

Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME II.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882.

NUMBER 38

NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!

NEW PRICES!

Jos. Collingwood & Co.,

FLORENCE, ARIZONA

Calls particular attention to his large stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

For Miners, Prospectors, Farmers, Teamsters, Families, and Indeed Everybody.

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Lone Star Store,
FLORENCE, ARIZONA.
(Four Blocks East of the Court House.)

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DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, PRINTS, BROWN AND BLEACHED COTTON,
Clothing, Gent's Under and Overwear, Gents', Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Hats, Etc.,
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES, LIQUORS, Gin, Tobacco,
Cigars, Cigarettes, etc.

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CHAS. RAPP, Proprietor.

RAPP SELLS BEFORE HIS CUSTOMERS THAT THAT WILL GIVE THEM SATISFACTION. PLAIN AND MIXED DRINKS IN EVERY STYLE.

By strictly attending to business I hope to merit a continuation of the liberal patronage which I have received in the past, and am confident of giving satisfaction to all gentlemen who may favor me with their patronage.

Elegant Club and Reading Room

IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAR.

HE KEEPS HIS BAR SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST

Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars

CALL AND SEE ME.

CASTLE DOME

Mining and Smelting Company,

MELROSE, CALIFORNIA.

Purchase Lead Bullion. Highest Price Paid for GOLD, SILVER and Lead Ores.

ORES ASSAYED.

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

No Charge Made for Sampling.

Organized by "C. D. M. S. Co., Melrose, California."

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WILLIAM P. MILLER, General Manager

How Sweden's Princess Was Won.

BY THOMAS DUKEN ENGLISH.

A page who seemed of low degree, And bore the name of Knut, was he: The high-born Princess sought in vain To jest with him she thought no wrong.

And so it chanced one Summer day, At chess, to while the time away, The page and Princess sat at play.

"My diamond necklace," then she cried, "I'll match against my greatest prize, The knight best pendant at my side."

"But though my father's ghost be wroth, I'll risk the weapon, nothing loth, Against thy love and virgin troth."

"Thy words, bold youth, shall work thee ill: Thou canst not win against my skill, But I can punish a fool's will."

"Begin the game; that bill so fine I'll never miss the hand of mine, Nor thou again be page of mine."

From square to square the Bishop crept, The King Eighteen squares leapt, The Castles onward slowly swept.

Pawns fell in combat one by one; Knights, Rooks, and Bishops could not shun Their fate before that game was done.

"Check!" cried the Princess, and the fate Of her beleaguered King with "mate!"

The Princess smiled and said: "I lose, Nor can I well to pay refuse, From my possession risk and choose."

"Or diamonds bright, or chests of gold, Or strings of pearls of wondrous mold, These may be thine to have and hold."

"Any or all of these things, But save my springs from royal line, No husband ever can be mine."

"Nor jewels rich, nor lands in fee, Steeds, robes, nor castles pleasure me; Thy love and troth be mine," said he.

"Nor shalt thou lack of state and pride, When seated crowned thy lord beside, As Knut, the King of Denmark's bride,"

Ring marriage bells from sun to sun, And tell the gossip as they run, How Sweden's Princess has been won.

A JEWELER'S STORY.

It was on the 29th of October, 1859, that I was returning to England, having taken the steamer at Dublin for Holyhead. Business had taken me to Ireland—I am a jeweler—and it had been necessary for me to visit a branch of my own firm in Dublin. I was bringing back certain valuable jewels which required resetting—diamonds of great value, and some of the finest of less importance, but still valuable.

I carried the jewels which I have already mentioned in a small black hand-bag, and so long as I knew that it was safe I was free from care. Arriving at Holyhead, I took my seat in an empty compartment, and moved my seat. We stopped at Chester, and here I thought I would get out and walk about a little, as we had ten minutes to wait. I took my bag and got out. On my return to the train there was my companion apparently asleep. I got into the carriage with him, and as we were about to start, he handed me my bag, and we continued on our journey. At Crew, our next stopping-place, he got out, and did not come back. I was very tired now, and fell into a sound sleep, with my hand holding the handle of my black bag. I did not wake until I reached London; then getting into the first-class carriage, I saw, and still carrying my precious bag, a man who was heavily dressed, I drove home. On my arrival, with a method which I suppose is habitual to a man in my trade, I instantly went to the safe in which I kept valuable jewels, unlocked it, and depositing the bag on the table, I opened it. Imagine my dismay on finding that I had lost my diamonds, it contained only some rusty bits of iron, and wooden debris. My bag was gone; this other bag had been cleverly substituted for it, so cleverly, indeed, that even the weight, as well as the appearance, was preserved.

"I put the affair into the hands of the police, giving them exactly every particular as I have written it. The bag was lost."

A year after the events narrated in the last chapter I was again traveling on the line which takes passengers to Holyhead. It was in the beginning of October, as well as I remember.

I traveled first-class, my usual custom when I have a long journey before me. During the year not a sign had been given of my missing bag or the jewels, but I had not really despaired yet of recovering it and then, for I had a certain unaccountable feeling about the whole thing; that there was some mystery about it I felt sure.

Regularly every Wednesday in every week I had called at Scotland yard, and always had the same answer: "Nothing yet, sir." The reward I had offered was sufficient to insure a certain interest, and the police, I firmly believe, were as keen in the matter as I could wish.

On this October morning in 1863, I traveled with a lady who was in deep mourning. The day was chilly, and she wore several wraps; but getting warm in the carriage, she presently threw aside a fur cloak she was wearing, and my eye was instantly attracted by a handsome brooch she had on, in which was a portrait.

Without appearing to do so, and with a sudden feeling of interest and curiosity for which I cannot account, I managed to get a nearer view of the portrait. It was the face of the young man who had traveled with me the year before when I lost my bag. I was so certain of this that I resolved not to continue my jour-

ney until I had acquainted the police with this fact.

The train stopped at Crew, the place where I remembered the young man left the train on our up-journey the previous year. Here the lady alighted—I did also. A carriage awaited her at the station—I seconded her, and directing the driver to follow the carriage, I discovered where the lady drove to. Her own house, evidently. She appeared to be in excellent position, and to be wealthy.

I was not deterred by this discovery, for I felt I could not be mistaken about a face, which though I had certainly noticed it only in a casual way at the time, had nevertheless been stamped upon my mind, and connected in such a manner with the loss to me of several thousand pounds.

I went to the police station, told them what I had seen, and what my suspicions were. They listened attentively to what I said, and told me that I must be mistaken; that the lady in question was well known, the widow of an officer who had died just after coming into a large property of the county. She had two sons. One had been in the navy, and had lost his life in the wreck of the Royal Charter about a year previously. The other was expected home every day, and had been away almost ever since the end of last October.

It was impossible, they said, to make inquiries in such a direction. Ill-satisfied and disappointed, I found myself compelled to leave matters as they were; but on my return to London I wrote to the head of the police once more, and I reiterated my conviction, so forcibly, that he evidently was impressed by what I said. The result of my letter came, after a brief acknowledgment from the inspector, in the visit of a gentleman four days afterward.

I was standing in my shop; it was a dull morning in November, and the visitor who came in spoke first to my assistant, who referred him to me, and then in a moment I recognized my fellow-passenger. Not wishing to make anything quite public, I let the way to the inner room I reserved to myself, and handed the gentleman a chair. He was too excited to sit down, but began his story.

"I remember the day I traveled with you from Holyhead, sir," said he. "Perfectly," I replied. "I have too good reason to remember it."

"So have I. I had been on the Anglesea coast all the night before, searching for some relief, perhaps the body, of a friend who had been drowned about four hours, and was obliged to hurry back, with only a few bits of wood and iron gathered from the wreckage which strewn the beach; these I put into a small black bag."

"A black bag?" said I; "had you a black bag?"

"Listen," said the gentleman, "I saw that you had one, and I remarked that it was like mine—so much so that at Chester, where you got out and I did not, you may remember, you took my bag with you instead of your own. I felt sure you were coming back, for you had left your coat and umbrella in the carriage, so I did not follow you."

"Yes," said I, getting excited, "but that does not account—"

"What is it?" said the gentleman. "I know perfectly well what you would say; it does not account for my not advertising your bag, or making some sort of a sign all this time—quite so; you will understand presently how it happened."

"I sat down and begged him to do the same."

"When I got out at Crew, I took as I supposed, my bag. When I reached home I found that my poor mother, whom I had left in the most utter grief and prostration at my brother's death, had not rallied at all. I told our doctor, who was there, that my search for any personal relic of my brother had been fruitless, but that I had a few bits of iron and wood from the wreck."

"The doctor advised me to say nothing to her about it; not to tell her even that I had these sad relics. I put the bag just as it was into a cupboard in my own room, and locked it up. That very day I had to leave England. I had a business engagement which took me to Australia. If I broke the engagement and it would have involved my mother in considerable pecuniary loss. She knew I had to go, and as she did not urge me to stay, and as my sister and her husband were with her, and could take care of her, I left the house that very day and journeyed north to Liverpool, just in time to catch my steamer, bound for Melbourne."

"I only returned yesterday morning. The first thing I heard after greeting my mother was, 'Where is the bag you brought with you from Melrose?'"

"I said, 'I don't know. You see my friends have been urging me so much that I thought perhaps—'"

"Well, that isn't right," again interrupted the party leader. "I'll just go and see your friends and tell them there is to be a stop to that."

Buffalo News.

A Strange Phenomenon.

Mackerel fishermen returning from the eastern coast describe a strange phenomenon which they do not pretend to explain. They say that beginning at a point off Monhegan, Me., and extending northeast for sixty-five or seventy miles the blue water is sharply cut by a whitish stream some thirty miles in width. The line of demarcation is perfectly distinct and extends downward like a wall as far as the eye can penetrate. Mackerel swimming into the white water are peculiarly affected by the change, and display in their movements great activity and uneasiness. Capt. Stephen J. Martin, a veteran fisherman and an employe of the United States fish commission, remembers that in 1849, in the same region, the ocean presented a similar appearance, and that the phenomenon was repeated in 1851 on the southeastern part of George's bank.

He was showing his friend, a Western merchant, around the city, and as he pointed to the Stock Exchange he proudly said: "That is our Ras-el-Tin palace, so to speak." Fifteen minutes later they were in a busy, crowded, fashionable restaurant, and the friend remarked: "This, I suppose, is your Ras-el-Hash palace?" The future remarks concerned something plain.

indeed in weight, they exactly resembled each other.

Although I felt that I had really made the discovery myself, I paid the inspector the cheque he deserved for the clever and prompt manner in which he must have conveyed my suspicion—a decidedly awkward one—to Mrs. Banks.

Strange but Common Facts.

That an occasional meal away from one's own home, and at another's table, relishes better than any at home.

That people should ask to be delivered from "sudden death" and never pray to be spared a lingering dis-ease-by-inches exit.

That when men cease to believe in the Divine, they begin to do, they begin to bow down before something human—or inhuman.

That a man will travel miles, agonizing at every step from a bit of gravel or an obtrusive peg in his shoe before he will stop and take it out.

That a man never knows what a weak, flippant and uncertain master he has in himself until he is at liberty to govern his own life and do as he pleases.

That when a poet or a philosopher dies a dozen men and women try to kill themselves to his name and write themselves into fame by telling all they know about him.

That so many people forget the weather they experienced last year, and declare they "never saw such a summer as this before. No, never!" What, never? No, never.

That histories written fifty years ago assert how the people of that time were living "at the apex of knowledge and enlightenment," which remark is sometimes repeated to-day.

That when a philosopher or scientist puts forth some new idea, all the wool-gathering, the guesses, and the manning-around afterward by him about, around and concerning that idea or truth, or semi-truth as the case may be, are often, by his admirers, regarded as most important and sacred words.

Making Adobes.

Recently we drove down to see them making adobes, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. They make an "aqueous" by drawing the water through a ditch from the creek to where the adobes are to be made. This water, they say, is the best for the purpose.

The workers presented a picturesque appearance, the red handkerchiefs bound about their foreheads, contrasting with their bronzed skins, glittering eyes and dark hair. They were gray-colored shirts and pants that might have been white at the embarkation of Noah's ark. They were rolled high above the knees. Two of the men stood knee-deep in the mud, with which they loaded an oblong, litter, resting on the shoulders of the two men who mounded the bricks. He had a hollow rectangular frame, three inches in depth and divided in the center. Placing this on the ground he filled it with mud from the litter, smoothed the mud even at the top, and raising the litter left two bricks on the ground. The men who mounded the bricks, he had a hollow rectangular frame, three inches in depth and divided in the center. Placing this on the ground he filled it with mud from the litter, smoothed the mud even at the top, and raising the litter left two bricks on the ground. The men who mounded the bricks, he had a hollow rectangular frame, three inches in depth and divided in the center. Placing this on the ground he filled it with mud from the litter, smoothed the mud even at the top, and raising the litter left two bricks on the ground.

Counseling His Friends.

Political aspirants have odd ways sometimes of fishing for nomination, but there is one way that has become decidedly common—urged by friends to save the party, etc. This reminds me of a story of an old farmer of Erie County, now dead, but at one time one of the strongest of Republicans. They say he had been honored with petty offices in his own section, but had a longing desire to figure as a county officer. Accordingly one day he approached one of the leaders of the party, and after a little introductory talk about the crops and the weather, the conversation soon drifted to the subject of politics. This gave the old man his chance, and soon he remarked:

"Do you know, Mr. —, my friends have all been urging me for several years to run for Sheriff. They say I ought to do it in the interest of the party, but I don't know. Now, I'm getting to be rather an old man, but—"

"Of course, you don't want to run?" interrupted the other, with a decided twinkle in his eye.

"Well, no, I don't know. You see my friends have been urging me so much that I thought perhaps—"

"Well, that isn't right," again interrupted the party leader. "I'll just go and see your friends and tell them there is to be a stop to that."

Buffalo News.

GLEANINGS.

Pineapple-growing is becoming one of the most important and profitable industries of Florida.

A Vermont Justice of the Peace fined everybody in the room \$2 each because a dog fight interrupted proceedings.

Instruction in field and garden work is to be given in the rural schools of Russia.

The great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" is in indigent circumstances, and a penny subscription is to be started for his relief.

Louisiana negro field hands insist upon being paid in silver coin, and bright coin at that. They positively refuse to receive paper money.

Once upon a time Ava was naughty, and mamma had to frown at her. "O mamma, mamma," Ava cried, "don't shut your forehead that way, 'cause then I know you're going to scold!"

When the ten children from Sitting Bull's tribe arrive at Carlisle there will be 360 pupils at the Indian school at that place, representing twenty-nine different tribes.

"Geographer." New York, as you suspect, is a city in one corner of a State by the same name. The principal occupation of one-half its population is selling beer to the other half.

A woman of Tusculum, Ala. was struck by lightning and found upon recovery that her hair, once a beautiful brown, had been instantaneously turned to a snow white color.

Club snobs will next be caricatured in comic opera. W. S. Gilbert has been black-balled in a London club. The wealthy son of a retired butter merchant had been informed that Gilbert had worked for a living, and is therefore not respectable.

An English girl who saw the Prince of Wales at a theatre writes: "He, as usual, enjoyed the play as much as a schoolboy. It is delightful to hear him laugh—a rich 'Ho! ho!' that rolls right across the theatre. He is so nice!"

Mr. Boucicault says: "Egypt was fatal to Assyria; to the Hebrews, to St. George, who was hanged for looting, and to Napoleon. It is the graveyard of the world, and England has gone there to steal a lot for a quiet family vault."

A Baltimore physician is quoted as saying that if he could maintain throughout the year an average practice of twenty patients he (or any other physician) would consider that he was doing well, and his practice would amount to several thousand dollars per annum.

Near Fort Valley, Ga., lives a man who has named his children after animals, having a belief that they will, in consequence, live to an old age. There are four children, and they are named respectively Rabbit, Coon, Fox, and Possum.

The work of removing the guano from the famous bat cave in Uvalde county is progressing. A tramway has been constructed for some distance in the cave, over which the deposits are brought out by means of steam instead of the slow process of horse-power.

An English lady who sued for damages because of a fall when boarding a steamboat, has just lost her case. The jury decided that her high-heeled boots had wobbled and wobbled contributed to cause the injury of which she complained.

A fruit-raiser at Quitman, Ga., has peach trees whose leaves are perfectly black. The fruit, also, is black at first, but turns white when ripening. The trees were carried from North Carolina many years ago, and are a distinct species of which the fruitmen seem to know nothing.

A gentleman who recently visited the Skagit county, in Washington territory, states that the mouth of Deep slough, near the mouth of the river, is a spruce tree forty feet in circumference, which at some time has been uprooted and washed there, where it will probably remain. For at least sixty feet the tree is the same size, and is described as equal to the famous big trees of California.

A report is current that 300 of Garibaldi's old comrades have banded themselves together with the determination of taking his body from its present resting place, and of causing it to be cremated according to the desire expressed in his will. Whether the report, which is believed in Italy, be true or not is yet known; but it has been thought advisable that a guard should be placed near his grave.

In Williamsburg, L. I., the other day, a young German woman was sued for rent. She swore she had paid in full. "Did you take a receipt when you paid?" asked the court. "I did." "Well, let's see it." "I drank it up, your honor." "Drank it up?" queried the magistrate, in amazement. "What do you mean?" "When I paid my rent the landlord gave me a pint of beer as a receipt. That's what he does with all his tenants." Other witnesses swore to this fact, and to seeing the defendant drink a pint of beer furnished by the landlord. The court decided in favor of the defendant.

The Bank of France is having printed 60,000,000 of 100-franc bank notes at the printing office attached to the bank building. The new note has been drawn by the painter Baudry and engraved by Robert, and will, it is reported, be a marvel of beauty and elegance of its kind. The original drawing was three meters long by one and a half deep, and when completed was photographed on reduced scale to the size of a bank note.

Robert was engaged on the work of engraving it for several weeks in the strictest seclusion, in an inner chamber in the bank.

Guaymas, at the mouth of the Gulf of California, is a place of which even well-informed people have rarely heard; but it is a point from which, for two years past, a railroad has been slowly creeping north, and it is announced that this road will connect with the South-western system in October. The road was started by Ateshon, Topeka and Santa Fe capital; but that line is not yet far enough south to make a junction and it is possible that a connection will be made by way of the Southern Pacific. The new route will be four days shorter than any existing route to Australia, New Zealand or the Western coast of South America.

The Animal World.

A Correspondent Discourses Upon the Dog's Sagacity.

I once owned a greyhound who was troubled with dreams. She would keep her limbs going as when running, and kept up a subdued or muffled barking, as if in pursuit of game. Her actions were human-like, and seemed to indicate that she possessed a spirit of thought independent of her ordinary dogship.

I am not prepared to say that there is a spiritual heaven for dogs or other animals, but must confess that my love for the brute creation is such that I can argue at least in favor of such a provision for all beings. Also that so much intelligence, love and faithfulness were not created for a transitory existence.

If the rocks and trees are indestructible, in fact all inanimate things cannot be destroyed but only changed, can we not reasonably argue that the mental or instructive forces of intelligent animals shall live forever?

A dog knows when he is used well, and remembers an insult. He is capable of being shamed; point your finger at him and call him a sneak and he will act like a sneak. Then call him good Tower, handsome fellow, with beautiful brown eyes, and he will stand up and climb all over you to show that you have spoken the truth, who cannot learn the name of a mountain, or a lake or sea in twenty-four hours.

This remarkable dog took off his master's hat, to teach him politeness, when he came into the room with it upon his head. He knew the names of cats, rat and the names of members of the family, and yet he was but one year old. Quite a smart boy, eh?—Syracuse Courier.

Farm and Agricultural News.

Soil for radishes needs to be light and rich. They can be grown from early Spring to late in the Fall. They deserve a wider culture.

Pot-yerred strawberry plants should be set out soon if at all this Fall. They cost more than ordinary plants, but they produce fruit sooner.

Since the new dog law went into effect in Indiana, there has been a revival of the sheep industry in most counties of the State.

Unless an orchard is designed for commercial purposes, there is no special advantage in setting out all the trees at once. It is better in many respects to plant the trees at different periods.

The great source of fertility is the atmosphere, and, if we would avail ourselves of it, we must have our soils in a condition favorable to the deposit by the atmosphere of its fertilizing properties.

The apple crop in England and on the continent will not be very abundant this year. This means that America will have to supply a good foreign demand, if she can.

The best yearly butter record was made by a Jersey cow, Eurastus. In a little over eleven months she produced 7,525 pounds of milk, from which 778 pounds of butter were made.

Eggs are a valuable food, not sufficiently appreciated by the farmer. One pound of nice fresh eggs is worth as much for food as ten pounds of beef. They are easily digested.

Dahlia roots often decay during the Winter. Leave three or four inches of the stalk on them, with the outer covering well scraped away. Make a small opening at base of stalk, and they will not decay; the water deposit escapes.

It is said that the oleomargarine factories of New York have a producing capacity of 116,000,000 pounds; the dairy butter factories 111,000,000 pounds. Most delicious creamery butter be supplied by the oleomargarine.

American farmers do not value clover hay as highly as the English do. Timothy is considered much inferior to clover by them; much superior by us. Clover sells in England for about 20 per cent. above the price of timothy. Property cured it is a valuable crop.

Farmers should give much attention to their farmers' clubs and similar organizations. There is a deal to learn at a properly and intelligently conducted farmers' meeting. Don't look upon them as for the "frivolous" farmer only.

Many orchardists say it is not best to renew the orchard by planting in young trees where old ones have died and been cut down. To a certain extent, the elements suited to growth in the apple wood have been extracted from the soil, and insect enemies have found location there.

The best way for everyone who undertakes the culture of tobacco is to raise his own plants to begin with, but they will require much care and close attention. Soil must be kept moist, and no weeds should be permitted in the bed. Liquid manure, such as barnyard leachings, will promote growth very much. The plants should be started in a hotbed, though the sashes should be removed occasionally, to prevent scalding or burning. Sometimes insects begin their work when the plants are quite young, but applications of soapsuds will prevent their ravages.

No orchard escapes the ravages of the great apple enemy, the codling moth. The caterpillar of this moth is what causes the "worm holes" which every one detests in this valuable fruit, and it is so common that no description is necessary. It hatches from the egg which is usually deposited in the eye of the apple; borers its way through the core, and after a while gnaws out through the skin so that it has a channel to throw out pellets of dirt as it eats the pips at the core. As the insects generally fall to the ground with the fruit and then crawl up the tree to make their cocoons, they may be caught by putting bandages of old cloth or carpet around the trunk of the tree, and then may be quickly killed. It is the best way to deal with this troublesome insect.

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WILLIAM P. MILLER, General Manager