated by sickness from appearing. The piece was to be "Othello." I accepted the proposal, pleased that my name had not been entirely forgotten by the public. The hotel at which I stopped was overcrowded, and the landlord informed me that I would have to share my room with a stranger. But the 'stranger,' when he came in, proved to be an old friend, and we talked far into the night of old times, mutual acquaintance, but especially of my forthcoming appearance as Othello on the next night. I slept, and dreamed once again that I was the veritable Moor of Venice, breathing into Desdemona's ear my vengeful, cruel purpose. I was suddenly awakened by a terrific pull at my hair, and found myself standing out in the middle of the floor engaged in a struggle with my friend. My hands were fastened in a vise-like grip on his throat, and, even as I waked, his hold on my hair loosed, and he sank helplessly to the floor. There are moments in life when, like an electric flash, all that has been and much that is to be stands out clearly revealed, and, awe-struck, we gaze at the fearful prospect. The mystery of my mother's taking-off was no longer a mystery; it was these accursed hands that had done the deed, and condemned me, like Ahasueras, to wander over the world, seeking relief and finding none."

With these words the young man concluded his tragic story, and, seizing his hat, opened the outer door and disappeared in the darkness. Nettie, with white face, but moistened eyes, hastened to the door with her purpose so clearly expressed in her manner that Charles cried out:

"Have a care what you are doing! You surely can't mean to offer that sleep-walker a bed here! Ugh! I choke at the thought of it!"

Nettie shuddered, hesitated for a moment only, then, leaving the door ajar, stepped out. We could hear her voice, but could not distinguish the words, but the reply was distinctly audible:

"You are right. To me it seems as if my mother's voice spoke through you, bidding me cast off this garment of remorse and return to my art, with the resolve to win the name the future surely has in store for me."

* * * * * * *

Several years later our family were surprised by the receipt of a note, inclosing passes, from the manager of the B—— Theater, inviting us to be present on the following evening, when America's greatest tragedian would open a week's engagement. The play was to be "Othello." We were punctually on hand, and were politely conducted to a side box, whence shortly afterward we had no difficulty in recognizing, in the swarthy Moor who strode the stage, Nettie's quondam acquaintance.

Between the acts the actor entered our box and claimed the privilege of renewing an acquaintance so auspiciously begun.

"I shall invite myself once more to your home," said he, "nor will you find me the objectionable guest that I formerly was. Before fame and fortune the dark specters that haunted my brain have dissolved like the mists of morning and left me light-hearted and clear-visioned."

Since then the actor has often been our honored guest; and idle rumor has it—is the rumor idle?—What, then, do Nettie's blushes mean, as, bending over my shoulder as I write, she asks the question:

"Father, don't you think it would sound better if you were to christen your story 'The Tale of a Tragedian?'"

How to Spend Thanksgiving Day.

A good old Governor of the State of Maine, when he issued a Fast-day proclamation, more than fifty years ago, made up his mind to forego platitudes, and to tell his people just how, in his opinion, they ought to get ready to observe the day. This was his advice: "I recommend to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian; if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it; if in error, to correct it; if under obligations to others, honestly to discharge them; if suffering injuries, to forgive them; if aware of animosities, to extinguish them; and, if able to do any benevolent act to any being created by the Almighty Power to which he owes existence and his faculties, to do it."—*Sunday-School Times.*

AFTER a short visit two ladies are about to pay their compliments to the Countess Santa-Grue and take their departure. "Pray," she says graciously, "remain a little longer." "Indeed," answered one of the ladies in her most winning way, "were I to stay another five minutes I should never be able to go (whispering to the other lady), for I should be fast asleep."

Antiquity of the Earth.

Theologians of every sect and creed had persistently taught that only some 6,000 years had elapsed since the earth sprang into being. The suggestion of its greater antiquity was received with a storm of theological opposition, which underwent little abatement during half a century, and of which even yet the ground-swell may occasionally be felt in some of the dark recesses of ignorant minds. The majority of those who raised the storm were the social or professional ancestors of these who now, in like manner, oppose the doctrine of evolution; but the change which has come over the latter races of combatants is itself some proof evolution affects the minds of men, whatever it may do to their bodies. Fifty years ago the full force of an anathematizing *odium theologicum* burst upon the heads of the assailed geologists, with a violence happily unknown among the opponents of evolution. Then, as now, the representatives of geological science expiained to the world the great facts upon which their conclusions were based. Then, as now, myriads of men were in doubt whether to judge charitably to the leadership of geologists or of the theologians, [illegible] who named themselves under the banner of Cuvier, Lyell and Sedgwick, deliberately hurled themselves on the obstinately [illegible] one by one the theologians had their vituperative weapons. The late Dr. Chalmers early accepted the geological creed. Dr. Pye Smith received the fellowship of the Royal Society for his well-meant endeavor to reconcile the Mosaic narrative with the writings of the geologists, earning some hard names from the defenders of the orthodox camp for his supposed abandonment of their holy cause. Meanwhile, the geological batteries made sad breaches in the defenses of that camp. A late Dean of York valiantly confronted the assailing hosts when assembled in his cathedral city. Singly he faced his foes like a new Horatius, but speedily fell beneath the sharp arrows of Sedgwick's biting eloquence. The last Hypatian geologist who strove to restore the dying faith was Young, the clerical author of the "Geological Survey of the Yorkshire Coast." He, like the Dean, lifted up his warning voice in a geological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, but in vain. Even a Julian could not have restored the ancient belief, and Young was not a Julian. Truth proved too much for error; and, though occasionally a theologian may still be found so ignorant of what is going on around him as to uphold the exploded doctrine, the race has almost become extinct.—*Contemporary Review.*

The Mormon Church.

The Mormon church teaches that there are numerous gods, and that those who have been eminent as saints on earth become gods in heaven. Smith is a god, and no doubt by this time Brigham Young has become something like that, too. The Mormons also believe that Jesus is just above Smith, and that Adam, in turn, is superior to the Savior. All these gods have many wives, and each governs his own descendants, so that the glory of a "saint" when he gets to be a god depends largely on how many wives and children he has, and, therefore, the hold of polygamy on the people. It is held that the ten commandments are the rule of life, but there have been several revelations which considerably weaken the binding force of the Mosaic law. The Mormons condemn infant baptism, although children are considered old enough to be baptized when they reach their 8th year. They practice the baptism for the dead, a living person being publicly baptized as the representative of one or more persons who have died. For instance, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and others have been baptized into the church in this style. It should be said that a community, whose leaders reside at Plano, Ill., reject polygamy and many other of the offensive tenets of the Utah Mormons. In regard to their form of government, it may be stated that the priesthood is organized as follows: The First Presidency, the twelve apostles, the high council, the seventies, the high priests, elders, priests, teachers and deacons. The First Presidency consists generally of three persons, with President Taylor at the head, and these persons preside over and direct the affairs of the entire church. The hierarchy is divided into the Melchizedek and Aaronic priesthood, the former being the higher, the latter being the lineal descendants of Aaron and designated by revelation. The First President is elected by the whole body of the church; he is the prophet and seer, and alone has the "right" to work miracles and receive revelations. The belief in a continual divine revelation through the medium of the prophet is the corner-stone of the Mormon church. The work done by the several officials of this sect is, as has been indicated, all under the control of the First Presidency, that is a more despotism than almost any now known.

Reserve Your Vitality.

A friend of Lord Palmerston once asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. "Seventy-nine," replied the old statesman. "But," he added with a smile, "as I have just entered my 80th year, perhaps I am myself a little past it." On this reply *Chambers' Journal* makes the following remarks:

How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiously refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of 70 years of age, they as good as say to themselves: "We must now take care what we are about." Of course they make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gayeties and live simply.

In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep active as long as possible.

Blustering natures, forgetful of the great truth that "power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness," miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economized. Then as regards temper—any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of 8 years old who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray horses is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said an Irish lawyer, "it will be for you to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."