Arizona Weekly Enterprise

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THE MODERN HAT-RACK.

Diabolical Character of This Heathenish Contrivance.

[From the New York Times.]

No candid man can examine the modern hat-rack without feeling that it is explicable only on the theory of its demoniacal origin. Indeed, the human mind is so constituted that it instinctively refers all the contrivances ostensibly intended for holding hats to the devil, and most of us would confess a belief that the devil makes hat-racks did we not fear the derision of so-called philosophers. Is it reasonable to suppose that any human being seriously designed for a good purpose the combination of brass rods which is to be seen above the tables in certain restaurants? Ostensibly these rods are intended for temporary storage of hats; but when a man tries to put his hat on a bra s-rod rack it instantly falls down again, and brings with it two other hats and a pi'e of newspapers, the former of which upset the caster, while the latter diffuse themselves over the butter and the beefsteak. Nothing but the theory of the active influence of evil spirits can account for this style of hat rack, and yet it is really inferior in ingenious malignity to the common hat-rack of private houses.

This diabolical contrivance is always placed in the dark corner of the hall—a fact which shows that evil spirits are concerned not merely in manufacturing but in placing it. The consequence is that the visitor gropes for it, and, in so doing, infallibly knocks down the overcoats and hats which are already hung upon it. When he is able to perceive it with his eyes, he can find no satisfactory peg. The malicious manufacturer never fails to make the pegs so short that to induce a hat to balance itself upon one of them is a task requiring both time and dexterity. Not content with this, the manufacturer places the pegs so close together that it is impossible for two adjoining pegs to support each its own hat at the same time. The ordinary visitor learns this truth only by sad experience. He persists in trying to hang his hat on the peg next to that which bears the hat of the head of the house, and it is only after he has knocked the original hat down with his own hat, and then knocked his own hat down by trying to restore the other to its original place, that he perceives the fell purpose of the maker of hat racks.

Only the ingenuity of demons could have combined an umbrella stand with a hat-rack. The object of this unholy combination is obviously to tempt the visitor to deposit his overcoat on the protruding handles of half a dozen umbrellas and canes. The prudent man rarely attempts to hang his overcoat on a peg, for he knows that in so doing he will knock down all the hats. Moreover, it is the practice of the satanic manfacturer to put in the pegs so loosely that the weight of an overcoat when put on any one of them will pull it out. He, therefore, folds his overcoat up and lays it gently on the umbrella handles. Instantly these delusive supports give way. A rattling avalanche of canes and umbrellas strikes on the marble floor, and the betrayed overcoat gathers to itself all the available dirt that has accumulated in the bottom of the umbrella stand, while the startled and indignant visitor breaks into language which might well fill listening demons with fiendish joy. So notorious has the character of the combined hat-rack and umbrella-stand become that wise men never meddle with it, but uniformly place their folded overcoats on the floor in a corner of the hall, and put their hats on their overcoats.

Now, if we attempt to account for the hat-rack on any theory which excludes the supernatural, we make a complete failure. It is in vain for us to ask ourselves why men should make an article of furniture that can accomplish no conceivable end except the exasperation of mankind. The moment we assume that hat-racks are the work of evil spirits they become coherent and intelligible. Is it not, then, a pity that the abolition of faith in evil spirits leaves us without any method of accounting for the existence of hat-racks, and compels us to say that we do not know, and cannot conceive, for what purpose they are made?

THE *Hotel Mail* reports an interview with an old waiter, in which he makes the statement that "waiters seldom grow old. As a rule, they're sassy until they're 28. They begin to be weak when they touch 30, and at 40 they are but little good, as indigestion kills them."

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray's Texas farm has half a dozen horses worth $60,000. It had been generally believed that orchard fruits would not thrive in Texas soil, but Mr. Murray has succeeded in raising apples, pears and peaches in abundance.

Sour Bread.

The venerable Dr. Woolsey, of Yale, who is much interested in securing a general law of divorce throughout the United States, is asked by an interviewer if he does not think that sour bread has much to do with divorce. Whereat the doctor wonderingly asks, "Sour bread? What is that?"

Let us answer.

Sour bread, doctor, is death. Sour bread is sin. Sour bread is original sin. Sour bread is dyspepsia. Sour bread poisons first the body and then the mind. Sour bread is impurity taken into the stomach and from thence distilled into the brain. Sour bread is not the bread for inspiration or wisdom. Sour bread eaten to give nutriment and strength, and giving none, causes desire for the artificial stimulants, tobacco and whisky. Pure food, doctor, helps largely to make pure men and women. Wives who poison their husbands daily, doctor, with dishes fried in rancid lard or butter, or who mix animal grease in a state of semi-decomposition with their hot biscuit, or who top off this involuntary system of Lucretia Borgiaism with sour bread, are the chief promoters of domestic rows, troubles, wrangles and finally divorce. Sour bread clouds the mind, darkens the understanding, narrows the intellect and weakens the body. Good bread and pure food worked up finally into brain or matter or whatever you choose to call it, gives clear heads, clear ideas, truth, and promotes and leads to gentleness, mercy, charity and peace. The kitchen, doctor, is the neglected corner-stone of your theology. The cook is now one of the despised saviors of humanity. Despise not the day of small things, doctor. Spirituality and divinity can't be developed out of a diet of chips, and husbands don't get much better. Husbands, of course, doctor, are bad. All husbands are worse, much worse than their wives. But, as a commencement to make them better, they must have wives who will see that they have good bread. Yes, doctor. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. But perhaps you don't smoke. —*Graphic.*

The Style.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, style, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nation, adores it under a different form. In England an honest citizen packs up himself, his family, and his style in a buggy or tim whisky, and rattle away to spend Sunday. A Baronet requires a chariot and pair; a Lord must needs have a barouche and four; but a Duke, O a Duke, cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen. This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a household, for no sooner do they set up for style than instantly all the honest, old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded, and you stalk cautiously about, among the uncomfortable splendor of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables and Etruscan vases. The vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment, and a family that once required two of these servants for convenience, now employ half a dozen for style. Bell Brazen was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, he became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned and scratched and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd?—*Irving.*

Love-Making in a Beer Garden.

Making love in a beer garden is liable to be carried on under disadvantages and subject to interruptions more or less disagreeable. The other night a young man sitting with his sweetheart in a garden over the Rhine was endeavoring to pour a tale of love into her listening ear, which the shrill cries incident to the locality were continually interrupting. The courtship ran something after this fashion:

"Dearest Eliza, you know that your image alone holds a place within my heart. I thrill only to the soft tone of your sweet voice; I am happy in no company but yours. In short, better than life do I love—"

"Zwi beer!"

"As I was saying, before yon caitiff beer-jerker passed this way with his discordant ejaculation, I am indissolubly yours. The stars are never bright unless you are by my side, yet your eyes do ever shame their brightness. I see no beauty in the flowers until your presence blesses me, and then your beauty make them hide their heads with envy. For one kiss from those sweet lips I would—"

"Ein cigar! ein mineral!"

"(Confound that boy!) Dost love me, dearest, as I love you? Wouldst join your fate to mine? Could you consent to go hand in hand with me through life, banqueting on love and feasting on—"

"Pretzels for two!"

"(Oh, hang your pretzels!) What would life be without thee? It would be as a barren desert without one oasis—a long dismal night uncheered by one single star; cast adrift upon the wide and lonely ocean, with no friendly sail in view from day to day, and all the while the fierce hunger in my heart crying—"

"Boleena woost!"

"Fire and blazes! Lize, let's get out o' this."

They got.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Prohibition in Kansas.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor, but his seven passengers who had alighted to stretch their legs on the platform did not stir. Some depot hanger-on had told them that this station was the last before crossing the Kansas border, and it seemed as if some common impulse or affection held them all spell-bound. "All aboard!" the conductor cried again and the train started. The seven passengers made a spasmodic attempt to reach it, but the attempt was too spiritless. Only two of them found footing on the hind steps of the sleeper. These were Kansas City drummers, and they came on into the day car looking very dejected.

"It is a dry time," said the fat passenger.

"I pause to ruminate," said the man in the linen coat, pensively chewing a bit of licorice root.

"The drama is decaying," said the sad passenger.

"Don't w(h)ine," said the woman who talks bass.

"I'll sit beside her," volunteered the boy who sells peanuts.

"We have crossed over into the land of milk and honey," said one of the drummers, feebly endeavoring to keep up with the procession.

"Now you're screamin'," remarked his companion.

"Loggerheads," observed the man on the wood-box, as the train halted at a tank, "the engine is going to be gin-and-water."—*Burdette.*

Esquimaux Hospitality.

At midnight we arrived at a village, which proved to be much larger than we thought, consisting of twenty-six huts and about 300 inhabitants. Being conducted to the chief, he received us very kindly and allowed us to pitch our tent, which we did in short order, the natives helping us to do so and to unpack our sledges. The chief had Russian tea prepared for us in his dwelling. On the table, consisting of a small box with a really clean cover, was a tea service of four pretty cups and saucers. It took about two hours to get through with the drinking, which was followed by a feast of deer meat. We contributed to the feast by furnishing some hard bread and coffee. The women appear to be the domestics, and are not allowed around when the men are drinking tea, except to wait on them, which they do with the right arm and breast uncovered. We found the oil stove we brought along of the greatest utility, but it did not compensate for the very great inconvenience caused by the absence of sugar, cups, plates and spoons, which in the hurry and confusion incident to departure were forgotten. Having decided to remain the night with the chief, it was 4 o'clock in the morning before we were able to turn in. Then we were obliged to make the natives leave by signs that we wanted to go to sleep, so great was their curiosity in looking at the only white people they had ever seen. Gesler and myself spread our skins and prepared to take it easy. Our drivers found quarters in some of the huts. It was 9 o'clock when we got up after a sleepless night. The weather continued the same—a thick snowstorm. Gesler went out for the purpose of shooting a duck, but was unable to find one. Being warned that it was unsafe to travel till the subsidence of the storm, we concluded to stop until the following morning. In the afternoon, the highest point of the island being ascended, in was found to be 1,200 feet by the barometer. The thermometer stood at 37 deg.; open water could be seen from the top, apparently twenty miles away, and for a few minutes the mainland could be seen to the westward about eight miles off. The natives almost pull our tents to pieces trying to crowd in, and they leave us alone only when we tell them we want to sleep. Our sledges have been repaired and our dogs have been fed for the first time. Late in the evening the weather cleared a little, when the main land could be seen from our tent. It was nearly midnight before we turned in.

We turned out early the next morning, and prepared breakfast of potatoes, bacon, coffee and the large eggs which had been brought us by the young natives. It is the first real meal we have had since leaving the ship. The day was warm and pleasant, making the snow too warm to travel. However, we struck our tent and packed everything on the sledges ready for an early start in the evening. It took some time to collect the dogs, as some of them had gone sealing with their natives. We left two letters with the chief, and his wife invited us to eat some fish at their house. They might have been very good if properly cooked and served. As it was they were served in a large tray not over clean, into which the bones, along with saliva were ejected from the mouths of the native guests, who assisted at the feast. All, except ourselves, among whom was divided one fork, ate with fingers.—*Lieut. Reynolds' Account of the Corwin Cruise.*

Mark Twain on War.

When you leave a battle-field always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in the case of a drawn battle, it is neither party's business to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the City Government of New York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and cripple his resources, you want to take along plenty of camp-followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service, and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but I remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army of bummers." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointer said a private should preserve a respectful attitude to his superiors, and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his General in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the General in the field.

Sentimental People.

Oh! how I detest your sentimental people who pretend to be full of feeling, who will cry over a worm, and yet treat real misfortune with neglect. There are your fine ladies that I have seen in a dining-room, and when by accident an earwig has come out of a peach, after having been half-killed in opening it, one would exclaim, "Oh! poor thing! you have broken its back—do spare it—I can't bear to see it suffer. Oh, there, my Lord! how you hurt it; stop, let me open the window, and put it out." And then the husband drawls out, "My wife is quite remarkable for her sensibility; I married her purely for that." And then the wife cries, "Oh, now, my Lord, you are too good to say that; if I had not had a grain of feeling, I should have learned it from you." And so they go on praising each other; and perhaps the next morning, when she is getting into her carriage, a poor, half-starved woman begs charity of her, and she draws up the glass and tells the footman another time not to let those disgusting people stand at her door.—*Lady Stanhope.*

Modern English.

The following conversation, between a couple of newsboys in Park row, will give an idea of the American form of the English language as improved up to date:

"I told 'that rooster' to 'hump himself.'"

"Did he 'acknowledge the corn?'"

"'You bet.' If he hadn't I'd just 'put a mausard over his eye.'"

"'Hold your horses,' 'he's on his muscle,' and 'could lay you out.'"

"'Not much.' He's only a 'toddy blossom,' and 'hangs up his landlord.'"

"'That's 'small potatoes,' and if I was his landlord I'd 'sit down on him.'"

"That would be the 'correct thing.' You see he's a 'bad egg,' and I'll 'make it warm for him,' 'don't you forget it.'"

"All right; 'let's take a nip.'"

"Have you got 'the necessary?'"

"Yes, I met an old chap who was 'dead gone' on piety, and I played 'innocent,' and he come down with the 'rhino.'"—*New York Star.*

AN Illinois man got a neighbor into State prison on a false charge, burned his house, and eloped with his wife and poisoned his dog; and then had the gall to ask the victim to forgive him. Did he do it? No. He said: "Can you bring that dorg back to life? Ye can't! Look out! I'm coming for ye!" And they fought to the death.

That Little Hatchet.

"Come heah, George Washington, you black ape," exclaimed Rev. Aminidab Bledsoe, of the Austin Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, to a Sunday-school scholar who had just removed a big wad of something or other from his mouth. The boy's trembling limbs carried him into the immediate presence of the irate sheperd.

"Yer was chewin' terbacker in de house ob de Lawd."

"I owns right up, parson. I was chawin' terbacker, but I won't do so no moah."

"George Washington, chawin' terbacker am bad enough, Lawd knows; but when yer has got so shameless yer don't eben try ter lie out ob it, hit am time ter take yer in hand, so you won't grow up and disgrace de fodder of his country. Lean ober dat knee, George." And for about ten minutes people living several blocks off imagined their neighbors were preparing tough beefsteak for dinner with an ax.

Couldn't Trust It a Second Time.

He attended a meeting where an attempt was being made to lift the debt of the church. After a great deal of earnest exhortation to give he began to get mildly excited over the matter, and when the minister declared that every one who gave would find that the Lord would pay him back a hundred fold he concluded to close with the bargain, and at once subscribed a handsome sum. "And," said he some weeks afterward, "the scripture promise is financially a good one, for since I gave that money to the church a man came into my office and paid a large debt which I had long since given up as lost. Yes, the promise is a good one, but"—and here he hesitated for a few moments—"but I tell you what it is, I don't think I dare trust it a second time."

"WHICH side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked counsel, cross examining a witness. "Oh, either side sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

SOME females have just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whisky. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

For a quarter of a century or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Smith, Lucy & Co.

Manufacturers of all styles of

Family Soaps!

405 FRONT STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, - CALIFORNIA.

PEERLESS SOAP

the best in this market, is

Pressed and wrapped, 100 bars	75 lbs.
Pressed and wrapped, 48 bars,	36 lbs.
Pressed and wrapped, 24 bars,	18 lbs.
Plain unwrapped, 40 bars	56 lbs.
Plain unwrapped, 20 bars,	18 lbs.

Full Weight, Purity and Desirability Combined.

26-tf.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution issued out of Justice John Miller's court, Gila township, Pinal county, Territory of Arizona, dated the 7th day of March, 1882, in a certain action wherein he Territory of Arizona, as plaintiff, recovered judgment against James Riley and certain real estate for the sum of seven and 18-1000 ($7.18) dollars damage, and ten and 39-100 ($10.39) dollars costs of suit, on the 1st day of September, 1881, said judgment being for delinquent taxes due the Territory of Arizona on said real estate and improvements and cost of suit,

I have levied on the following described property, to-wit: Lot No. 76 and the improvements thereon, in the town of Florence, said lot being 125 feet square, being situated west of J. Collingwood's old store.

Public notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 4th day of April, 1882, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, in front of the court-house, in the town of Florence, county of Pinal, A. T., I will sell the above described property to satisfy said judgment and all costs thereon to the highest and best bidder for cash.

Sheriff's office, March 13th, 1882.

51 J. P. GABRIEL, Sheriff Pinal county.

$25 Reward.

I will pay $25 reward for the capture of a mare stolen from my ranch on the Gila, Sunday night, March 5th. The mare is a grey, a little over fourteen hands high, branded with an "N" and a Mexican brand on the left hind leg; the "N" is very dim; she also has a scar across the left shoulder from a cut made by a barbed wire. One bay pony branded with an "N" was taken with the mare. I will pay the above reward either for the return of the mare or capture of the thieves.

HENRY SCHOSHUSEN.

Florence, A. T., March 18th, 1882. 51

Dissolution Notice.

The copartnership existing between David Art and J. B. Rupley was dissolved June 1st, 1881, and notice of the same is hereby given.

51 J. B. RUPLEY.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'L BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness. 1

Notice of Forfeiture.

Notice is hereby given to James Coakley that the undersigned have performed the annual assessment work—amounting to $100—for the year 1881, on the Kearney mine, in Pioneer district, Pinal county, A. T., and you are hereby notified that unless you pay your proportion of the same, to-wit: $33, within ninety days from the date of the publication of this notice, your interest in said mine will be forfeited to the undersigned according to law, and you will also pay for this advertisement.

M. L. MORAN,
PAT. MORGAN.

February 11, 1882. 46-13

Information Wanted.

Information is wanted of one Walter Smith who left New Orleans in company with one Kline, May 24, 1867. Last heard from was leaving Santa Fe, N. M., Oct. 1st, 1867, with a party of forty men bound for Southern Arizona mines. Any information in regard to him will be gratefully received by his parents.

JOSEPH SMITH,
423 19th street, North Minneapolis, Minn.

Notice of Forfeiture.

Notice is hereby given to A. N. Dorsey that the undersigned have performed the annual assessment work for the year 1881,, on the Great America mine, amounting to $100, and on the Georgia mine, amounting to $100, said mines being located in Pioneer district, Pinal county, A. T., and you are hereby notified that unless you pay your proportion of each assessment, to-wit: $50 for the Great America and $25 for the Georgia within ninety days from the date of the publication of this notice, your interest in said mines will be forfeited to the undersigned according to the law, and you will also pay the cost of this advertisement.

A. ATKINSON,
E. BIEN.

Jan. 14th, 1882. 42-13t

PERUVIAN BITTERS!

A TRIAL OF THESE WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT THEY ARE THE

BEST BITTERS

In the World.

They effectually cure malarial diseases, vitalize the system and arrest the ravages of the dreadful alcohol habit, Dysomania.

For Sale by all Druggists and Wine Merchants. 22-6m.

CHAS. W. WHITNEY. JOHN MARSHALL.

Whitney & Marshall,

IRON, STEEL, HARDWARE,

COAL, METAL, AND

Commission Merchants

22 and 24 FREMONT ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO, - CALIFORNIA.

26-tf.

LOTS FOR SALE IN THE NEW TOWN OF BUTTE

On the Gila river 18 miles

EAST OF FLORENCE.

This is to be one of the most promising camps in the Territory.

THE PINAL CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPN'Y ARE NOW ERECTING THEIR REDUCTION WORKS.

For maps and particulars, call on **Goldman & Co., Pinal,** or at the town.

THOS. COCHRAN.

Barber Shop

MAIN STREET, FLORENCE, A. T.

At this establishment you can get first-class work at moderate prices.

SHAVING,
HAIR-CUTTING,
SHAMPOOING,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Only the best quality of hair oils and perfumeries used. Razors always sharp.

SAM. BOSTICK, Proprietor.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

PIONEER BAKING POWDER

THE ORIGINAL POWDER PUT UP IN PAILS.

The Public is CAUTIONED against SPURIOUS imitations.

The Pioneer Baking Powder is the only Powder consisting of nothing but REFINED Grape Cream Tartar and English Bicarb. Soda SCIENTIFICALLY COMBINED.

A. SCHILLING & Co.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Patent, Nov. 11, 1879,
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Medical Electricity

HORNE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT.

(The Only Genuine.) First Premium State Fair. Electro-Magnetic Belts, New style, $10; Electro-Magnetic Belts, Extra Appliances, $15; Electro-Magnetic Belts, 9 Improvements, $20.

GUARANTEED ONE YEAR. BEST IN THE WORLD. Will positively cure without medicine—Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Kidney Disease, Impotency, Rupture, Liver Disease, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Spinal Disease, Ague, Piles and other diseases. Also,

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THE LARGEST AND ONLY COMPLETE TYPE FOUNDRY AND PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

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