

Capitan News.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 9.

CAPITAN, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, MAY 1, 1908.

NUMBER 9

The House of Quality and Low Prices.

Prompt attention given to Delivery Orders.

WE BUY HIDES, WOOL AND MOHAIR.

Call and See
Our
O. V. B.
Tinware
The Best
Made

We now have a supply of
FINE NATIVE WHITE OATS.
Do not forget that we still have the Arkansas
Sun-Dried and Evaporated Apples.
LADIES' EASTER HATS
ARE HERE.

COME IN
AND LEARN
OUR LOW
PRICES

The Hamilton-Brown
American Ladies' and Gentlemen's Shoes.

Stock and Dairy Salt.
Walnuts, Pecans and Peanuts.

We want your business, and will make it to your interest to trade with us. A trial order will bear out this statement.

CAPITAN MER. CO.

P. G. Peters,
Proprietor.

W. A. McIvers Dead.

W. A. McIvers, mention of whose illness was made in last week's News, died in El Paso last Saturday, and was buried in that city. Rheumatism of the heart caused death. Deceased was in his forty-eighth year, and had been a resident of Lincoln county for eight years. During his residence in this county, Mr. McIvers devoted his time, almost exclusively to mining, and has been instrumental in bringing a large amount of capital into this country. At the time of his death he was organizing a coal deal and a smelter proposition at Carrizozo, which gave promise of great things for Lincoln county.

Mr. McIvers was nominated by the democratic party for the territorial assembly in 1902, was elected by a large majority, and served his constituents faithfully and well. Returning to Lincoln county, he devoted his attention to mining, and, as stated above, was actively engaged in promoting some big industrial concerns when death claimed him.

A wife survives him, and to her the sympathy of many friends is extended.

ON THE RIO BONITO.

Fruit Killed but Farming Prospects Bright.

A trip along the Bonito stream will convince the most doubtful that spring is really here, that vegetation is several weeks earlier than at the same period last year, and that the farmers' prospects were never brighter. There seems to be almost as much water in the Bonito as before the pipe line tapped it, but this may be accounted for by the early spring rains and the snow melting in the mountains. Farms and orchards along the stream are being irrigated as usual, and one or two new ditches and flumes are being put in to irrigate newly-broken land. Alfalfa is five or six inches high, and everything is putting on an Irish hue. The wild flowers, in pink and yellow hats, nodding to the passers-by, as if modestly requesting to be picked from the way-side, add variety to the scene.

The orchards are in full bloom. Light frosts have fallen nightly during the past week that have greatly damaged, in many cases

killed, the blossoms and young buds that were coaxed into premature appearance by the early awakening of spring. There is a critical period, say two or three days, when the blossoms are very tender and easily killed by light frosts or sudden climatic changes. This period set in early Sunday morning, when the mercury fell to three degrees below freezing, and was followed by a similar drop for several mornings after. At A. C. Austin's fruit farm ice a quarter of an inch thick formed, which would indicate that all varieties of fruit were severely damaged, if not entirely killed, except where the buds were well advanced or belated. However, all is not lost that is in danger, and it is hoped that there may be enough fruit for home consumption, as the damage may not have been as serious in the lower altitudes where budding was further advanced.

This section of country is suffering little compared to the east. In the big industrial centers lack of employment and stagnation of business are causing widespread want and suffering.

Nature Fakes.

After a careful study and impartial consideration of all the evidence bearing on the subject, the investigating committee reports that, notwithstanding their long life and apparent respectability, the following are undoubtedly nature fakes:

- The bull in the china shop.
- The wolf at the door.
- The fly in the ointment.
- The bee in the bonnet.
- The flea in the ear.
- The rat that was smelled.
- The chorus girl's lobster.
- Pigs in clover.
- Horse and horse.
- Time flies.

The man on a lark.
—The News Book.
And to the foregoing might be added:

- The negro in the wood-pile.
- Something rotten in Denmark.
- Dead things crawl.
- The milk in the coconut.
- The Dutch have taken Holland.
- Cutting his eye teeth.
- Justice is blind.
- The mills of the gods, etc. &c.

THE CAPITAN NEWS

CAPITAN, . . . NEW MEXICO.

Water and Life.

Of all the conditions preparatory to life, the presence of water, composed of oxygen and hydrogen, is at once the most essential and the most world-wide. For if water be present, the presence of other necessary elements is probably assured. If water exist, that fact goes ball for the necessary temperature, the gamut of life being co-extensive with the existence of water as such. It is so consequentially, declares Prof. Lowell's "The Evolution of Life" in the Century, life being impossible without water. Whatever the planet, this is of necessity true. But the absolute degrees of temperature within which life can exist vary according to the mass of the body, another of the ways in which mere size tells. On the earth 212 degrees F. limits the range at the top, and 32 degrees F. at the bottom in the case of fresh water, 27 degrees F. in the case of salt. On a smaller planet both limits would be lowered, the top one the most. On Mars the boiling point would probably be about 110 degrees F. Secondly, from the general initial oneness of their constituents, a planet that still possesses water will probably retain the other substances that are essential to life; gases, for the reason that water vapor is next to hydrogen and helium the lightest of them all; and solids because their weight would still more conduce to keep them there. Water, indeed, acts as a solution to the whole problem.

All that is known to-day about the Etruscans, a people who gave Rome her civilization and refinement, her arts and sciences, many if not all of her political, religious and social institutions and the weapons and appliances of war which enabled her to conquer the world, has been gathered from the mighty cemeteries of Etruria, and it has been said that "sopulchers revealed what history ignored." In very early times the power of Etruria is said to have extended all over Italy, but gradually the Gauls and the Sabines, the Greek colonists, and later the Romans succeeded in diminishing this widespread dominion and reduced it to the limits of the central region or mother country, which is known as Etruria Proper and which was bounded by the Apennines on the north, by the Tiber on the east, and by the Mediterranean on the west and south.

A news item to the effect that the inhabitants of Iceland are the longest-lived people in the world, together with the well-known fact that arctic travelers never have the grip or pneumonia should teach us something. Evidently the pneumonia germ cannot live in the frozen north at all or can live there only in a subdued and joyless manner with his bite amputated. It appears to be about the same with the grip germ. Now, if these twin evils could be shunted off in a northerly direction or given a ticket to the north pole with the bland but justifiable false assurance that they were routed for some summer resort the world might be much happier.

St. Louis has captured three burglars varying in age from five to twelve years. It would be interesting to know the brand of infant food on which St. Louis rears its burglars, remarks the Chicago Daily News.

An avaricious person is the adjutant general of Sataa.

Laying of the Ghost

By E. M. DINNIS

(Copyright.)

"Wanted: Country residence in the home counties preferred, containing duly authenticated ghost. Apply, etc."

I read the above advertisement in the Morning Post, and guessed at once that my friend Thursdon was responsible for it—perhaps, it would be fairer for me to take the blame—it fell out in this wise:

When Roger Thursdon came home from South Africa on the strength of a somewhat suddenly acquired pile I was one of the first of his friends, of former days whom he sought out.

Roger was a sensible, hard-headed fellow who had contrived to make a comfortable fortune comparatively early in life. A year previously he had married a girl out in South Africa, and it was chiefly for her sake he had returned to England to settle down. A prettier little woman I have seldom met. She was a colonial born and I soon discovered that her great ambition was to become a member of the English aristocracy.

Roger was a simple, straightforward fellow, palpably and publicly in love with his wife. All the genius for overcoming obstacles which had been instrumental in making his fortune was now diverted to the gratifying of Mrs. Thursdon's whims, of which, like all pretty women, she possessed not a few.

One morning, about a month after their return, Thursdon came into my rooms looking rather harassed.

"Bulls and bears?" I asked sympathetically.

"No," he said, "only Fanny's dead set on our taking a haunted house. She says she won't live in one unless it's got a ghost."

That was how the advertisement came to appear.

Thursdon had no end of difficulty in finding a house to suit his wife's somewhat original requirements. Haunted houses by the dozen were to be had but the ghosts were seldom satisfactory.

They had almost given up the search as a bad job and settled on a commonplace modern residence at West Hampstead, when one day Thursdon came to my rooms looking rather as though he were recovering from a rise in the markets.

"We've found a place," he announced.

"You don't mean it? Ghost and all—?"

"Yes, rather, and a rattling good authenticated spook. It's the ghost of Sir Oswald Oswalden," Thursdon continued. "Fanny's delighted. He lived somewhere about Elizabeth's time. There's quite a legend about him."

When I called to congratulate Mrs. Roger on their discovery she was radiant.

"It's just perfect," she declared. "Oh, I shall love it! You must come down directly we're settled and see the loves of secret chambers where those poor dear Jesuits were hidden and starved to death because their attendants could not get at them. And the ghost is Sir Oswald Oswalden. One of the old family, you know. The legend is that he was so extravagant that he ran into debt with his tailor, and the wretched tailor importuned him so for payment for his Sunday doublet that poor Sir Oswald shot himself, after making one Sunday and they buried him at midnight just as he was in the chapel, and every night his ghost comes back and walls over his tomb in the ruined chapel attached to the house."

The Thursdons had been some five weeks in their new abode when I

fulfilled my promise of spending a week-end with them.

Roger was at the station to meet me with the motor. I thought Thursdon looked rather down in the mouth.

Fanny Thursdon, looking more bewitching than ever, met us at the imposing portal. She was absolutely superlative about her new home. Everything was just perfect—quite feudal, in fact.

"Have you seen much of him—the ghost, I mean?" I inquired rather mischievously.

"He doesn't always appear, you know," she said. "And the chapel's rather draughty after dark—I don't care much to go there. Still I feel that he's there all the same." Then she said something of "psychic atmosphere" and "unsympathetic surroundings."

I noticed that Roger became very quiet and grumpy, when the ghost was under discussion, and I began to see where the tragedy of my friend's position came in.

It was some weeks before I saw any more of Thursdon. Then I ran across him one day looking the ghost of his former jolly self. The change in him fairly alarmed me. Had anything gone wrong? I wondered.

"Thinking of settling down at the Manor?" I asked, by way of making conversation, for Roger seemed to have no chat left in him.

"Fanny seems to have made up her mind to stop there," he answered gloomily. "And I don't count now-a-days."

"What do you mean, old chap?" I said.

Thursdon then burst out with alarming emphasis. "Fanny's got so stuck up since she's been there, she'll barely associate with the likes of me—with a harsh laugh. "She's madder on that precious ghost than ever." I began to see where the trouble lay.

"Can't you explode the ghost?" I asked. "Get some one to prove it's hypnotic suggestion, or rats, or something."

I felt really anxious about Thursdon after that meeting. I was seriously contemplating another week-end at the scene of the comedy that had so tragic an effect on my friend, when one morning I found a wire awaiting me from Thursdon.

"Come down to-morrow," it ran, "leaving for Cape Saturday. Thursdon."

I went. By the first available train. Somehow I smelt tragedy in the air. I scarcely recognized Roger when he met me at the station. He was looking years older—the wreck of his former self.

"Yes," he said grimly. "I'm off to the Cape by the next boat, and I go alone."

"Leaving the wife behind?" I murmured. I felt that something more lay behind.

"She suggested it," he replied. His voice was hoarse with suppressed misery. "She told me she was sure I wanted a change and the voyage would do me good. I thought she meant to come too, and it seemed rather a good idea, but, what do you think? That same evening I overheard her telling that Ferdinando fellow that she hadn't seen the ghost so far, but she hoped to do so shortly when the 'psychic atmosphere' would be more propitious. By Heaven she meant when I was out of the way! With my tainted presence. Well, I'm off on Saturday—by the Goldberg Casale, and—I go for good."

I could see he meant what he said and that the position was desperate.

I sat without speaking for some minutes, Roger fully appreciating my silence.

At last I spoke. "I mean to try and help you out of this," I said.

Thursdon looked at me with something like a flicker of hope dawning in his dull eyes. By the time we reached the Manor he was almost cheerful.

"I started on the ghost topic to Mrs. Thursdon as soon as I conveniently could. She confessed sadly to me that Sir Oswald still refused to appear to any of the present members of the household.

"I wonder," I remarked meditatively, "if it would appear to me? My mother's people were Talbots, you know—the late earl was god-father to my Aunt Maria."

"Oh, I wonder," she cried. "Do try, Mr. Montgomerie. Sleep in the chapel to-night and see."

"Pon my word, I've half a mind to," I said. In the end it was arranged that an arm-chair should be placed in the chapel and that I should pass the night there in the interests of psychology.

Next morning I duly appeared at the breakfast table wearing the air of one who has something painful to communicate.

Mrs. Thursdon looked at me with some surprise, and not a little fear in her eyes. "What is it?" she said. "Oh, do tell me, you look so grave!"

"The fact is," I announced, "I had a suspicion when I proposed to interview the ghost last night, and I regret to say my suspicion has been confirmed."

Fanny Thursdon gazed at me with wide open eyes. Roger stared stonily.

"You will remember two things," I said, "in connection with the legend; First, that Sir Oswald was imperturbed by his tailor for the price of the very suit he was wearing at the time of his death; and, secondly, that his body was buried fully dressed."

Roger's wife nodded. Roger opened his mouth and said nothing.

"Well, on the strength of this, when the apparition appeared—" I waved aside the exclamation that burst from my hostess, "when the apparition appeared I immediately requested it to be good enough to take a seat, and my worst suspicions were confirmed, for it sat down cross-legged!"

There was dead silence for a moment. Then there came a peculiar gurgling sound from Thursdon's throat.

"I—I don't understand you, Mr. Montgomerie," Mrs. Thursdon gasped.

"I had hoped to break the blow," I murmured, casting a terrible warning glance at Thursdon, who had gone purple in the face. "The truth is simply this, you have been living under a most painful misapprehension as to the antecedents of your—er—family ghost—of the specter which you have been led to treat like—well—one of the family. Your ghost, in short, Mrs. Thursdon, so far from being Sir Oswald Oswalden's, is simply the spirit of his grasping and mercenary tailor which returns to bewail over the grave of the unpaid-for doublet and vest."

Let me exact the story-teller's privilege of drawing a curtain over the scene that followed.

The Goldberg Castle sailed without Roger Thursdon on the following Saturday. At present he and his wife are living as happy as a pair of turtle doves, in a really nice and convenient modern residence in the neighborhood of Muswell Hill.

Sensitive.

Mr. Suddenrich, travelling abroad:—That guide of ours is a very impertinent young fellow.

Mrs. Suddenrich—What has he done?

Mr. Suddenrich—Why, he's got onto the fact that we came from the country.

"How could he know that?"

"I dunno. But he pointed out one of these oldest pictures an' said he 'posed I'd be interested in Rubens."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RAVIOLI IN ITALIAN STYLE.

This Delicacy a National Dish in the Sunny Kingdom.

Have a pound sifted flour on the molding board, form a hollow in the center, put in a teaspoonful salt and water enough to dissolve it, and six eggs. Work into a dough by pushing it from you with the palms of the hands. Knead into a ball. Wrap in a damp cloth and let rest for an hour and a half. Chop very fine half a pound of cooked chicken, three ounces cooked ham and half a calf's brain.

Add three egg yolks, two ounces grated Parmesan cheese, salt, black pepper, a little grated nutmeg and fine minced parsley.

Mix well, now divide and paste in two parts and roll down as thin as possible. Take one sheet of paste and with a tablespoon put in straight rows, two inches apart, a number of balls of the seasoned meat mixture, having them about the size of a walnut. Moisten these rows with a brush dipped in milk or water. Then lay the second flat of paste over the one with the meat, pressing between the rows so as to stick them together. Now with a pastry wheel, part all the little "hills" in squares, making of each one a ravioli. Range them on a small cloth and cover lightly. Fifteen minutes before serving plunge into salted boiling water, cook two minutes, then push back on the side of the stove to simmer five minutes longer. Drain on a cloth, then put them in layers in a deep dish, spreading grated Parmesan cheese between the layers. Moisten with four tablespoonfuls beef broth or extract, diluted with a pint of tomato catsup. Strain over them two tablespoonfuls melted butter and serve with a tureen of rich beef broth.

Economize on Table Linen.

The wise housekeeper of to-day uses doilies instead of tablecloths, says the Delineator. Instead of using a large tablecloth three times a day it is better to have a square for breakfast and luncheon put on diagonally, or else a set of plain doilies, for either of these insure an attractive table and also save laundering at least two large cloths a week. A few doilies or a square can be washed out and ironed with very little trouble whenever they need it.

With this partly-covered table there should certainly be a growing plant or fern for the center, no matter how simple it may be. After these things the china really does not matter so much, though for breakfast nothing is so charming as a set of blue and white, which may be picked up almost anywhere for a small sum. Graceful shapes can be easily found.

String Beans and Bacon.

When all the string beans one uses grow in a tin can, as they must this season of the year, a dish which makes them "go further" is worth knowing.

One housekeeper mixes the beans with bacon in a sort of hot salad.

To make it, fry a few slices of lean bacon until crisp, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and one tablespoonful of finely chopped onions. Pour it over some cooked string beans, finely cut. A tablespoonful of finely chopped green pepper and parsley will improve it.

Irish Stew.

Irish stew is a capital dish, and when properly made is as appetizing as it is nutritious. But its appearance offends the superlative taste of a writer in one of the minor society papers, who condemns it in quite picturesque language. He writes: "Our aesthetic tastes are too little appealed to by what is set before us at luncheon and dinner. How apparent this becomes to all of us who have ever sat and goggled at the monstrous ugliness of that mound of bones in a grave of moist vegetation, known by the barbaric name of the Irish stew!"

A WELL MAN, AT 81.

The Interesting Experience of an Old Settler of Virginia.

Daniel S. Queen, Burrell Street, Salem, Va., says: "Years ago while lifting a heavy weight a sudden pain shot through my back and after that I was in constant misery from kidney trouble. One spell kept me in bed six weeks. My arms and legs were stiff and I was helpless as a child. The urine was discolored and though I used one remedy after another, I was not helped until I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and I was so bad then that the first box made only a slight change. To-day, however, I am a well man, at 81, and I owe my life and health to the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wouldn't Burn.
The coal man came down like a wolf on the fold;
He singled with silver, he tinkled with gold;
He sold us his specialty—"walnut" by name—
And we slated our roof in the spring with the same.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of **CASORIA** a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Get Busy.
"It costs to advertise,"
Some person says.
But what of that? This much is flat:
It always pays.

A Sore Throat or Cough,
if suffered to progress, may affect the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief.

Only unselfishness wins affection; only toil achieves success; it is only the courageous heart that does brave deeds.—T. Farquharson.

You ought to be satisfied with nothing less than Nature's laxative, Garfield Tea! Made of Herbs, it overcomes constipation, regulates liver and kidneys, and brings Good Health.

If the opportunity for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.—Farrar.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

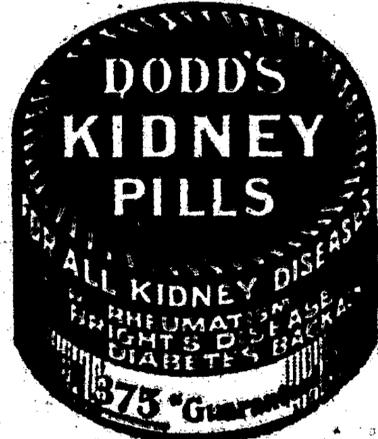
If you had money to throw to der birds, it is appropriately to hunt it to der goldfinches.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 10c.

In looking out for No. 2 a widow looks out for No. 1.

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

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer.—Young.



ECONOMY CARRIED TOO FAR.

Old Man's Thrift That Led Him Into Ridiculous Action.

President J. G. Schurman of Cornell was discussing elective college courses, of which in the freshman and sophomore years, he disapproves.

"A freshman of 16 or 17," said President Schurman, "is too young to choose for himself the courses best for him. His mind is not mature enough. It will make mistakes."

"In its immaturity, its proneness to error, it is like the mind of an old man in my native Freetown. He, though old, was mentally undeveloped, and saw nothing wrong or ridiculous in a piece of economy that he put in practice in the cemetery."

"The old man had lost four wives, and desired to erect for each a headstone, with an inscription commemorative of her wifely virtues."

"But inscriptions, he found, were very expensive. He economized in this way:

"He had the Christian name of each wife cut on a small stone above her grave—"Emma," "Mary," "Hester," "Edith." Under each name a hand pointed to a large stone in the center of the lot, and under each hand were the words:
"For epitaph see large stone."

"The poor you have always with you," said a woman to her husband, who had a mania for offering excuses

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CONQUERS PAIN
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MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC
\$2.50 MERRY WIDOW For 25 cts.
Worth of the fact that there is no copyright on the music of this wonderful opera, we are enabled to make this unusual offer.

25c Merry Widow Vocal and Instrumental Gems 25c

THIS BEAUTIFULLY BOUND BOOK CONTAINS NINE NUMBERS
"For I Love You So" "The Silly Cavalier"
"For I'm a True Loving Wife" "Land of Our Home"
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CAPITAN NEWS.

Published every Friday at
CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO.

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J. A. HALEY, Editor.

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Six Months, \$1.00

Announcements.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR

The News is authorized to announce that W. H. Beatty is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Surveyor, subject to the action of the democratic party.

The Carrizozo Outlook got out a special edition last week, devoted to Carrizozo and the Carrizozo valley. The edition was a very creditable affair and should result in some good things to the people of that section who so liberally contributed to its production.

A terrific storm swept over the states of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, including a portion of Georgia, last week, leaving death and desolation in its path. Scores of villages and towns were blotted out of existence, the loss running into the millions, the known dead reaching 350 and the seriously injured 1200.

A great cry has gone up to have wood pulp and paper placed on the free list, and republican papers are particularly insistent on action of this nature by congress. Now, there is no objection on our part to this program; for we would like to get our paper cheaper; but, as a matter of fact, why should dealers and consumers of paper have an advantage over consumers of other products? If a tariff makes paper higher, and republicans confess it does, then it necessarily follows that every other article that carries a tariff, and most all do—foodstuffs, wearing apparel and tools with which we earn our daily bread—must also be too high. People could exist without newspapers—of course it would be only an existence—but food is necessary to sustain life, and the tools for the production of food are equally necessary; and without clothing there would be no competition between nature and art. Everybody eats, and, in this country, everybody wears clothes. Why this special relief measure and retain a burdensome tax on the tools of the artisan, the implements of husbandry, the vessels in which our food is cooked, the clothes we wear and the coffins in which we are finally laid away?

Among Our Exchanges.

DEMOCRATS MEDDLING.

Wool is worth ten and twelve cents now, with prospects of lower prices. What is the matter with the protective tariff, anyhow?—Springer Stockman.

PUT BULL IN A NEW PASTURE.

If delegate Andrews is nominated he will do this and that and what not. Why not come to the point and say if he is nominated he'll be defeated.—San Marcial Standard.

BEFORE THE FREEZE.

The Pecos valley of New Mexico sends word that the fruit crop is safe. One by one the fruit regions of the territory are passing the critical dates, and the present outlook is for the finest fruit crop in the history of the southwest. Growers look for the minimum of damage from pests, for the very reason that fruit was lost last year.—El Paso Herald.

PICTURED ON TAX RECEIPTS.

One of the republican editors over in the Pecos valley began to crow over the reduction in the tax to be levied this year on property in the territory. The old rate is still in effect and crowing just now is just a little premature. The new rate will be used in the computation of the taxes due on property which is now being assessed for this year. This reduction was made possible on account of savings resulting from reforms put in operation by Herbert J. Hagerman among which was a radical reform in the matter of public printing. The saving on this account has amounted to many thousands of dollars. The reduction of 14 to 13 mills for the territorial levy is but a step toward getting back to what the rate was during the Thornton administration when it was practically half of the present rate. It will be time enough for the republicans to do their bragging when they get the tax rate back to what it was when they assumed the administration of territorial affairs.—Santa Fe Eagle.

The Ball Game.

The game of ball Sunday between Fort Stanton and Capitan, played on the local grounds, was neither a good game nor a close one; yet it was interesting and at times quite exciting, a number of really good plays redeemed what otherwise would have been a poor game to "sweat." The score ran quite high, but that was to be expected from teams that had had but little practice and this the first game of the season. Capitan went down in defeat, but managed to send eight around

The Exchange Bank, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

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INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

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(Branch at Capitan)

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Anheuser-Busch (St. Louis) celebrated Budweiser Beer.

Nothing but the Best.

FORMWALT & COMPANY

LINCOLN

Solicit a share of public patronage

Best Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Always kept in stock.

Call and sample them when you visit Lincoln.

S. T. GRAY'S

Livery and Feed Stable

NEW STABLE.

GOOD RIGS. SAFE TEAMS.

General Transfer and Baggage

CAPITAN, N. M.

Wm. S. BURNS

A. T. ROBERTS

BOURNE & ROBERTS

Livery Feed and Sale Stable.

If in the market for Teams or Rigs Call on us.

Good Rigs, Fast Teams, Careful Drivers.

Prompt Attention Given all Phone Orders.

CARRIZOZO, N. M.

CITY PHONE No. 80

Long Distance Phone

the diamond, some insist on a the number being larger, and the Fort boys doubled them; all owing to the fact, Dutch says, that the Stantonites had on store bought uniforms.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

MYRTLE LODGE NO. 19.

Meets every Saturday night at 8 o'clock at K. P. Hall, in school building. Visiting Knights cordially invited.

JAMES FAGAN, J. C. CORBAND, K. O. R. & B. C. C.

Welch & Titsworth

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS

As per List adopted by the Territorial Board of Education.

Barbed Wire.

Sash Doors, Glass, Paints and Oils.

We Buy Mohair.

STETSON HATS — BOOTS & SHOES — HOG FENCE

WAGONS — IRON ROOFING — CHICKEN NETTING

WELCH & TITSWORTH.

Grass is coming a month earlier than usual, and live stock are beginning to put on flesh.

For Sale—A second-hand windmill.—Welch & Titsworth.

Attorney H. B. Hamilton and Judge H. M. Bellomy returned to Lincoln Wednesday evening from Carrizozo.

Capt. Sidney R. Mallins is acting deputy game warden on the Bonito, and, being a sportsman, may be depended upon to see that no unfair means are employed to cajole the speckled beauties from their crystal retreat.

All who are interested in keeping the Angus cemetery in order are requested to meet at Angus on Saturday, 16th inst., prepared to assist in doing some necessary work, and beautifying the last resting place of friends who are gone.

Geo. J. Upchurch, manager of the V. V. ranch, returned Saturday from New York, to which point he had accompanied Mrs. Cree, who was on her way to Scotland with her husband's remains. Mrs. Cree sailed on the 22nd ult. from New York, aboard the fast liner, Mauritania.

S. I. Merrill and J. A. Pendleton, of Los Angeles, respectively president & general manager and

secretary of the California Industrial Co., accompanied by James A. Hurt, of Carrizozo, arrived in Capitan on Monday's train. These parties are interested in the Capitan iron fields, and their visit was for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the property.

Grandma Stewart, an old and respected lady who has resided for many years at White Oaks, died there last week. She was the mother of Levin W. Stewart, a prominent merchant at White Oaks in the early days, but now engaged in business at Yzabal, Sonora, Mexico; and also two daughters still in Lincoln county, Mrs. J. H. Leighnor, and Mrs. A. C. Wingfield.

B. F. Stewart has charge of the flow of water at the pipe line intake on South Fork, and by the use of a mechanical contrivance increases or diminishes the flow of the water through the pipe line in accordance with the railroad company's demands. A telephone line affords the means of communication by which directions are given as to the quantity of water desired. Charley Watson looks after the flow at night; thus the watch covers the entire 24 hours.

One defeat does not deter the Capitan baseball team from again entering the lists and crossing bats with their successful antagonists of last Sunday. The battle will be fought over at Fort Stanton next Sunday, at which time the Capitans expect better luck.

C. Bennett, who has had charge of the Capitan Mercantile Co. business for several months, will go to Lincoln tomorrow. After remaining there for a short time he expects to go to Denver, at which point he will meet his family and where they will in the future reside. Mr. Bennett has made many friends during his stay here, all of whom regret to see him depart.

Dr. E. J. Cowart, wife and child, of Inda, Mississippi, and William Lott, of Wiggins, Mississippi, arrived yesterday, and will locate here. Dr. Cowart, who has been a practicing physician in his home state for seven years, is a graduate of the Louisville Medical College, and left a lucrative practice to come west and establish a practice before all places were overrun. Mr. Lott is a brother of Mrs. Cowart, and will locate around here, if he finds a suitable territory for stockraising and farming. This is a very pleasing family, and the News extends them a warm welcome.

Fruit Killed at Angus.

We are in receipt of a communication in which the sad effects of this week's freeze are told. The Bonito Park orchard, owned by A. C. Austin, and the large Peters orchard, now owned by the railroad company, and the Skinner orchard, also railroad company property, are the principal sufferers; though there are many small orchards in the same valley, by which the total losses are largely increased. The communication reads:

"At five o'clock Sunday morning the mercury stood at 29° F., without any visible signs of frost. At the same hour the following morning the mercury record was the same, but more ice formed in open buckets: it was a quarter of an inch thick, indicating that it must have been colder during the night.

"There are two or three days when the blossoms are exceedingly tender and susceptible to climatic changes. It is possible that there may be a few advanced buds or belated ones that may have not been cut by this freeze, but a thorough examination seems to reveal the fact that all varieties of fruit was stayed alike, and that only a few specimens of fruit may be looked for."

HINTS ON CANNING

REMEMBER THESE WHEN PUTTING UP FRUIT

Nothing But the Best Materials Should Be Used If Good Results Are Expected—Never Attempt to Hurry Work.

1. Don't make a mistake and wait until the special fruit in season is nearly over and then pay the highest prices for it.
2. Don't think overripe, soft fruit makes good preserves or jellies.
3. Don't ever use anything but the best materials for good results.
4. Don't use what is called "A" or "soft" white sugar or brown; use granulated white sugar for preserves and jellies.
5. Don't use granulated sugar for spiced fruit; use light brown only.
6. Don't make spiced fruit too sweet; four pounds of light brown sugar to seven pounds of fruit is a good proportion.
7. Don't use an overabundance of spices—too much makes it taste bitter.
8. Don't cover preserves or jellies while cooking—they are apt to boil over.
9. Don't use cold sugar for jellies; measure the strained fruit juice; to each pint allow one pound of the best granulated sugar, put it on a platter in a warm oven to heat, and add it to the boiling liquid.
10. Don't use jars or glasses for preserves that have been used for pickles.
11. Don't put hot preserves in cold glasses or jars and not expect accidents; have the glasses or jars in scalding water, rinse well, then fill as quickly as possible.
12. Don't allow preserves to stand about after they are cold; put melted paraffin on, cover with lids, wash off every trace of stickiness and put in a cool, dark, dry place for future use.
13. Don't expect to make good preserves "hit or miss," they require great care combined with the best materials and exact measurements to insure success.
14. Don't allow preserves to cook over a hot fire and not expect them to stick and scorch.
15. Don't let them cook without stirring, even when the fire is slow.
16. Don't cook preserves on a gas range without an asbestos mat.
17. Don't cook preserves in an old kettle which is used for other purposes.
18. Don't use a thin agate saucepan; an old-fashioned porcelain iron preserving kettle is best.
19. Don't use the old-time "bell metal" brass preserving kettles unless they are cleaned and polished as our grandmothers did them, otherwise they are dangerous articles.
20. Don't leave the preserving, jelly-making or canning to servants; they will not take the time and trouble that you would to have them right.
21. Don't think you can hurry preserves; it is out of the question to do so and yet have them perfect.
22. Don't forget to rub the bottom of the preserving kettle freely with olive oil to prevent sticking.
23. Don't pare peaches, pears, pineapples, or even apples with a steel knife—it darkens the fruit. Use a silver knife.
24. Don't neglect to drop apples, pears, peaches and all light-colored fruit into a bowl of cold water as you do them to prevent discoloration before cooking.

Orange Honey.

Grate the yellow rind from two fine oranges and add to it two pounds of strained honey. Remove the juice and pulp from one dozen oranges. This should measure at least a quart. Add this to the honey. Turn the whole in a preserving kettle and boil carefully for half an hour, then put it into pots and when cold cover with paraffin or oiled paper.

JUDGING BY THE RESULTS.

Villager's Conversion Had Not Been of Great Avail.

"In our business we get many doubtful compliments," said Col. John F. Bishop, deputy surveyor of the port, the other day, "but I do not think I ever received a compliment such as my grandfather got down in my native state of Tennessee. My grandfather was a minister and I was a very small boy when we both strolled down the road one day. One of our fellow villagers came along toward us.

"Good morning," said the villager, who apparently had looked upon the cup. "Ish conver—hic—ted, parson," he stammered with difficulty. "An-twashyou—hic—that con—hic—converted—hic—me."

"That must be so," replied my grandfather, "for it's certain the Almighty had nothing to do with your conversion."—New York Evening Telegram.

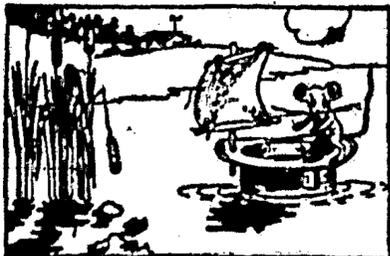
Perfectly Plain.

With all the impartiality of the partisan, Prof. Price set forth the contentions of both political parties regarding the tariff.

At the close of his talk he was surrounded by the fair members of the Woman's Current Events club.

"O Prof. Price," cooed the fairest, "thank you so much for your perfectly lovely talk! I understand all about the tariff now. It's just like a lover's comparisons—the free-traders are the other girls!"—Sunday Magazine.

IN JEOPARDY.



Willie Mouse—Just my luck! No rudder and the wind blowing me right into a bunch of cat-tails.

Lesson in Music.

Little Marion's music teacher, while endeavoring to make plain to her the different note values, used an apple as an illustration. Cutting it in two, Marion announced: "Those pieces are halves." On bisecting the halves, she replied "Quarters," but when it came to dividing one quarter to bring out the idea of eighths, here was the wise response: "That's a bite!"

THE DOCTOR'S GIFT.

Food Worth Its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient something entirely different and the results are truly interesting.

"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat, at last.

"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts, and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no avail, but at last consented to try this new food.

"Well! it surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My brain was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in play.

OLD GENTLEMAN NOT PLEASED.

Letter's Inscription Certainly the Reverse of Flattering.

In the English club at Hongkong a white-haired old gentleman, who had come down from some northern port, was seated at dinner when he suddenly became very excited. He had been brought a letter by a solemn-faced Chinese butler, and he saw something on the outside of this letter which sent him downstairs two steps at a time to interview the hall porter. When he came back he told us what was the matter. The hall porter had inscribed in the envelope, in Chinese, for the information of the butler:

"This is for the old baboon with white fur."

Unfortunately for the hall porter, the old gentleman was a first-class scholar in the Chinese language.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lunk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

Marble Consolation.

"Never mind, dear," said the author's wife, "the world doesn't appreciate you now, but some of these days it will see things in a different light, and give you a big monument; and if it should not, you just keep up your life insurance, and I'll see to it myself. You deserve a monument, if ever man did!"

And then he said it looked like rain, but he thought he'd risk it outside awhile, anyhow."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional Cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

True Generosity.

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."

"But think how much slumber they furnish other people."—The Herald and Presbyter.

Every Lover of Good Music

should take advantage of the offer the Jerome H. Remick Co. of New York make in the advertising columns of this paper to send for 25 cents the words and music of nine of the best pieces of the Merry Widow Opera, all the rage at present in London, Paris and New York.

A Word from Josh Wigg.

"It's 'cause he doesn't talk back that th' oyster's given so much sauce."

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Multiplying her words seldom adds to a woman's popularity.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. GUYTON & CO. BOSTON.

The average woman is vain enough to believe that she isn't.

Diplomacy. "Why do you make a practice of predicting bad weather?" "It's the safest plan," answered the professional prophet. "If the bad weather prediction comes true, people have to admit I'm right, and if the weather is pleasant they feel too good-natured to care whether I was right or wrong."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.



Large Trial Sample WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

BOY SAVED AFTER NIGHT OF TERROR

JOHNNIE MATHEWS TAKEN FROM WAGON MAROONED IN SWOLLEN RIVER.

RESCUERS WORK ALL NIGHT

New Jersey Farmers, Felled Time After Time by Swift Current in Icey Stream, Are Finally Successful.

Flemington, N. J.—After laboring all night in the swollen, ice filled stream of the South Branch river a band of farmers succeeded shortly before dawn in rescuing seven-year-old Johnnie Mathews, marooned on a wagon in the midst of the torrent.

The river was rising inch by inch as the men worked, and the boy was taken off in the nick of time, the wagon having disappeared beneath the flood when light came.

News of the boy's perilous plight was brought to neighboring farmers by the two men who were driving



Rowing with All Their Strength Against the Current.

with the boy when the wagon became stalled. They were Frederick Rowe and Arbor Marshall.

With a team of horses they had started for Flemington and attempted to cross the south branch at Packer's island, they said.

The river was in flood several feet deep over the embankment, but the horses kept on until they were close to the bridge itself. There the current became far swifter and the ice swept down in great masses.

The roar of the stream and the blows of the ice terrified the team and they balked. The men whipped and coaxed, but the animals only whined and shivered with fright and refused to advance.

"We swam ashore to get help. The boy still is on the wagon," Rowe said. One of the farmers leaped on a horse and rode among the neighbors, raising the alarm. Dusk was falling by the time the rescuers came to the river's edge, and in the thick fog only dim masses of trees and bushes could be distinguished, and the boy and wagon were hidden from sight.

An anxious halloo from the bank brought an answering cry from the fog, however, and the farmers knew there still was time.

Three of the strongest at once started out together in an effort to ford their way as far as they could and swim the rest. The distance was not great but they soon were forced to

turn back by the swirling rapids and great cakes of ice.

The rescuers knew it all was over with the lad if he fell asleep, so they kept calling to him frequently through the night. The seven-year-old boy kept his nerve and held to his precarious seat, while the flood roared through the trees and structure of the bridge and the ice cakes struck and shook the wagon.

All the while the water rose slowly but steadily and drove the rescuers back. The cries of the boy spurred the men on to further efforts, and at intervals through the night fresh attempts were made to swim to the wagon. In each case the rescuers were driven back exhausted.

It was long after midnight when a rowboat was brought up on a wagon and launched. Two men got in it and with a lantern aboard rowed out. The sweep of the racing tide and the buffeting of the ice caught them and their boat was driven down stream, away from Johnnie, whose cries had grown feebler.

The boat was driven ashore a mile away from the bridge. More precious time was passed in transporting the little craft to a point a mile above the bridge, so that it could float down in the center of the stream. Rowing with all their strength against the current, the men in the boat slackened its speed as they neared the bridge.

There the man in the stern leaned far out and, catching the half frozen boy by the shoulder, pulled him aboard. While the ice crunched against it the boat was swept on, but a landing was made safely, and, as dawn was streaking the sky Johnnie was restored to his mother's arms.

CORPSE STEERS SLEIGH DOWN MOUNTAIN ROAD

MAN AT WHEEL DIES OF HEART DISEASE AND "BOB" DASHES INTO FOUNTAIN.

Geneva.—The spectacle of a runaway bobsleigh with a dead man sitting at the steering wheel, was witnessed by the alarmed villagers along the mountain road between Leysin and Sepey.

Four Swiss tourists had procured a large bobsleigh for the steep run from Leysin, a lofty village nearly three miles above Sepey. One of their number, named Derchen, who had considerable experience, acted as steersman.

The quartette made several descents in safety, but the terrific speed was apparently too exhausting for Derchen, who was subject to heart disease. Shortly after the bobsleigh left Leysin the man sitting behind Derchen saw him sway slightly, and his head dropped forward. His hands still remained on the steering wheel, but the bobsleigh was not under control.

The other passengers thought that Derchen had fainted, but as they were unable to reach the wheel, or stop the bobsleigh, decided to hold on and trust to luck.

The bobsleigh traveled through Sepey at lightning speed, narrowly missed two other bobsleighs, and dashed into a fountain. Derchen's three friends received serious injuries, and Derchen himself was found to have died from heart disease.

Hen with Real Human Face.

La Crosse, Wis.—A hen with a human face is the curiosity owned by Charles Larson of Preston, Minn. Although the bird had been in Larson's flock for nearly a year, nothing unusual was noticed with it until it became ill. The farmer captured the hen and was preparing to apply suitable remedies, when he found it had no bill, but instead a perfect human nose. The nostrils are perfect and a human mouth and chin are below the nose. The hen had no comb, but in its place the hairy feathers are parted as though by a barber. Its cheeks are ruffy and pink. The hen was chloroformed and has been stuffed by a taxidermist.

SHOWN QUITE PLAINLY.



Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a flat iron and saucepan at your husband.

Mrs. Bulligan—Shure, an he the look on 'im it shows as I hit 'im.

The Son of Ham.

"During a revival in Texas," said Phillip R. Bangs of Toledo, O., his turn for a story having come, "a negro was reputed to have had visions about Heaven and hell. His boss called him up and interrogated him as to what he saw in both places, and first as to what the white men and darkies were doing in Heaven. 'Lord, boss, the white men was all a-tittin' back in their chairs, with their heels on the banisters, smoking cigars, and the niggers was down on their knees a-shining up their golden slippers.' Then as to what was going on at the other place. 'Ef you believe me, boss, every single white man had nigger in his hands a-holdin' him up between him and the flames.'—Washington Herald.

The Editor of the Rural New Yorker, than whom there is no better Potato Expert in the country says: "Salzer's Earliest Potato is the earliest of 33 earliest sorts, tried by me, yielding 401 bu. per acre." Salzer's Early Wisconsin yielded for the Rural New Yorker 730 bu. per acre. See Salzer's catalog about them.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and they will mail you the only original seed catalog published in America with samples of Emperor William Oats, Silver King Barley, Billion Dollar Grass which produces 12 tons per acre. Raintain, the dry soil luxuriator, etc., etc.

And if you send me we will add a package of new farm seeds never before seen by you. K. & W.

Then They Dust.

Mistress—Bridget, how do you get rid of tramps so successfully? Do you ask them to saw wood for you? Maid—No, ma'am. I just say the wan word "carpet" an' they beat it.—Harper's Weekly.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



PATENTS

Had Them Both Bested.

At the Franklin Inn, a Philadelphia literary club, a young sonneteer congratulated Owen Wister upon the success of his Washington studies.

Mr. Wister, smiling modestly, checked that flow of praise with a Washington story.

"When I was a student at St. Paul's school," he said, "a boy in my form failed wretchedly on a problem in algebra.

"The master frowned at the boy.

"Jones," he said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Do you know that at your age George Washington was a surveyor?"

"Yes, sir," Jones answered. "And do you know that at your age he was President of the United States?"

Safe to Postpone.

Frost—"Procrastination may be a fault, but if you put off doing certain things you never have to do them all."

Snow—"Mention one."

Frost—"Well, going to funerals, for instance."

Candidates Too Well Known.

It was just after the opening of the polls for the election of mayor in a New Jersey town that two Irishmen met and began discussing the chances of two candidates for aldermen.

"It will be a close race between McGlory and Adolph Mink," said the first Irishman, to which the other rejoined.

"How is it, Clancy, that in so many votes it should be nip and tuck between McGlory and the Dutchman Mink?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," responded the first Irishman; "it's like this: They're both of 'em very unpopular men, McGlory and Mink. If ye knew wan ye'd be certain to vote for the other; and both of them are blamed well known!"

A Neat Epitaph.

An American who enjoys doing the cathedral towns of England tells of an amusing epitaph in the church yard of Tetbury, in Gloucestershire.

A marble slab, prominently displayed, has this legend:

"Beneath lie the remains of several of the Perkinases, late of this parish. Particulars, the last day will disclose. Amen."

Consul James E. Dunning of Milan, reports that during the first six months of 1907 the total emigration from Italy amounted to 452,328 souls, of whom 195,198 went to other European countries and countries of the Mediterranean basin, and 257,130 crossed to trans-oceanic countries.

Denver Directory

THE FAMOUS J. H. WILSON STOCK SADDLES. Ask your dealer for them. Take no other.

STOVE REPAIRS of every known make of stove, furnace or range. Geo. A. Patten, 1321 Lawrence, Denver. Phone 725.

BROWN PALACE HOTEL. Absolutely Fire-proof. European Plan. \$1.50 and upward.

AGENTS WANTED

To secure Homeowners for the Gulf Coast of Texas. Flowing Artesian Wells—2 ft. in a Year—Big Commission. THE KIMBALL AGENCY CO., 909 11th St., Denver, Colo.

E. E. BURLINGAME & CO., CHEMICAL

ASSAY OFFICE AND LABORATORY

Established in Colorado, 1866. Samples by mail or express will receive prompt and careful attention. Gold & Silver Bullion. Refined, Milled and Assayed OR PURCHASED. Concentration Tests—100 lbs. or car load lots. Write for terms. 1724-1728 Lawrence St., Denver, Colo.

Seeds, Plants ROSES. BULBS, VINES, SHRUBS, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES. COLORADO GROWN. BEST OF SEASON. LOW PRICE. Free Catalog. Agents Wanted. INTERNATIONAL NURSERY. "The Big Growers." Denver, Colorado.

MILLINERY STORES COMPANY

Main Store, Cor. 16th & Tremont DENVER, COLORADO

We will send you three hats on approval if you send us enough to cover express charges both ways. Pick out your hat and remit us for it; state priced hats to send and give references, either your bank or merchant. Strictly proper millinery and prices right.

CALL FOR DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

A county convention of the democrats of Lincoln county, New Mexico, is hereby called to meet at the court house in Lincoln, New Mexico, at the hour of 10:30 a. m. on Saturday, May 16, 1908, for purpose of electing two sets of five delegates each, said delegates to represent Lincoln county in the territorial democratic conventions that have been called to meet at Roswell, New Mexico, June 10, 1908. The purposes of the said territorial democratic conventions are: First, to select six delegates to represent New Mexico in the National Democratic convention at Denver, Colorado, July 7, 1908; second, to nominate a candidate for delegate to the 61st congress.

The number of delegates to which the several precincts are entitled in said democratic county convention is one for every ten votes or fraction of five or over cast for Hon. O. A. Larrazola at the general 1906 election. The number of votes cast at said election and the number of delegates to which each precinct is entitled are as follows:

PREC.	NAME	NO. VOTES	NO. DEL.
1.	Lincoln,	91	9
2.	San Patricio,	79	8
3.	Las Pallas,	37	4
4.	Picacho,	37	4
5.	Rabenton,	6	1
6.	Richardson,	6	1
7.	Jicarilla,	19	2
8.	White Oaks,	42	4
9.	Capitan,	47	5
10.	Ruidoso,	27	3
11.	Nogal,	31	3
12.	Bonito,	63	6
13.	Corona,	25	3
14.	Carrizozo,	38	4
		548	57

All precinct committeemen are urged to call precinct primaries at once, so that each precinct may have an opportunity to send a full delegation; and every voter in the county who believes in the principles of democracy and desires the success of its candidates is extended a cordial invitation to attend and participate in the various precinct primaries.

J. M. PAULEY,
JONES TALLAFERRO, Chairman.
Secretary.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Taxpayers, by calling at the News office, may receive a schedule on which to make their tax return for the year 1908, or they may make the return before me, as deputy assessor.

JNO. A. HALBY.

Immigration to New Mexico continues—Lincoln county will come in for her share this year.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

H. B. HAMILTON, JR., Administrator et al., Appellee, vs. NO. 1178. EAGLE MINING & IMPROVEMENT Co., Appellant.

By virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico, dated the 6th day of March, A. D. 1908, to me directed, whereby I was commanded that of the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of the Eagle Mining & Improvement Company, in my County, I cause to be made the sum of Eight Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-Three and 60-100 (\$8933.60) Dollars, with interest thereon from the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1907, at the rate of six per cent per annum, which by the judgment of the said Supreme Court, Humphrey B. Hamilton as Executor recovered against the said the Eagle Mining & Improvement Company.

I, the undersigned sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, have levied upon and will sell on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1908, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, at the front door of the Lincoln County Court House, at Lincoln, New Mexico, at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, all the following described lands and tenements, mines, mining claims, and mining rights and privileges and interest therein, within the said County of Lincoln, of the said the Eagle Mining & Improvement Company, to-wit:

All the interest of said Company which said interest does not exceed a 1/2 half interest in and to that certain mine or mining claim known and called as the "Hopeful Mine," which said mine was patented by the government of the United States of America to R. C. Parsons, by patent duly issued on August 3, 1892, and filed for record in the Recorder's office on October 15, 1895, and duly recorded in Book D at page 522, of the records of Lincoln County, New Mexico, said patent being described in the record of said patent and Land Office as Number 652 A. and 652 B. and to which reference is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said mine and mining claim; Also all that interest not to exceed a 1/2 half interest in that certain mine and mining claim, known as the Hopeful Millsite, which said Millsite is patented in connection and conjunction with the said Hopeful Mine, and is fully and particularly described in the above described patent to said Hopeful Mine;

Also the following described mining claims:

Lady Frances Mine; Buckshot; Etta Emma Mine; Bismark No. 1 Mine; Bismark No. 2 Mine; Silver King Mine; Rising Star Mine; which said several mines and mining claims are located adjoining and near the Hopeful Mine, and each of which said mining claims is more particularly described in the several Location Notices, of said several claims now on record in the Recorder's office of Lincoln County,

New Mexico, and to which record reference is hereby made for a more full and complete description of said mining claims;

Also the Golden Placer; Bon Ton; Haven, Independence; Fay; Mint; Top of the Morning; Only Chance; Topnot; Top; Mandrake; Red Jacket; Jocker; Stanton; Venus; Warsaw; Jennie; Amazon; Good Fortune; Red Bird; Little Hubert; Queen of the Hills; Wedge; Max; Thrifty Millsite; Legal Tender; Climax; Savage; Wild Irishman; Mammoth Giant; Phoenix; Cabin view; Lone Pine; El Plata; Grande Lode; Iron Mask; Monument Lode; El Oro Lode; Castle Rock Group comprising Castle Rock; Pyramid; Monument; Sphinx; El Oro; El Plata; Granite; Iron Mask; Cleveland; Chicago, New York; Porphyry; Gallinas; Oso; Indiana; Illinois; Gold Bug; Gold King 12-18-94; Ohio; Turkey Placer; Big Buck; White Pine; Potato Placer; Two Districts; Iowa; Excelsior; Little Fortune; Realto; Verness; Expansion; Dream Placer; Imperial; White Cloud; Raven; Blank Tiger; Washington; Jasper; Little Annie; Mountain Lion; Spider; North American; Oregon; Lost Pine; Main; Dolittle; Alabama; Deer Head; Clifton; McKinley; John D. Lee; Jeffersonian; Wild Cat; North Dakota; Nevada; Abe Lincoln; Barry; Forks; Roiderico; North of England; Waverly; Big Blue; Eureka; Brannock; Klondike No. 2; Willow Twig; White Cloud; South Fork; Waterloo; Anaconda; Espanal; Blackbird; Mary Ann; William Waller; Ben Bragg; Ringgold No. 1; Ringgold No. 2; Atlanta Lode; White Bird Lode; Maggie Lode; Big Dick Lode; Alto Lode; Juniper Lode; Bacc Lode; Timber Lode; Horace Greeley; Queen Ann; Divide; Tom Hill Lode; Calhoun; Aaron; Sandy Lode; Mammoth Lode; Ridge Lode; Saddle Lode; Fleet Lode; Robinson; Rufus Lode; Littleton Lode; Tom Lode; Land Lode; Christmas Gift; Louis; New York; Mand; Jennie; Guardsman; Christmas; Soldier; Felix; Red Sheep; Samaritan; Queen Bess; White Swan; Stepp; Harry Addison; Mavrick; Amazon; Good Fortune; Ajax; Perplexity; Wayup; Bobtail; Expansion; Conundrum; Spring Rocky; Hamlet; Desdemonia; Othelo; Romeo; Juliet; Lewis; Stanton; Saratogo; Valley; Yours Truly; Prosperity; Humboldt; Wedge; Climax; Alabama; Elk; Tom Cat; Redpath; South Dakota; Oregon; New Orleans; Elm; Red Spruce; Ben Harrison; Isabelle; Highland; Pandora; Bannock; Blue Wing; Great Western; Capital; Turquoise; Osceola; Half Moon; Hard Times; the location notices of which mining claims are duly recorded in the records of location notices of the records of Lincoln County, New Mexico, in said Recorder's office of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and reference is hereby made to same for a more full and complete description of said mines and mining claims. All of which mines and mining claims are located in the Bonito Mining District, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

To satisfy said judgment for Eight Thousand Nine Hundred

and Thirty-Three and 60-100 (\$8933.60) Dollars with interest thereon from August twenty-eighth, 1907, together with all costs of execution of this writ.

Dated this 21st day of April, A. D. 1908.

JOHN W. OWEN,
Sheriff, Lincoln County,
New Mexico.
By E. C. SMITH,
Deputy.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST.—Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 115.30 acres, within the Lincoln National Forest, N. M., will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Roswell, N. M., on May 28, 1908. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 28, 1908, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The S 1/2 of SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 (or S 1/2 of Lot 4), Section 19, T. 9 S., R. 17 E., N. M. M., listed upon the application of P. H. Morris, of Lincoln, N. M.; unsurveyed, but what will probably be when surveyed, the N 1/2 of NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, Section 5, T. 9 S., R. 15 E., application of W. L. Meers, of Capitan, N. M. FRED DENNETT, Commissioner of the General Land Office. Approved March 11, 1908, FRANK PIERCE, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Lists 256 & Suppl. 87.

Apportionment of School Fund for Lincoln County.

The apportionment is \$200.00. The rate per scholar is 19 cents, apportioned as follows, leaving a balance of \$1.00 for next apportionment:

No. Prec.	No. Sch.	No. Pupils	Gen. Fund	Liquor License	Poll Tax
1	24	107	\$16.34	...	1.00
2	18	87	10.07	...	14.40
3	10	45	8.55
4	12	54	10.26	...	13.00
5	15	68	12.84	...	8.00
6	10	45	8.55
7	10	45	8.55
8	10	45	8.55
9	10	45	8.55
10	10	45	8.55
11	10	45	8.55
12	10	45	8.55
13	10	45	8.55
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92	10	45	8.55
93	10	45	8.55
94	10	45	8.55
95	10	45	8.55
96	10	45	8.55
97	10	45	8.55
98	10	45	8.55
99	10	45	8.55
100	10	45	8.55

Credited to District No. 5—Tuition, \$12.50.
Rent on building, \$15.00.
Locality that the above is correct.
S. G. ANDERSON,
Superintendent of Schools.