

Arizona Weekly Enterprise

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THE OLD BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE.
BY THE REV. DUBOIS WILLIAMS.
In memory's hall hangs the picture,
And years of old cars are between;
It hangs with a beautiful gliding,
And should I love it, I would
It stood on a bleak country corner,
But how the yearning music warm:
It gazed in the sunshine of summer;
'Twas cheerful in winter and storm.
O, gay were the sports of the noonday,
When winter winds frolicked with snow;
We snatched at the freaks of the storm-king
And shouted him on, all aglow.
We dashed at his beautiful sculptures,
Rejoicings of his airy
We plunged in the feather-mow-drift,
And sported the winter away.
We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Reclined with our feet on the snow;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our children's state.
O, days of my boyhood, I bless ye,
While looking from I love ye prize;
The friends we loved in life,
I gathered in life's early time.
O, still to that bleak country corner
Turns my heart, whenever I see;
Where, leading my gentle young sisters,
With youthful companions I met.
I cast a fond glance on the meadow;
The hills just behind I see;
Away in the charm of the distance,
Old schoolhouse, a blessing on thee!

ONE DEBT'S PAYMENT.
It was the dusk of evening, and night's shadows were quickly gathering in the little German village through whose outskirts two lovers strolled. They had left behind them the cottages, and had wandered off among the green fields and under the shade of the trees, behind which the sun had almost sunk to rest. It was an old story, the story of their loving. They had been betrothed since the girl was 14. It was well-nigh five years now, and on her 19th birthday she was to be married. She was an orphan, and her snug dowry, lying so safely nestled away in the village bank, she had accumulated by the labor of her own hands. But a shadow was on her lover's face to-night, and even in the shadow her quick eye discerned it. "Sing to me, Hans," she whispered, knowing that in song Hans Welter forgot all else. After a moment's silence, he obeyed her, and the sleepy birds woke in their nests and almost indistinctly drew their heads from beneath the soft shelter of their wing, to listen to this strange, wonderful rival to the sweetness of their notes. The air was filled with the exquisite melody. It rang full and clear and sweet. It sank down to the violets, as they stirred in the listening wind, that scented to the stars. Poor little Marguerite! Hans' music always brought the moisture to her blue eyes, but to-night it seemed filled with something she had never heard before, and her little hands were tightly interlaced, and her red lips parted in a sort of painful ecstasy. But at the close she was all unprepared to see him, and the last note in a dry sob, then flung himself down on the sward and bury his face in his hands. "Hans, what is it?" she cried, sinking herself down beside him, and trying to raise his head upon her breast. Was he weeping? She had never in all these years seen him thus moved. His powerful frame seemed shaken to its innermost center by the torrent of emotion that swept over it. Almost rapt, in his unconsciousness to all but his own suffering, he repulsed her, only the next moment to be filled with remorse. Conquering himself by a mighty effort, he drew her to him with gentle force. "Forgive me, dear," he said, softly, "but never ask me to sing again, Marguerite. It only teaches me what I might have been, and what I am. Think what it would be if I had the money to teach Italy! I could have the world at my feet, Marguerite—I could be great and famous. I have a feeling that I am chained here, sending my herds and feeding my cattle, powerless to break the chains. I need so much money—so much—and I have so little. Though I sold all I have in the world, I would not bring me to my journey's end. No, no! I must give it all up; but never—never ask me to sing again." The girl answered him nothing, as she stroked the lock that fell over her cool hand, which all browned and hardened as it was, fell very softly, very lovingly. In her eyes he was a King, this shepherd lad. Instinctively she knew that silence is oftentimes more healing than speech; and, beside, a wonderful, dazling thought had crept into her own busy brain, and driven all lighter thought from her mind. Still silently they rose, and walked silently home. At the door of her little cottage, he stooped and kissed her on the brow, as they stood beneath the stars. In two more months he was to share her cottage—the home left her by her dead parents—so they both had thought scarce an hour ago. To-night, Marguerite knew differently. How much would it bring, the sale of this humble little life? It was this problem which banished slumber through the long night hours. It was solved three days later, when the sun for its possession by strangers lay in her hands, and added to it the nest-egg from the bank, made in the child's eyes a fortune. What mattered it that she was beggared? It was for Hans' sake! It was now her turn to be silent, as hand-in-hand, they walked beneath the gold-studded sky. She felt, for the first time, timid, almost afraid, in his presence. That she had performed an act of almost heroism, she never dreamed. He was a hero; she was but a little, humble maiden, whose proudest duty was to serve him. "Hans," she said at last, very shyly, "I have been thinking, dear, since the other night, and—oh, Hans, we won't be married yet awhile. A wife would only pull you down, instead of helping you soar to the birds, where you belong. I don't want you to think of me. I want you to go away and study to be a great singer!" In the gloom, the man could see the pallor on the speaker's face, as it grew reflected on his own. "Are you mad, Marguerite?" he questioned, at last. "I've crushed the dream, child! Don't float it again before my fancy." "You couldn't crush it, Hans, for it is no dream, but a very part of yourself, and that is the highest, noblest part! Nor is it madness, Hans. See here!" and she unfolded the string of a little bag she held tightly clutched in her trembling hands, and showed to his dazzled eyes the glittering gold pieces lying on a snug little pile of notes. "It's enough, Hans!" she said, in answer to his gaze of utter bewilderment. "It's more than what I heard you once say would let you go to study for a whole year. And it's yours, Hans—all yours."

And, as she spoke, she strove to thrust the bag within his grasp. "Marguerite!"—she shrank from the sternness of his tone—"how did you get the gold?" "Honesty!" she answered, proudly. "The gold was to have been my dowry; the notes—I sold the cottage for those." "You did this for me, and you think so meanly of me as that I would accept such a sacrifice?" His voice quivered as he spoke. "Hans, I was to have been your wife," she whispered. "Who had the right, if not I? Oh, I shall be so proud—so proud, some day, when you come back for your little Marguerite and I shall be the wife of the great singer! They will not think of me, Hans, when you are so far away, but they will love me, and I shall love you from your great height. But you won't forget to do that, Hans—ever, will you, my love?" "Never, until my voice forgets its music. I would pray God to still it forever, could my heart prove so false. Something within me, Marguerite, compels myself. It is hope springing within my breast. I will take your money, little one, a sacred debt. Wait for me two years, fraulein. Then I will return to give you the money you want, I swear it, and I seal it with this kiss." Hans had gone, and Marguerite was left alone. She lived now in one little room, high up many stairs—up which she toiled wearily in the evening gloom. There were no more restful walks under the stars now. She might have had lovers, like other girls; but—no—Hans must find her without reproach on his return. All day she had to labor from early dawn, even for the humble shelter now hers. Sometimes she was hungry, sometimes cold, but all mattered not to her. It was for Hans' sake. The winter's joy breath had hastened the spring's blossoms, and their first fragrance would herald the incoming summer, which would make the year complete since Hans had left, and then there would only be one year to wait. At long distances apart, letters came. Oh, how eagerly Marguerite spelled them out! She slept with them under her pillow by night, and by day they fell with every pulsation of her heart by day. Labor grew light. She even forgot her loneliness, for they told her that step by step Hans was nearing his goal. Then there were weeks—weeks, months—when she heard nothing, and the child's figure grew thin and her cheeks pale, while every night she would run breathlessly up to her room, only to find the table vacant and that the postman had had no errand for her. But one evening, when she had almost given up hope—when the great dread lest Hans should be ill, dying or dead, returned to her, never did she see the silent messenger smile her welcome. She burst into a passion of tears she broke the seal. It seemed as though the joy must kill her. But at last she unfolded the sheet, when something white and fluttering fell to the ground. She stooped to pick it up. What did it mean? It was a little slip, with some figures in one corner. They represented the exact amount she had given Hans. Bewildered, she turned to the letter. He had written explained. "I pay you my debt. Think, my little love, what it cost me, yet I earned it—earned it, Marguerite, on the very night my debt was paid. I have sung, and people have listened. I looked about among all the faces—all the young and beautiful women, with their eyes blue or sweet, pale face floating in the air, your blue eyes looking, not as theirs looked, but as mine looked, and I saw that I had found one. The flowers rained at my feet. Great ladies tore the roses from their breasts; but I would have given them all, for one little wild blossom you had picked. They say I will be rich and famous. I cannot tell the world is false. The wage basket will cash your order. But you need not buy at the little home. I am coming for you now, to bring you to a cottage better worthy my mountain-bird." Again and again Marguerite read and reread the precious words. What cared she for the money? It had made Hans great.

"Going back to your native village—you, who have the world at your feet!"—sighed one of Florence's most beautiful beauties, as she looked into the young singer's eyes. Six months had passed since he had paid his debt to Marguerite, and still he lingered. He had spent the money in amount since then on a trinket to clasp some fair lady's arm. Did he, in holding it so lightly, forget that once it had been a girl's all? Why, then, did the rich lady utter such a response in his own breast? "It is duty which calls me." "Duty?" she murmured. "Are you sure it is not mistaken duty? All your life has changed, Herr Welter. If, in your early time, you pledged it to some rustic maiden, think—could she fill its measure now?" The beauty's voice trembled. The cool softness of her flesh pressed lightly against his burning palm. "And if I give her up," he said, "what then? You will be mine?" "But the 'Yes' which answered me was hushed by the madness of his kisses, and Marguerite watched and waited. He was coming, therefore he did not write. "He is great now, Marguerite; he has forgotten you," the gossip said, while she turned her back upon them, in the hottest wrath her gentle spirit had ever known, that they dared thus malign him. "It was the second anniversary of the day which was to have celebrated her wedding, when they burst into her room. "Hans!" they said, "did we not tell you so?" pointing, as they spoke, to the paragraph in the paper, which announced the betrothal of Herr Welter and the greatest beauty in all Florence. "Leave me," she said at last, when they looked to see what she would do. "I wish to be alone." But one of kinder heart, after some hours had passed, stole back into the darkened room. The child lay tossing in delirious fever, and the physician, when called, shook his head. "The strain had been too great," he said. She must die! On the third day after, as the watchers sat about the bed, a step sounded on the stairs. A man, staid with the dust of travel, burst impetuously into the room. "Marguerite!" he exclaimed—"Marguerite!" Then he stopped and gathered the import of the scene before him. "I did but fancy," he cried, falling on his knees beside her bedside. "I come back, my wild German daisy, to tell you so. Oh! Marguerite, it is I, Hans, my debt!" Then, as though that voice must penetrate even the mist of fever, the blue

eyes opened, a wonderful ecstatic light in their depths. "Hans," she whispered—"Hans! Forgive me for the doubt which killed me." And with the words—a dagger-thrust of his own remorseful heart—the spark of life flickered and went out. Marguerite was dead. She who had lived for him died for him. They found the paper he had sent her among his letters. Thus had he redeemed his debt! An empty slip of paper, worthless to all, returned to him, but bearing the interest of a broken heart. **Girl Life in India.** On the day of her marriage she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she is to obey, and whose commands she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is so will let her do home occasionally to visit her mother. Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There are no large brass plates, and it is not to her husband's room, but to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself and the children. When it is prepared she places it all on one large brass platter, and it is returned to her. Her husband sends her what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back with what is left, for her and the children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, with neither knives, forks nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed to go anywhere. The little girls are married even as young as 3 years of age, and should a girl be betrothed to a man who is married the next day, she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood; she can never marry again. As a widow she must never wear any dress but a never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold ground, no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day. She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind, and once in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips, not even if she were dying. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women. She is a degraded creature, a degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high caste Brahmin woman; but, on her becoming a widow, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak a word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she will immediately become one herself. I saw an account a short time ago in an English paper that they had been trying to take the census of the population lately in India, and, as far as they went, they found that there were 80,000 widows under 60 years of age! (Can you imagine the amount of suffering that little sentence tells of and foretells?)—*Congregationalist.*

Jenny Lind. "Where is Jenny Lind now?" inquired a reporter of P. T. Barnum. "Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Goldschmidt, is living in London, near the Buckingham Palace, at a place called Picnic. We I was last in London I met her daughter at a photographer's—the royal photographer. When she came to America she sent for him to come as a pianist, and he used to play at her concerts. "It was her own arrangement, and she paid his salary herself. She thought he was a grand musician, and used always to get into one of the private boxes and applaud his pieces. Though she was older than he, she loved him, and was bound to marry him. He recognized his religion in order to be her husband. I guess he thought it was a comfortable place. She must be worth \$1,000,000. There was a joke about it at the time. The question was 'Why did he marry Jenny Lind?' and the reply, 'Because he was gold smit.'"
The Pentateuch. Pentateuch is the collective name of the first five books of the Old Testament. For centuries the Pentateuch was generally received, in the church, as written by Moses. Differences in style and apparent repetitions in the story in different parts of Genesis and the first chapters of Exodus led eminent critics to suppose that, in the compilation of the book, written documents of an earlier date had been made use of. The Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is defended by many theologians, who hold that any other supposition is inconsistent with the plenary inspiration of the Bible. But some of these writers admit that, beside the account of the death and burial of Moses, some words and sentences may have been interpolated at a later period. Other theologians hold that the documentary theory is inconsistent with the divine authority and inspiration of the writings attributed to Moses. **Bright's Disease and Ice Water.** The idea has been advanced that Bright's disease is attributable to the moderate use of ice water and cold drinks, the fact being cited that the people of this country use 90 per cent. more ice in drinks than the people of any other country—the inhabitants of Great Britain not excepted—and that we have 75 per cent. more of Bright's disease. The wine-drinking countries of Europe are said to be comparatively free from the malady, while in America the progress of the disease, it is asserted, has kept pace with the increased consumption of ice.

"I don't so much mind," said Mr. Heuspeck, "I don't so much mind a woman's having a mind of her own, except that in such a case she usually takes charge of her husband's also."

PITH AND POINT.
The miser's little joke—Don't give it away.
A soft answer—What will you have for breakfast? Mush.
The hardest road to travel for a Russian Czar is the shell road.
"What a beautiful thing, my dear, is a rosy cheek." "Yes, husband, but how great the contrast when the bluish settles on the nose!"
"Are you mate of this ship?" said a newly-arrived passenger to the cook. "No, sir; I am the man that cooks the mate!" said the Hibernian.
"Mabel! what that strange noise at the gate?" "Cats, sir." "Cats! Well, when I was young cats didn't wear stove-pipe hats and smoke cigars." "Times are changed, sir."
A citizen deacon at Terrytown, N. Y., snored so loudly that the sermon had to stop until he could be awakened. When aroused he jumped up and said: "I voted aye!" The eyes had it.
"How is your wife, Mr. Smith?" Says Smith, pointing to where his wife sat in the next room at work upon his coat. "She's sew-w-sew." Mrs. Jones. "Oh, I see; she is mending, isn't she?"
Louis A. Guder, of Guder's Lady's Book, left an estate inventoried at \$21,854. As a distinguished Frenchman said, "Let me publish the fashions of a nation, and I care not who loses money by publishing the classics."
It is well known that certain fowls fill their digestive apparatus with gravel and pebbles, which act as millstones to grind up their food. Human beings should act on this suggestion, and before dining at a Western restaurant swallow a sausage cutter.—*Philadelphia News.*
"Where would we be without women?" asks an Ottoman man. It is hard to determine just which way the majority would drift, but some men we know would be out of debt and out of trouble, and a good many more out at the east of the bazaar.
That jolly old sea-dog, the Secretary of the Navy, rushed into Congress one day with a demand for appropriation for sinking artesian wells on ship-board. He explained that it was about time our navy was supplied with pure, fresh water at all times. He was removed by force.—*San Francisco Post.*
A Quaker minister of 60 accepted an offer from a Presbyterian elder, and, being reconstrued with by a delegation of friends appointed to wait upon her for marrying out of the meeting, she replied: "I cannot join this morning, but sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't want me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring along its young men?" The delegation departed in silence.
"I cannot join this morning," said the customer to the millman, "you'll have to chalk it down." "Chalk it down!" stammered the millman. "Yes, chalk it down. Why, you look as if you didn't know what a piece of chalk was." The millman blushed, and, picking up his cans, sadly took his way from the door, pondering on the uncertainty of humanity.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Heat that no feeling
My love revealing
Day after day"
"Yes, I have feeling
To show you this morning
Your best love revealing
That it may"
There was a young fellow named Jack
On his dear mother's chair—piss a lack;
Then grabbed the yellow slip
And warned him down and a hick.
—Derek.
A man from one of the rural districts went to Washington to see the sights. A member of the House, whose confidence he was, said, "Come up to-morrow, and I will give you a seat on the floor of the House." "No, you don't," answered Jonathan. "I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I don't come to Washington to sit on the floor!"
A GALTVESTON school-teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad with shingles five feet broad by twelve long, how many shingles will it need?" The boy took up his hat and said for the door. "Where are you going?" asked the teacher. "To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of us fellows."
A NICN-LOOKING old lady, with a snowey circle of lace about her head, sat in a Wash-avenue car, and drew up her skirts nervously, lest the catwalk of to-day's fashion should be coming from the mouths of two loafers next her should delude them. "Conductor," she asked, timidly, when he came in, "isn't it against the rules to spit on the floor of the car?" "No, ma'am," replied the gallant conductor, "spit whenever you like."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The Summit.
Johnny Boonspiller goes to school and he loves eggs; but, during the recent egg famine, when the price was at such a point that one would have to mortgage six hours to buy a straw smother a little nest, Johnny had to give up his favorite food. About this time the class of which he was a brilliant member was called to give definitions. Said the teacher: "Tommy Tompkins, name something very high." "The big trees of California," said Tommy.
"And you, Jimmy Jackson."
"The Himalaya mountains," answered Jimmy.
"And you, Billie Jones."
"The clouds in the far-away sky," triumphantly replied Billie.
"And you, Johnny Boonspiller!"
"Eggs," sentimentally remarked that young man, and, as strange as it may seem, the teacher told him to go up ahead.—*Stoughton Herald.*

A Sly Cat.
On the plains of Nevada, a mile from any house, a gentleman noticed a cat, a huge one. It lay on its back, its feet uppermost, and was apparently dead. Around it, feeding unspectively, was a flock of small birds. Just as he was thinking how much easier it would be for the animal to feign death and catch a bird by deceiving it than by snipping up to it, he was astonished to see the cat suddenly roll over and grab one of the feathered tribe that was very near. The other birds flew away a hurried yards or so, and alighted. The cat only made one or two mouthfuls of the game, and then crept around to windward of the birds, laid himself out again, and once more successfully played the dead dodge.

A MAN in Allentown, Pa., that he had a fourteen base-ball club. He was asking what the players' names were for the season.