

Arizona Weekly Enterprise

VOLUME II.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1882.

NUMBER 34.

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2-24

WILLIAM F. MILLER, General Manager

"It Will All be Right in the Morning."

BY R. E. TAYLOR.

When the bounding beat of the heart of love,
And the springing step, grow slow,
When the form of the one the blue above
Lies dark on the path below,
Then song that he sings in love in a sigh,
And he turns where a star is dawning,
And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart and his
eye,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

"The strong man armed," in the middle
watch,
From life's dim deck is grating,
And drives, through the wreck of the tempest,
to catch
A gleam of the day-beam's blazing;
Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
For this song in his soul not a sorrow can
wheel,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
Its music trembling—dying,
When his woes are unwept, and his deeds un-
sung,
And he lies in the grave to be lying,
Then a voice shall charm, as it charmed before
He had wept or wailed the morning,
"They do love there for aye—I'll be there as of
yore—
"It will all be right in the morning!"

Thus all through the world, by ship and shore;
Where the mother laments,
The cradle, whose tenant "has gone on before,"
Where the eyes are closed,
Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
A welcome, a wall, or a warning,
This is every where cherished—his everywhere
heard,
"It will all be right in the morning!"

DID HE LOVE HER.

Georgette was born with a silver
spoon in her mouth; indeed, if I mis-
take not, it was a gold spoon, richly en-
crusted with jewels, and bearing in its
bowl a monstrous lump of good fortune.

In the first place, she was one of the
loveliest girls I ever saw, both in soul
and body. Her beauty was of a dark
magnificent type, which suggested to
me the diminutive name of "Jet," by
which I always called her.

She was barely twenty, and helms-
—it fairly takes my breath away to write
it—herself to six thousand pounds,
left her by her uncle, a German of high
rank, but singularly destitute of kind-
red.

Georgette's mother had been an
American girl who had met young Ru-
dolph Schubert during a summer tour
in the Rhineland.

They had married against the wishes
of Rudolph's family, who were shocked
at what they regarded as a *mesalliance*.
It was only after the lapse of years,
when death seemed striving to exter-
minate the Schuberts, that the old Herr
Uncle, as he was called, opened his
heart to the orphan child of his dead
brother.

Georgette had been born in the United
States, and she was an American to the
heart's core. I remember having
thought that afternoon when we sat
out on the lawn together under the pink
awning—that there wasn't the slightest
trace of her father's nationality about
her.

She was sitting in a camp-chair with
a bit of delicate embroidery in her
hands. There was a table near by on
which "high tea" was to be served when
Ralph Dearing and his mother arrived.
Jet had invited them; but I should have
known they were coming if she had not
told me, for when did her eyes ever
shine so brightly, or when were her
cheeks so rich a crimson, as when this
penniless barrister was near at hand?

Yes, Georgette was in love with him;
I saw it very plainly, and it made me
uneasy. If I had only been sure of
Ralph Dearing, it wouldn't have bother-
ed me an instant. But, though it
seemed most unlikely that he should not
love her, I was haunted by a mortal fear
that her money had something to do
with his devotion.

Loving Jet, as only a solitary old
maid knows how to love, it was torture
to me to think of my darling as the vic-
tim to the groveling passion of a mer-
cenary man. I had never hinted to her
the drift of my thoughts, but I had
made up my mind to do so, and I tried
it that afternoon. Jet opened the way
for me just as though she had known
what I meant to say.

"Emily," she said, "what would you
say if I were to get married?"
"God bless you," I answered prompt-
ly; "that is, of course, provided the
match was all that it should be."
"What, what do you—think of Ralph
Dearing?"

She was bending low over her work,
but I saw that she was blushing.
"Are you going to marry him, Jet?"
I asked quickly.
"No—no—that is—I don't know. To
tell the truth he hasn't asked me. But
I think he means to."

"Of course."
"If he were to, what would you do
about it?"
I looked up in surprise, for I knew
that she loved him with her whole gen-
erous soul.

"I think I would try to find out his
motives," I said bluntly.
"He loves me—at least he has told me
so," she answered softly. "And—and I
think I can trust him!"
"He told you he loved you, and yet
went no further?" I cried. "That was
unmanly, Jet. I hope you did not listen
to him."
She blushed still more deeply.

"He would ask me if he dared," she
said, defending him not only by words
but by expression. "But he—he thinks
—I know he feels there is a difference in
our positions."
"Decidedly," I said laconically, for
what she had told me gave me a very
unfortunate impression.

"He is very proud and sensitive,"
she added, and would have said more,
but I took her hand and spoke to her
with great gravity.

"Hush!" I said warningly. "They
are coming—Mr. Dearing and his
mother, Jet."
She regained her composure in an in-
stant. When she gave her hand to
Ralph her face was wreathed in smiles.
He looked so handsome that after-
noon that I would have given anything
to have been able to trust him.

Within the sound of his musical
voice some of my doubts did vanish,
and, knowing that he had to go away
on the morrow, I had the grace to be-
guile his mother indoors, while he and
Jet went down to the lake after water-
lilies—at least that is what they said
they were going for.

"I can hardly realize that I am going
away," he said, with a regret that was
familiar tremor in his voice. "I wish there
was no occasion for me to do so. I
suppose it's an old story to you, Miss
Georgette, to hear a man say that he
would like to spend his life in your so-
ciety."
"I have heard it before," she said
slowly, "but I have not believed it al-
ways."

His face flushed for an instant, and
he made a sudden gesture, but he bit
his lip a moment after, and turned his
head away.

"You know that I love you," he said,
in a low tone. "When I go away to-
morrow, I will leave all my happiness
behind me."
"One never knows when to believe
you men," Georgette said with affected
carelessness.

"I suppose it doesn't make much dif-
ference whether you believe us or not,"
he answered in a piqued tone. "Excuse
me," she said quickly, "but it makes
all the difference in the world to me—
more difference, infinitely more, than
that it ever could make to another wo-
man."
"How?"

She paused a moment.
"My position is so peculiar," she said
presently. "If I accepted in good faith
any professions that might be made to
me, I would be called upon to subject
them to a trying ordeal—a test of sin-
cerity perhaps stronger than they could
bear."
"As for you, Mr. Dearing," she in-
terrupted hastily, "I know of old your
kind of speeches, so do not take them
for more than they are meant. But
fancy my position if some day I were to
take a man at his word, and entangle
him in a matrimonial engagement! Per-
haps you didn't know, Mr. Dearing,
that my uncle only bequeathed his for-
tune to me conditionally? If I marry
before he dies, he is to restrict it to my
cousin. My uncle was bent upon my
having a German husband, and if I
married a foreigner I was to forfeit my
inheritance."

Ralph Dearing had paled suddenly,
and he caught at the branch of a tall
shrub, though he sought its support.
"What can you be about, protestant?"
he exclaimed. "It is no wonder, Miss
Schubert, that you have resisted the
pleading of so many suitors. A fortune
like yours is not to be thrown away for
a passing fancy. I was not aware that
you held it conditionally. If I marry
an orphan, a poor barrister and a free-born
American."

He laughed, but there was something
in his voice that made Georgette's heart-
strings vibrate with pain.

He did not know, and she would not
have had him know, that her money
could have been as nothing in the bal-
ance against his love, had she only been
sure of it.

"Shall we go out on the lake?" he
asked, changing the subject so quickly
that her heart gave a despairing quiver.
It was only her money then, after all,
that he had courted so assiduously.

"No," she answered, shivering slight-
ly. "I think it is too damp this even-
ing. Besides, the lilies are closing. I
will get some in the morning."
When they came into the house, I
saw by her face that something had
happened.

That night, after Ralph and his moth-
er had gone, she came into my room
and said simply:
"There is no room for doubt. I have
weighed him in the balance and found
him wanting."

Three days later she received a letter
from Ralph Dearing, from which this is
an extract:
"I have been with my whole heart, Georgette,
but I am neither foolish nor selfish enough
to ask you to marry me when I know you
would sacrifice by so doing."
"At first I was afraid to ask you because I
feared you might misconstrue my motives,
and my love for you caused me to think
of the imputation that might have fallen upon
me."

"Then when I learned that by marrying me
you would lose the fortune you were born
to, I was right in my own mind to expect
of me to ask if you would for me to
sacrifice to my suit for nothing more
than a reputation on my part."
"She gave me this with a sarcastic
smile."

"What does he mean about your los-
ing your fortune?" I asked when I had
read it.
"I told him that my uncle's will was
made in my favor conditionally, and
that if I failed to marry a German I
would forfeit my fortune."
"You never told me that!" I cried.
"No? I never cared to speak of it. I
cannot bear to have questions of inter-
est and matrimony so closely con-
nected."

"But," I ventured to observe, "in
that case it would have been folly for
you to marry Ralph Dearing. He has
his mother to support, and he hasn't a
penny in the world."
"Do you think I would have cared for
that?" she said, with a passionate burst
of tears. "If he had loved me, I would
have gone with him to the ends of the
earth and lived upon bread and water!"

I laid my hand gently on her glossy
hair.
"Dear little Jet!" I murmured, and I
felt that I could have killed Ralph
Dearing.

Three months passed and there came
a change—oh, such a change!—in
Georgette. She had been ill, and
though the doctor said she had prac-
tically recovered, she did not seem to
gain a particle of strength from day to
day. It was with terrible agony that I
saw at last that, if there were not a
speedy improvement, her days on earth
were numbered.

One morning, when we were out driv-
ing under the doctor's orders, she re-
fused to be taken to the office of Mr.

Fanshew.
"I am going to make my will, Em-
ily," she said calmly, and I could not
answer her.

When we were called at the lawyer's office,
we were shown into a little room where
a gentleman was seated writing. It was
too late to retreat when I saw that it
was Ralph Dearing.

He greeted us affably, but I saw a
look of horror on his face as he noted
Jet's altered appearance.
"Mr. Fanshew is in his private office,
Miss Schubert," he said, opening the
door for her; "walk in."

"I will call for you presently," she
said, and then left me alone with Ralph
Dearing.
As the door closed after her, he turned
quickly and strode towards me, grasp-
ing me by the arm.

"What is the matter with her?" he
asked in a hoarse voice.
I shook off his hand rudely, and an-
swered with great bitterness:
"A broken heart, Mr. Dearing."
I could not refrain from saying it,
though I knew Jet would be angry.

"What do you mean?"
He seemed to be choking with his
own words.
"Ought you to ask such a question?"
I said pointedly.

"For God's sake!" he cried passion-
ately, "have done with this. You know
—you saw that I loved her—worshiped
the ground she trod on. I would give
my life for a while they could take
rooms and keep a few boarders. I hope
that these few remarks will benefit some
of your readers, as they are from one
who has had experience in this line."

Another objection is the wife's having
to work out. She need not, I know
plenty who help their husbands by do-
ing crocheted work and plain sewing at
home. After a while they could take
rooms and keep a few boarders. I hope
that these few remarks will benefit some
of your readers, as they are from one
who has had experience in this line."

For the second year I allowed my wife
\$100 additional for clothing; my ex-
penses reached \$75. Of her \$100 she saved
\$40, and said she had plenty. The
second year closed on July 21, and our
settlement showed an additional bal-
ance in our favor of \$40 from her allow-
ance. I in the meantime had saved and
accumulated nearly \$900. So we put
moved into a little house of our own,
which is all paid for except about \$900.

Never at any time have our total ex-
penditures exceeded \$8.30 per week, all
told. We think a young couple who
cannot live on \$9 per week would make
as great a failure on \$22. I will add
that I am a good liver, and our table
has always been amply supplied. One
thing I should mention, however, is that
I had bought nearly \$500 worth of fur-
niture just before our marriage.

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niture just before our marriage.

Real tears started to his eyes, and he
gathered her close to his heart.
When I came in after awhile, Jet was
lying on the sofa, and he was seated
close beside her.

Her cheeks were crimson, and her
eyes shone like stars.
"I don't know what the doctor will
say to this," I said, shaking my head
dubiously.

"We won't need any doctor now, Miss
Emily," Ralph said, with a joyous
laugh. "I have taken the contract off
his hands."
He fulfilled it too; for, three months
later, when Jet was married, her health
was better than it ever had been be-
fore.

The inscription in her wedding-ring
was in Hebrew, and somewhat different
from the judgment which Balaazar
saw written upon the wall.

It signified in our language:
"Thou hast been weighed in the bal-
ance and found true."

Deceitful Horses.
Horses are very much like men, in
their ideas about style. Let a man who
has been brought up on a farm, live in
the city a few years, and he will not ad-
mit that he knew a field of oats from a
turnip patch. Take a horse from a farm
and drive him in the city a few years,
and though he may have hauled hun-
dreds of loads of hay, and worked on a
threshing machine half his life, let a
city horse, and you will see him, and
try to soothe his fears, when you know
you could drive him up to the load of
hay and he would go to eating it. It is
fun to let a horse think he is fooling
you.—*Peck's Sun.*

A waiter at a seaside hotel spilled a
cup of tea upon an unhearty female
guest, and so disturbed her equanimity
that she was obliged to retire from the
dining room. In her exit she, be-
cause of her flurry, ran into a waiter
bearing a tray of dishes. She came out
of the contest covered with soup, lob-
ster claws and almond shells, and im-
mediately relapsed into a "convulsion"
fit that lasted six weeks, and almost
caused her death. She will hereafter
recruit her health at home.

Marriage on Small Income.

The New York Sun has been receiving
letters on this always interesting topic.
A young man in New York thus shows
up the \$15 problem: As several of your
readers seem to think it impossible for
a young couple to start housekeeping
on \$15, and then live on \$5 or \$6 a
week, I shall be happy to tell them how
it can be done. Of course they must
buy second hand furniture at first. Let
them buy:

Bedstead, second-hand	20
Two chairs, new	20
Two quilts, new	20
Bed tick, 10 yards	20
At 10 cents	100
Straw	100
Sheets, 10 yards at 8 cents	80
Table	100
Two chairs, 20 cents each	40
Two wooden pails	50
Wash tub	50
Total	\$140

This is not imagination, as I have
known the parties who started with these
very things and bought at these prices.

COST OF LIVING FOR ONE WEEK.
Vegetables \$1.00 Three and a half
Meat 1.00 pounds sugar 30
Bread 20
Butter 20
One pound tea 40
Half pound coffee 15
Total \$3.00

Another objection is the wife's having
to work out. She need not, I know
plenty who help their husbands by do-
ing crocheted work and plain sewing at
home. After a while they could take
rooms and keep a few boarders. I hope
that these few remarks will benefit some
of your readers, as they are from one
who has had experience in this line.

MARRIED AND HAPPY AT \$12 A WEEK.
To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: "Forty
Years" politely says "marriage is out
of the question for the poor of America."
He has a careless way of handling the
truth. "Yield" advises young men to
cease simply because they cannot
earn more than \$9 per week. Another
mistake. If every person took this view
of the matter, where would be the "rising
generation," and the "bone and sinew
of our land?" I am earning \$12 per
week, and find that I can support my
wife and child comfortably, and save a
few dollars as well, and this without
stinting.

How do I do it? I pay low rent, re-
tain from the necessary evils of billiards,
and cigars, and keep a daily cash ac-
count—the latter an incentive to econ-
omy.

EXPERIENCE OF A MARRIED MAN IN
OHIO.
To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: I can
live in Cincinnati for about two-thirds
of the cost of living here. I married
two years ago, at the age of 24, and on
a salary of \$22 per week. Of this amount
I allowed my wife \$12 per week for
household expenses, including rent.

At the end of the first year she had
clothed herself and showed a balance of
\$295.75—a saving of \$6 per week. My
clothing and necessary expenses in the
meantime reached \$55, making the total
amount of necessary expenses the first
year only \$383.25.

For the second year I allowed my wife
\$100 additional for clothing; my ex-
penses reached \$75. Of her \$100 she saved
\$40, and said she had plenty. The
second year closed on July 21, and our
settlement showed an additional bal-
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cannot live on \$9 per week would make
as great a failure on \$22. I will add
that I am a good liver, and our table
has always been amply supplied. One
thing I should mention, however, is that
I had bought nearly \$500 worth of fur-
niture just before our marriage.

Springfield, O., Sept. 28.
He Didn't Mind the Expense.
"Fourteen dollars for a little lunch
for two!" exclaimed a prosperous-looking
customer to the proprietor of a restau-
rant. "Why, what do you take me for?"

"I know it's a little steep," said the
steak stealer; "but you're the only
soul that's been in to-day, and my rent
falls due to-morrow."

"I'm blamed if I don't really admire
a man with a nerve like yours, and I'll
pay the swindle," and with an amused
smile the blooded stranger tossed the
lucky pirate a fifty-dollar note, flipped a
dollar out of the change to the waiter,
and walked out.

"What a pity we can only have one
chance at a man like that," murmured
the dyspepsia dispenser, regretfully.
But when, the next day, the rent col-
lector threw out the note as a counterfeit,
his despair was such that it was all
four weeks and the cook could do to
prevent his swallowing a bottle of his
own alleged wine, and thus putting an
end to himself.

The police department of San Fran-
cisco has inaugurated a crusade against
a class of men whose existence is scarce-
ly known outside of their own stratum
of society. They are known as "lovers,"
and are the men who live off the earn-
ings of women of the town. San Fran-
cisco magistrates are lining them heavily
in the effort to make them either go
to work or quit the city. Their mis-
tresses usually pay the fine.

Good-Night.
How very commonplace is the ex-
pression "Good-night!" and yet what
volumes it may speak for all the future!
We never listen to it in passing, that
this thought does not force itself upon
us, be the tones in which it is uttered
ever so thoughtless. The lapse of a few
hours may so surround and hedge it in
with horror that of all the millions of
words which a lifetime has recorded
these two little words alone shall be re-
membered: "Good-night!" The little
child has lisped it as it passed smiling
from this world; the lover with his gay
dreams of the nuptial morn; the wife
and mother with the tangled threads
of household cares still in her fingers;
the father, going out to death, leaving
home and kin unprotected and uncare-
d for. Good-night! The seal upon days
past and days to come. What hand so
rash to tear aside the veil that covers
its to-morrow.—*Presbyterian.*

Egyptian Soldiers.

Colonel Dye has much to say con-
cerning the fighting capacity of the fal-
lahin, and the fact that he speaks from
experience, gained both in the barracks
and the field, his strictures possess at
the present moment a more than ordinary
value. His estimate of the Egyptian
soldier's soldierly aptitude is very low.
Through gifted with a wonderful power
of physical endurance, and a docile and
a good campaigner, the fellah is nei-
ther combative nor intelligent, has not a
spark of patriotism, dislikes and distrusts
his officers, and hates soldiering with so
intense a hatred that, in order to avoid
it, he will often cut off one of his fingers
or put out one of his eyes. When Col.
Dye was in Egypt the artillery, as well
as the cavalry, consisted exclusively of
fellahin. The gunners were taken from
a class superior to that which supplied
recruits to the other arms of the ser-
vice. The officers, moreover, were bet-
ter instructed than their brethren of the
line, an advantage which they owed to
the exertions of the commandant of the
artillery school, a highly educated
French officer. To the teaching of this
Frenchman probably the stout defend-
er made recently by the forts at Alexan-
dria in some measure due. A great
drawback to the efficiency of the fellah
as a fighting man is the shortness of his
sight, resulting from ophthalmia. So
defective is the vision of Egyptian sol-
diers, says Col. Dye, that hardly any of
them can see further through a rifle-
sight than a few rods. The eyes of the
black soldiers are better. Under the
same conditions he can mark 30 to 49
per cent more his than his Egyptian
comrade. This superior shooting may,
however, be in part due to the negro's
greater nerve, confidence and eagerness
to excel. The black regiments, being
offered exclusively by Egyptians, are
in no way better organized than the
other regiments; albeit, the negroes being
inured from childhood to war and the
chase, they make far better fighting
material than the fellahin. With the
exception of a few who have risen from
the ranks, the higher officers are the de-
scendants of Turkish fathers and Chris-
tian mothers. They are generally
sufficiently brave, but cruel, avaricious,
corrupt and fearfully immoral, mentally
inert and physically lazy. The younger
regimental and staff officers are, for the
most part, the sons of pashas and beyas
in government service, trained in the
military schools established by Ismail.

They are inferior, morally and phys-
ically, to the men they command.

Diseased Cattle.
The outbreak of what is known as
splenic fever, in this State and in Penn-
sylvania, has caused considerable alarm
among drovers and large cattle owners.
About Pittsburg it has proved very
fatal. The splenic fever has been com-
monly known as Texas fever, and North-
ern cattle have taken the disease recent-
ly in most cases where they have come
in contact with Texas cattle. It is a dis-
ease peculiar to the ox tribe, and occurs
among Southern cattle in a mild form
in the early Spring. In others the germs
of the disease remain latent and are de-
veloped with great rapidity when the
animal is subject to shock, such as stamp-
ede, or to hardships consequent on rail-
road travel. It is indigenous to Texas,
but exceedingly fatal to Northern cat-
tle.

Owners of cattle in the Northern
States will probably take active meas-
ures to prevent Southern cattle mixing
with their herds. The United States
have adopted measures to prevent the
introduction of disease from imported
cattle. The law provides that the im-
porter shall select a place for the deten-
tion of imported cattle. They are to be
fed there by another vessel, and must
be kept 300 feet away from any other
cattle. The term of quarantine is ninety
days, but the time of the voyage is to
be counted as a part of the period. The
import