

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME I.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

NUMBER 38.

PROFESSIONAL.

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THE NAME UNSUNG.
"Sing ye," she said—the lyric muse—
"Of human hopes and fears,
Of human smiles and tears."
In all the tones that singers use
They sang through all the years.
"You sing the songs of war," she said;
"You sing the songs of peace;
You sing the songs of truth;
You sing of stars, of roses red,
And made that love, in sooth."
"You sing me well of joy," she said,
"And better yet of pain—
Of hearts that loved in vain,
Of lovers lost or cold or dead,
Of hopes like blasted grain."
She said, "Yes, even of things divine
Full many a song you sing,
And but one gracious thing
Have you forgot, O! singers mine,
To tune on pipe or string."
"Of love that taught to woo or wed,
Of love that died for others,
Of limited friends like brothers,
You sing full well; and yet," she said,
"Who names the love of mothers?"
They bent the knee and bowed the head—
Young poets of to-day,
Old bards of yore—
"We cannot sing of her," they said;
"Repeat that one name, we pray."
"Let us claim all the rest," they cried;
"That name is nature's own."
They spoke with grave tones;
"Queen, this be every name beside,
But 'mother' ours alone."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE FIRST OFFENSE.
In the cheerful dining-room of my
bachelor friend Stevenson a select party
was assembled to celebrate his birthday.
A very animated discussion had been
carried on for some time as to whether
the first deviation from integrity should
be treated with severity or leniency.
Various were the opinions and numerous
the arguments brought forth to support
them. The majority appeared to lean
to the side of "crush all offenses in the
bud," when a warm-hearted gentleman
exclaimed:
"Depend upon it, more young people
are lost to society from a first offense
being treated with injudicious severity
than from the contrary extreme. Not
that I would pass over even the slightest
deviation from integrity either in word
or deed—that would certainly be mis-
taken kindness. But, on the other
hand, neither would I punish with se-
verity an offense committed, perhaps,
under the influence of temptation, too,
that we ourselves may have thoughtless-
ly placed in the way, in such a manner
as to render it irresistible. For in-
stance, a lady requires a servant; the
girl has hitherto borne a good character,
but it is her first place; her honesty has
never yet been put to the test. Her
mistress, without thinking of the tempta-
tions to which she is exposing a fel-
low-creature, is in the habit of leaving
small sums of money, generally in cop-
pers, lying about in her sitting-room.
After a while she begins to think that
these sums are not always found exactly
as she left them. Suspicion falls on the
girl, whose duty it is to clean the room
every morning. Her mistress, however,
thinks she will be quite convinced be-
fore she brings forward her accusa-
tion. She counts the money care-
fully at night, and the next
morning some is missing. No one has
been in the room but the girl; her
guilt is evident. Well, what does her
mistress do? Why, she turns the girl
out of the house at an hour's notice;
cannot, in conscience, give her a charac-
ter; tells all her friends how dreadfully
distressed she is; declares there is nothing
but ingratitude to meet with among
servants; laments over the depravity of
human nature, and never dreams of
blaming herself for her wickedness, it is
wicked—thoughtlessness in thus con-
stantly exposing to temptation a young,
ignorant girl; one, most likely, whose
mind, if not enveloped in total darkness,
has only an imperfect twilight knowl-
edge, whereby to distinguish right from
wrong. At these doors, I ask," continued
he, growing warmer, "will the sin
lie if that girl sink into the lowest depths
of sin and misery? Why, at the door of
her who, after placing temptation in her
very path, turned her into the pitiless
world, deprived of that which constitu-
ed her only means of obtaining her honest
livelihood—her character; and so at
without one effort to reclaim her; with-
out affording a single opportunity of re-
trieving the past, and regaining, by fu-
ture good conduct, the confidence of
her employer?"
"There is, I fear, too much truth in
what you say," remarked our benevolent
host, who had hitherto taken no part in
the conversation; "and it reminds me
of a circumstance that occurred in the
earlier part of my life, which, as it may
serve to illustrate the subject you have
been discussing, I will relate."
There was a general movement of at-
tention, for it was a well-known fact
that no manufacturer in the town was sur-
rounded with so many old and faithful
servants as our friend Stevenson.
"In the outset of my business career,"
said he, "I took into my employment a
young man to fill the situation of under
clerk; and, according to a rule which I
had laid down, whenever a stranger en-
tered my service his duties were of a
nature to involve as little responsibility
as possible, until a sufficient time had
elapsed to form a correct estimate of his
character. This young man, whom I
shall call Smith, was of a respectable
family. He had lost his father, and had
a mother and sisters in some way de-
pendent upon him. After he had been
a short time in my employment it hap-
pened that my confidential clerk, whose
duty it was to receive the money from
the bank for the payment of wages, be-
ing prevented by an unforeseen circum-
stance from attending at the proper
time, sent the sum required by Smith.
My confidence was so great in my head
clerk, who had been long known to me,
that I was not in the habit of regularly

counting the money when brought to
me; but, as on this occasion it had
passed through other hands, I thought
it right to do so. Therefore, calling
Smith back as he was leaving my coun-
ting-house, I desired him to wait a few
minutes, and proceeded to ascertain
whether it was quite correct. Great was
my surprise and concern on finding that
there was a considerable deficiency.
"From whom," said I, "did you re-
ceive this money?"
"He replied, 'From Mr. —,' nam-
ing my confidential clerk."
"It is strange," said I, looking steady-
ly at him. "But this money is incorrect,
and it is the first time I have found it so."
He changed countenance, and his eyes
fell before mine; but he answered with
tolerable composure, "that it was as he
had received it."
"It is vain," I replied, "to attempt
to impose upon me, or to endeavor to
cast suspicion upon one whose character
for the strictest honesty and undeviating
integrity is so well established. Now, I
am perfectly convinced that you have
taken this money and at this moment it
is in your possession; and I think the
evidence against you would be thought
sufficient to justify me in dismissing you
immediately from my service. But you
are a very young man; your conduct has,
I believe, been hitherto perfectly cor-
rect, and I am willing to afford you an
opportunity of redeeming the past. All
knowledge of this matter rests between
ourselves. Cautiously confess, therefore,
the error of which you have been guilty;
restore what you have so dishonestly
taken; endeavor by your future good
conduct to deserve my confidence and
respect, and this circumstance shall
never transpire to injure you."
"The poor fellow was deeply affected."
In a voice almost inarticulate with emo-
tion he acknowledged his guilt, and said
that, having frequently seen seen me
receive the money without counting it,
on being trusted with it himself the
idea had flashed across his mind that
he might easily abstract some without
incurring suspicion, or, at all events,
without there being sufficient evidence
to justify it; that, being in distress, the
temptation had proved stronger than
the power of resistance, and he had
yielded.
"I cannot now," he continued,
"prove how deeply your forbearance has
touched me; time alone can show that
it has not been misapplied." He left me
to resume his duties.
"Days, weeks and months passed
away, during which I scrutinized his
conduct with the greatest anxiety, while
at the same time I carefully guarded
against any appearance of suspicious
watchfulness, and with delight I ob-
served that so far my experiment had
succeeded. The greatest regularity and
attention, the utmost devotion to my in-
terests, marked his business habits, and
this without display, for his quiet and
humble deportment was from that time
remarkable.
"At length, finding his conduct invari-
ably marked by the utmost openness
and plain dealing, my confidence in him
was so far restored that, on a vacancy
occurring in a situation of greater trust
and emolument than the one he had
hitherto filled, I placed him in it, and
never had I the slightest reason to re-
pent of the part I had acted toward him.
Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting
that I had, in all probability, saved a
fellow-creature from a continued course
of vice, and consequent misery, and af-
forded him the opportunity of becoming
a respectable man and a useful member
of society, but I had gained for myself
an indefatigable servant—a faithful and
constant friend. For years he served
me with the greatest fidelity and devo-
tion. His character for rigid, nay, even
scrupulous honesty, was so well known
that "as honest as Smith" became a
proverb among his acquaintances. One
morning I missed him from his accus-
tomed place, and, upon inquiry, learned
that he was detained at home by indis-
position. Several days elapsed, and
still he was absent; and, upon calling at
his house to inquire after him, I found
him in great distress on his ac-
count. His complaint had proved ty-
phus fever of a malignant kind. From
almost the commencement of his attack
he had, as his wife (for he had been
some time married) informed me, lain
in a state of total unconsciousness,
from which he had roused only to the ravings
of delirium, and that the physician gave
little hope of his recovery. For some
days he continued in the same state; at
length a message was brought me, say-
ing that Mr. Smith wished to see me,
the messenger adding that Mrs. Smith
hoped I would come as soon as possible,
for she feared her husband was dying.
I immediately obeyed the summons.
"On entering his chamber I found
the whole of his family assembled to
take farewell of him; they so tenderly
loved. As soon as he perceived me he
motioned for me to approach near to
him, and, taking my hand in both of his,
he turned toward me his dying coun-
tenance, full of gratitude and affection,
and said, 'My dear master, my best
and truest friend, I have sent for you
that I may give you the thanks and blessing
of a dying man for all your goodness to
me. To your generosity and mercy I
owe it that I have lived useful and re-
spected, that I die lamented and happy.
To you I owe it that I leave my chil-
dren a name unshaken by crime, that in
afteryears the blush of shame shall never
tinge their cheeks at the memory of their
father. Oh, God!' he continued, 'Thou
who hast meted to others, do Thou mete
unto him.' Then, turning to his family,
he said:
"My beloved wife and children, I
intrust you to the care of that Heavenly
Parent who has said, 'Leave the father

less children unto Me, and I will pre-
serve them alive, and let thy widow
trust in Me," and you, my dear master,
will, I know, be to them as you have
been to me—a guide, protector and
friend."
"That," continued the kind old man,
looking on us with gliding eyes,
"though mixed with sorrow, was one
of the happiest moments of my life. As
I stood by the bedside of the dying man
and looked around upon his children
growing up virtuous, intelligent and up-
right, respecting and honoring, as much
as they loved, their father: when I saw
his wife, though overcome with grief for
the loss of a tender and beloved hus-
band, yet sorrowing not as one without
hope, but, even in the moment of agony,
deriving comfort in the belief that she
should meet him again in that world
where "adieu and farewell are sounds
unknown," when I listened to his fervent
expressions of gratitude and love
himself awaiting the inevitable
stroke, trusting in the mercy of God
and at peace with his fellow-men; and
when I thought what the reverse of all
this might have been—crime, misery, a
disgraceful and dishonored life, and
perhaps, a shameful and violent death,
had I yielded to the first impulse of in-
dignation, I felt a happiness which no
words can express. We are told that
there is more joy in seeing the angels
of God over one sinner than over ninety
and nine just persons that need no re-
pentance. With such a joy as we may
imagine theirs did I rejoice over poor
Smith, as I closed his eyes, and heard
the attendant minister in fervent tones
exclaim: "Blessed are the dead that
die in the Lord; yea, saith the spirit,
for they rest from their labors and their
works do follow them."

THE TREATMENT OF WOMEN.
It fell in the way of Malthus in his
celebrated work on population to search
in the accounts of travelers for those
causes which operate, in different coun-
tries of the world, to check the progress
and to limit the numbers of mankind.
Foremost among these is vice, and fore-
most among the vices is that most un-
natural one, of the cruel treatment of
women. "In every part of the world,"
says Malthus, "one of the most general
characteristics of the savage is to de-
spise and degrade the female sex.
Among most of the tribes in America
their condition is so peculiarly grievous
that servitude is a name too mild to de-
scribe their wretched state. A wife is
no better than a beast of burden. While
the man passes his days in idleness and
amusement, the woman is condemned to
incessant toil. Tasks are imposed upon
her without mercy, and services are re-
ceived without complacence or grati-
tude. There are some districts in Amer-
ica where this state of degradation has
been so severely felt that mothers have
destroyed their female infants, to de-
liver them at once from a life in which
they were doomed to such a miserable
slavery." It is impossible to find for
this most vicious tendency any place
among the unities of nature. There is
nothing like it among the beasts. With
them the equality of the sexes, as re-
gards all the enjoyments as well as all
the work of life, is the universal rule.
And among those of them in which
social instincts have been specially im-
planted, and whose systems of polity
are like the most civilized politics of
men, the females of the race are treated
with a strange mixture of love, of loyal-
ty, and of devotion. If, indeed, we con-
sider the necessary and inevitable re-
sults of the habit prevalent among sav-
age men to maltreat and degrade their
women—its effects upon the constitu-
tion, and character, and endurance of
children—we cannot fail to see how
grossly unnatural it is, how it must tend
to the greater and greater degradation
of the race, and how recovery from this
downward path must become more and
more difficult or impossible. But, vi-
cious, destructive, unnatural as this
habit is, it is not the only one or the
worst of similar character which prevail
among savage men. A horrid catalogue
comes to our remembrance when we
think of them—polyandry, infanticide,
cannibalism, deliberate cruelty, system-
atic slaughter connected with warlike
passions or with religious customs.
Nor are these vices, or the evils result-
ing from them, peculiar to the savage
state. Some of them, indeed, more or
less changed and modified in form, at-
tain a rank luxuriance in civilized com-
munities, corrupt the very bones and
marrow of society, and have brought
powerful nations to decay and death.—
*Duke of Argyll, in Contemporary Re-
viewer.*

PLEASANTRIES.
ANECDOTES of great men all remind us
it is easy to lie.
THERE is a "tied" in the affairs of
men that leads on to baby carriages.
As a rule the flower of the family does
nothing toward providing the daily
bread.
WESTERN settler (overwhelmed by
spring freshets)—"House gone! Stock
gone! Barn gone! Guess I kin stand
it, though; old woman gone, too."
"It is harder to get ahead in this
world," said Giorinla's young man as
her father assisted him out of the door
with his boot, "than it is to get a foot."
A LITTLE girl, being asked on the first
day of school how she liked her new
teacher, replied: "I don't like her;
she is just as sassy to me as my mother."
"And now, Lord, what shall I say?"
were the words of the minister at the
close of a long sermon. "Say Amen,"
said softly a little curlew of the congre-
gation.
"BRILLIANT and impulsive people,"
said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have
black eyes; or, if they don't have 'em,
they're apt to get 'em if they're too im-
pulsive."
MOTHER reading: "And every morn-
ing and evening Elijah was fed by the
ravens, who brought him bread to eat."
Lucy, aged four: "And was the bread
battered, mother?"
Said Fogg, smarting under the hands
of the barber, "I wish you were where
your razor is." "Where is that?"
asked the tonorial artist. "Under-
ground," replied Fogg, with a snap.
He wears a penny flower in his coat.
Ladies.
And a penny paper soldier round his throat,
Ladies;
In his hands a penny stick,
In his boots a penny pie,
Not a penny in his pocket,
Ladies.
"MABEL, why, you dear little girl,"
exclaimed her grandpa, seeing his little
granddaughter with her head tied up,
"have you got the headache?" "No,"
she answered, sweetly, "Ise dot a spit
turl."
The cool-headed fellow is the bald-
headed fellow. He is modest, too, for
he never puts on hairs. He is a brilliant
man, too, for he always shows a shining
front. His genius will live after him,
for there is no dying there.
A POET chimes, "I do not dread an
altered heart." There's where most
people will differ with him. To have
one's heart altered—a piece chipped off
here, and another there, so that it will
be altered in form in the shape of a tri-
angle—is a very painful operation, and
it is to be dreaded every time.
LITTLE Bertha, who lives in Cam-
bridge, visited her aunt, who resides in
Roxbury. Upon her return she was
asked if she said her prayers when she
was at auntie's. With wide-eyed as-
tonishment at such a question the little
one replied: "Why, mamma, Dad don't
live in Roxbury."
An intelligent witness was on the
stand in a Deadwood lawsuit, and the
lawyer asked him: "Do you know Jen-
nie Drysdale?" "Yes, sir." "What's
her reputation for truth and veracity?"
"Well, her reputation for truth is good,
but I can't say as much for her reputa-
tion for veracity. I am afraid it isn't
first class."
TWO GALVESTON gentlemen were talk-
ing about a certain applicant for Fed-
eral patronage, now in Washington city.
"How is it that he never got an office?"
"Born incapacity is the reason."
"When? So that's it. Born in Cap-
sidity, was he? I never heard of the
town, but I reckon it is not in Ohio."
—Galveston News.
THAT was a witty man who, being de-
tained in a snow blockade, penned a
dispatch which ran thus: "My dear
sir, I have every motive for visiting
you, except a locomotive." So was the
witty man, under similar circumstances,
graphed to his firm in New York.
"I shall not be in the office to-day,
I have not got home yesterday."
—ford Post.

HE GUESSED UP.
Even the poor imberbe has a logic of
his own. When he returned to his dom-
icil in the early hours of the morning
the words which greeted him were not
those of tender solicitude, hoping that
he had enjoyed himself with his friends,
but rather words of somewhat severe
personal criticism. She looked at him
for a moment, as he attempted to ex-
plain that the minister's meeting did not
adjourn as early as he had hoped, and
then said, with withering scorn, "John,
you are intoxicated." Seeing that he
was discovered, he threw off all disguise
and replied, "Well, Maria, I did the
best I could; and, if you had taken as
much wine as I did, you would be
good deal more intoxicated than I am."
CARLYLE'S KIND HEART.
Carlyle walked a great deal in order
to make his dyspeptic stomach a little
reasonable. But sometimes when the
cold, homely and grizzled old man was
walking, with his big eyebrows almost
showing from under the brim of his
stouch hat, and his long, old-fashioned
coat was almost sweeping the sidewalk,
he would stop and pick up a bit of cast-
off bread from the street and place it on
the curbstone, so that some poor man
who came along might find it.

THEY were on their wedding tour,
and she said: "Darling, why did you
choose me?" "I saw you sweeping
the library one day." "Then you
chose me because I did not disdain to
broom?" "No, but because you could
not handle it well."

THE canny had begun to twitter a
little after moulting, but was unable to
sing his entire tune. The little 4-year-
old, after listening to one of the bird's
vain attempts to master his tune, said,
very composedly, "Mamma, birdie only
sang half a verse."