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THE RAILROADS.

Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for Eastward, Westward, Stations, and Times.

Train No. 1, westbound, and train No. 4, eastbound...

The Santa Fe Route is the most comfortable railway...

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Albuquerque, N. M. H. C. BUSH.

S. F., P. & P. Railway.

TIME TABLE NO. 15.

In effect December 25, at 12:05 a. m.

Table with columns for South Day, Stations, and North Day.

Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days...

Information as to what days each train will be furnished by agents on application.

Persons desiring to stay over at Ash Fork will find the best of accommodations...

- PROFESSIONAL CARDS. C. O. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. F. W. NELSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. E. M. SANFORD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. W. M. PERRILL, District Attorney Navajo County. T. W. JOHNSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. R. E. MORRISON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. J. P. WELCH, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

BIG JACK SMALL.

The following story was published several years since, nevertheless we believe there are many of our readers who never read it...

CHAPTER IV. The parson did not enjoy his supper. His day had been one of tire-some, nervous preparation for a new kind of life...

“Thank you, indeed, Mr. Small.” “Yere, Gov,” said Mr. Small, as he piled the greased frying-pan full of broken bread...

“As the Chinese shoot their enemies in war with pots of abominable smells.” “Yes; I’ve heard before of the Chinese way o’ makin’ war, but reckon ‘tain’t the smell Injins keef for—it’s mighty hard to knock an Injin with a smell!

“Well I’ve got this bread bakin’ an’ reckon I’ll take a smoke. Yere, Gov, done yer supper? Scoot up thar, an’ throw down them beds, so we can hev a seat.”

The Indian sat on the ground, at the opposite side of the fire, humming the low, buzzing, dismal ditty of his remote ancestors.

winder—let ‘em try it on. Let ‘em stand in once an’ chop wood, build a fire, cut bacon, make bread an’ coffee, an’ so on, all in the same minute—an’ do it faster’n they kin write it down in a letter, an’ they won’t talk so much with their mouth!”

“Yes; I was just, in the moment you began to speak, reflecting on the multiplicity of your duties and the rapid execution of them.

“No, sir. Hit’s head-work does it. Seems to me when a feller has a big idee in his head, an’ is jest a-boomin’ with the futur, an’ lookin’ forward, work doesn’t hurt him a derved bit.

“What is your great aim at this time?—if I may be so impolite as to make such an inquiry on so short an acquaintance,” queried Mr. Sighal, in a soft voice and balmy manner.

“O, no; nothin’ imperlite about it. Open out on me, Parson, when you feel like it. I hain’t got ho secrets. My great aim is to play my game up to the handle.

“A very laudable endeavor, Mr. Small; and let me say that I heartily wish you God-speed!” “Amen, Parson! I don’t know of I kin make it. But that’s my game; an’ ef I can’t make it—well, hit’s better to hev a game an’ lose it than never to play at all.

“It surely is. No good endeavor is ever entirety lost. God, in His great providence, gives germinating power to the minute seed of the plant which grew and died last year, though the seed may have been blown away.”

“Do you believe,” said Mr. Small, after a long pause, in which he raised the bake-kettle lid with the point of a stick, and piled more hot coals upon the top—“do you b’lieve, fer certain—dead sure—that God looks after all these small things?”

“Surely, Mr. Small. Have we not the blessed promises in the good book?” “I don’t jest reck’lect what we’ve got in the good book. But do you, as yer mammy’s son—not as a parson—do you b’lieve it?”

resuming audibly the thread of his own thought, he asked; “Mr. Small, do not you believe in the overruling providence of God?” “Which God?” “There is but one God.” “I don’t see it, Parson. On this yere Pacific Coast, gods is numerous—Chinese gods, Mormon gods, Christian gods, an’ the Bank o’ Californy.”

“Perhaps so, Mr. Small—it is written there be gods many; but there is one only true God, Jesus Christ the righteous.” “Don’t see it, Parson.” The Reverend Mr. Sighal rose quickly to his feet, and pulled down his vest at the waistband, like a warrior unconsciously feeling for the girding of his armor.

“Do you deny the truth of the sacred Scriptures, Mr. Small?” “I don’t deny nothin’, ‘cept what kin come before me to be recogniz-ed. What I say is, I don’t see it.” “You don’t see it?” “No, sir!”—emphasis on the sir.

“Perhaps not, with the natural eye-sight; but with the eye of faith, Mr. Small, you can see it, if you humbly and honestly make the effort.” “I hain’t got but two eyes—no extra eye fer Sunday use. What I can’t see, nor year, nor taste, nor smell, nor feel nor make up out o’ recollection an’ hitch together, hain’t nothin’ to me. That’s my meanin’ when I say, ‘I don’t see it.’”

“I am deeply grieved to hear you speak so, Mr. Small.” “Now, look yere, Parson,” replied Mr. Small, as he got up to bustle about his work, “fellers like me, livin’ out o’ doors, has got a God what couldn’t git into one of your meetin’ houses.”

“Mr. Small—pardon me—there is a glimmer of what seems to be meaning in your remark, but really, I fail to comprehend you.” “That’s hit!”—it will be observed as a peculiarity in Mr. Small’s language (a peculiarity common to unlettered western born Americans) that he sounds the emphatic form of the pronoun it with the aspirate h—“that’s hit! That’s the high-lart way to say, ‘I don’t see it.’ Now, we’re even, Parson—only you’ve got a million o’ meetin’-house bells to do the ‘plaudin’ fer you, an’ I haint got nary one. But these yere mountains, an’ them bright stars, an’ yonder moon pullin’ bright over the summit, would ‘plaud me ef I knowed how to talk for what made ‘em. Hush—listen!”

“Amen, Parson! I don’t know of I kin make it. But that’s my game; an’ ef I can’t make it—well, hit’s better to hev a game an’ lose it than never to play at all. Hain’t it, Parson?” “It surely is. No good endeavor is ever entirety lost. God, in His great providence, gives germinating power to the minute seed of the plant which grew and died last year, though the seed may have been blown away.”

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GENERAL NEWS.

A dispatch from Trinidad says that Manuel Gonzales, the insurgent leader, has been killed.

Genl. A. J. Simpson, late of Denver, has been elected commander of the department of Arizona, G. A. R.

The president has pardoned Jose Almandaris, sentenced in New Mexico to two years imprisonment for adultery.

J. C. Yetzger was sentenced to the penitentiary from Des Moines, Iowa, for five years for fraudulent banking.

Heidelberg, Ickelheimer & Co. will ship \$500,000 gold tomorrow. It is expected it will be taken from the sub-treasury.

Official returns from the republican primaries in Louisville and Jefferson county, Ky., give McKinley 123 delegates, Bradley 72.

The Bartlett racing bill to permit horse racing in the District of Columbia, was favorably acted upon by the District of Columbia committee of the house.

The home of Alf Mustin was burned to the ground. Two children, aged 3 and 1 locked in the house by the mother while she went to a neighbor’s house were burned to death.

Sheriff Hubble gave the republicans valuable assistance at the late elections at Albuquerque, N. M. In fact the splendid majorities were largely due to his untiring work for the ticket.

GENERAL NEWS.

Senator Allen introduced a bill providing for the restoration of the names of widows of soldiers to the pension rolls after the death of the second husband, which by reason of a second marriage have been dropped from the pension rolls.

The old engine “W. N. Kelley,” which was at one time used on the Prescott & Arizona road, now defunct, stands in the yards near Master Mechanic English’s office.

The senate committee on foreign relations again considered the Hawaiian cable resolution and adjourned without reaching a conclusion. The disposition now is to await action by the house committee, which has the same question in hand.

The people of Phenix was disgraced by the verdict which exonerated Hughes’ vagrant assailant. The fellow was tried and found not guilty of a most cowardly assault on the ex-governor. This is going it blind in the mud and slush of prejudice.

The act, originating in the senate, to authorize the leasing of lands for educational purposes in Arizona, became a law without the president’s approval. This particular measure was really framed to meet certain objections by the president to the original bill, vetoed by him.

It cannot be denied that there exists in Cairo a strong apprehension that disaster will soon overtake the head of the Dongola expedition. It is believed that 50,000 men will soon be ready to intercept the march of the Anglo-Egyptian army, if the plan of pushing beyond Akasheh is persisted in.

Sheriff R. H. Cameron, of Flagstaff, Ariz., received a telegram from his deputy at Williams, that the jewelry store of Ed. Crawford had been robbed; and the following articles are missing, viz: Nine watches, three vest chains, one silk vest chain, twenty lockets, twenty breast pins, ten cuff buttons, ten emblem pins and three gold penholders.

A. M. Brown, editor of the Dayton, Tenn., Leader, was waylaid while entering his own yard by two unknown men who shot five times at him, two shots taking effect. The wound in his back is dangerous. His printing office was entered and his type scattered through the town. His assailants are thought to be members of a political ring that he has been attacking in his paper.

Four contested election cases have been decided by the house elections committee. In only one case was the report adverse to the member now holding the seat, that of Murray vs. Elliott, first South Carolina, which is favorable to Murray. The others were: Johnson vs. Stokes, seventh South Carolina; Kirby vs. Abbott, fifth Texas, and Radcliffe vs. Williams, fifth Mississippi.

A Leavenworth, Kan., dispatch says: “Charles Lamborn and Annie Lamborn, his sister, are in jail charged with complicity in the murder of their father. They made a full confession, having actively assisted the man who struck the fatal blow. Thomas Davenport, a lover of the girl is also a prisoner. Old man Lamborn was murdered at his ranch the night of Feb. 10.”

The supreme court of the United States has overruled the decision of Judge Ross, of California, which declared the Wright irrigation law unconstitutional. This action by the highest tribunal of the land will be hailed with a great deal of pleasure by the people of all parts of the “arid regions,” because the setting aside of the Wright law would have been a severe blow to the cause of irrigation.

All Rot.

A dispatch says George E. Card, late chief of the Southern Pacific company’s detective service, has given publicity to a conspiracy to hold up the Vanderbilt special train, and abduct Cornelius Vanderbilt.