

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

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FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1882.

NUMBER 35.

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NEW GOODS!

NEW PRICES!

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On or Lead Bullion, loaded in cars on line of any railroad in the States and Territories are delivered at works without charge of cars.

No Charge Made for Sampling.

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1-21-ly

WILLIAM P. MILLER, General Manager

The Southland.

Oh, summer land! Oh, sunny South!
Oh, land of orange groves and palm trees,
I turn to thee! I love my month,
And drink thy fragrance once again.
Again beneath the red roof's eaves,
I stand and watch the bonneted maids,
And hear the tinkling red's serenade,
And see the rushing river toss
The tangles of willow's skin;
The years of absence seem a day;
I come—my friend is found again.

No dainty lady ever won
A lover more devout than I
To thee, land of the golden sun!
Could he do more for her than die?

What can I do to prove my love?
Ah, words are weak when uttered thrill!
What if I praise thee far above
All other lands, if I die?
All other lands, the sweets of words,
And fill thy garden with the perfume,
Or set an anthem from thy birds,
And make it known where song birds roam?
Would these express how dear to me
Are memories that are partly thine,
As tender as a mist at sea,
As fragrant as the purple vine?

For I have held thee in my heart
Through years when thou hast sadly erred
Because I knew thy better part
And knew the current that still stirred
Within thy veins was blue and true,
And steadfast to the cause thou deemed
The best. Then who says we shall run
That thou wert faithful, when faith seemed
Not weekly shrinking from the field,
But bravely meeting death with pride,
Because though couldst not, thou wouldst yield.

I know not why I turned to thee,
For I was not thy kin nor kind,
Unless it was through sympathy
That made me to thy faith even blind—
A leaning to the weaker side,
Thy hot impulse still kept in view,
A pride and pity, which I know
That saw thee false, but knew thee true.

The past is past, I give my hand
To thee, sweet land of blossom rain;
I know thee, sure thee, as I know
And clasp thee to my heart again.
—Bartley Campbell in St. Louis Republican.

IN A COAT POCKET.

Astley Copwer, hat in hand, was just turning the handle of the street-door, when a soft call from the stair-top made him pause.

"Are you going to the postoffice, Astley?"

"No, not exactly, but near it. Is there anything you want done?"

"Only this letter to post," and a girl's shape flitted down the stair. Astley watched as she descended, and with suddenly sharpened recognition of the fact, said to himself, "What a pretty girl Rosamond is!"

Brothers are not always so alive to their sisters' charms, but the fact was that rarely in her life had Rosamond Copwer been so near to perfect beauty as at that moment, when she came down the old stair-case, letter in hand, her cheeks flushed with deepest pink; her eyes shining, and her red lips parted with a look of happy stir of emotion and expectancy.

Two long braids of pale brown hair, thick and glossy as those of German Gräbchen, hung down her back. On the fair forehead clustered a fringe of light waving rings, not cut and trained after the manner of the conventional bang, but a happy freak of nature and accident.

The slender figure in its white dress had all the rounded grace of youth and perfect health. Over all was an air of virginal freshness, indescribable but charming. It was one of those *bel moment* which come at times to most young creatures.

But Rosamond was too much preoccupied to be conscious of her looks, as she handed the letter to the postman, with fingers which trembled a little and said, anxiously, "You won't lose it, will you, Astley?"

"Certainly not," with a superior smile. He stuffed it carelessly into a side-pocket of his coat, a coat made, like the best of his suit, of that immaculate white duck, in which our youthful swells delight to array themselves in hot July weather.

Forth he went, clean, alert, handsome, the very picture of a luxurious young fellow enjoying a summer holiday. No thought of betraying Rosamond's trust was in his mind, and his steps had already turned toward the post-office, when a dog-cart drew up suddenly and a cheery hail roused his attention.

"Well met, old fellow. I was just going round to ask if you felt like a game of tennis. The Porters sent a note early in the morning, to ask me to drive down to the Croft for luncheon and a game, and to bring you."

"All right. I will," Astley jumped into the cart and in another moment was bowling down the road toward the Croft—a game country place some three miles distant. Rosamond's commission was clean forgotten.

Tennis was followed by luncheon, that by more tennis, and a conversation under the shade of the branching cedars which flanked the ground. Then pretty Mabel Porter proposed a walk, and led the way through a grassy way to the gorge beyond, where a little brook tore its wild way from higher levels to the water meadows below.

The rocks over which the party climbed were slippery here and there, and in saving Mabel from a fall, Astley himself had a tumble, tripping on himself, but damping to the duck suit; so damaging in fact that the suit went to the laundress next day.

Before its return, the weather had changed to that odd, almost autumnal coolness which checkers and tempts the heats of our American summers. It was some time before Astley had occasion to wear it again. When it was taken for use, by mere accident, he was searching for something in the pocket, when his astonished fingers encountered and drew forth a rather thick, flat, hard square of paper for which he could in no way account.

His first sensation was one of unmitigated bewilderment.

"Why, what on earth? A letter, and what letter?"—and he proceeded to smooth the crumpled mass out on the table. A few faintly written characters were discernible on what had been an envelope.

Mr. D. — Edg r,
P. Box 5—
New Y—

"Dwight Edgar. Why, what does this mean. I have had no letter from him," reflected the astonished Astley, still intent on the disorganized fragments. "But stay—this isn't a letter from him—but to him. How could it get into my pocket?"

Here and there a sentence could be made out, or parts of sentences, "I am so very, very happy, but I can't tell

you about that until"—"Ought to have got your letter four days ago."—"So you needn't go to Europe, you see, for"—and then a blurred signature.

"Come soon to your own Ros!"—This was the latter which Rosamond had given him to post four weeks ago. It had lain in his pocket all this time, and had gone through the wash besides. Here was a pretty kettle of fish!

Quickly his mind ran over the disjointed phrases, reading the half-obliterated meaning "between the lines." The letter was in reply to an offer from Edg r, there could be no doubt of that. Astley had always suspected that there was a tenderness in that quarter. And Rosamond had said "yes."

What must she have been thinking and feeling all these weeks?

And then a groan escaped from Astley, as it flashed upon his mind that only a fortnight since he had read Dwight Edg r's name in the list of the "sailed for Europe," read it aloud, with some careless comment.

Rosamond was in the room, he recollected. What had she said? Had she said anything? He seemed to remember that she got up quickly and left the room.

How should he ever tell her? And what use to tell, when Dwight was gone, gone for years as likely as not? Oh, what had his carelessness done?

"I suppose he went because he thought she would have nothing to say to him," he said to himself miserably. The sound of the dinner-bell interrupted his unpleasant meditations, and he went down feeling as if he ought to be hanged.

Rosamond was in her usual place, neat, graceful, smiling even; but studying her face with awakened attention. Astley thought that he detected effort in the smiles and the cheerfulness. The sweet face was a little thinner; the willow-bloom, which was his characteristic, had paled to a fainter pink, and Astley heard his mother ask, "Headache again, my child?" And caught the patient answer, "Just a little."

With increased remorse he execrated his carelessness. What ought he to do? What could he do?

Long and deeply did he study over the question. At last he took a half-manly, half-owardly resolution. Confess his delinquency to his sister he absolutely dared not, but that night he wrote to Dwight Edg r, made a full exposure of his fault, and enclosed a faintly blotted scrap which said so little and meant so much.

This done, he set himself to wait for the moment when he could produce evidence that, so far as in him lay, he had made amends for his misdoing, and till then he resolved to pass the time.

Astley was right in his guess. Dwight Edg r had gone to Europe a deeply disappointed man. In the letter, to which Rosamond's was answer, he had written, "Don't say no. I could not bear that, nor could I give your gentleness the pain of uttering the word. I will wait two weeks, and at the end of that have said nothing. I shall go abroad, and travel till I can bear to come home again."

Not a wise arrangement this, considering what chances and changes, including post-office laxities, are involved in this mortal life; but lovers are not always wise.

The two weeks passed without word or token, each slow day deepening his hopelessness, and at their end he sailed. His final arrangements were made in a hurry, and he had been glad to accept a friend's benevolent offer of half a state-room on the overcrowded steamer. It was benevolence very poorly rewarded, for John Blagden found him very dull company.

For the first few hours he made some little effort at conversation, then he dropped all pretenses and sat in moody silence, staring at the crowded deck.

It was no better after they reached London. The two men took a set of rooms together at the Langham, but to all plans for pleasuring Dwight turned a deaf ear.

"Go by yourself, that's a good fellow," he said. "I won't bore you with my dullness. I'll just sit here till post-time and read the American newspapers."

"And that is what I left him at," explained John Blagden to a mutual acquaintance encountered in the coffee-room. "Poring over an old *Herald*, twelve days out—what an occupation for a man to take up in London!"

"Poor Dwight, I never saw a fellow so changed in my life. He's all out up to his eyes in the paper. I know what, for really, I have no notion what I ought to do about him. Nothing I can say makes any difference."

And nothing did make any difference till, a week after this conversation, Mr. Blagden returned from an excursion to Boston Court, to find his friend busily engaged in examining his belongings in a portmanteau, with a light in his eyes and a color in his cheeks which made him seem a different man.

"Hallo! I'm glad you've come, old fellow, I'm off at once!"

"Home. Liverpool train at 9 o'clock and catch the *Bohemian*."

"Home! The States! Why, what does it mean? You were going to Paris with me on Tuesday, you said."

"Well—so I did intend, but I've had letters and must get back as soon as possible."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Not at all; quite the contrary. Everything is right."

Meanwhile the days were passing heavily enough in far away America, where Rosamond bore her secret pain. She had kept the knowledge of her plighted faith as a choice secret, not to be revealed until Dwight should come. When he failed to come, pride kept her silent still.

The news of his departure struck in her heart like a blow. What does it mean? "I will not be base, or flatter, or suspicious," she told herself; "there is some blunder. He will come back, he will explain."

But weeks of suspense and uncertainty passed. She could school her words and her manner, but not her face, and that fair face began to look piteous and wan.

Astley, watching her with compassionate anxiety, felt an ever-deepening heart-ache. These weeks had passed since his letter of explanation was sent. One hour might bring a response, and he haunted the postoffice with a pertinently inexplicable to his father.

"I can't stand it much longer," he heard himself say. "If that fellow isn't heard from by to-morrow night, I shall make clear to Rosy, and I shall confess the whole thing."

And the next evening, "that fellow" still not being heard from, he did it. Rosamond, spirit-fair and fragile in her white dress, was sitting on the doorstep in the moonlight, and sitting at her feet, he slung into *swallow's nest*.

"Rose, do you recollect a letter you gave me to post more than a month ago?"

"Yes," with a little gasp.

"Well, I forgot it."

"Oh, Astley!"

"Yes, it was in my pocket, you know. I was going straight to the office, but something interrupted me—lawn tennis at the Porters I believe—and then I sent my coat to the wash, with the letter still in it. I never found it out till the confounded thing came back, and some days after, as I put it on, I happened to feel in the pocket and there it was—what was left of it."

Rosamond sat perfectly still. Not a sound came from her lips. Astley waited an instant, as if in hope of an answer, then went on.

"Rose, darling, you mustn't mind, but I can't help seeing that the letter was for you, and that—that—it was something of consequence. It was all blotted and blurred, but a word or two could be made out here and there. I was awfully cut up about it. I couldn't bear to tell you, and I didn't know what to do. So I wrote a full explanation to Dwight, and I put the scraps in my letter."

"Astley!"

There was a ring of hope and of dismay in the exclamation. So absorbed were both that neither noticed that some one swung the gate just then.

"Yes, I saw Mrs. Dwight Edg r yesterday, and by to-morrow you ought to hear from him, that is, if he happened to be in London when the mail got in. I didn't mean to tell you till his letter came, but I could wait no longer. Just say you forgive—Why—what is it?"

As Rosamond wrang to her feet with a cry, "Dwight! Dwight!"

"She's fainted!" exclaimed Astley, in an awe-struck tone, as his sister's head dropped heavily on his arm.

But happiness is a better restorative than burnt tapers, and in a little time Rosamond was able to assure Astley of his forgiveness, to smile and ask questions, and finally he left on the doorstep for a long moonlight talk with her trunk correspondent.

When I saw Mrs. Dwight Edg r at Newport last year, she wore on her wrist a slender chain to which was attached a locket whose lid was a big moonstone. Within was a singular little wad of what looked like paper which had been wet and pressed together. When I asked what it could be, she answered, vaguely, "Oh, paper muck; a bit of an old letter which Dwight makes me wear. There's quite a story about it, but it's too long to tell."

Her husband checked, and later, seeing that I was curious, he told me the story which I have told you.

"And you never saw any one so reformed as Astley is ever since then," added Rosamond, with laughter in her voice. "He's the most particular creature you ever saw, always fidgeting and fussing for fear he may have forgotten something. If he lives to be a hundred, you may depend upon it, he will never again forget another letter in a coat pocket."—Susan Coolidge, in *Youth's Companion*.

In the Wrong Box.

A stranger allowed his way yesterday into the *Trilium* building. He was a Celt, and he hadn't been long separated from the "mither country." He walked up to the fourth story, and not seeing what he wanted, concluded to ask for it. While he was preparing his communique the elevator shot up from the first story. Taking time by the forelock and the elevator door by the hand, he struck an attitude, raised his fore-finger on high and remarked to the elevator boy:

"Ship!"

"Are you going up?" asked the boy, stopping the elevator in its dizzy ascent.

"And are yer going the way up?" replied the Celt.

GLEANINGS.

The south will make seven million gallons of cotton-seed oil this year.

Edgar Allan Poe's house in Richmond, Va., is to be used for a hotel.

A lot of mountain trout have been placed in the Vermillion river at Hastings.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor gives more money to the poor than any lady in the country.

Bootblacks are licensed at Jackson, Tenn., and assigned to stands throughout the city.

There are about 220,000 telephones in use in the country, and the number is increasing at the rate of over 500 a month.

The most astonishing thing about the disappearance of a man from Cleveland is that he had paid in advance his board for a full week.

Mrs. Garfield has no intention of abandoning the Mentor homestead, her removal to Cleveland being but temporary, to continue while her younger children are at school there.

A factory for the manufacture of imitation sealskin is to be established at Holyoke, Mass., by men from Bradford, England. It is stated that \$100,000 will be invested, and that one hundred men will be employed in the business.

During the past year several thousand acres of foot-hill land around Union, in eastern Oregon, has been fenced for pasturage. Those who have tried it pronounce a hill pasture as good for winter stock as a stock of hay.

John Most, who was sent to prison by a London jury sixteen months ago for publishing seditious matter in his newspaper, the *Prophet*, will pay a visit to this country upon his release, and will speak in the principal cities.

A North Carolina clergyman has been living for the past eleven years on a salary of \$3 per week, but now announces that he must have a raise of \$1 or ten shillings, or be compelled to accept a call to do cooper work.

M. Saint-Paul has offered the French Academy of Medicine a sum of \$25,000 francs to fund a prize for the discovery of a cure for diphtheria. The competition is open to all the world, and not confined to the medical profession.

When I hear it said of a man whose body is being conveyed to its last resting-place that "he had not an enemy in the world," I feel like attaching this epithet to his tomb. "He is buried a flint that never struck fire!"—Henry Ward Beecher.

The devious ingenuity of devilry has been illustrated in New Orleans, where some petty counterfeiters have been making bogus saloon drink checks to such an extent that several of the rum shops are threatened with financial ruin.

It has been found that lime juice of itself will not produce scurvy at sea, and that too much reliance is placed upon it to the neglect of other food. Lime juice, however, in connection with fresh or preserved meat and vegetables, may prevent scurvy.

Probably the largest and best paid army in the world is that composed by the railroad employes in this country, they numbering about 1,200,000, with 400,000 at work on railroad construction, or 1,600,000 in all. This is about one-eighth of the working force of the country, reckoning only adult males.

Senator Lamar is alleged to have expressed a willingness to pass the remainder of his days as a professor in the university of Georgia. He could have the chancellorship if he desired it, but prefers the less responsible position, which, in all probability will be tendered him.

A Buffalo gentleman waiting for a train at Aylmer, Ont., saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her and helped her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a valise which proved to be his own, which he had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

Dr. R. G. Alexander, writing in an English medical paper, says that menalgia is a disease arising from debility; that it is increased by disease, mental or bodily, but is relieved by food, and sometimes by stimulants. Pure air, night and day, and perfect cleanliness are advised.

A stranger called at a house in Burlington, Iowa, and borrowed a hatchet. Then he went out to the front gate and, using one of the posts for a chopping block, deliberately chopped off one of his fingers. He departed leaving the finger on the ground, and the entire population lost in wonder and surprise.

The depth and strength of Nevada dust is shown in the case of the man who kept his seat on the top of a stage so long that he was crushed all over to the depth of an inch with lava dust, and was unable to get down or even move hand or foot until the crust was removed with a hammer and chisel. It was like cutting the scale off a set of boiler tubes.

"Nine tailors do not make a man," and it seems never did. The original word is "taller," meaning the tally or tale of strokes upon the bells tolling for the dead. One stroke was for an infant; three for a girl; nine for a man."

So passers-by would say: "Nine tailors make a man," which considering that it was the unmaking of the man, was a curious thing to say.

Some interesting relics were exhibited at the bi-centennial celebration of Bucks County, Penn. Among them were the original bill of sale of Eastern Pennsylvania by the Six Nations to William Penn; a powder-horn presented by Unesa, the last of the Delaware, to Black Hawk, in 1787; a reflecting telescope that was once the property of the ill-fated Blennerhassett; some ancient stage-coaches, and, of course, some blue and white china more than a century old.

Oscar Wilde, while riding in a New York horse car the other night, had a poetic reverie rudely interrupted. He was enjoying a cigar meanwhile, when the anaesthetic conductor approached and, in a gruff voice, said: "You must get outside if you want to smoke." Oscar "got," and then relapsed into a reverie, during which he cogitated how he would bring the incident into his new book on America.

The chronicler of current events is seldom called upon to record the suicidal death of a person who has passed the three score years and ten vouchsafed to mankind. The case of Mrs. Margaret Matheson, of Canaha, a woman seventy-one years of age, is an exceptional one. A husband's death two years ago is thought to have been the cause of the sad affair.

California has virtually abolished capital punishment without intending to do so. A law was passed a few years ago which enables jurors, in returning verdicts of murder in the first degree, to stipulate, if they wish, that the penalty shall be imprisonment for life. The jurists that find verdicts of "guilty" in murder trials have accordingly recommended imprisonment for life as the punishment.

Mary Cooper was so terribly frightened by a drunkard, who had a fit of delirium tremens in her presence, in Philadelphia, that she became dumb. During two weeks she was unable to speak a word, her vocal organs being paralyzed, and she had begun to learn the mutes' alphabet, believing that she would never recover, when her speech returned as suddenly as it had left her.

The home for destitute children and infirm women which Trenor W. Park is about to establish at North Bennington, Vt., and endow with \$900,000, will occupy the estate once owned by a rich merchant of New York, and still called the "Hunt place." It comprises about 200 acres, and is beautifully diversified with brooks, groves and meadows. Plans and specifications will soon be drawn for three large buildings in different parts of the estate.

An Autograph Album.

It was our happy privilege the other day, to be in possession for a brief period, of the autograph album of a young lady acquaintance.

At her earnest solicitation we have agreed to indite a noble sentiment, or something upon a beautifully tinted, gilt edged page of the handsome notebook bound volume, already nearly filled with souvenirs of love and friendship.

Naturally enough we glanced at its contents with a view to gathering in spirit for our own effort, and further to acquire knowledge as to what would be the correct thing to say.

The first suggestion that met our gaze struck us as being most excellent, it read:

"When this you see, Remember me." (Signed) John Brown.

We could not help being a little envious that John Brown had been beforehand with us in this tersely and forcibly, yet with us so easily and happily discharging friendship's obligation.

The contents of the next page convinced that the writer was a plagiarist; he said:

"When this you strike, Remember me." Then came an inspiration in feminine cithrenography.

"This page I choose, Remember me." Following this was the same idea, but differing somewhat in phrasology:

"Remember me is all I ask, And if remember me be a task, I'll try and make it all right with you," or words to that effect. There was a good deal of "one little spot, forget me not," in the book, but the preference being decidedly in favor of the "When this you see, remember me" idea, we determined to follow the popular plan and wrote:

"By all that's holy, Remember me!" —Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Parasol Ants.

Of the parasol ants at Trinidad, a writer in the *London Field* says: In the afternoon, after arriving at the island in search of the cashew nuts and fruit, I found the path leading through the thick forest in many places actually covered with the cashews which had fallen from the trees on either side. It is a delicious fruit, sometimes of a red and sometimes of a yellow color, with the kidney-shaped seed on the outside instead of the inside, like other fruits. This latter is roasted, and is esteemed a delicacy by many people, but if not carefully prepared is apt to cause blisters on the lips.

We had no difficulty in filling our baskets with as many cashews as we required, and as each insect carried in its boat when one of Mr. B.'s sons, who had been some little distance away from us scurrying around in the brush, called to me to come back, and on going to where he was, he pointed to what seemed a broad band of moving leaves right across the path, and on looking more closely I saw we had met with one of those enormous swarms of the "parasol" ants which are so destructive to plantations in the tropics. They were crossing from one side of the wood to the other, and were traveling in a column of more than a foot and a half in width, and as each insect carried in its mouth a piece of leaf, which entirely covered the body, they presented a singular appearance, like a Lilliputian grove in motion, and although we watched them for some time, still they came, their number seeming to be inexhaustible. Nothing can turn them from their course, and although they may be destroyed by thousands, enough will swarm upon the intruder to make him repent interfering with them. On the mainland of South America I have known a fruit tree stripped in a single night by a swarm of these ants.

An Organist Who Knows His Business.

There is a church in Michigan which has been struck by lightning a dozen times, and now whenever the preacher shows signs of getting long-winded and passing from his "seventhy" to his "eighty," the organist slyly imitates the sound of approaching thunder on the pedals. The way that preacher dives into the "conclusion" and rushes through it and starts the doxology is a caution. The congregation would not part with that organist for a million dollars.

The following is worth remembering: The surest road to success in life is that of persistent and thorough work. Speculators who make money rapidly are usually losers with equal rapidity.