

Capitan News.

Probate Clerk

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BEEF TRUST MEETS DEFEAT.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The supreme court of the United States today decided the case of the United States versus Swift & Co., known as the beef trust case, charging conspiracy among the packers to fix the prices of fresh meats, etc. The opinion was handed down by Justice Holmes and affirmed the decision of the court below, which was against the packers.

In his opinion Justice Holmes discussed at length the various contentions of the packers and disposed of them individually. He admitted that some of the charges were less specific than desirable, but said this was necessarily true on account of the vast extent of the field covered. He added that sufficient evidence had been shown to prove continuous offenses and an offense of such nature as to justify the proceedings.

The opinion continues the injunction granted against the packers under the Sherman anti-trust law by the lower courts. The opinion was concurred in by all members of the court.

Summarizing the bills, Justice Holmes said:

"It charges a combination of a dominant proportion of dealers in fresh meat throughout the United States not to bid against each other in the live stock markets of the different states, to bid up prices for a few days in order to induce the cattlemen to send their stock to the stockyards; to fix prices at which they will sell, and to that end restrict the shipments of meat when necessary; to establish a uniform rule of credit to dealers and to keep a black list; to make uniform and improper charges for cartage and finally to get less than lawful rates from the railroads to the exclusion of competitors."

The decision further recites:

"When cattle are sent for sale from place in one state, with the expectation that they will end their transit after purchase, in another, and when in effect they do so, with the only interruption necessary being to find a purchaser at the stockyards, and when this is a typical, constantly recurring course, the current thus existing is the current of commerce among the states, and the purchase of cattle is a part and incident of such commerce."

Immigration Increasing.

Washington, Jan. 28.—An immense, almost startling, increase in immigration is shown by the figures for the month of December which have been compiled by Commissioner of Immigration Sargent. The increase in the number of immigrants from both Russia and Austria-Hungary is particularly noteworthy, and the increase from Russia is considered especially significant. In December, 1902, the number of immigrants arriving from Russia was 10,184; in December, 1903, 10,431, and in December, 1904, 15,992. The immigration from Austria-Hungary in December shows an increase of 12,738 over that of December, 1903, aggregating 23,433. From the whole of Europe the immigration last December was 58,926, an increase of 17,578 over December a year ago.

Author of President.

Governor Terrell of Georgia said at the Lee birthday celebration in Atlanta:

I must indorse President Roosevelt's action in some things, but I can never indorse him personally, love him personally or even respect him until he says to the American people he has done wrong to the memory of President Davis.

Accurate historians are rare indeed. From Herodotus to Froude they have been caught tripping on facts, and Mr. Roosevelt may have been no more just in his judgments than McCaulay; but is the memory of Jefferson Davis the most important thing that presses upon the attention of the south?

Might it not better forget Theodore Roosevelt the historian, while it concerns itself about Theodore Roosevelt the President, who is trying to allay sectional feeling?—New York World.

Both Broadening.

An exchange, in speaking of Bryan's visit to the White House, makes some sensible deductions:

"Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt have met upon the peaceful field of the White House offices and exchanged compliments, which for wit or brilliancy could have been excelled by any modern hero of romance, but which were clearly indicative of mutual respect. It is something of an intellectual triumph when a man

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of Bryan's avowed principles of four years back can gracefully and apparently with sincerity congratulate the president on some of his accomplishments, and it is not less a demonstration of Roosevelt's breadth of spirit and liberality that he received Mr. Bryan with so much cordiality. Both of these men are still young and it may be that neither has reached his fullest development. Bryan certainly in the last few years has shown a broadening of vision and pronouncement that may or may not have been due to that enlightening experience of a trip abroad. Senator Cullom upon meeting Mr. Bryan spoke of that gentleman's increased avoirdupois saying aptly: 'You have grown in more ways than one, Mr. Bryan.' Doubtful as that compliment may have been to the one addressed it had the merit of truth, and it is a phenomenon that a man of President Roosevelt's character would be quick to recognize."

White Oaks Acorns.

Correspondence.

Miss Anice Fewell, who has been teaching at Ancho, is now making her home at White Oaks.

E. R. Cline, manager of the White Oaks Sheep Co's. ranch, is visiting his son who is in school at Warrensburg, Missouri.

Ward Leslie, who was accidentally shot during the Christmas holidays, is about well.

Ed Coe was up from his ranch last week with a load of fine apples.

Eugene Stewart made a flying trip to El Paso last week.

All the windows from an unoc-

cupied house, two miles northeast of town, were stolen a few days ago. Neither the thief nor the goods has been located.

R. D. Armstrong, ex-sheriff of Lincoln county, is spending a few days in town this week.

Jake Ziegler has returned from a trip to Trinidad, Colorado and Texas points.

Charles Spence, who has been away since last November, has returned.

Angus News.

Correspondence.

P. G. Peters made a business trip to Capitan the first of the week.

J. B. Burrell, of Little Creek, came in on business last Tuesday.

R. D. Haynie gave the young people a dance at the Angus Hotel last Friday night.

The school district below Angus is erecting a school house.

James Crawford was shaking hands with friends in Angus the first of the week.

James Howard, who had his arm broken by being thrown from a horse some time ago, is now able to attend school.

Mrs. F. M. Crockett, who has been quite sick since her return from Texas, is now able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Harper visited friends on the Bonito last week.

Mrs. H. C. Harper made a short visit in Angus last Saturday.

Unseated Them.

Baca, of Santa Fe, and Martinez, of Taos, were denied seats in the legislature: the first, because his majority was not over 550; the second, because—well, er—Baca needed company.

THE CAPITAN NEWS

CAPITAN, - - NEW MEXICO.

When the West Point and Annapolis cadets meet on the football field, there is where the patriotic American can't lose.

A divorced duke is to marry a princess. This saves some American heirs from bringing a suit for divorce in a few years.

It is presumed that the Chicago girl who killed a deer was thankful; but it would be interesting to hear from the deer's family.

After six thousand years the first henpecked husband has a champion. A New York minister raises his voice in behalf of Adam.

The expensiveness of social life in Washington is probably responsible for the impression that a poor man in the cabinet is in a box.

A man leaped from a four-story building in Pawtucket to escape paying a poll tax of \$1. His relatives will pay his undertaker's bill.

The dowager empress of China has already spent nearly \$4,000,000 on her own monument—but, then, she expects to spend a long time under it.

Gen. Andre, French minister of war, has been succeeded by a stock broker. A milliner is pressing his claims for the French naval portfolio.

J. Pierpont Morgan has had his latest photograph copyrighted to prevent its publication. It isn't stated that he does this from motives of modesty.

The relentless Dr. Wiley now announces that pate de foie gras is made of veal. Now settle back and wait till he tells what the veal is made of.

New York has now a public bath, with accommodations for about 175 persons. The population of New York city according to the census of 1900, was 3,437,202.

A New York man writes to The Sun of that city to say that he knows "a number of Usonian" who object to being called Americans. No doubt they are "New Yawkehs."

Music may be a cure for nervous troubles, but in the case of compositions like "Hiawatha" and "Bedelia" the opinion will prevail that the remedy is worse than the disease.

France is having the time of her life signing arbitration treaties. She has got fourteen of them lined up; pity the next one couldn't be put into use in her own chamber of deputies.

The new governor general of Canada thinks that country will in five years have a population of 40,000,000. That would certainly be carrying the anti-race suicide theory to the extreme.

The secret of a new and powerful explosive is lost forever because it exploded. Mr. Harry Mills, the inventor, happened to be near by. Man proposes, but heaven disposes of him and his proposal.

The Washington Post tells H. P. Whitney that "he could have hired ten good college professors for what he pays his new jockey." And it would have been worth the money to see the professors ride the horses.

Janaussek, greatest actress of her day, lived beyond the years of those who admired her and died poor and almost forgotten. The actor and the orator should pass with their generation if they would die happy.

BALLAD OF BUBBLY CREEK

On the Old Chicago River—A Memory of Boyhood in Halsted Street's Historic Ground

On the old Chicago river in those strenuous days of yore,
Sweeping like a tawny tiger past the green and pebbly shore,
And the yellow current foaming as it crashed against the pier
And the bells of huge Chicago pealing richly on the ear!

Oh, those chiming bells that brought you tender dreams of long ago
As you drifted with the current, soothed by soft rippling flow,
And a dreamy languor creeping nestled in your throbbing brain,
And the cold, delicious water lulled your heartache and your pain.

There we'd swim far up the river, buffet- ing the roaring tide,
As the current swept us down stream, chuckling as in haughty pride,
And the old stern wheeler "Natchez" poked her nose around the bend,
Big "Jim" Bludsoe was her pilot, and a staunch and stalwart friend.

Swimming up behind the tug boats, just to catch the foaming spray,
Rising, falling on the billows, and up and down as porpoise play,
Tossed upon the crouching white caps, tumbling on the white caps' crest,
Floating with the rippling current, diving with keen savage zest.

And the raft of Buffalo barges drifted down before our sight,
And the shrill steam whistles blowing, vexed the drowsy ear of night,
And the foghorn, hoarsely growling, seemed to split the brooding air
And black smoke stacks of the freighter loomed as ghastly as despair.

Then we heard the measured rolling of the war-presaging drum,
Growling like a testy tyrant and throbbing with a martial hum,

And we saw gaunt cannon frowning in the barracks on the shore,
And the sunset gun would thunder that the summer day was o'er.

And we saw bright sabres glisten 'neath big mellow harvest moon,
As we heard the stalwart soldiers piping up a rousing tune,
And the haughty horses' hoofbeats clattering upon the way,
And the neighing and the prancing of the chestnut and the bay.

And big raw "recruits" drilling with an awkward, clumsy grace,
And the spruce and brisk young captain with the bronzed, poetic face,
And the jingling of the harness as the cavalry swept by,
"Sammy Starsanstripes," the soldier, was the apple of our eye.

On the old Chicago river, tossing on its barren bed,
Flowing with a grisly shiver with its cargo of the dead,
Twisting like a hungry scorpion as it ripples through the town
Choked with drowned men and suicides plunging in oblivion's frown.

What's the use of always roaming like an eagle o'er the sea,
Questing like a swarthy gypsy o'er the green sward frank and free,
Take me back to old Chicago, for my heart is sick for home,
I can't stand dark alien faces scowling 'cross the sundering foam.

Take me back to old Chicago, far across the sundering sea,
Let me get in touch with Halsted—Bubbly Creek's the place for me,
Every man brags of his birthplace—Chicago is the town for me,
Oh, you big, old clumsy city, sprawling round the inland sea!
JAMES E. KINSELLA,
Registry Division Chicago Postoffice.

Found Where Noah Lived

K. V. Millard, who now resides in Indianapolis, has been for several years studying the archaeology of Egypt. For the last year, until his recent return to this country, he was engaged in making excavations at various places on the Nile, especially at Gizeh, in the neighborhood of the great Pyramid of Cheops.

"I have discovered during the last three years," said Mr. Millard, "just where Noah lived, where the ark was built, and that Noah built the great Pyramid of Khufu, known as the Pyramid of Gizeh.

"Noah was the greatest king this world has ever seen. He was the greatest of the Egyptian Pharaohs, not excepting Rameses the Great.

"Noah was a millionaire. The Biblical account of the flood gives no clew as to where he lived or where his ship carpenters were at work for

120 years constructing the ark.

"Noah was six hundred years old when the flood came. It is evident that he must have been a millionaire and a man of great authority. He built the ark at his own expense. Such a boat in those times would cost more than half a million dollars. He must have been in a position to force vast multitudes to work for him, regardless of their interest in him or in his work, or of their own personal inclinations.

"Noah built the great pyramid during the earlier part of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, and not more than twelve hundred years after God had expelled Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. If Noah's size and intellectual powers were proportioned at his age to ours, then in brain and brawn and stature he, too, must have been a giant."—Washington Star.

Too Much Wrapping Up

A young teacher of physical culture in a fashionable Connecticut boarding school has introduced the wearing of light, easy clothing among the young ladies under her charge, even discarding the wearing of hats in midwinter, persisting in the theory that the fair sex would live longer by having their bodies unhampered by heavy clothing.

As a result, the young ladies who follow her instruction have cast aside their millinery and wear a loose sweater and a walking skirt. They accept her belief that "bundling up" is responsible for more colds than anything else. Hence the town of Greenwich, Conn., where this fashionable school of Rosemary hall is situated, presents a sort of fairyland. The young women go about the streets without hats and with light garments,

in the sure conviction that they are on the right road to health. Their system is known as the "no-hat-light-clothes-plan."

The air is so full of theories of health that one hesitates to pass judgment on such a system. It has as yet been tried only upon the hardier maidens of the school, but they went through the recent cold snap without injury and with apparent benefit.

But on general principles it may be safely said that the habit of bundling up in tight, heavy clothing in winter is carried too far by most people, and it is doubtless true that many are constantly pestered with colds from this very cause. Bundling up when it restricts the circulation is pernicious. A part of the heat of the body in cold weather should be supplied by brisk exercise and come from within.

Considerate Irishman.

A French chauffeur was driving in Ireland when he rode over a cyclist. The injured man apologized. "Pray continue your journey," said he. "I am really ashamed to have incommo- ded such a sportsman." Next day the chauffeur received a letter from this sympathetic stranger full of regrets

and making tender inquiries about the state of the automobile. "I must tell you," it proceeded, "that as a result of yesterday's accident, for which I alone am responsible, I expect to die soon. But I am arranging to leave you a third of my property so that you can embellish your automobile with all the latest improvements."

Didn't Want a Lawyer.

"I began to practice law in Dakota in territorial days," said the lawyer from Chicago. "Our judges were sent to us, and some of the didn't know any more about law than they did about the political beliefs of the mound builders. One of them—I'll call him Jones—was so appallingly ignorant that it was a great relief when on the admission of North Dakota to the Union he left the bench and began to practice law. His successor was a man wholly without a sense of humor and the only good thing he ever said in his life was wholly accidental. A man was brought to trial charged with selling liquor to the Indians. The judge asked him if he had a lawyer to defend him.

"No," said the man, "I don't want a lawyer."

"Well," said his honor, looking about the room till his eyes rested on his predecessor, "I'll appoint Judge Jones to defend him."

Pointed Russian Cartoon.

A cartoon privately circulated in Russia has recently been suppressed by the police. It portrayed the shade of the late Admiral Makaroff in the lower regions calling up the Czar by telephone and saying: "All is well here. Great numbers of our men are arriving all the time. Up to the present none of the enemy have dared to intrude."

Found at Last.

Hensley, Ark., Dec. 26th.—(Special) —That a sure cure for Backache would be a priceless boon to the people, and especially the women of America, is admitted by all interested in medical matters, and Mrs. Sue Williams of this place is certain she has found in Dodd's Kidney Pills the long-looked for cure.

"I am 38 years old," Mrs. Williams says, "and I have suffered with the Backache very much for three or four years. I have been treated by good physicians and got no relief, but thanks to God, I have found a cure at last and it is Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken only one box and it has done me more good than all the doctors in three or four years. I want all sufferers from Backache to know that they can get Dodd's Kidney Pills and get well."

Backache is one of the first symptoms of Kidney Disease. Guard against Bright's Disease or Rheumatism by curing it with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Isn't the climate rather bad in your part of the country?" "Yes," answered the Central American; "but it doesn't make any difference. We are so busy with revolutions that nobody has time to notice the climate."

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Never tried Schilling's Best, and been buying tea for the past ten years?

You've lost a good deal of what you drink tea for.

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TEA

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"Phil Graves" is a name that would hoodoo any doctor.

Fable Without a Moral

"The richest man in Storkville Center," said Col. Calliper, "was Sereno Wogsley, and he was not, as you might suppose he would be, its strongest and most forceful citizen, but really its weakest, and I don't believe you could guess in a thousand years how he came by his wealth."

"Mr. Wogsley was a most amiable and kindly man, as gentle a gentleman as you could wish to meet, but he had no backbone; he was weak. He was forever forming good resolves, and forever breaking them; he was a man of good intentions, which he never kept, and so he only just managed to scrape along, and for half his life he never had a cent."

"You know who it is that has the paving contract in the place that is paved with good intentions? Yes? Well, his supply of material is almost endless, but not quite, and pavements don't last long there, anyway, and he must have not only a great but a constant supply or he is likely to run short. One day when suddenly he

found himself in this predicament, shy a few thousand yards, and was casting about in his mind where he could get it and get it right away, he thought of Sereno Wogsley of Storkville Center, Vt., as a man likely to be able to supply him, and Mr. Wogsley could."

"Commonly our good intentions fade away and disappear and go below as fast as we fail to keep them; but somehow Sereno's had never gone that way. They had never had life enough in them to get there by themselves, or if he had ever intended to ship them he had failed in that intention, too; but, anyhow, he had the accumulated good intentions of many years all still by him, his cellar full, and his attic, and two barns and a woodshed, a great stock; and here was a hurry call for the whole lot, and would Mr. Wogsley name his price and ship without delay. And Mr. Wogsley did both, and got the money; and so it was that about the poorest became the richest man in Storkville Center."—New York Sun.

Some Pointers on Trees

The big wind that passed over the twin cities recently taught much about what trees to plant for permanent shade and other effects. One might easily have expected the softer varieties of wood to break first, but would hardly be prepared to see the ease with which box elders and soft maples are uprooted. When it is let alone the former likes to branch near the ground, and it can be seen on the prairie more like a gigantic bush than like a tree. This habit of growth would not call for any great spread of roots except in capturing nourishment, an operation in which the tree is supposed to excel. We have known a tree of the kind to send its roots to almost any length in the seams of a quarry, yet in well sodded and watered lawns it is the first to give way at the root. It should be less missed than any other sort. Among the in-

digenous trees the elms hold an intermediate position, furnishing not so much more resistance to the winds than the sorts mentioned. This is a pity, they being such universal favorites for shade trees. Coniferous trees and the larches seem to hold up well against winds, as do the ashes and white walnuts, although so few of the latter are used for shade that one cannot speak with confidence of their performance. Coming to trees of slower growth and harder wood, the hard maples in the track of the storm seemed to suffer much more than their numbers would warrant, but the oaks preserved their reputation for sturdiness, while the humble hackberry held its own as well as any.

By the way, oaks of some varieties are by no means so slow of growth as imagined by some, nor are they so averse to the ways of civilization as has been taught.—Western Architect.

Sentinel of the Czar

"More than once, while in Russia," writes Jerome Hart, "I was surprised at finding a cherished illusion knocked into a cocked hat. At Tsarkoe-Selo we were surprised to see crowds of people strolling in the beautiful gardens of the imperial palace. When we interrogated the guardians we were told that the park was open to the public and that people came and went freely without let or hindrance. In truth, they walked about almost under the palace windows. This did not look as if the Czar seemed to be in fear of assassination. At Peterhof the Czar, at the time of our visit, was occupying the little Alexandra palace which he affects, so we did not view its interior. But not far from the portal we paused and stood awe-stricken, gazing at the building which contained the mighty monarch Nicholas.

"In front of the doorway was a sentry box and as a light rain had been

falling not long before the sentinel had taken refuge under cover. I gazed at him with morbid interest. Here was the man whose duty it was to head off anarchists, annihilate nihilists and catch all bombs close up to the plate and throw them hot to short-stop. But the expression of introspection on his countenance, his closed eyes and a regular monotonous sound which came from the sounding board of the sentry box excited my suspicions.

"I approached cautiously. The grim warrior, his rifle in the crook of his elbow, was seated on a little stool. He was a gigantic soldier; the sentry box was small; the box was full of sentry and boots. There he lay, leaning back, wrapped in profound and stertorous slumber, one booted extremity wrapped around a leg of his three-legged stool; the other boot around the butt of his gun. He was all tangled up in his boots."

The Measure of Success

Two ships sail over the harbor bar,
With the flush of the morning breeze,
And both are bound for a haven, far
O'er the shimmering summer seas.
With sails all set, fair wind and tide,
They steer for the open main;
But little they reck of the billows wide,
Ere they anchor safe again.

There is one, perchance, ere the summer
is done,
That reaches the port afar.
She hears the sound of the welcoming
gun.

As she crosses the harbor bar,
The haven she reaches, Success, 'tis said
Is the end of a perilous trip,
Perchance e'en the bravest and best are
dead,
Who sailed in the fortunate ship.

The other bereft of shroud and sail,
At the mercy of wind and tide,
Is swept by the might of the pitiless gale,
'Neath the billows dark and wide,
But 'tis only the one in the harbor there
That receiveth the meed of praise;
The other sailed when the morn was fair,
And was lost in the stormy ways.

And so to men who have won renown
In the weary battle of life,
There cometh at last the victor's crown,
Not to him who fell in the strife,
For the world recks not of those who fall,
Nor cares what their trials are,
Only praises the ship that with swelling
sail
Comes in o'er the harbor bar.
—Baltimore News.

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STATEHOOD.

One month more of the present session of congress remains, and during that period the fate of statehood for the territories, at least those of New Mexico and Arizona, will have been decided. A majority of the senate favors the Hamilton joint statehood bill, but that majority is impotent in the matter as long as a bitter minority, entrenched behind that fetich of "senatorial courtesy," wishes to talk the matter to death.

The senate is overwhelmingly republican, and there is no question of a majority of that party's membership supporting the measure, should it ever reach a vote. The democrats, for some reason, or without any, are unanimous in their opposition to the bill, and a few of the western republican senators have joined them; the two combined with the short time remaining for legislation to be enacted almost insures the defeat of the bill.

Opponents of the measure certainly are misinformed as to the sentiment of the people of the two territories. It is true that the legislatures of New Mexico and Arizona have passed resolutions against the merger of the two territories into one state; but what does that amount to? We of New Mexico—we can't answer for Arizona—know how much a resolution of that kind is worth. We know that it does not represent the wishes of the people, and that the instigators of the resolution have a very good reason for opposing any kind of statehood, and that reason is known of all men—they would be turned from the public crib, if the people had a voice.

The most progressive element of the territory favors joint statehood: some for the reason that it is preferred to single statehood; that it will increase our taxable valuations, decrease our expenses and lower our taxes: others, because it is the only kind of statehood that will be granted, and that a failure to accept the joint proposition means a territory, for both Arizona and New Mexico,

indefinitely.

Deduct the politicians, and those who think they are, and not 20 per cent of the people of New Mexico are opposed to joint statehood; but the office-holding element of the territory makes the most fuss, while the men who pay the taxes are never quoted. If the senate wants to get at the facts, let it seek its information in other places than the capitals of the two territories.

Russia's Internal Troubles.

The rumbling of internal dissensions have been heard in Russia for years; and the war with Japan, with a succession of Russian reverses, was an opportune time for a popular demonstration against the government.

The first mutterings of the storm were heard when the Czar refused to heed the request of the people for a popular legislative body; thus denying any form of self-government. Then came the labor troubles, and the combined elements of opposition to the government's policy gathered in the streets of the principal cities of the empire, and were quelled only at the point of the bayonet.

In St. Petersburg and Moscow, of Russia proper, and Warsaw, Poland, thousands assembled and for a time it looked as though the scenes of the old French Revolution were to be reenacted; but crowds were charged by the soldiery, the ruthless Cossacks in the van, more than one hundred killed, and three or four hundred wounded ere the rioting ceased.

On the heels of all this disturbance at home and defeat abroad, however, the autocratic government of the Czar seems as firmly fixed as ever, and as long as the army remains loyal, there is little opportunity for radical reforms, much less a successful revolution.

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER.

The Twice-a-Week Republic of St. Louis, the best semi-weekly newspaper in the country, and Farm Progress, America's leading agricultural and home monthly, will be sent to any address—or to separate addresses, when so requested—for One Dollar a Year.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC for nearly a century has earned and maintained the confidence of half a million readers. It covers the news of the world thoroughly and accurately, and issues special State editions, each containing the latest and most reliable reports of the particular locality in which it circulates. Its special departments are edited by experts, and its artists and contributors are among the best in the country. It is published every Tuesday and Thursday—eight pages each issue—sixteen pages a week.

FARM PROGRESS, issued on the first Thursday of every month, contains sixteen or more full, standard-size newspaper pages, filled with up-to-date farm literature, and special departments for the home, fashions, boys and girls, fiction, etc., etc. It is published by The Republic—a guarantee of its excellence and high character.

NOTE—If you want only The Twice-a-Week Republic the price is 90c a year. The price of Farm Progress alone is 10c a year.

The Southwestern Mercantile Co.
Is well Equipped to Supply your Wants

Their Stock of General Merchandise is Complete

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware and Crockery.

Give Us a Trial.

SOUTHWESTERN MFRANTILE COMPANY

COALORA, N. M.

JACKSON-GALBRAITH-FOXWORTH CO.

(INCORPORATED.)

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash, etc.

Window Glass and Plate Glass a Specialty.

Prices to Meet Competition.

Capitan,

New Mexico

We Want
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Livery Business

Fast Horses
and
Good Rigs

The Capitan
TRANSFER COMPANY.

We especially solicit the trade
of Commercial Travelers.

REILY & WILSON,
Proprietors.

Teams Boarded
by the Day
Week or Month

Will Vote on Statehood Tuesday.

Washington, Jan. 30.—The senate today agreed to vote on the joint statehood bill before adjournment on Tuesday, February 7, amendments to be considered on that date under the ten-minute rule. Mr. Teller spoke during the day in opposition to the bill.

Administrator's Notice.

Territory of New Mexico, County of Lincoln.

In the Probate Court

In Re Estate of Thos. W. Roper, Deceased.

Whereas Letters of Administration were granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, on December, 21, 1904, on the Estate of Thos. W. Roper, deceased.

Now, therefore all persons holding claims against the said estate are hereby notified that same must be presented to said administrator for approval and filed with the clerk of said court within twelve months from said 21st day of December, 1904, or same will be barred, and not be entitled to share in the distribution of said estate.

Witness my hand this January 31, 1905,

SILAS R. MAY, Administrator.

INVESTMENTS BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

We incorporate, organize and promote meritorious enterprises. Entire stock issues taken over for sale. Stocks underwritten and guaranteed through strong financial institutions. Prospectuses of a superior and attractive kind prepared. Capital procured for legitimate mercantile, mining or ranch propositions. Reports on mines furnished.

REAL ESTATE. LAND SCRIP. LIVE STOCK.

C. C. JEWELL & Co.,
Financial Agents.

CAPITAN, - - N. M.

Barbed Wire for sale at Welch & Titsworth's.

Lloyd Hulbert was up from Lincoln Tuesday.

"Dad" Craig was in Capitan Saturday from Carrizozo.

Patent Medicines at Welch & Titsworth.

Lum Byfield, constable at Nogal, was in Capitan Saturday.

R. D. Harper, the Capitan ranchman, was in town Tuesday.

Over Shoes, Graham Flour at Welch & Titsworth's.

A. T. Roberts was over Saturday, inspecting hides for shipment.

Pride of Denver flour at Welch & Titsworth.

A. V. Goodin has disposed of his livery stable to Wilson and Reily.

W. S. Brady, justice-elect in precinct No. 1, was up from Lincoln Tuesday.

G. B. Greer, justice of the peace in precinct No. 12, was down from Bonito Monday.

Wanted—All the fresh eggs we can get. Welch & Titsworth.

Misses Beulah Gray and Georgia Lesnet left Wednesday for El Paso, to visit with relatives.

J. H. Canning, treasurer and ex-officio collector, was in Capitan between trains Saturday.

Silas May and family visited Nogal this week, Mr. May going as far as White Oaks on business.

George L. Ulrick, vice president of the Exchange Bank, White Oaks, was in Capitan Saturday.

For Sale:—Hodkins gloves at Welch & Titsworth's.

T. H. Moore has sold out his barber shop at Coalora, and will devote his time to a chair in Capitan.

Wm. Burns, the traveling auditor for Henry Pfaff, reached Capitan Tuesday, on one of his regular rounds.

James Baird came up from El Paso Monday. Mr. Baird was at one time a citizen of Lincoln county, and served as County Commissioner one term.

Meadow Gold butter at Welch & Titsworth.

Samuel Elwood was missed from his accustomed haunts a few nights, but he finally turned up and explained his absence by saying, "It was a fine boy!"

Wanted.—Hides, sheep pelts goat skins, etc. Highest market price paid by Welch & Titsworth.

J. E. Hannum, the Continental Oil Agent, headquarters Albuquerque, arrived in Capitan Saturday. He was checking up this station and looking after the business of the company generally. Mr. Hannum left Wednesday for Roswell.

Fort Stanton Races.

The races at Stanton Sunday attracted quite a crowd from the surrounding country, and considerable interest was manifested both before and after the first race, which was a sweepstake.

There were six entries, and the little gray, owned by Rogers, was the favorite. Only five ponies came through, the sixth, ridden by Bonnell, threw his rider and flew the track. The winner was Hobbs' dun, by only half a neck; Rogers gray second, and the Walmsley colt third—all in a bunch. The winner took the \$25 purse, the second \$5.

Several pony races were matched and run after the main event, and considerable horse talk indulged in, which may lead to a trial of speed between the two first horses in the sweepstake.

He Didn't Die.

The death of Marcial Sabrana, reported last week, from a knife wound inflicted by John B. Wharton, we are happy to say was incorrect, and later information is that the wounded man was very slightly cut.

At last account Wharton had not surrendered, but his friends think he will give himself up at an early date.

LATER:—The information came up from Lincoln last night that Wharton had surrendered, and was in the sheriff's custody.

J. E. Wharton returned to Alamogordo Tuesday.

A proposition to change our mail system from a star route to the railroad. Everybody seems to favor the proposed change, and just why the raw-hide was substituted for the railroad, in the first place, has never been satisfactorily explained.

G. M. Hughes passed through Capitan yesterday, on his return from Roswell. Mr. Hughes visited the Hondo reservoir site, and says but little work is now in progress, although he was told by a contractor that there would be a demand for about two hundred teams within the next twenty or thirty days.

Charles Gullett, a mining engineer from Oklahoma City, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Capitan, and immediately left for the Wiggins mill on the Bonito. Mr. Gullett is here in the interest of the Pittsburg Ore Reduction Co. for the purpose of examining the company's machinery and to thoroughly test the ores of adjacent properties. Upon his report, it would seem, depends the future operations of the plant.

Wanted:—Live Chickens. Welch & Titsworth.

Welch & Titsworth

JOHN B. STETSON HATS

STAR BRAND SHOES

Welch & Titsworth

The One-Price Store.

W. A. HYDE, Proprietor.

J. C. WHARTON, Manager.

Hondo, N. M.

Hay, Grain and Flour in Carload Lots
Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Etc.

Paints and Oils, Harness, Saddles, Wagons and Farm Implements.
Also, Fine Whiskies and Cigars.

Highest Prices Paid for Produce.

THE CAPITAN HOTEL,

MRS. S. T. GRAY, Lessee.

Rooms Renovated and
Neatly Furnished.

TABLE SUPPLIED WITH
FRESH MARKETINGS.

A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Church Directory.

Preaching, First Sunday in each month by Rev. Paul Bentley. Second Sunday, by Rev. F. M. Wylder.

Fourth Sunday, by Rev. A. G. Burlingame.

Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Children's service at 3 p. m.: in the school house chapel. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

G. A. Titsworth returned Sunday from El Paso.

Miles B. May, an old timer of the Nogal country, was in town today.

Patrick Taylor, the Bostonian who has been rusticated in the Capitan the past three months, came in yesterday, and will participate in an exciting city life.

Lincoln is to have the baile of the season tomorrow night. Invitations are out to every section of the county, and a general good time is anticipated. Sheriff Owen stands sponsor for its success.

Even the tail of the severe northern storm failed to reach Capitan. In fact, today the thermometer is far above the freezing point.

Star Brand Shoes are the best. They cost no more than the other kind: for sale by Welch & Titsworth.

Fruit trees, in the lower altitudes, are showing swelling buds, and this means disaster to the fruit, if we have no more cold weather to stay nature's process.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

Travel Not Cheap, and Tourists Need to Watch Money.

"It is well to warn travelers entering Russia about the marked difference in money there and elsewhere," writes Jerome Hart. "From whatever direction you come the money is on a smaller scale. Pfennigs, centimes, centesimi, centimos, ore, heller—all of these, roughly speaking, run from four or five to a cent. It makes a great difference. The Russian kopeck is worth about half a cent. The twenty and fifty kopeck pieces look very much like the French, Swiss and Italian coins worth 2½ and 5 cents. They are insignificant, punky little things and do not look their value. If the traveler is not careful he will discover with a shock, about the third day, that he has been giving away 10 and 20 cent pieces as gratuities under the impression that they are worth only 1 and 2 cents.

"Tourists in Russia will find the prices there are not low. Everything is dear. The hotels charge high rates. The good restaurants are expensive. The prices for imported wines, spirits and cigars are much higher than in other European countries. There are excellent hotels to be found in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but they charge in accordance with their excellence. Even at those most frequented by strangers the traveler will not find English and French spoken as he will in western Europe.

"As an item showing the prices charged in the first-class restaurants in St. Petersburg, a single portion of sturgeon, sufficient for two, appeared on the bill of fare at \$3.50. This fish is so cheap in San Francisco that servants refuse to eat it—not because it is poor, but because it is cheap."

Influence of Emerson.

No writer so quickens the pulse of generous youth; so makes his brain throb and reel with the vision of the world that is yet to be, writes Henry James, Sr., in the Atlantic. It is as if the spotless feminine heart of the race had suddenly shot its ruby tide into your veins, and made you feel as never before the dignity of clean living. Undoubtedly your first necessity always was to report yourself personally to this mystic shrine without delay, to know what the hierophant might have been commissioned to say to you specifically * * * Mr. Emerson was an American John the Baptist, proclaiming tidings of great joy to the American Israel; but, like John the Baptist, he could so little foretell the form in which the predicted good was to appear, that when you went to him he was always uncertain whether you were he who should come, or another. And, naturally enough, you were liable—unless, as I have already said, you were uncommonly free from personal vanity—to return.

The Golden Legacy.

My mother had no gold to share,
Nor land nor herd nor merchandise.
(My brother has her silken hair,
My sister has her azure eyes!)
To me she left no comeliness
That to the form or face belong,
But, oh, one gift I do possess—
The blessed heritage of song!

Long, long ago, in cradle days,
Her sweet voice would my heart beguile.

When I could nothing do but gaze
Into the heaven of her smile!
I learned the songs in later years,
And with her sang them o'er and o'er.
Oh, memory, thy lute and tears
Must meet and mingle evermore!

Twas "Hush, my babe"—as fades the light
I hear her softly, sweetly croon—
Then, "Afton Water," "Stilly Night,"
"Sanctissima" and "Silver Moon,"
She sang them with such tender art—
The art that only mothers know—
And tied the tunes around my heart,
Else it had broken long ago!

—Lippincott's.

West Phi Beta Kappa Chapters. Colorado college, at Colorado Springs, Colo., has the distinction of being the only "college" west of Chicago that has a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa society. There are only ten chapters in all west of Chicago. Eight of these are in state universities, and the other two are at Colorado college and Stamford university.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in ¾-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Ted—Do you think that old millionaire will do any good with his money?
Ned—He'll have to. He has six marriageable daughters.

TEA

It is a companion in pleasure or misery, one or the other; and some of us don't know one from the other.

The latest museum freak is a pig with two legs. Outside a museum it isn't necessary to have four legs to be a hog.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials, Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It's a nice thing to have a girl in the family to comfort you for the way the boys turn out.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Some successful men are ninety-five per cent. backbone and some others are ninety-five per cent. cheek.

Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Defiance Starch is taking the place of all others.

Some widows run to grass, while others wear weeds.

TEA

We don't know how good it can be, nor how bad it is—some of us.

There is very little fun in the kiss that you are both willing to have other people see.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Whatever the foolish farmer sows, that shall the bunco man reap.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured my wife of a terrible disease. With pleasure I testify to its marvelous efficacy." J. Sweet, Albany, N. Y.

Many a trail of thought carries no freight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Rattle brains always make the most racket.



Miss Rose Hennessy, well known as a poetess and elocutionist, of Lexington, Ky., tells how she was cured of uterine inflammation and ovaritis by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so blessedly helped through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it but just to acknowledge it, hoping that it may help some other woman suffering as I did. For years I enjoyed the best of health and thought that I would always do so. I attended parties and receptions thinly clad, and would be suddenly chilled, but I did not think of the results. I caught a bad cold eighteen months ago while menstruating, and this caused inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I suffered excruciating pains and kept getting worse. My attention was called to your Vegetable Compound and the wonderful cures it had performed, and I made up my mind to try it for two months and see what it would do for me. Within one month I felt much better, and at the close of the second I was entirely well. I have advised a number of my lady friends to use it, and all express themselves as well satisfied with the results as I was."—Miss Rose, NORA HENNESSY, 410 S. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble and at once, by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a normal and healthy condition.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—About two years ago I consulted a physician about my health which had become so wretched that I was no longer able to be about. I had severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen, was very nervous and irritable, and this trouble grew worse each month. The physician prescribed for me, but I soon discovered that he was unable to help me, and I then decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and soon found that it was doing me good. My appetite was returning, the pains disappearing, and the general benefits were well marked.

"You cannot realize how pleased I was, and after taking the medicine for only three months, I found that I was completely cured of my trouble, and have been well and hearty ever since, and no more fear the monthly period, as it now passes without pain to me. Yours very truly, MISS PEARL ACKERS, 327 North Summer St., Nashville, Tenn."

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say without trying it "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Her advice is free and helpful. Write to-day. Delay may be fatal.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

The Old Monk Cure
for
Pains and Aches

of the human family, relieves and cures promptly.

Price 25c. and 50c.

Romantic and Pathetic Lovemaking Among Birds

There was a great fluttering of wings on the afternoon that the National Federation of Bird Clubs met in annual session at Bird Center. The business of the convention was entirely lost sight of and all the delegates from the saucy Mrs. Starling and the pert Mrs. Jay to the stately Mrs. Falcon and the severely dignified Mrs. Eagle, were eagerly discussing the social sensation of the hour—the divorce granted to Mr. Mallard Duck from Mrs. Duck.

The scandal promised nearly to disrupt the Federation of Bird Clubs, for half of the Mrs. Birds were of the opinion that Mrs. Mallard Duck was deserving only of scorn and social ostracism, while the other Mrs. Birds declared that Mrs. Mallard was perfectly right and that old Mallard Duck deserved to be deserted and scorned.

The facts in this, the most celebrated scandal in the whole history of Bird Land, are briefly these:

Mr. and Mrs. Mallard Duck had lived happily together in a quiet little pond for two years and not a cloud had darkened their domestic horizon—so far as Bird Land knew. But secretly Mrs. Mallard's heart was slowly eating itself out. The fact was old Mallard Duck waddled outrageously when he walked. This filled the breast of Mrs. Mallard, who was really a beautiful duck, with anguish.

Serpent Enters Mallard Eden.

One day the serpent entered the Mallard Eden disguised as a jaunty male pintail duck. He was a bachelor duck without the suspicion of a waddle in his walk. Mrs. Mallard Duck fell in love with him at first sight. She swam about him and ruffled her feathers and sang to him as well as she could and made no secret of her affection. Mr. Pintail was at first alarmed, but when his shyness passed away, he admitted with a mournful quack that Mrs. Mallard was really the only duck that had ever appreciated him. The upshot was that Mr. Pintail and Mrs. Mallard eloped and old Mallard was left to shift for himself in a deserted pond.

The autumn came and winter passed and still Mrs. Mallard and Mr. Pintail Duck gave no sign of regret. They held up their heads proudly and seemed to glory in their depravity—for that is the term Mrs. Bald Eagle used in talking about it. And when spring



The house the bird of paradise builds for his mate.



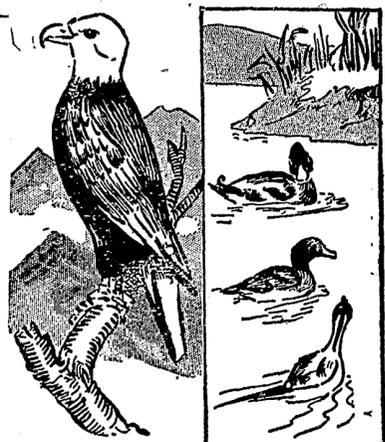
The woodpecker widower calling his mate.

came Mrs. Mallard proudly brought to the old pond a brood of eight little ducklings, every one of which strangely resembled Mr. Pintail Duck.

This was the scandal that threatened to disrupt the Federation of Bird Clubs. And it was a scandal. In this

busy working human world one is apt to forget, even if one ever learned, that there are love, marriage, divorce, elopements, widowed grief and sorrow among the birds just as in the human family; and the study of the joys and sorrows of bird life is fully as interesting and as instructive as the study of similar joys and griefs in our own world.

There is something beautiful in the courtship of birds that appeals to the heart of every woman. For instance,



The eagle notes but once.

The pintail that broke up the mallard home.

the lovemaking of the bird of paradise. The male bird of paradise constructs a little conical hut for his lady love. In front of the hut he smooths the ground and carpets it with a layer of bright green moss, carefully laid on the fresh moist earth, so that it will take root. Around this little carpet of green, mossy lawn he constructs the barest outline of fence of bright colored berries, pebbles and shells. Then he brings bright colored flowers with which he adorns not only the lawn but the little conical hut, and whenever the flowers become wilted he brings fresh ones.

Bird of Paradise's Wooing.

Such is the home that the male bird of paradise prepares in advance for his lady love. Then he goes a-wooing. He is deeply in love, and his feathers, always beautiful, assume their most brilliant colors as he parades back and forth in front of his sweetheart. She is coy, but he is persistent. She shows signs of relenting, and then he flies with her to the bower he has built and adorned. He shows her the mossy carpet of lawn, the bright colored berries and pebbles, the flowers, and usually this evidence of love is sufficient and the birds are mated.

There is poetry and song in the lovemaking of the skylarks. Audubon, the greatest bird lover in the world, describes it:

"Each male is seen to advance with an imposing and measured step, swinging his tail, spreading it out to its full extent, then closing it again like a fan in the hands of a fine lady. Their brilliant notes are more melodious than ever; they repeat them oftener than usual, as they rest on the branch or summit of some tall meadow reed. Woe to the rival who dares enter the lists or to the male who simply comes in sight of another male at this moment of delirium. He is suddenly attacked, and, if he is the weaker, chased beyond the territory claimed by the first occupant. The female skylark shows all the natural reserve of her sex. When her lover flies before her, sighing forth his sweetest notes, she retreats before her ardent admirer in such a way that he knows not whether he is repulsed or encouraged.

Every one has seen pigeons and doves courteously salute their mates. Many male birds execute dances and courting parades before the birds they are wooing. The male of the red wing

struts about before his lady love, sweeping the ground with his tail and acting the dandy. The crested duck raises his head gracefully, straightens his silky aigrette, or bows to his female, while his throat swells and he utters a guttural sound, which is the nearest he can come to singing.

Married Life a Model.

The married life of most birds could be taken for a model even by members of the human family. There is, for instance, the staid, dignified and homely bald headed eagle—the glorious emblem of the American republic. He mates but once and lives with his one mate until he or she dies. If left a widower—even a young widower—the bald eagle never mates again. He remains alone and disconsolate in the nest on the rocky crag or in the branches of a tall pine that formed his domicile when his mate was alive. No other female eagle can tempt him to forsake his disconsolate life. With him, once a widower always a widower.

With the female Illinois parrot widowhood and death are synonymous, a circumstance rare enough in the human species, yet of which birds give us more than one example. When after some years of happy conjugal life a wheatear happens to die his companion hardly survives him a month.

There are, however, some birds who are as fickle as men and women. A widow magpie mates within a few hours after the death of her husband, and in one known instance a frivolous magpie selected seven husbands, one after the other, in as many days. Jays, falcons and starlings are inconstant, and their home life is the most unhappy of all the birds.

Bad fathers are rare amongst birds. Usually the male rivals his mate in love for their children. The carrier pigeon—in fact, so do nearly all birds—feeds his mate while she is on the nest. More than that, the crow, the most dismal of all the birds, often sits on the eggs in the nest in order that Mrs. Crow may have an hour or so of relaxation and gossip among the other Mrs. Crows of her acquaintance. The blue marten, the black coated gull, the great blue heron, and the black vulture all do the same. Polygamy is almost unknown among wild birds.—Chicago Tribune.

A Wish.

This only grant me—that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high,
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can open the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasure yield.
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

—Abraham Cowley.

Porcupine Good Eating.

It is not generally known that the common porcupine is an inhabitant of both southern Italy and Spain, and that its flesh is a regular item of consumption. As the animal is a very clean feeder, the meat is of fine quality and has a taste something between that of chicken and of pork. It is believed to have been naturalized in Italy by the Romans, just as they probably brought the rabbit to England. In South Africa porcupines are regularly hunted at night with dogs. Lions and leopards also eat them, though they suffer severely from the quills. Old and decrepit lions eat them when they fear they can get no other food and are sometimes killed with the quills sticking in their jaws:

Many Children Are Sickly.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists' 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The man who advertises for a wife will get a lot more replies than the one who advertises for a cook.

\$36.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 5c cigar, costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use higher grade tobacco. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Ted—What are you going to do out in the auto? Ned—My boy, when you go out in an auto you never know what you're going to do.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

After a girl has refused him twelve times a superstitious youth will quit proposing.

More Flexible and Lasting,
won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

The fellow who makes a fool of himself is seldom satisfied unless he works overtime at the job.

TEA

We make four different types: Schilling's Best.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

A man never realizes the true worth of his wife until she gets sick and he has to cook his own meals.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 323 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

When a high-salaried office finds it necessary to seek the man you may expect to see thieves trying to break into jail.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 631 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Truth is stranger than fiction—to the chronic liar.

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W. N. U.—DENVER.—NO. 53.—1904.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

RHODE ISLAND REDS.

Autoerats of the poultry yard, their locality of origin and color accounts for their name. Sea captains brought from Asia the red Malay game, and a special breed of red fowl from Cochin China, a variety that were not feathered on their legs.

These were crossed on the flocks of the section and the Brown Leghorns. This triple union made a grand fowl, possessing more good qualities than any other breed.

There probably is not another breed in existence today that has been produced, with fifty years of out-breeding, a signal proof of what out-breeding will do.

The American Rhode Island Club of Boston have adopted a standard of excellence which is recognizable as authority by breeders and expositions, general utility their aim.

The Leghorn blood gives activity and laying qualities. The Red Malay game increases the Leghorn size, giving color, vigor, potency and delicate game flavor; while the Red Cochin still further adds size, imparting rugged hardness and docility.

The Rhode Island Reds, therefore, are considerably more than just a Leghorn doubled in size. The Reds differ from all other fowls in one very important particular: being clothed in the feathery fluff and down, inherited from the Cochin ancestry, that is a perfect non-conductor of heat and cold and are not affected by weather conditions.

Exposure to heat, cold, wind, rain and snow have no terrors for them. Being comfortable is the reason why they are such persistent all-the-year-round layers. A four-year old hen lays as many eggs as a pullet of one year old.

In their warm clothing the Reds do not require as much feed as other fowls, as one does not have to feed all-out-of doors. The surplus food that others require to keep them warm is converted into eggs.

The Reds are as hardy as range cattle and wild fowls, and will find food on the range, like a turkey, when others will starve, lessening their grain ration one-half—a very important item in our arid America, where grain never costs less than 1½ to 2 cents per pound.

The males are a beautiful glossy berry-red color. The hens become pale buff with age—ideal size and shape. The pullets are a rich buff, or new copper-cent color.

The chickens of the Reds are hardy, grow to maturity faster than any other chicken; as broilers, outweigh the White Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks by half a pound at same age, are plump and better looking; golden skin and legs.

They have a smaller proportion of bone and entrails to the weight of the body. The game blood in them gives their meat a fine, sweet taste, sought by epicures.

The eggs of the Reds are a handsome reddish brown, good size, hard shell. They lay some eggs in the fall and winter when no other hens lay, and eggs are high. A larger per cent of their eggs are fertile. They have

motherly qualities, are not persistently broody. The chickens hatch before others in a mixed lot of eggs.

The Reds are no pampered puny race, subject to diseases so common to other breeds, caused by in-breeding, line-breeding for fancy points and feathers. They do not require to be dosed down with nostrums, or doctored up with stimulants, hot washes and fancy foods.

The Rhode Island Reds are the most popular breed in New England where they originated and are best known—the twentieth century fowl of a progressive people. They are comely and have a grace that charms.

A. C. AUSTIN.

Disolution Notice.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that the connection of Thomas M. DuBois with the Corona Mercantile Company has been terminated and that from and after this date, the said Thomas M. DuBois has no right or authority to contract any indebtedness of any nature against the said Corona Mercantile Company, to dispose of any of its property or in any way to participate in the management of the affairs of the said Corona Mercantile Company.

CORONA MERCANTILE COMPANY.
Dated: Corona, Jan. 10, 1905.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N. M. }
January 5, 1905. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Clerk, at his office in Lincoln, New Mexico, on February 18, 1905, viz: Andrew B. Zumwalt, upon Homestead application No. 1295, for the North East Quarter of Section 20, T. 9 S., R. 13 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Lute A. Skinner, of Nogal, New Mexico.
William S. Bourne, of " " "
William R. White, of " " "
William C. Lea, of Capitan " "
HOWARD LELAND, Register.

1st. pub. 1-13 6t.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N. M. }
January 5, 1905. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Clerk, at his office in Lincoln, New Mexico, on February 18, 1905, viz: William Robert White, upon Homestead application No. 923, for the SW¼ SE¼ Sec. 19, NW¼ NE¼ and ½ NE¼ Sec. 30, T. 9 S., R. 13 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
William C. Lea, of Capitan, New Mexico.
Andrew B. Zumwalt, of Nogal, " "
La Roy Lamey, of " " "
William S. Bourne of " " "
HOWARD LELAND, Register.

1st pub. 1-13 6t.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, }
December 29, 1904. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Clerk, at his office in Lincoln, New Mexico, on February 11, 1905, viz: William Crockett Lea, upon Homestead application No. 908, for the N¼ NW¼, SE¼ NW¼ and SW¼ NE¼ Sec. 22, T. 9 S., R. 13 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
William R. White, William S. Bourne, Andrew B. Zumwalt of Nogal, N. M.; and William B. Puckett, of Capitan.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
1 6 05

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