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Parsons.

B. R. Robinson, one of the oldest citizens of the Upper Bonito valley, has sold out most of his cattle to his son James, and to Herbert Reddy. Mr. Robinson and wife will leave about the first of the year for an extended visit to their old home near Madison, Texas.

Mr. Weitzig, the expert machinist from El Paso, who has been working for the past month for the Parsons Mining company, left for home Wednesday.

Mr. Wrye of the Westinghouse Electric company spent Christmas at Parsons.

James H. Jennings of the Parsons Mining company left last Friday to spend Christmas with his people in southern Colorado. He will visit friends in Dawson, N. M., before returning to Parsons.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Wingfield and family spent Christmas with Mrs. Wingfields parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Robinson. Will Hightower and family came home also to spend the holidays with Mrs. Hightower's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Weber are guests of the Rice family for the holidays.

Dr. Welch came down from Dawson to spend Christmas with his family and attend the golden wedding feast of his father-in-law.

On Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. John M. Rice celebrated their golden wedding. They were fortunate in having all their children and grand children home to help them celebrate the joyful occasion.

The wedding dinner was served at noon and the table was decorated with flowers sent by loving friends from El Paso and Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Rice drank coffee from gold cups, the gift of a friend. They were also receipients of many beautiful gifts from friends all over the country.

Aside from the family the guests invited to the dinner were the following: Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Merriam, Messrs. John Wright, Harris, Markley, Wrye, Consbruch and Selig, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston. There were twenty-four in all who sat around the festive board. After the dinner the rest of the day and evening was spent in music and games, and everybody enjoyed themselves and said they hoped to be invited to the diamond wedding of the happy pair.

The following is a poem composed by Mr. Herman Consbruch, the oldest settler on the Bonito and read at the wedding dinner of Mr. and Mrs. Rice:

GOLDEN WEDDING

Christmas and Golden Wedding celebration
Is certainly a good occasion
To review the fifty years so passed,
From beginning to the last.
Fifty years of life
As man and wife,
Sharing all the ups and downs
In villages and towns.
Fifty years good measure
Of happiness and pleasure,
With here and there a spark
Of days that were rather dark;
Giving the community
The very nicest family.
Now the grand children, healthy and bright,
Are the grand parents' delight.
And everybody hopes this day appears
To them yet many, many years.

The worst blizzard of the season occurred on Christmas day and prevented the Rice family from entertaining their friends from the surrounding country.

Fort Stanton

Mrs. F. H. McKeon returned from a month stay at Hotel Dieu last Thursday. We are pleased to note the improvement in Mrs. McKeon's physical condition, brought on by her visit to the southern metropolis.

Chaplain Frund spent the holidays with friends in El Paso.

A special seven-reel picture was run at the local movie house on Christmas night and was enjoyed by a full house. The show was given under the auspices of the Post Amusement asssociation, being free to all without exception.

Mrs. A. P. Sitton is to be congratulated for the excellent Christmas tree entertainment given by her pupils in the Sitton home on Friday. The following was the program rendered:

1. Welcome — Master William Weber.
2. Declamation, "The Wise Gifts"—Master George Leach.
3. "Christmas Spirit" — Miss Alice Weber.
4. "On Christmas Eve"—Master James Anderson.
5. "Santa and His Reindeers" —Master Edward McKeon.
6. Demonstration in the Domestic Science Department, by Miss Ruby Hale.

Mr. Hazen Brooks played the part of old Santa in a very pleasing manner which filled the children with much anxiety.

Dr. Charles Irby, in his usual artistic manner presided at the piano, which also added greatly to the program. At the close of the entertainment Dr. McKeon publicly congratulated Mrs. Sitton and students for the unique and talented manner in which the program was presented.

Those present were Dr. McKeon, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lewis, Mrs. Ruoff and son, Kemp; Mrs. H. Leach, Mrs. W. L. Weber, Miss Sallie Brown, Mrs. James Anderson, Mrs. F. C. Berry and daughter, Jean; Dr. Irby, and Chaplain Frund.

Christmay day was celebrated both spiritually and temporally in such a manner that it is safe to state not a resident of the Post felt other than happy and cheerful because of the hourly attractions, each as it were competing with the other in bringing more cheer.

At 4:30 a. m. the chaplain visited each bed in the hospital and extended greetings, as well as a musical number on the victrola. At 5:30 the chapel bell rang out loud and clear announcing the scene of Bethlehem, which had been tastefully arranged in the chapel was ready to receive visitors, the organ, with its deep tones playing the "Adeste Fidelis" while the edifice was being filled with worshipers; and at 6 a. m. sharp the chaplain began the solemn and impressive service

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The bachelors of the Parsons mill community are the happy possessors of a new victrola and many good records.

Santa Claus paid a flying visit to Parsons on Christmas eve, but as there was no snow on the ground he had much difficulty with his sled and reindeer, so he did not get around to see all the children he had hoped to visit.

Little Alice, John and Billy Weber of Fort Stanton, and Myra-Jo Welch of Dawson, spent Christmas at grandpa's home, and were much delighted with their beautiful time and properly impressed by the visit from Santa Claus, who left enough gifts to fill a toy shop.

> TO BE HONEST, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.
>
> ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Flannery-Harris

A very pleasant home wedding took place Wednesday, December 27, at 10 a. m., at the Harris ranch near Three Rivers, when Miss Jeffie Ray Harris was united in marriage with Mr. Charles Flannery of Chicago, Ill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur Marston, of Carrizozo.

The happy couple left immediately for Chicago, there to make their future home. The sincere congratulations of many friends go with them.

McDonald-Burnan

Saturday evening, December 23, at 6:30, Ralph McDonald and Millie Burnan were married at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. J. M. Gardner.

MENDEZ-VILLASENA

Sunday, December 24, at 2:30 p.m., Antonio Mendez and Pompose Villasena were married at the Baptist parsonage by Rev. J. M. Gardner.

Methodist Church

REV. ARTHUR MARSTON, PASTOR.

Special service Sunday morning for boys and girls. Let the Sunday school children stay for the preaching service.

By request of the Joint Commission of the two Methodisms, the theme for Sunday evening will be "The Spirit of Methodism."

A cordial invitation to all.

News "Classif" ads do the biz.

Arm Amputated

H. C. Kane, of Ancho, had his arm amputated yesterday, in the Paden hospital. Dr. Paden was the operating surgeon and was assisted by Dr. Whittaker, of White Oaks, Capt. Creighton and Lieut. Russell Paden, the latter two army surgeons, now stationed at Fort Bliss and who were visiting Dr. Paden.

The arm was amputated below the elbow. A scratch some months ago from a glazier's point had produced blood poisoning and amputation became necessary. The patient is resting well and his physicians feel that the infection has been checked by the operation and that an early recovery will result.

Infant Dies

Corene, the twelve-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Patty died Sunday evening. The body was taken the following day to Alamogordo where interment was made. Mr. and Mrs. Patty have the sympathy of the entire community.

Jauregui Baby Dies

The ten months-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Juan V. Jauregui died Monday morning. The little body was laid to rest the following morning in the local cemetery. Many friends sympathize with the parents in the loss of their little one.

News "classifieds" do it quick.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

In announcing that the third week in January we will be ready for business, we wish to extend greetings to all for a Happy and Prosperous New Year

The Lincoln State Bank

J. B. FRENCH, President — S. B. FAMBROUGH, Vice-President — F. W. GURNEY, Cashier

Jack Peak

Professor D. C. Burnett arrived Saturday from Norton, New Mexico, where he is employed in the schools, to spend the holidays with his family here.

Charley Seringo, the cowboy sleuth, has been in this settlement lately.

Miss Effie McBrayer of Jicarilla is at the Fambrough ranch on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are victims of the gripp.

The daughter of Mr. Simpson, who was taken violently sick with appendicitis while visiting in Carrizozo, is improving rapidly, here at the family home.

There is an epidemic of grippe among the people here. It is very severe and seems very tardy about releasing its victim.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wilson started the Xmas spirit into activity Sunday by preparing a sumptious dinner for their relatives and a few friends. Later on they surprised everybody with a beautiful tree tastily decorated and heavily laden with gifts for all. Flinch was the most favored amusement of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fambrough gave a delightful entertainment to a large gathering of their friends on Monday. A magnificent spread was enjoyed at 2:30, when all the good things pertaining to the yuletide were served. Following close on to the dinner came the dance at night, which continued until the morning dawned.

Mrs. Burnett gave a dinner and social time to her many friends Thursday. All enjoyed a good time as Mrs. Burnett is a splendid hostess. This entertainment was given in honor of Mr. Burnett, who is spending the holidays here with his family.

All around, this has been a quiet but very sociable Xmas. Old friends got together for a pleasant reunion, new friends were made, and all in all, the Xmas spirit was very much felt by every one.

Our fields are becoming a great rendezvous for quails again. We notice covies in various places and in almost all stubble lands.

A. H. Norton began work at the Ophir company property the first of the week. Sneak thieves have dismantled the main building, known as the boarding house. It was fully furnished with all the requisites of a company boarding house; now it is entirely devoid of any furnishings, and they had begun to demolish the house proper. Seven sash, glass and all have been taken, every piece of lumber, every tool, and in truth, every thing movable. We presume an effort will be made to find the guilty party.

Monday, Xmas day was ushered in with a north pole blizzard. In the afternoon, snow was added, to the discomfort of man and beast, however "the hardest storms are soon over." Tuesday was therefore a bright and beautiful day, but very cold.

E. E. Wilson and family are all victims of the grippe. True to name, it seems hard to convince, and very hard to stand.

Mr. Stoneman was around with some fine beef Monday. We presume he sold easily.

Liff Burnett and Maurice Brookin have increased their trap number, until now they are occupying almost all the hill country. This is a worthy cause, for we have been so hampered by marauding animals that it is impossible to succeed with poultry

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Ancho

Well, I suppose there was plenty of Xmas to go all around. We sure got our share. A Christmas tree at the school house the 23rd under the auspices, mostly, of the ladies, which as a rule means something. It sure did at Ancho on the date before mentioned; good behavior, some good songs and recitations by the little folks, and the distribution of many valuable presents, and all-round good time socially. On the 24th your correspondent had the pleasure, as well as profit, of a tree at T. J. Strayley's.

Grandma Cooper gave her annual dinner Sunday. Her guests were all the way from Corona to Carrizozo. All in attendance no doubt did justice to the occasion, both in a festal and social way.

We are sorry to note that there is yet, and has been for several days, a good deal of indisposition among the people in the way of grippe and colds.

Dr. Whitacre was over from White Oaks Tuesday to examine Henry Kane's arm, which has been troubling him so long and so seriously. His decision was that his arm, in whole or in part, would have to come off. So Mr. Kane went down at once to Carrizozo to have the operation performed, if necessary. His many friends here have much and deep sympathy for him in his great affliction.

Tom Thumb Wedding

The Tom Thumb Wedding will be enacted by the little tots of Carrizozo Friday evening, January 5, in the Methodist church. This old-timer, which you have all seen some time or other, never fails to make its peculiar appeal to the public, since it is essentially a play for the tiniest tots available. Carrizozo can therefore furnish some ideal talent.

An expert in this business will be on hand in ample time to organize and train the little folks, and will bring with her a gorgeous outlay of costumes for both the "ladies" and the "gentlemen." Special musical numbers will be practiced from now on, so come expecting a genuine treat.

The Woman's Missionary society of the church have the affair in hand, popular prices of 15 and 25 cents will prevail, and the publicity extended through the courtesy of the two newspapers will do the rest.

Baptist Church

REV. J. M. GARDNER, PASTOR.

Sunday school as usual at 10 a. m.

The 5th Sunday meeting has been called off on account of pastor being sick with grippe.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the many friends who assisted me so kindly during the illness and death of my husband.

MRS. NORA MASSIE.

Clark Hust is in from his ranch west of the mal pais spending the holidays with his family.

Born, on the 18th, at White Oaks, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Palmer. Roy Edward is the name the young fellow bears.

Charlie Spence is carrying his good right arm in a sling as a result of the kick of a Ford. One of the bones of the forearm was broken, just above the wrist. The injured, though useless, member is getting along O. K.

AGED HUNTSMAN FACES DEATH IN DENSE FORESTS

Chicago Broker Is Unharmed After Being Lost Five Days in Woods.

TELLS STORY OF DEATH FIGHT

Horace Jackson Relates Trying Experience While Wandering in the Wilds of Northern Minnesota—Specter With Scythe Smirks at Him From Bushes.

Chicago.—A game old huntsman, Horace Jackson, returned to Chicago the other day little the worse from an experience of five days and four nights wandering lost in the dense forests of northern Minnesota until exhaustion overcame him and he fell upon the snow-covered ground in surrender to a phantom that smirked at him from the bush—a phantom with a scythe.

Aside from a badly frozen toe, Mr. Jackson reached home unharmed physically and mentally from his grueling adventure, which caused woodsmen and lumbermen in the Ely neighborhood to marvel at the sturdiness of this sixty-three-year-old Chicago business man.

When he jumped from the train in the Northwestern station Mr. Jackson was greeted by a little party of friends and business associates. Among them were Mrs. E. C. More, whose husband had accompanied Mr. Jackson on the hunting trip and with whom he resided at 1340 Sheridan road; Howard Jackson, Arthur Jackson and J. J. Bagley.

Given Great Surprise.

If these people had expected to welcome home a hunter conquered by the woods and enfeebled from wandering

Horace Jackson.

three days without food while exposed to winter weather they were greatly surprised by what they did see.

Clad in a sheepskin-lined hunting coat and a hunter's hat and with his feet buried snugly in Indian moccasins and woolen socks, Mr. Jackson stepped blithely from the car almost before the train came to a stop.

He was surrounded by his friends, who inquired almost in unison as to his health.

"I'm here, all right," was the reply, accompanied by a broad grin and a twinkle of the eyes, "an' we got our bull, too."

To persons who do not indulge in sporting magazines it may be explained that the term "bull" refers to a male moose—a bull moose.

After congratulations and handshakes Mr. Jackson was bundled into an electric and hustled to the apartment he shares with Mr. and Mrs. More.

Tells Story of Death Fight.

There a reporter found him later, and here is the story as told by the happy but apologetic huntsman:

"Sit down here, young man, and I'll tell you briefly and concisely the story of how an old man who has had some experience in the woods made a fool of himself," said Mr. Jackson by way of preface.

"A week ago last Thursday our party, consisting of Mr. More, Judge John Schaefer of Ely, his son, Howard, our Finnish guide, Tom, and myself, left Ely with all our luggage and tramped to the little log cabin near the banks of a lake fifteen miles distant, variously known as Nameless lake, Little lake, or most anything you want to call it.

"Friday morning four of us decided to row what we could round up in the way of game, while Judge Schaefer remained in camp to straighten things out.

"Tom came upon some moose tracks and followed them up. He bagged the animal, too, before he had gone very far. In a couple of hours we decided to still hunt, and separated for the purpose.

"After a short time I came upon a place that had been occupied by a moose in sleeping during the night. Tracks leading away into the brush were distinctly visible, and I began to follow them. After a time, when the marks failed to show any signs of freshness, I decided it was useless to go farther and turned about, with the intention of working back toward camp.

His Compass Goes Awry.

"I took out my compass. It indicated that I had got away to the north of the trail. This didn't seem right to me. I wondered if my instrument had become defective. An hour's further walking failed to put me on my bearings. A bitter cold wind began to blow. Added to this the brush became more dense, and walking was a matter of forcing my way through unfriendly branches that impeded every inch of the way before me.

"Was I lost? This thought came upon me suddenly and with terrific force, like the unexpected bang of a high-powered rifle. I wouldn't permit myself to believe it at first. My reputation as a woodsman was at stake. I sort of compromised the argument that had arisen between conscience and all the rest of myself, by deciding to settle down for the night and give up hope of getting back to camp until morning.

"I climbed to the summit of a high hill and built a roaring fire. The fagots I had to gather, as I had gone away without an ax, a foolish thing, by the way, for a woodsman to do.

Fires Rifle; Uses Smoke Signal.

"Then I began firing my rifle. Shot away every shot but one. No woodsman ever will fire away his last shot. I ate the sandwiches, and immediately felt stronger. If it had then occurred to me that I was in for four more days of wandering you can bet I would have been more conservative with those sandwiches.

"After that meal, my last real one for some time, I built another fire. Streams of smoke from two fires is the Indian signal for being lost, and I tried it as a last hope.

"Night came on fast. It usually does when one wishes it would not. The discomforts that darkness and night coldness brought make me shudder yet. The flames began to burn low around ten or eleven o'clock, and I put my feet right in the coals to keep them from freezing. I had to keep them there all night and at the same time drive off sleep, that threatened and threatened, and might have brought me death.

"Saturday morning I started out, determined to find camp as soon as possible. But the ever-thickening brush was a continuous barrier.

Ate Frozen Cranberries.

"Every now and then my route took me through the ice-cold waters of a marsh. But whatever inconvenience these marshes brought they probably were the means of saving my life. For I plucked frozen cranberries from the bushes and they afforded me surprising nourishment.

"Night again brought its discomforts and hours of agony, and another day did not bring me nearer camp.

"Tuesday, toward the middle of the day, I had reached the end of my endurance. My gun slipped from my fingers and fell upon the ground. I saw in the distance a log shack. I staggered toward it, and it seemed to me I found some brandy and food.

"Then I laid down, confident that the end had come.

Had Companion With Scythe.

"You ask me what my thoughts were during these last hours. I'll tell you. I had a companion, but he had a scythe. He smirked at me from the bushes and again was by my side, in front of me and in back of me. 'I may fool you yet, old man,' I told him. But I hardly believed I'd be able to. But I was, and here I am able to tell about it."

Mr. Jackson was found lying unconscious by a trapper named Charles Neimi. His gun had been found first, and footprints led to where he lay.

Investigation of Mr. Jackson's tracks brought out the ironic fact that on Saturday he had wandered within 30 or 40 yards of the trail, just missing it.

"Are you going back? We're forming a hunting party for next week," someone said at the station.

"You bet I will," was the reply of the gamest old hunter the Wisconsin woods have seen for many a year.

HEAVY GOING FOR AMMUNITION WAGONS

Heavy rains in France have made quagmires of many of the roads, and ammunition wagons, like the one here seen taking shells for the French guns to the front, make their way with difficulty.

GETS $68 A WEEK WASHING

Pennsylvania Girl Gave Up Stenography to Take up More Strenuous Form of Earning Living.

Norristown, Pa.—Quitting her position as stenographer to go to the washtub, Miss Georgianna Cuthbert is making $68 a week, and she handles only five washes to do it, according to her testimony in the equity action in which she is defendant and Mrs. Marie Lusson, her neighbor, plaintiff.

Miss Cuthbert informed Judge Swartz that one family alone paid her $30, another $12, two $9 and a fifth $8 a week. She gets the business, she says, because she does not use bleach or acids in cleaning them.

"None of the clothing I handle is soiled, only mussed," she said.

Mrs. Marie Lusson seeks to prevent Miss Cuthbert erecting a laundry in the rear of her lot in Ardmore, Pa. Mrs. Lusson says that a laundry there would be undesirable, unhealthy and in violation of building restrictions.

In the testimony experts said a laundry would be unobjectionable; that there would be no dirt, no noise, no smell, and, in fact, no reason why this woman should not be permitted to proceed with the laundry, which is to be a small one.

SHE HAD PLENTY TO WEAR

Aged Woman of Mount Holly, N. J., Was in Need of Everything Else.

Mount Holly, N. J.—Rarely is it revealed that a woman, with no apparent desire to be anything more than ordinary in her tastes, had accumulated so much wearing apparel as was found to belong to Miss Eliza McIlenry, an aged woman of this place, when it was decided this week that someone would have to take charge of her affairs.

Walter I. Dill of the Union National bank was given power of disposing of her personal effects at public sale for the purpose of raising funds for her maintenance. The sale, still in progress, has been the leading attraction for Mount Holly women.

For 20 years Miss McIlenry has had an uncontrolled mania for buying wearing apparel and storing it away. Seventeen trunks, some mammoth chests, grips, boxes, and closets were found packed with wearing apparel. There was enough to start a store—more than 200 pairs of shoes and 50 odd ones, more than 200 dresses, 50 hats, eight fur coats, 12 sets of furs, 100 pocketbooks, jewelry of the cheap variety by the gripful, and so on.

SIGNALS FOR GAME HUNTERS

If They Get Into Trouble in Michigan Woods, They Can Call for Help.

Marquette, Mich.—Signals for deer and other hunters who may be in trouble have been prepared by Thomas B. Wyman, secretary of the Northern Forest Protective association of the Upper Peninsula, and every hunter will be provided with them that necessary help may be rendered as soon as possible. Here are the signals: Help—Four shots in quick succession. Injured—Shot, pause, two shots, pause, shot. Lost—Three quick shots, pause, shot. Man found—One shot, pause, three quick shots. Call heard—Two quick shots, pause, two quick shots.

Large placards have been placed in the woods by Mr. Wyman to keep the signals ever before the minds of the hunters.

The Atonement

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"You must beg me off."

"It can't be done, Mr. Walton."

"I have a most important deal on—absence from my office or neglect might imperil thousands."

"Sorry, but the judge absolutely refuses to accept an excuse. Should you fail to respond to the summons you risk a jail sentence for contempt of court."

Thus over the telephone, Arthur Walton at one end, his lawyer at the other, both anxious and excited.

Arthur Walton, broker, hung up the receiver with almost a groan. He glanced at his watch. He was summoned for jury service at ten. It lacked only twenty minutes of that hour.

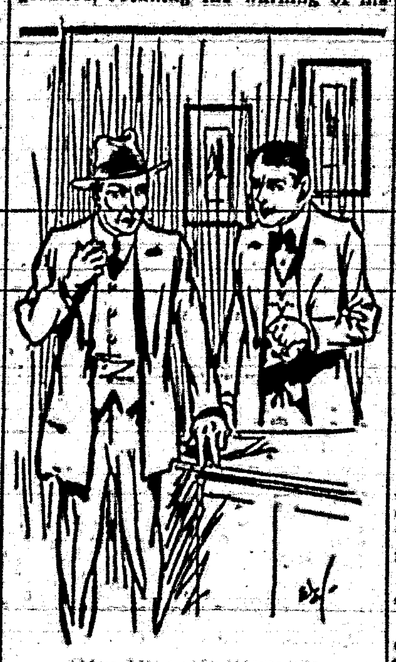
"I am going to court," he curtly informed the office boy. "Hold any callers till eleven. By that time I will either return or send a message."

Then Walton swung from his office, distracted and worried. He tried to think up all kinds of excuses to present to the judge to release him from jury duty. Three squares proceeded, a breathless hail halted him. It came from his office boy.

"Oh, Mr. Walton!" panted the boy, "Mr. Gregory is at the office and says if he can't see you at once he will have to go to some other broker with those Interstate Electric bonds."

Walton wavered. He grew almost pale. To lose the sale of the bonds meant to lose a possible five thousand dollars.

"Tell him I can't come," he fairly groaned, recalling the warning of his



"You Miserable Wretch!"

lawyer. "Maybe at noon. Moreland!"

Walton shouted the name and dashed across the street. He caught sight of a shabbily dressed, dissipated looking man. There was an expression in Walton's eyes like to that of a shipwrecked sailor catching at a life buoy. He grasped at the arm of the man, pulled him to one side and demanded abruptly:

"Moreland, do you want to make a hundred dollars?"

The other stared at his interlocutor incredibly. Then his tricky eyes glittered.

"Do I?" he cried covetously. "Try me!"

"Can I trust you? Are you sober and honorable enough to carry through what you undertake? Listen, and don't lose a moment. Here is a writ summoning me as a juror in branch 2 of the criminal court. Here is my card. I can't serve without losing a lot of money. Go as my substitute. Answer to my name. No one knows me in the court. Serve the week, or two weeks, as Arthur Walton, and—yes, I'll give you two hundred dollars the day you bring me your juror certificate."

"That's settled," announced Moreland, scamp and conscienceless mercenary. "I'll do the job and none the wiser. An advance would give me better courage, though."

"Here," and Walton counted out fifty dollars. "The balance when you are discharged from jury service. Don't fail me," and off rushed Walton, relieved, joyful, never realizing the results of his impetuous action.

Retribution was a first consequence, he verily believed, when, having put through his bond deal, the securities went down the next day and he scored quite a loss. However, he was glad he had escaped a possible two weeks' exile from his beloved money-making.

Bad luck pursued him during the week. Two deals he made engulfed half of his capital. He was not in the best of humor when one day Moreland, attired in a decent suit, but well filled up with liquor, sailed into his office.

"Well, I served on the jury like a little man!" he taunted. "Came after the balance of the two hundred."

Walton paid the money silently. He regretted now, the way affairs had turned out, that he had juggled with the law, placed a load on his conscience and tampered with a schemer of the caliber of Moreland.

"It was easy!" chuckled Moreland, as he stowed away the roll of bills. "A big satisfaction, too. Say, I want to thank you for putting me in the way of paying off an old score."

"What do you mean?" demanded Walton.

"Why, luck would have it that one, Ned Severn, an old acquaintance of mine, was on trial for embezzlement. Say, the evidence hadn't been half given before every mother's soul of us on the jury knew it was a frameup of a jealous fellow clerk. I put him through, though. You know I'm a clever talker. Well, eleven of the jury were for acquitting him. I tired them out holding for conviction and I carried the day."

"And the man was innocent!" cried Walton.

"Sure thing, but you see he is the fellow who cut me out with the only girl I cared for and married her. I got him five years," and the ignoble wretch gloated over his malicious victory.

Arthur Walton arose in a cold perspiration. He was white to the lips. In horror he realized how capable he had been in trusting to a mercenary, heartless human wreck the sacred functions of the law.

"You miserable wretch!" he uttered hoarsely. "Sit down at that desk and write out every circumstance of what you have told me, or I will go to the bar of justice, confess my share in this hideous crime and make you share the penalty. Write!"

Thoroughly cowed, Moreland did as ordered. Then Walton thrust him from the place. He took an hour or two to arrange his business affairs. Then he proceeded to the court where the trial of Ned Severn had taken place. He entered the office of the judge.

"I have come to right a wrong," spoke Walton. "I ask no leniency for what I have done, but, at any cost, justice must be surrendered," and he presented the confession of Moreland and told the story. Next day Arthur Walton was sentenced to one year in the house of correction and Ned Severn within the week had a retrial and was set at liberty.

The young man and his sister came to see Walton in the warden's office a few days later. Even amid this his humiliation, the gentle condolence of Edith Severn was a balm to a broken spirit, but one experiencing a certain joy in the vast sacrifice he had made.

And out of it came a proposition from Walton to have Severn manage his business during his sentence. He could consult daily with Walton, for the house of correction was located not two miles from the office.

Then at the end of six months Edith Severn brought to Walton a great surprise. She bore him his pardon, and in her face and words he could read more of a sentiment of admiration for his noble atonement, than condemnation for the innocent part he had played in the unjust conviction of her brother.

A second surprise greeted Walton at his office. So well had Severn conducted the business entrusted to him, that he had not only covered previous money losses but had placed a large surplus against the investment account.

There came a day when Walton called Severn his partner and fair Edith the guiding, cheering friend of his life.

"If I am only worthy of you," Arthur Walton prefaced his ardent confession of love, and Edith returned his glance with one of perfect confidence as she made reply:

"You are the noblest man I ever knew!"

To Pet a Horse.

"Not many people know how to pet a horse—from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice-looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb, and you'll find that half the men, women and children who go by will stop for a minute, say, 'Nice horsey,' and give him an affectionate pat or two. The trouble is they don't pat him in the right place. First rub his eyelids. Next to that form of endearment, a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses, most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well-behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses, and learned when a child their peculiar ways."

Subject Not in the Curriculum.

Lewis, the six-year-old son of Joe Statsenburg, a farmer living near St. Paul, has gone to school just exactly three weeks. Each evening when he comes home he never fails to tell his mother what he has learned "new" during the day.

The other day he came home and his mother said:

"Well, Lewis, what did you learn 'new' todays?"

"Mother," he replied seriously, "I learned a new way to spit."—Indianapolis News.

His Standby.

"Kind sir," said the weary wayfarer, "I have lost nearly everything—money, friends, self-respect. There is but one thing that has never deserted me."

"Poor man!" said the sympathetic listener. "Here's a penny. And that one thing is?"

"My thirst," replied the weary wayfarer as he moved quickly away.

PERUNA Household Helper

Peruna eases the burden of the housekeeper by keeping away the danger of illness resulting from colds, coughs, and indigestion due to catarrhal condition. It speedily relieves and overcomes these.

Its tonic properties build up the strength of the physically weak and run down, and its use in convalescence, especially after grip, is remarkably beneficial.

KEEP IT ON HAND

The wise housekeeper has Peruna on hand for instant use even if catarrhal troubles do not call for its regular administration. A dose or two in time often prevents a long illness.

Liquid or tablet form.

Manalin Tablets are a splendid laxative for home use.

Ask the druggist

THE PERUNA COMPANY Columbus, Ohio

HAD GATHERED IN TREASURE

Lecturer Evidently Was Not in Class That Lets "Good Things" Get Away From Them.

After addressing a woman's cooking club, a famous lecturer was besieged by the members, who questioned him about his own household and about his kitchen in particular.

"Are you satisfied with your cook?" someone asked him.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Is she economical?"

"Very."

"Can she make pies and prepare all sorts of soups?"

"The best in the land."

"Is she neat about her work?"

"As tidy as a pin and as attractive in appearance as one would care to see."

"How about her disposition?"

"I think it is perfect."

"Huh!" exclaimed one of the matrons, who had been having trouble with her cook. "It's a wonder you don't marry the girl."

With a satisfied smile the lecturer replied:

"That's exactly what I did."

GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

Children love Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a great builder of bone and muscle, and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical and nutritious food known. Made from the finest Durum wheat. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Nebr., for beautiful cook book. It is sent free to mothers.—Adv.

Preparedness.

"Mamma, I wish I had a crutch," complained Johnnie.

"What in the world does a boy with two good straight legs want with a crutch?"

"Well, mamma, it's a good thing to practice on in case you get hurt and have to use it some time."

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Bag Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

Envying a Loser.

"Dat man done made an election bet dat leaves him 'bliged to eat a gallon of 'lasses wif a toothpick," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkly.

"Well," remarked Pickaninny Jim. "De toothpick makes it slow work, but de 'lasses is wuth it."

One system of winning at love is systematic flattery.

Percy—"This morning I awoke with a dreadful cold." Reggie—"That's too bad; how do you account for it?" Percy—"Well, you see there's a spring in the bed and I suppose I got my feet wet." Reggie—"Let me 'spring' one on you. Use Boschee's German Syrup for a cold or bronchitis."

Boschee's German Syrup

is a remedy of surpassing excellence for the numerous disorders caused by getting wet feet, or occasioned by exposure to the weather. It has been a standard everywhere for the relief of colds of all kinds for 50 years. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers.

HIDE and FUR SHIPPERS

Write for illustrated trappers' guide and price list. Parcel post map of United States sent free—write today.

BOLLES & ROGERS

513 S. 13th St. Omaha, Neb.

2 WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS FOR COLDS AND LA GRIPPE

Relief from one other in half and one to two days. Guaranteed like no other remedy. Sold by best druggists everywhere—25c

PATENTS Walter E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

GALLSTONES

Auto accidents. Typhoid Liver & Stomach trouble. Only one dose. Remarkable novel remedy. Write today. Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. W, 1 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Blouse Remains High in Favor

No Change in Styles Has Any Effect on the Demand for These Garments.

TOO SERVICEABLE TO GIVE UP

These Made in America Fully Equal to Any Sent Over by Parisian Designers—Variety of Materials for Frocks Is a Feature of the Season.

New York.—The people who make and sell blouses are complaining today and the demand for these garments is falling off because the one-piece gown has been found so satisfying, and the top-coat so comfortable. So they are. The coat suit was only intended as a strictly street garment, but it has been adopted as a costume that serves all purposes, until one retires for the night, and from the way that hundreds of women wear it, one feels they are deprived of actual happiness by having to discard it when the light is turned off.

A falling off in blouses is always threatened as each season advances; and each season sees them selling like peanuts at a circus. Whatever one wears, one is brought up on the tradition that a certain number of blouses are necessary to happiness; they fit in where other garments fail to satisfy. The men who make them, and nothing else, in New York, say they cannot take another order for six months, and that for six years they have not had a breathing spell even between the seasons.

Smart women who used to order their blouses from Paris, because of the exquisite needlework, have found this method made almost impossible since the war, and their orders have recently made specialists in this country sufficiently rich to think of going to Europe themselves.

TAILORED SUIT IN BEIGE.

It is of beige velvet, with buttons of red. The skirt is plaited, and the jacket is belted in the front and hangs loosely in the back.

Distinction in Frocks.

No one who is going out to shop can fail to be bewildered by the variety of frocks that are offered, and wonder if they are all intended for the same occasions. Velvet, satin, serge—very little of this, however—velour, medieval homespun, and chiffon follow each other in rapid succession through the hands of those who sell.

And when all is seen, satin is usually chosen. The reason for this universal choice is that it is the lightest fabric to be worn under a topcoat in the open and the smartest to serve in the house. Fashion allows satin to be employed with more frequency than any other material except chiffon, but the former is a better choice than the latter for no especial reason, unless it be that we are tired of chiffon as we are of taffeta. No special pleading can make one turn to that silk today for any purpose.

The really new note struck in fabrics for frocks is the homespun that is an imitation of the kind spun by the good wives of the middle ages, for they were not above such work, you remember; one of the proudest noblewomen of England was noted for the excellence of her cow-milking. She allowed no henchman to meddle with this part of her many duties.

The master weavers of Paris brought out this rough, serviceable and really lovely material a year after the war started, possibly for economic reasons, and the French women saw its virtues at once. It pleased them, even the smartest of them, to adopt the material of other, and simpler days when barons were at war all the hours of life, and the designers, falling in with the scheme of simple things, invented those twelfth century frocks that were worn for nearly three centuries by their ancestors.

In Homespun Effects.

Callot has taken up this homespun in the weave that is like that spun in India and worn by the Hindus, and she has embroidered it in the palm leaf design which was fashionable under the reign of Napoleon. Other designers have built the homespun into severe frocks that hang straight from the shoulders and are girdled in below the waist with silken cord knotted at the ends.

But the woman who chooses such a frock, while she will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is in the first fashion, must keep well in mind that its opportunities are limited. It will not serve for the theater, the restaurant or an afternoon reception or card party. It is also heavy and warm under a topcoat, and only gives its full meed of value in those seasons and in those climates that permit it to be worn in the open with nothing additional but a set of furs. By the early spring, it may be in high favor.

Satin Leading Other Fabrics.

On the other hand, satin in a thick weave seems to offer itself as a fabric for the majority of activities that fill up the life of the American woman. It can be stretched far enough to take the place of a coat suit if one must be economical.

The dressmakers are using it for morning frocks worn by schoolgirls, for afternoon occasions that range from weddings to restaurant dancing, for informal evening frocks that serve not only the woman who has few opportunities and less desire for the gorgeous gowns that the smart set wears, but also for the fashionable woman who wishes, for a time, to avoid the brilliancy of splendid evening attire.

Along with velvet, it forms the foundation for the most Oriental and medieval ball gown, but in its simpler forms it is in dull colors and merely trimmed with chain stitchery and a bit of metallic thread. Gray has taken hold of the public as a color that serves the several hours and the introduction of much cut steel and tarnished silver thread gives the opportunity for stimulating a dull color into decided gayety.

EVENING WRAP.

This wrap by Martial et Armand is of rose velvet embroidered in silver, and trimmed with skunk.

Slavic Designs.

That early fashion in embroidery, where thick worsted threads were employed in Slavic designs is still sold in the shops that cater to a large trade, and there is something attractive about its rudeness and elementary attempt at ornamentation, but it is being rapidly pushed into the chaos of things that were, by reason of the preferred method of ornamenting with bullion threads. This is as Slavic as the other fashion, but it suits satin better.

It is not held for evening gowns, but bits of it are spread over a wide range of garments.

By the way, it is well to put your thoughts on fanciful chain stitchery, for it is to be in the forefront of fashion during the winter.

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HATS HERE AND TO COME

Information on the Subject of the Season's Millinery That Will Be Found Interesting.

Many women are ready for their second hats of the season, others have just selected their first, and still others have their first yet to select. To all three classes, however, the subject of millinery is an interesting one.

Embroidery is the thing in the way of trimming. A combination of materials is used in many cases to develop one design. On a brown hat a little daisy design has its petals embroidered in ribbon, while the leaves stems and centers are in silk.

A novel bonnet of velvet has streamers reaching to the shoulders. The streamers are made of several strands of knotted worsted.

Simple trimmings, such as a single rose, an ornament made of feathers or fur, real or imitation, are most effective.

A novel feature is a peckpiece with the ends finished to form small change purses. These are arranged so that they shall be decorative as well as practical.

Rings to Hang Muffs on the Arm.

A good many small grandmother muffs provided with bracelet rings of jade or silk are being seen in New York.

Bags and Hats of Chenille.

Chenille is now coming to the fore for bags and for hats, as well as embroidery.

TRAINING TODAY'S BOYS AND GIRLS

Their Holidays Oft Demoralize the Household.

PREPARATION IS NECESSARY

Mental as Well as Material Readjustments Must Be Made in Order to Cope With Situation With Success.

By SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG.

WITH a sigh of relief a certain mother sank into a rocker and exclaimed: "Thank goodness this vacation is over and the children will be back in school tomorrow!"

And her expression of relief was echoed—unconsciously, of course—in thousands of homes all over the land.

Every year, several times a year, whatever routine may have been fortunate enough to establish in our various households is rudely broken up by the advent of holidays and vacations. No matter how experienced we are, no matter how carefully we plan our calendar and figure our budget, the holidays always seem to catch us unawares. Of course we know they are coming. We make preparations, sometimes weeks in advance, for a hundred little details. But we never seem to anticipate the fact that the vacations and holidays do break up the routine for sleeping and eating and playing. Indeed, our weekly Saturdays and Sundays ought to teach us a lesson, but some of us simply will not learn.

Have you never noticed that children will sleep later on Saturdays and on holidays than they do on ordinary weekdays? And by the same token they will sleep later during holiday week than during ordinary weeks.

And then we are annoyed anew that breakfast is late and that the "whole house is upset"—annoyed and somewhat perplexed, too, for we do not seem able to make out just what the trouble is until it is all over.

But that is not the worst of it. There is always something extra to do during these trying days—all the more reason why we should be undisturbed—but then the disturbance is at its worst. It is all very exasperating as well as perplexing, and it only shows how patient we are that there isn't more friction than there is.

But when we come to think of it, the children are not so much to blame. If there are boys or girls home from college or boarding school, don't they want to spend much time with their friends? You wouldn't have it otherwise; yet that means visiting and entertaining—and you have to take your share. And it means getting ready and keeping appoin nents — or missing them—and coming home late, and then perhaps a little more conversation with the door half open; and all of these things do so break up the even tenor of older people's ways.

They Will Sleep Later During the Holidays.

Then there is the excitement that goes through the air; you simply cannot escape it. And the noise itself is distracting enough. Nor are the younger children any more restful. Everybody seems to feel inspired by the anarchy of interrupted routine of work and play.

And it always takes us by surprise.

But why can we not be prepared? Well, we can if we know just what it is that we are to prepare for. We are prepared with the additional apples or cookies, and we usually have our decorations and housecleaning off our hands in time. But the irregularities of the children's free time find us mentally unprepared. The fact is that, although we have again and again experienced the distraction that comes at these times, we persist in keeping our thoughts in their familiar ruts, with the result that the demands upon our attention made by the children come as disturbances, and we resent them.

The kind of preparedness needed by the parent for meeting the trying ordeals of the children's days at home is entirely a mental one. It is, in fact, nothing but assuming the appropriate state of mind. And the problem is one that every woman can understand from her own experience. Just imagine, for example, that you made an afternoon call on a friend, or attended a reception, with your mind fixed on the details of your domestic establishment. You know just exactly what would happen. Mrs. Gushley will make a remark about the lovely fur trimmings on your cobweb-netting dress, and you will answer, absent-mindedly, that you intend to get the trimmings for the fir tree after putting the last batch of preserves away. Or someone will ask you to pass the sandwiches, and you will catch yourself thinking aloud, "Don't you know when you have enough?"

Of course, if you did anything like that in company you would soon cut off the supply of invitations. But that is exactly the sort of thing we do constantly with our own children. We give them only half or less of the attention that is required for plain, decent conversation on the ordinary remarks and comments of everyday intercourse. And when they ply us with more than the usual number of questions, or relate to us more than the usual number of exciting adventures (exciting to them, not to us), we either repulse them as intruders upon our mental seclusion or we meet their advances with half-hearted listlessness and languid smiles. This may look polite and friendly enough externally, but does not altogether conceal the lack of interest. And when it is all over we still feel that we have experienced a real hardship.

And the Noise Itself Is Distracting Enough.

When the holiday season next approaches—and, so far as the children are concerned, there is a respite from routine every week—let us be prepared by clearing the decks, as far as possible, of all thoughts and concerns that are not immediately related to the children's own interests. Let us then give the children, while we are with them, our undivided attention, confident that our neglected cares will receive their due share when the children are about their business.

SIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

Dances of the Turning and Howling Dervishes Hypnotize Spectator From the West.

The dervishes of Constantinople are one of those sights of the Orient which the western visitor sees, as a rule, with the all-embracing and apathetic tourist curiosity that will regard anything from an execution in China to famine in India in the light of a curious entertainment. There is no more horribly fascinating spectacle in the East than these dervishes, and he must be thick-skinned indeed who can come away without feeling that he has brushed the edge of mystery—crude and savage mystery, perhaps, but mystery none the less.

There are two kinds of dervishes, the dancing or turning dervish, and the howling dervish. Both are religious orders, and their orgies are mystic and devotional in principle and intention, but they have about them more of the character of black magic.

The turning dervishes dance on a raised, waxed platform, incongruously reminiscent of a dance floor at Coney Island. A little gallery is provided where tact and backsheesh may procure a seat for the European visitor. A primitive orchestra of drums and flutes provides music whose quality is almost solely rhythmic, embroidered by the ghost of a thin tune from the eerie flutes.

With elaborate ceremonial the dervishes step one by one upon the floor, bowing deeply each to his companions and to the master of ceremonies. Slowly, one by one, they begin to turn, around and around, with lithe, snake-like movements. The drums beat out a muffled tempo, the floor is a maze of sinuous circling forms that turn, each on his own heel, while circling in smooth patterns singly and in groups about each other—a maze, a tangle, of blending that draws and tires and hypnotizes the eye as it lifts the performers into a mechanical ecstasy.

The howling dervishes are of another and more violent order. Their dance is one of mad, convulsive contortions that seem to rack their tortured bodies in time to the beat of the drums. Low groans tear from their throats in the same inexorable tempo. It is a physical pain to watch them. Before the ceremony is half over they are in a semicataleptic state, dead to the world, but still jerking and twisting in rhythm. The spectacle is not pretty, but it leaves an impression that cannot be lightly tossed off.

Sensible Idea in Japan.

In Japan the nursery is still protected from the inroads of measles and other infections by means of an inscription over the nursery door saying with exquisite urbanity "this child is not at home." In the Wellcome Historical Medical museum, says the London Lancet, a most fascinating exhibition is on view, illustrative of "Japanese charms, amulets, votive offerings and objects of medical interest," among which these nursery notices occupy an important place. Akin to these notices are the charms embodied as toys. A yellow tiger with a wagging head is now said to be a toy, but anciently it was a form of exorcism against palsy and numbness of the limbs.

At the French Tribunal.

Doctor—Why were you rejected?

Applicant (smiling)—For imbecility.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing; I have an income of sixty thousand francs."

"Are you married."

"Yes."

"What does your wife do?"

"Nothing; she is richer than I."

"You are no imbecile. Passed for general service."—London Daily News.

EFFICIENT FORCE IS NEEDED

Roads Should Be Looked After at All Seasons of Year and Kept in Constant Repair.

Under our present system of county pike maintenance, roads have been receiving a quantity of crushed stone on their most-traveled and worn-out sections. This is usually applied after a grading and scraping of the surface to fill the ruts. This grading is a semiannual affair. The first grading is done in the early spring just as the roads are thoroughly thawed and beginning to dry after the heaviest of the winter freezes are safely over. Previous to this grading they often become long lines of slushy mud almost impassable to the heavier loaded wagons. In such a condition they are easily rutted and hard to mend. It is the sort of impermanent roads that have given rise to the appeal for a permanent hard surfaced road not so easily affected by the freeze and thaws. We find crushed stone superior to the older type of gravel roads in many respects since it holds its shape and body longer, says Indiana Farmer. Yet crushed stone roads and even surfaced macadams and concrete or asphalt surfaced roads need attention after the first few years under the wear of present-day traffic. What we need is an efficient force to look after the roads at all seasons of the year and keep them in constant repair. There is no road material but what becomes worn in spots in time and if these spots were kept mended constantly the cost of the upkeep would not be nearly so great. After the spring grading and shaping up the roads are allowed to run as best they can till fall. "A stitch in time" can have no better application than on our county roads and their mending.

Sheep Cleaning Up Weeds.

MEASUREMENT OF ROAD WEAR

Ingenious Machine Perfected to Show Effects of Different Loads at Various Speeds.

A complex and highly ingenious machine has been perfected which runs over a sample of road surface at the National Physical laboratory, shows the wear caused by different loads at different speeds and in various climatic conditions. In other words, given a specimen of a new surface, the machine will tell pretty accurately what, say the Manchester-to-Wilmslow road, would be like in a year if that surface were laid on it. It seems a pity that so valuable a wear-and-tear recording device cannot be applied to more than roads.—Manchester (England) Guardian.

BENEFIT OF CONCRETE ROAD

Make Travel in Community Quick, Safe, Clean, Easy and Comfortable—Other Advantages.

Concrete roads are country boulevards. They benefit a community in making travel quick, safe, easy, clean and comfortable. They extend neighborhood limits, bring more people into personal touch with each other, increase social opportunities and thereby remove the monotony of isolation; bring greater content to the youth on the farm, make city and country near neighbors and increase school attendance, thus cultivating a desire for a broader knowledge and higher standard of living.

High-Producing Cows.

Cows producing over half a ton of butter per year are so common that they are no longer a subject for special comment, but there still remain several millions of the other kind.

Weeds Injure Roads.

Good roads will never be good roads while they are bordered with ragweeds.

Time to Drag Roads.

When "time drags" is a good time to drag the roads.

That Knife-Like Pain

Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains,—feel tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that follows:

A Colorado Case

R. L. Hall, contractor, 1406 Eighth St., Greeley, Colo., says: "While lying down a sharp pain caught me in my side and I couldn't get up. I passed gravel that caused torture of the worst kind. I was laid up for two or three days at a time and the pains in my back were awful. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of the pain. The cure has lasted."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Consistent Economy.

"People are undoubtedly making a proper effort to avoid wasting paper," remarked Mr. Chuggins.

"How do you know?"

"I just bought one of those Flivvord autos and the man asked me if I wanted it wrapped up."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

INDIAN NAMES FOR WARSHIPS

Suggestion Made That Vessels of the United States Navy Be Called After Famous Red Men.

A correspondent of the New York Times advocates Indian names for United States warships. "How to name the ships of our vastly extended navy is an interesting question. A glance down the list of the names of our naval ships does undoubtedly give the impression that they had been accepted by a weary man as a choice of evils.'

"It seems to me that from the men of the race longest identified with our history—the noble red men—and from their tribes, most befitting titles could be found for applying to our warships. From early childhood the lives of the foremost Indian chieftains have inspired intense admiration in Americans. They are the ideal embodiment of the greatest naval battle prowess of their time.

"What names could imply the idea of indomitable fighting force in the American mind equally with Powhatan, the powerful sachem of Virginia; or Pontiac, "the Red Napoleon," chief of the Ottawas; or Tecumseh, chief of the Shawnees, or (Shawanoes) and celebrated fighter, diplomat, and orator; or Black Hawk, noted warrior chieftain of the Sacs and Foxes?"

JUST MATTER OF PERCENTAGE

Legislator Had Figured Out Method by Which He Voted Right in Majority of Cases.

During the last session of a western legislature one member, a tall angular man with a white mustache of the walrus pattern and the faculty of being able to throw both his thumbs out of joint at will, made himself conspicuous by voting "No" on every bill, resolution, or other form of business that came up. However innocent a measure might be, this man voted against it stentoriously.

Finally a legislator weaken under the strain and approached the gentleman with the walrus whisker.

"Why is it?" asked the man, "that you vote 'No' on everything?"

"I'll tell you," said he of the walrus mustache with a confidential air. "Seventy-five of these bills and resolutions are bad and ought never to passed. And I figger that any man who votes right 75 per cent of the time is a pretty durned good legislator."

Needed It in His Business.

Dentist—I think I'll remove the nerve.

Patient—Don't do that, doctor. I'm a book agent.

The cheerful feeling you possess after a drink of something hot and flavory should be only the beginning of your satisfaction.

For this very reason more and more people are turning from coffee to—

Instant Postum

A lessened tendency to such annoyances as nervousness and sleeplessness repays them

A ten-day trial of this delightful, flavory hot drink has assisted so many to health and comfort that your friend, the Postum drinker, will tell you its well worth while.

"There's a Reason"

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Freedom of the Seas

(Albuquerque Morning Journal)

In an address to foreign newspaper correspondents, just before his retirement from office, Viscount Gray, then British minister of foreign affairs, intimated that measures for insuring the freedom of the seas might be undertaken after the war is over. He did not mention the freedom of the seas now, the truth being, as of course he knew, that the seas are about as free, at the present time, as is Belgium.

Freedom of the seas is a fiction of international law, and must remain so. It exists as a fiction of international law in times of peace. It is abrogated in times of war, as we found in the years preceding 1812 and as we are finding since 1914.

Great Britain has policed the seas, and held piracy, carried law and order. Somebody had to do the work, and the world is more indebted to her than it has suffered from her on that account.

Nevertheless, the seas' domion has been England's since Trafalgar. Her rule has been mild and for the most part just those qualities indeed have rendered it tolerable. The world has acquiesced in this sovereignty in part because to acquiesce was necessary, and in part because it was expedient.

But Great Britain in this war makes her sovereignty visible, ships and the ocean today by her grace. All Europe trades on the seas in accordance with her regulations, or they don't trade at all. And as the war progresses her grip tightens. She proposes to enforce the blockade at all hazards, just as she did against Napoleon. The continent has been the tripe of the Dutchland, and the few blockade runners that have been able to get into ports with which Germans still can trade more or less surreptitiously.

This is a condition and not a theory. But when the war is over Great Britain and her allies will desire to revert to the approved theory, which never has been a fact during the past hundred years.

England has and will keep her sea power, and will use it, as she is using it now when occasion arises, unless the United States should decide to act upon the recommendation of President Wilson and build a fleet the equal of that of any nation in the world.

Over Half Million Plurality

Complete official returns of all the states give President Wilson a plurality of 568,922 over Mr. Hughes. Benson, the Socialist candidate, had a vote of 750,000 with eight states missing. Hanley, Prohibition candidate, had 225,104, as compared to 207,928 for Chafin in 1912. The Socialist vote in 1912 was 901,873. The Democratic and Republican vote in 1912 was 14,250,447, divided as follows: Wilson, 6,279,099; Taft, 3,846,399; Roosevelt, 4,124,959. The total popular vote in 1916 for the four candidates was 18,638,871. The vote by states for the two leading candidates is as follows:

States	Wilson	Hughes
Alabama	97,778	28,662
Arizona	33,470	20,524
Arkansas	112,180	49,827
California	466,289	462,516
Colorado	178,816	102,308
Connecticut	99,786	106,514
Delaware	34,521	25,794
Florida	56,108	14,611
Georgia	125,831	11,225
Idaho	70,021	56,308
Illinois	950,081	1,152,316
Indiana	324,063	341,005
Iowa	221,699	280,449
Kansas	314,588	277,056
Kentucky	269,900	241,854
Louisiana	79,765	6,644
Maine	64,118	69,506
Maryland	138,359	117,317
Massachusetts	247,885	268,812
Michigan	286,775	339,097
Minnesota	179,152	179,544
Mississippi	80,383	4,253
Missouri	398,032	369,339
Montana	101,063	66,750
Nebraska	138,827	117,771
Nevada	17,776	12,127
New Hampshire	43,779	43,723
New Jersey	211,018	268,982
New Mexico	33,553	31,161
New York	756,880	875,510
North Carolina	168,383	120,890
North Dakota	55,271	52,651
Ohio	604,946	514,836
Oklahoma	148,123	97,233
Oregon	120,087	126,813
Pennsylvania	521,784	703,734
Rhode Island	40,394	44,858
South Carolina	61,846	1,089
South Dakota	59,191	64,261
Tennessee	133,334	116,114
Texas	285,909	64,949
Utah	84,025	54,133
Vermont	22,708	40,250
Virginia	102,824	49,459
Washington	183,338	167,244
W. Virginia	140,403	143,124
Wisconsin	193,042	221,323
Wyoming	28,316	21,698
Totals	9,116,296	8,547,474

The Cost of Education

(Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.)

We do not know who first announced that the hope of democracy lies in education; and the fact is so obvious that no particular credit is due him, anyway. A million parrots—among whom we occasionally enroll ourselves—repeat the statement every year; but it is not generally believed. If this democracy believed that its hope lay in education it would be giving much more attention to that subject.

The country is spending this year some five hundred million dollars on public schools—roughly, from two-thirds to three-fourths as much as it spends on automobiles. If you doubt that the country is giving much more attention to automobiles than it is to public schools, stop the first thousand men who pass any given corner, or start in any direction from any point and drop into the first thousand farmhouses you come to, and start a conversation, first on the subject of automobiles and next on the subject of public education. You will find, as to the first subject, a right lively interest and a considerable fund of information. You will find, as to the second subject, a rather vague interest and a general notion that the schools are not nearly so efficient as they might be.

If we were really penetrated by a belief that the hope of democracy lies in education we should be spending five times five hundred million dollars on public schools; and a general notion that the schools are not nearly so efficient as they might be would cause us to sit up nights until we discovered ways of making them more suitable to the tremendous task of realizing democracy by equalizing opportunity, so far as that can be done.

1917 Pocket Dairy, Free

Our readers can secure a pretty 1917 pocket dairy, free of charge, by sending the postage therefor, two cents in stamps, to D. Swift & Co., patent lawyers, Washington, D. C. The dairy is a gold mine of useful information, contains the popular and electoral vote received by Wilson and by Hughes from each state in 1916, and also by Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft in 1912; states the amount of the principal crops produced in each state in 1916; gives the census population of each state in 1890, 1900 and 1910, the population of about 600 of the largest cities in the United States, a synopsis of business laws, patent laws, household receipts and much other useful information. The dairy would cost you 25 cents at a book store. For three cents in stamps we will send a nice wall calendar, size 10 by 11 inches. Send five one cent stamps and get the dairy and calendar.

Wheat Crop Short

Rome, Italy, Dec. 26.—Poor crops over the world continue to be indicated by the estimates of the International Institute of Agriculture.

The Argentine wheat crop is estimated at 70,000,000 bushels, one-half of last year. Australia's wheat crop is estimated at 135,000,000 bushels, which is four per cent better than the yearly average.

For the world's eighteen most important countries, including the United States, Canada, British India, Japan and all Europe, the estimated total wheat crop is placed by the institute at 2,500,000,000 bushels, which is 25 per cent less than last year.

We pay the highest prices for hides and pelts. Ziegler Bros.

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CARRIZOZO : NEW MEXICO

Carrizo Lodge
No. 11
Knights of Pythias

Meets every Monday evening in the Masonic Hall. All members are urged to be present and visiting Knights welcomed.

G. T. McQuillen, C. C. E. A. O. Johnson, K. of R. & S.

Carrizozo Lodge,
No. 41,
A. F. & A. M.

Regular Communications of Carrizozo Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M., for 1916:
January 15, February 12, March 18, April 15, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 7, November 4, December 2 and 27.

J. B. GARVEN, W. M.
S. F. MILLER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.
Carrizozo Lodge
NO. 30

Carrizozo, N. M. Regular meeting nights, 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month.

O. T. NYE, N. G.
AUSTIN PATTY, Sec'y.

The Titsworth Company
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Binder Twine Grain Bags
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Our Stock is large and
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FEED YARD
HAY AND GRAIN IN CAR LOTS
All Competition Met in Prices on These Commodities
Roomy Yard - Stalls - Water
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Phone 86

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Quality Groceries
FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS
The Only Exclusive Grocery in Carrizozo
Fruits, nuts, candies and vegetables in season

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At
THE STAG
Where your presence is appreciated and the Best Values given
All Goods First Class . . Pool
JOE R. ADAMS, Prop.
Carrizozo, N. M.

The Carrizozo Bar

All Bonded Whiskey	$1.75 per Quart.
Port Wine	.50 per Quart.
Blackberry Brandy	.50 per Quart.
Old Kingdom Blended Whiskey	$4.00 per Gallon.

Wholesale Prices on Selpp's Beer to Outside Dealers.

— M-O-N-U-M-E-N-T-S —
We carry the largest stock in the Southwest. Freight prepaid, every job guaranteed. Write for designs and estimates.
Bowers Monument Company
215 East Central Albuquerque, N. M.

Notice for Publication
025169
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
December 11, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Melquiades Gonzales, of Capitan, N. M., who on Dec. 9, 1911, made Hd. E. Serial No. 025169, for N½SE¼; SW¼SE¼; and SE¼SW¼, Section 6, Township 9.S, Range 14.E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before O. T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office, at Carrizozo, N. M., on Jan. 22, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Preciliano Pino, Gregorio Pino, Benino Gallegos, all of Carrizozo, N. M.; Bonifacio Zamora, of Capitan, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Dec. 22—Jan. 19. Register.

Notice for Publication
02861
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Roswell, New Mexico
December 12, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Rosendo Chabez, of White Mountain, N. M., who, on Dec. 10, 1913, made Hd. E. Serial No. 02861, for E½SE¼; NW¼SE¼; SE¼SW¼, Sec. 23; and the SW¼, Section 24, Township 10.S, Range 9.E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Orville T. Nye, Clerk of the Probate Court, in his office at Carrizozo, N. M., on Jan 22, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Celso Candelario, Bernabel Candelario, these of White Mountain, N. M.; Catarino Guerra, Ramon Guerra, these of Three Rivers, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Dec. 22—Jan. 19. Register.

Public Notice

In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, New Mexico, at the January Term, 1917.

In the matter of the probating of the last Will and Testament of Seaborn T. Gray, deceased.

The State of New Mexico, To whom it may concern, Greeting:

Whereas, on the 5th day of December, 1916, there was presented to the Probate Clerk of said County of Lincoln, an instrument in writing said to be the last Will and Testament of Seaborn T. Gray, late of said county, deceased, asking that the same may be proven, and admitted to be the last Will and Testament of said Seaborn T. Gray, deceased.

You are therefore hereby commanded to cite and give notice to Sarah C. Gray, the widow, and Gordon B. Gray, Seaborn P. Gray, Nellie B. Reily, formerly Nellie Gray; Walter A. Gray Buleah M. Williamson, formerly Euleah M. Gray, children and next of kin of the said Seaborn T. Gray, deceased, to be and appear before the Probate Court of Lincoln County on the second day of January, One thousand nine hundred and seventeen, the second day of the January term, One thousand nine hundred and seventeen, thereof, at the court house in the town of Carrizozo, New Mexico, then and there to witness proceedings in the matter of proving said instrument to be the last Will and Testament of said Seaborn T. Gray, deceased. And hereof make due service and returns as the law directs.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said court hereto affixed at my office in Carrizozo, New Mexico, this 5th day of December, One thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

(Seal) ALBERT H. HARVEY,
Dec. 8—Dec. 29. Probate Clerk.

Notice of Publication

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, County of Lincoln. April Term A. D. 1917.

No. 2869

N. E. Charlton, Plaintiff,
vs.
Maude Charlton, Defendant.

The said defendant, Maude Charlton, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against her in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said N. E. Charlton, that unless she enter or cause to entered her appearance in said suit on or before the 27th day at January, A. D. 1917, decree pro confesso therein will be rendered against you.

(Seal) ALBERT H. HARVEY,
Clerk.

Buel R. Wood, Esq., Carrizozo, New Mexico, Attorney for Plaintiff. Dec. 1—Jan. 5.

GOVERNMENT CROP REPORT

Washington, D. C., December 26.—A summary of estimates of crop production and prices for the state of New Mexico and for the United States, compiled by the Bureau of Crop Estimates and transmitted through the Weather Bureau, United States Department of Agriculture, is as follows.

The acreage and production is stated in thousands, that is, the 000 must be added to give the actual amounts.

CROPS		NEW MEXICO ACREAGE	NEW MEXICO PRODUCTION	NEW MEXICO PRICE DEC. 1	UNITED STATES PRODUCTION	UNITED STATES PRICE DEC. 1
Corn, bushels	1916	125,-	2,625,-	$1.13	2,583,241,-	$ 0.88.9
	1915	105,-	2,730,-	.73	2,994,793,-	.57.5
Winter Wheat, bu.	1916	65,-	1,072,-	1.50	481,744,-	1.62.7
	1915	32,-	1,144,-	.90	673,947,-	.94.7
Spring Wheat, bu.	1916	48,-	1,032,-	1.50	158,142,-	1.52.9
	1915	37,-	832,-	.90	351,854,-	.86.4
All Wheat, bu.	1916	113,-	2,104,-	1.50	639,886,-	1.60.3
	1915	89,-	1,976,-	.90	1,025,801,-	.91.9
Oats, bu.	1916	64,-	1,856,-	.67	1,251,992,-	.52.4
	1915	60,-	2,160,-	.50	1,549,030,-	.36.1
Barley, bu.	1916	11,-	308,-	1.00	180,927,-	.88.2
	1915	8,-	264,-	.70	228,851,-	.51.6
Potatoes, bu.	1916	8,-	816,-	1.75	285,437,-	1.46.1
	1915	8,-	800,-	.95	359,721,-	.81.7
Hay, tons	1916	185,-	370,-	14.00	89,991,-	11.21
	1915	201,-	442,-	8.80	85,926,-	10.63
Beans, bu.	1916	64,-	425,-	3.50	8,846,-	5.06
	1915	46,-	368,-	2.25	10,321,-	2.59
Kafirs, bu.	1916	180,-	3,960,-	1.10	50,340,-	1.06
	1915	200,-	5,400,-	.40	114,460,-	.44.7
Apples, bu.	1916		119,-	4.80	67,415,-	2.75
	1915		273,-	2.61	76,680,-	2.07
Peaches, bu.	1916		40,-		36,939,-	
	1915		154,-		64,097,-	
Pears, bu.	1916		36,-		10,377,-	
	1915		64,-		11,216,-	

JACK PEAK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

or small stock. Luck to you, boys.

We wish you, Mr. Editor, a jolly good town this holiday season, and a year of fine health and prosperity to you and yours. We wish the News every opportunity to advance its usefulness, though we hardly see how the paper could be made better. And we are proud of our home paper.

FORT STANTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

known as the Mass, during which large numbers received the God in Holy Communion. A second Mass was celebrated at 6:30, and the last at 10 a. m., when a large attendance was had to enjoy not only the impressive service, but a special musical program given under the direction of our organist, Dr. Charles Irby, assisted by Miss Alva Beattie and Mr. William Lindsay. At the close of the Mass the chaplain extended greetings to all present, assuring that God would bless them for their presence. Miss Beattie sang in her usual pleasing manner the "Adeste," as also a solo entitled "The Star of Bethlehem." The violin solo, "Perfect Day," by Mr. A. Reissar, was splendidly rendered. The two duets sung by Miss Beattie and Mr. Lindsay were exceptionally good. A Te Deum closed the services of the day.

In the evening everybody attended the movies at the local theater, which was a most appropriate ending of the day's festivities.

J. K. SUCH
WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
El Paso Ave. and 4th St.

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Plasterer & Contractor
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CARRIZOZO - - - NEW MEXICO

W. H. CORWIN
Contractor and Builder
Brick, Plastering & Cement Work. Estimates furnished.
Oscuro, N. M.

Notice of State Land Selections
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
November 29, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910 and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 7512. Serial No. 02237. N½SW¼, W½SE¼, Sec. 9, Tp 12-N, Range 18-E, 160 acres.

List No. 7523. Serial No. 02323. SW¼SW¼, Sec. 23, S½S½, Sec 27, SW¼SE¼, Sec. 30, Tp 10-S, W½SW¼, Sec. 4, W½W½, Sec. 9, N½N½, Sec. 17, Tp 11-S, Range 20 E, 640 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON,
Dec. 22—Jan. 19. Register.

Notice of Publication
In the District Court, County of Lincoln, April Term, A.D. 1917
No. 2772
Victoriana G. de Lopez, Plaintiff,
vs.
Trenidad Lopez, Defendant.

The said defendant, Trenidad Lopez, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against him in the District Court in the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said Victoriana G. de Lopez, that unless he enters or causes to entered his appearance in said suit on or before the 10th day of February, A.D 1917, decree pro confesso therein will be rendered against you.

[Seal] ALBERT H. HARVEY, Clerk.
Buel R. Wood, Esq., Carrizozo, N. M.,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Dec. 29—Jan 19.

Notice for Publication
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
Fort Sumner, New Mexico
December 22, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, by virtue of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910 and the acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands, towit:

List 7518, serial 014381. E½SE¼, Sec. 17, T. 2 S., R 17 E., and NE¼NE¼ Sec. 35, T. 2 S., R. 16 E., NE¼NE¼ Sec. 31, T. 2 S., R. 17 E., SE¼SE¼ Sec. 3, S½ Sec. 8, SE¼SE¼, Sec. 9, T. 3 S., R. 16 E., N. M. P. M., 560 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication or at any time thereafter before final approval and certification.

A. J. EVANS,
Dec. 29—Jan. 26. Register.

Proceedings of the Board of County Commissioners

Special meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln County, New Mexico, begun and held in the Court House in the town of Carrizozo, December 22, 1916.

Board met at 3 p. m.

Present, Hon. Melvin Franks, chairman; W. M. Ferguson, member; A. M. Vega, deputy sheriff; W. H. Osborn, deputy clerk.

The County Assessor now presents the tax rolls for the year 1916 for examination by the Board and the Board having examined same, doth approve said rolls.

And now the Board doth order that owing to the unavoidable delay in completing the said tax rolls, that no penalty shall be assessed against tax payers by the County Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector until after December 31st, 1916.

It now being brought to the notice of the Board that an election must be held for the offices of Justice of the Peace and Constable in each of the precincts of the county and the following proclamation of such election was ordered published:

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned County Commissioners, within and for the County of Lincoln, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an election to be held in the several Precincts of said County on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917, the object and purpose of which is to elect persons to the various offices hereinafter named, to-wit: A Justice of the Peace and a Constable in each and every Precinct in Lincoln County.

And the Board doth appoint as Judges to act at said election the following named persons and do select the following places in each Precinct as polling places:

Precinct No. 1, Lincoln.—L. H Dow, Ramon Lujan, W. H. Sevier.—Old Court House.

Precinct No. 2, San Patricio.—Clement Hightower, Robert Brady, Francisco Trujillo.—Hightower's Office, Hondo.

Precinct No. 3, Arabela.—Anselmo Pacheco, Bernardo Salazar, Jose Barela.—J. P. Office, Arabela.

Precinct No. 4, Picacho.—W. E. Kimbrell, R. C. Sowder, Perfecto Sandoval.—Old School House, Picacho.

Precinct No. 5, Reventon.—Delfin Zamora, Preciliano Sanchez, Matias Sedillo.—Martinez Saloon Building.

Precinct No. 6, Richardson.—S J. Woodland, R. A. Duran, J. H. Foster.—Duran & Farmer Store.

Precinct No. 7, Jicarilla.—S. B. Fambrough, Ed. Haskins, A. H. Norton.—Weishar Store.

Precinct No. 8, White Oaks.—Wayne Van Schoyck, Paul Mayer, Albino Carrillo.—Paul Mayer Livery.

Precinct No. 9, Capitan.—Geo. A. Montgomery, Melcor Chavez, Robt. A. Hurt.—Merchant's Office.

Precinct No. 10, Ruidoso.—L. F. Avant, Ike Wingfield, Felipe E. Sanchez.—Sanchez School House.

Precinct No. 11, Nogal.—L. R. Hust, S. W. Kelsey, T. W. Henley.—Public Hall, Nogal.

Precinct No. 12, Bonito.—Lewis England, Jim Robinson, W. R. White.—Peters Building, Angus.

Precinct No. 13, Corona.—Frank Melton, Frank Flores, W. H. Sultemeier.—School Building, Corona.

Precinct No. 14, Carrizozo.—A. H. Harvey, T. W. Watson, Porfirio Chavez.—Court House.

Precinct No. 15, Oscuro.—W. T. Sterling, Seth F. Crews, E. F. Jones.—Mal Pais Building.

Precinct No. 16, Ancho.—E. S. Corn, John Dale, Juan N. Romero.—School House, Ancho.

Adjourned sine die.

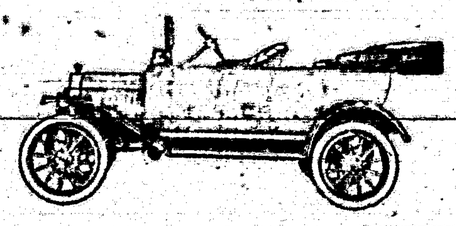
[Signed] MELVIN FRANKS, Chairman.
Attest: ALBERT H. HARVEY, Clerk.

Bring your wool and pelts—highest prices paid always. Carrizozo Trading Co.

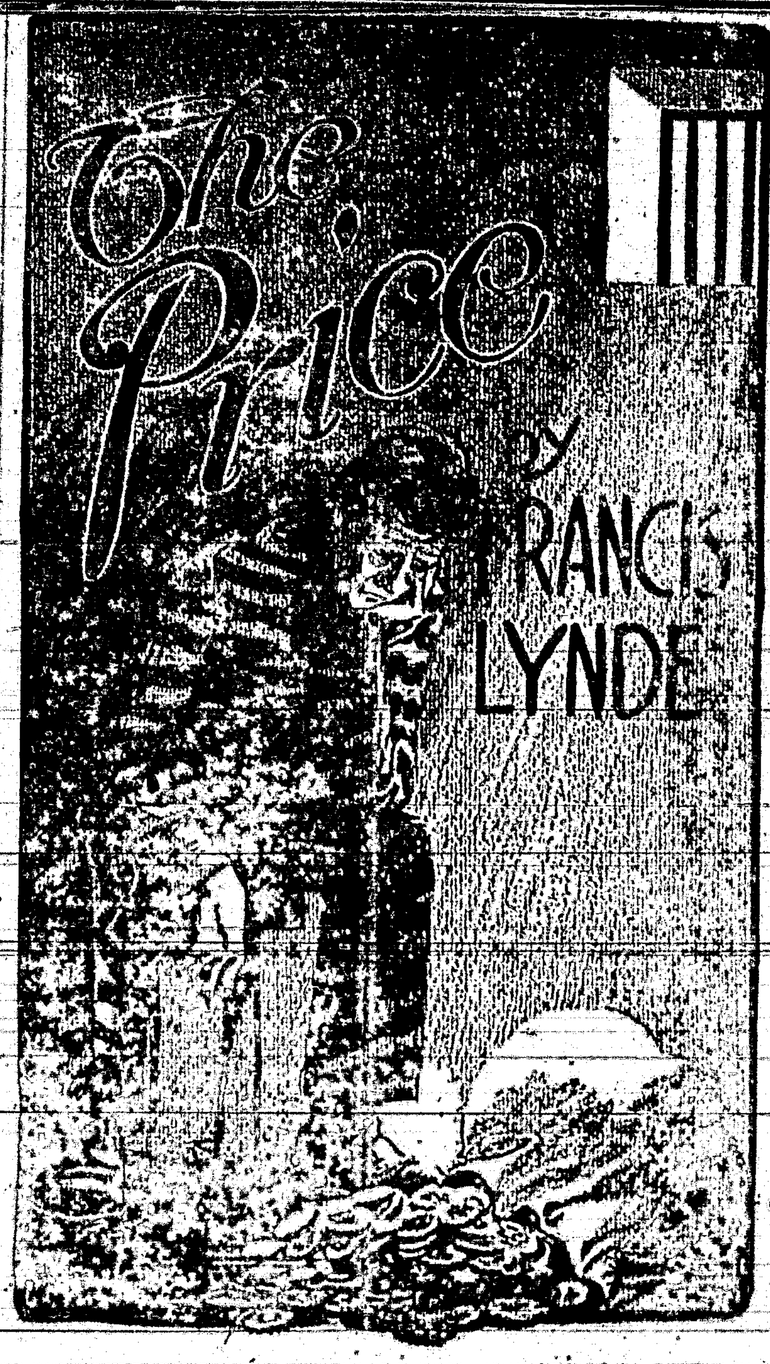
Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR
NEW PRICES, August 1, 1916
The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis	$325.00
Runabout	345.00
Touring Car . . .	360.00

f. o. b. Detroit
These prices positively guaranteed against any reduction before Aug. 1, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price any time
WESTERN GARAGE
F. B. SHIELDS, Proprietor



Postponements
Usually end in postmortems.
"The day that has slipped away can't come back—the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass doesn't make round trips!" —Herbert Kaufman
What have you to show for the last year?
Start now to make the coming year fruitful.
Start to put money in the Bank!
THE EXCHANGE BANK OF CARRIZOZO
CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO
Don't postpone STARTING



AN absorbing story of a social rebel, who steals from the rich to aid the poor. His adventures in evading the police after a daring bank theft, how he eventually saves himself morally, gives up and "pays the price" for his crime, are told with a crispness and originality seldom equaled. Just a little different from most stories you have read. That is why you will like
THE PRICE
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Stoves and Ranges. Builders' Hardware.
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Carrizozo Eating House
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Table Supplied with the Best the market affords.

You Need a Tonic
There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.
You can't make a mistake in taking
CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic
Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.
Has Helped Thousands.

THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER I.

—1—

At Chaudiere's.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city, and it was at Chaudiere's again that he was sharing a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the Louisianian. Six weeks lay between that and this; forty-odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other similar days and weeks and months.

Without meaning to, Bainbridge had been strewing the path with fresh thorns for the defeated one. He had just been billeted to write up the banana trade for his paper. Boyishly jubilant over the assignment, he had dragged the New Yorker around to Chaudiere's to a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for 24 hours, and if Bainbridge were not a friend in a purist's definition of the term, he was at least a friendly acquaintance.

The burden of the table talk fell upon Bainbridge, and it occurred to the host that his guest was less than usually responsive, a fault not to be lightly condoned under the joyous circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth, old man? You're more than commonly grumpy, it seems to me; and that's needless."

Griswold looked up with a smile that was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: "'Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.'"

Bainbridge's laugh was tolerant enough to take the edge from his retort.

"That's a pretty thing to fling at a man who never knifed you or pistoled you or tried to poison you! An innocent bystander might say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough money to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh, cat's foot!—anybody can do that," asserted Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence has been a mere athlete's practice run.

"I know; that is your theory. But the facts disprove it, I can't, for one."

Griswold was a fair man, with reddish hair and beard and the quick and sensitive skin of the type. A red flush of anger crept up under the closely cropped beard, and his eyes were bright.

Bainbridge scoffed openly; but he was good-natured enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," he said. "I suppose the book-chicken has come home again to roost, and a returned manuscript accounts for anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to bed-rock facts. Nobody but a crazy phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; so far as I know, you haven't tried it."

"Oh, yes, I have—tried and failed. It isn't in me to do the salable thing, and there isn't a magazine editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I tell you, Bainbridge, the conditions are all wrong when a man with a vital message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the small coffees and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected," he commented impatiently. "You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even when you were writing a bit of a pot boiler on sugar planting. You drop your fool socialistic fad and write a book that a reputable publisher can bring out without committing commercial suicide, and you'll stand some show."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned upon the table; his eyes grew hard and the blue in them became metallic—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this cursed city begging—yes, that is the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together, and for more than half of that time I have lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to; we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all. The wage worker himself, when he is fortunate enough to find a chance to earn his crust, is but a serf; a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fulness thereof."

Bainbridge glanced at his watch.

"I must hasten," he said. "The Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do for the future?"

Griswold's smile was not pleasant to look at.

"I am 'fixed' as I am twenty-four hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to conform to what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that—"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the question. "Well, after that; what then?"

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I need."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletary smiled and shook his head.

* * * * * * * *

The fruit steamer Adelantado, outward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and went on deck.

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the

"You Couldn't Keep Your Peculiar Views Muzzled."

world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair into comradely place for him.

Broffin, heavy, browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that hid the hard-bitted mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between a steamboat captain on a vacation and an up-river plantation overseer recovering from his annual pleasure trip to the city. But his reply to Bainbridge's query proved that he was neither.

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"You'll get yourself disliked, the first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?"

The man who might have passed for a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, and was neither, chuckled dryly.

"You don't expect me to give it away to you, and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will—seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

The detective nodded. "I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate Mortsen; and now that I've found him, he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer—what?"

CHAPTER II.

The Right of Might.

Two days after the supper at Chaudiere's the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its colliding point with orderly system one of the oldest and most conservative of the city's banks—the Bayou State Security. At ten o'clock, following the precise habit of half a lifetime, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State, entered his private room in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. At half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Being a man whose mental processes were all serious, and whose hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 20 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a trifle tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair, with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraising glance—and to remember afterward.

The caller made no reply to the curt question. He had turned and was closing the door. There was a quiet insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irritation.

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom until I ring. MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had failed to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was equable enough; the age-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infraction of his rules, coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Ah-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So that's it, is it?—you're a robber!"

"No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his incoming. "I am not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. I am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith—one of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason—"

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons!" blustered the president, recovering a little from the first shock of terrified astonishment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away!"

The young man's smile showed his teeth, but it also proved that he was not wholly devoid of the sense of humor.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he advised coolly. "The moment is mine, and I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, that of the receptive ear; but grudgingly and as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This: You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is higher than any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you can possibly use in any legitimate personal channels; I have not the price of the next meal, already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours chiefly by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, there will be a new president of the Bayou State Security. Do I make myself sufficiently explicit?"

Andrew Galbraith glanced furtively at the paper-weight clock on his desk. It was nearly eleven, and MacFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only fend off the catastrophe for a few minutes, until help should come. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coins.

The invader of privacies glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and you know it, Mr. Galbraith. My stake in this game is much more than a handful of charity silver; and I don't do you the injustice to believe that you hold your life so cheaply; you who have so much money and, at best, so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who may possibly consider a compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in cash."

"But man! ye're clean daft! Do ye think I have—"

In the midst of his vehement protests the stranger sprang out of his chair, stepped back a pace and raised his weapon.

"Mr. Galbraith, you are juggling with your life! Write a check while there is yet time!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and checkbook. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased beyond the partition, and the dead silence was relieved only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the adjacent anteroom.

The check was written and indorsed, and under the menace of the revolver Andrew Galbraith was trying to give it to the robber. But the robber would not take it.

"No, I don't want your paper; come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember—if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, the younger man a short half-step in the rear, with his pistol-bearing hand thrust under his coat. The president did not despair. In the public lobby there would be eyes to see, and perhaps some that would understand. Mr. Galbraith took a firmer hold upon his self-possession and trusted that some happy chance might yet intervene to save him.

But chance did not intervene. There was a goodly number of customers in the public space, but not one of the half-dozen or more who nodded to the president or passed the time of day with him saw the eye-appeal which was the only one he dared to make. On the short walk around to the paying teller's window, the robber kept even step with his victim, and try as he would, Andrew Galbraith could not summon the courage to forget the pistol muzzle menacing him in its coat-covered ambush.

At the paying wicket there was only one customer, instead of the group the president had hoped to find; a sweet-faced young woman in a modest traveling hat and a gray coat. She was getting a draft cashed, and when she saw them she would have stood aside. It was the robber who anticipated her intention and forbade it with a courteous gesture; whereat she turned again to the window to conclude her small transaction with the teller.

The few moments which followed were terribly trying ones for the gray-haired president of the Bayou State Security. None the less, his brain was busy with the chanceful possibilities. Failing all else, he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. It was a duty owed to society no less than to the bank and to himself. But on the

The Hammer of the Leveled Pistol Clicked.

pinnacle of resolution, at the instant when, with the robber at his elbow, he stepped to the window and presented the check, Andrew Galbraith felt the gentle pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side; nay, more—he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

So it came about that the fine resolution had quite evaporated when he said, with what composure there was in him: "You'll please give me currency for that, Johnson."

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior; not too inquisitively, since it was not his business to question the president's commands.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the stranger at Mr. Galbraith's elbow who answered.

"One thousand in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominations, put up in a package."

The teller counted out the one thousand in small notes quickly; but he had to leave the cage and go to the vault for the huge remainder. This was the crucial moment of peril for the robber, and the president, stealing a glance at the face of his persecutor, saw the blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Galbraith," said the spoiler in low tones. "If you have given your man the signal—"

But the signal had not been given. The teller was re-entering the cage with a bulky packet of money paper.

"You needn't open it," said the young man at the president's elbow. "The bank's count is good enough for me." And when the window wicket had been unlatched and the money passed out, he stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his thin lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently got itself translated into a vengeful hue and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready-made.

CHAPTER III.

To Triumph!

Once safely in the street, Kenneth Griswold, with a thousand dollars in his pocket and the packet of banknotes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing to celebrate his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all—one bold stroke; a tussle, happily bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his treasure was so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletary had become himself a power in the world, strong to do good or evil, as the gods might direct.

This was the prompting to exultation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed instantly by another which was much more to the immediate purpose. He was hungry; there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without thinking overmuch of the risk he ran, and perhaps not at all of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small marble-topped tables, and calmly ordered breakfast.

Since hunger is a lusty special pleader, making itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties, it is quite probable that Griswold dwelt less upon what he had done than upon what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry in the street reminded him that the chase was begun. But at this, not to appear suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of indifferent interest and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The serving man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu' so desired. "M'sieu'" said breakfast first, by all means, and information afterward. Both came in due season, and the hungry one ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the broken English of the Gascon serving man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

It was very evident that the plutocratic dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it before," he mused, sipping his coffee as one who need not hasten until the race is actually begun. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made the break. Since I did not, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance of the literary craftsman—"the keynote must be originality; I must do that which the other fellow would never think of doing."

On the strength of that decision he ventured to order a third cup of coffee, and before it had cooled he had outlined a plan, basing it upon a cross-questioning of the Gascon waiter. There had been but one man concerned in the robbery, and the sidewalk gossip was beginning to describe him with discomforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out boldly and with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was still in no immediate danger so long as he remained in such close proximity to the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things the professional "strong-arm man" would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and the lost identity must leave no clue to itself.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction of the felon-catching sort, and in real life, for that matter, the law-breaker always did leave a clue for the pursuers. Thereupon arose a determination to demonstrate practically that it was quite as possible to create an incorrant fugitive as to conceive an infallible detective. Joining the passers-by on the sidewalk, he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally through the old French quarter toward the French market. In a narrow alley giving upon the levee he finally found what he was looking for; a dingy sailors' barber's shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy-looking, and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the negro, bowing and scraping as soon when Griswold entered.

"No; a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The fat negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache; awkwardly, but swiftly and with well-considered purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis easily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"There, I think that will answer," he told himself, standing back before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional cracksman would probably have shaved, where upon the first amateur detective he

Griswold Went Out Smiling Between His Teeth.

met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawnbroker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked rapidly away in the direction opposite to that taken by the obliging barber.

A pawnbroker's shop of the kind required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found, Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the suit he was wearing, and the bargaining concluded in an exchange of the still serviceable business suit for a pair of butternut trousers, a second-hand coat too short in the sleeves, a flannel shirt, a cap, and a red handkerchief; these and a sum of ready money, the smallness of which he deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The effect of the haggling was exactly what Griswold had prefigured. The Portuguese, most suspicious of his tribe, suspecting everything but the truth, flatly accused his customer of having stolen the pledge. And when Griswold departed without denying the charge, suspicion became conviction, and the pledged clothing, which might otherwise have given the police the needed clue, was carefully hidden away against a time when the Jew's apprehensions should be quieted.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few squares in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of the moribund book, the pistol, and the money in the red handkerchief; and having surveyed himself with some satisfaction in the bar mirror of a riverside pot-house, a daring impulse to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted seized and bore him up town.

The experiment was an unqualified success. The proprietor of the bank neighboring cafe not only failed to recognize him; he was driven forth with revilings in idiomatic French and broken English.

"Bete! Go back on da levee w[illegible] you belong to go. I'll been kipping [illegible] cafe for shentlemen! Scelerat! Go!"

Griswold went out, smiling between his teeth.

"That settles the question of identification and present safety," he assured himself exultantly. "Then: I believe I could walk into the Bayou State Security and not be recognized."

As before, the daring impulse was irresistible, and he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Fishing a five-dollar bill in the mud of the gutter, he went boldly into the bank and asked the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller snatched at the money, scowled at the man, and turned back to his cash book without a word. Griswold's smile grew to an inward laugh when he reached the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Three Thousand Miles up the Amazon

STOPPING AT AN ISLAND

ON BOARD the steamer bound south out of New York, one meets with the usual rolling stone who has learned everything but to mind his own business. He will inform the traveler of the dreadful climates to be endured, the shameful treatment extended to all foreigners, most especially Americans, that will have to be suffered in passing through custom houses; and other similar tales, writes F. H. Duerr in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

After a voyage of 14 days the city of Para, better known as Belem, is reached, and among the many pleasant surprises that greet the traveler is the excellent and prompt manner in which his baggage is cleared through the customs by intelligent officials, who act with a degree of promptness that one would hardly expect in such close proximity to the equator.

From the pier or dock, which compares favorably with the best of our country, there are electric cars or automobiles that will take one to a first-class hotel, of which there are several in Para, where the inland traveler can put up until he makes his connection with a river steamer.

There are several ways of making the trip up the Amazon, the quickest being by means of an ocean steamer of either the Brazilian or British lines, which operate as far as Manaos. There are occasional British boats [illegible] Pará. In [illegible] however, it [illegible] better to go by one of the river boats, which ply lazily up against the fast current. On account of the high cost of taking coal to the Amazon, the river boats are run by wood fuel, and the larger steamers consume about 12,000 sticks of wood, 4 feet long by 4 by 4 inches, per day. On an average of every other day this fuel is loaded from the river banks, stick by stick, all the work being done by hand and, needless to say, this operation, after being witnessed more than once, may become somewhat tiresome.

Boats Are Comfortable.

The cabins on the boat are large and roomy, and have electric lights and [illegible] the dining room is aft on the [illegible] deck, and in the mornings, as [illegible] the greater part of the day, it [illegible] quite comfortable on board. After [illegible]down, however, the number of insects of all types, sizes, etc., makes it unpleasant and the traveler finds it necessary to escape into his screened stateroom, or into his hammock or cot, carefully inclosed by mosquito netting of very fine mesh. There are four first-class shower baths on board, also running water in the cabins, and everything considered, one can make one's [illegible] fairly comfortable. The captain, or "comandante," as he is called, rules supreme, and, on the average, is a highly educated navigator, and he and his "cabinet" of officers are very agreeable to the passengers. When one becomes accustomed to the food, it is very nourishing, and the service on the whole is satisfactory.

Besides the frequent stops for fuel, the steamer calls at a half-dozen points between Para and Manaos, the principal ones being Santarem, noted for its fine batelaos (large rowboats and lighters); Obidos, the narrowest part of the river, and Itacoatiara, near the mouth of the Madeira river.

A further surprise to the traveler, who has just spent ten days in the mud-yellow river, is the sudden change in the color of the water to a deep black, which is the first sign of approaching the city of Manaos, a thousand miles from the mouth of a tropical river.

This city has an excellent electric car service, numerous public and private automobiles, first-class hotels and several moving-picture houses. There is a spirit of bustle and traffic in the streets that reminds one of our [illegible] Boston.

Up the Madeira.

The steamer, having remained three days in Manaos, is now ready to continue her journey. The trip up the [illegible] above Manaos takes one to [illegible], the wonderful inland town of [illegible], with an outlet through the Amazon to the Atlantic ocean, while it is [illegible] 800 miles from the Pacific coast. However, his ultimate destination is in another direction, we will resume the journey on our river boat.

We return down the Amazon as far as Itacoatiara, entering the Madeira river, the principal tributary of the Amazon. Only three towns on the entire trip of 700 miles, consuming a week, are encountered—Manicore, Calama and Huimaita. Numerous stops are made at rubber estates, there being several hundred along both banks of the Madeira, to deliver the mail.

The steamer trip ends at San Antonio, but as Portovelho is the starting point of the Madeira Mamore railway, the voyage practically terminates at the latter place.

Arriving at Portovelho, one finds a mushroom town, such places as are located the world over where a sudden undertaking such as the building of a canal or railroad or the development of a mine on a large scale, calls for the installation of headquarters. Before the railroad was contemplated, Portovelho was little known, even to the people of the Amazon regions. Today, besides the large and modern railroad shops, there is found a telephone system, a wireless station, electric lighting of the streets, residences, offices and other buildings of the road, running water, and an ice plant that furnishes the ice for all the points along the line and even for some of the towns across the border in Bolivia. One mile distant, at Candelaria, there [illegible] every train that leaves Portovelho carries a hospital car, and serious cases are rapidly conducted to the hospital.

Alphabetical Atrocity.

"An American airplane," asserted Adam arrogantly, "always ascends."

Admiring Adam, as an amateur always admires an authority among aeronauts, Anna acquiesced, and acquired an American airplane, as Adam advised.

Arabella abandoned an antagonistic attitude, although angry at Anna's act.

Adam, annoyed at Arabella's antagonism, advocated an afternoon ascension.

Anna agreed.

Afternoon arrived, as also artists, amateurs, Anna and Arabella.

Assuming an animated attitude, Anna and Arabella attracted admiring attention as Anna's American airplane airily arose.

Adam arrived as Arabella and Anna alighted.

"Adam," acknowledged Arabella afterward, "although arrogant, always advises aright. American airplanes admire an air-annihilating airplane."—Youth's Companion.

Soap as an Antiseptic.

Some medical authorities, explaining the abatement of epidemic diseases in modern years, are sufficiently free from professional ties to attribute this betterment of conditions, not to medical science but to increased use of soap and water. The Homeopathic Envoy is of the opinion that with a clean house and a clean person no one need have much fear of infection. A writer in the New York Medical Record says: "Soap is now recognized to be antiseptic and to be efficacious must produce a lather. Bacteria rubbed into soap or dropped on its surface are incapable of multiplication. The typhoid bacillus is very sensitive to soap, being killed by a 5 per cent solution in a short time. More than half the total number will die in one minute. The thorough use of a pure potash soap is not only a mechanical method of cleansing, but is an active factor in cutting down germ life."

Cleaning Furniture.

If a wood surface with a "glossy finish" looks dull it is generally because it is dirty. An almost imperceptible film of grease has gathered upon it and holds the dust. Wash the entire surface very quickly with a cloth wrung out of a suds made from a fine soap, and dry immediately with a soft cloth or chamois. After the surface is absolutely dry, if it is a varnished surface, it can be rubbed with a soft cloth dipped in oil. Boiled linseed oil is good. Silk and chamois are especially good for rubbing finely finished wood.—Mrs. D. N. S.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Washington Has a Squirrel That Is a Piledriver

WASHINGTON.—There is a little fuzzy-tailed squirrel down in Judiciary park that will be a piledriver if it ever grows up. Its industry in burying nuts for winter consumption gives rise to this prognostication. There are numerous squirrels in the park that surrounds the city hall, court of appeals building, and continues north to the pension office building, but none of the fur-coated quadrupeds seem to be as thrifty as the one that William Lewis, mechanician at the court of appeals, is aid to.

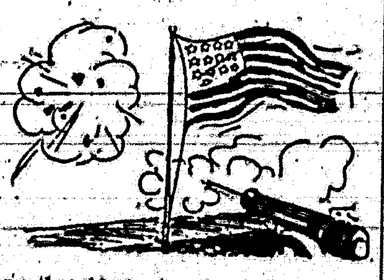
This little nut-masticator frequently picks out as storage places for his winter food some hard ground immediately to the east of the appellate court. While able to excavate sufficiently with his claws to afford a shallow hole for the nut, the tender snout of the animal seems unavailing in driving the shell below frost level.

Mr. Lewis has solved the difficulty by placing a piece of a broom handle near the warehouse of Master Squirrel.

The result is that the animal wields the hickory instead of its nose, and in this fashion has it acquired the title of piledriver squirrel of Judiciary square.

Development of Flag Shown in Museum Collection

THE fact that some 60-odd sizes and shapes of American flags were found in use in the various government departments has actuated an executive order standardizing the form and size of all our national flags. The flags, and union jacks of all departments, with certain exceptions in the army and navy, must now conform to specifications.



The American flag collection of the United States National museum shows the development of our flag in several historical periods, its many changes and gradual standardization.

It is interesting to note that during the Revolution the flag had 13 stars; in the war of 1812, 15; in the Mexican war, 29; in the Civil war, 35; in the Spanish-American war, 45, and today, 48. The American flag is among the oldest of national flags, being older than the present union jack, the French tricolor and the flag of Spain, and many years older than the flags of Germany and Italy, some of which like those of other countries, are personal flags, or those of reigning families.

There are no early colonial flags, such as were used by the individual colonies and militia regiments before the flag of the United States was established by congress on June 4, 1777, now celebrated as Flag day. This act required "That the flag of the United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be 13 stars, white in blue field, representing a new constellation," but did not define how many points the stars should have, how they should be arranged, nor make provision for additional ones.

The navy immediately adopted this flag, but the army was much slower to act. Representative of the early stars-and-stripe type, there is a 12-star flag said to have been used by John Paul Jones during the war of the Revolution. It measures 16½ by 6 feet, and was presented to Lieut. James Bayard Stafford, U. S. N., on December 18, 1784, by the marine committee of the Continental congress as a reward for meritorious services during the Revolution, coming later to the Smithsonian institution as a gift from Mrs. Harriet R. Perry Stafford.

He Found Another Irene When the First Decamped

"WILL you change these four letters on this marriage license? Where it it says 'c-a-r-t' make it 'w-a-l-k.'" With that remark, Roy Gordon, negro, twenty-two years old, spread out on the counter in the clerk's office at city hall, a marriage license issued to him a little while before.

"What is the matter? Did you have the girl's name spelled wrong?" asked Col. R. P. Belew, the official in charge.

"No, indeed! This is a different girl. This one's name is Irene Walker and the other one was Irene Carter. If you can just change those four letters, this license will do."

He was told the law did not permit the mutilation of such papers.

"Well, then, exchange them for another set of the same kind of papers. I simply got to have them."

"That cannot be done," Colonel Belew explained. "You will have to have the first one canceled and then get a new set. That will cost a dollar more."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't care for the dollar. I was just trying to save you some paper. Go ahead."

"Did your first girl change her mind, or did you get mad at her, or what was the matter?"

"I don't know what is the matter. I have not seen her since. I hear she left Washington. I am not going to wait any longer. I waited thirty days, that is enough. But this one will not get away. I brought her along and she is waiting outside now. And buh-lieve me, we are going to the preacher's house right away."

The license was issued and he paid another dollar.

Uncle Sam Always Looking for Highbrow Helpers

UNCLE SAM is continually handing out desirable positions to the workers of the United States—or, to put it differently, the demand of the United States government for specialists is insatiate, judging by the announcements of the civil service commission. In a recent announcement seven positions paying a minimum of $7,140 in annual salaries and a maximum of $10,000 were offered to men and women desirous of entering the government service through the avenue of the civil service examination. These positions range from the lowest paid, at $300 a year for an apprentice draftsman, to a technical place paying a maximum of $3,000 a year.

The steady development of the great technical bureaus of the government, like the bureau of standards, bureau of mines, the bureaus of forestry and fisheries, the reclamation service and the geological survey, continually enlarges the field of government work and draws more and more upon the country for its experts. For example, the civil service commission announces an open competitive examination, for men only, for petroleum technologist, to go into the field and supervise or assist in the work the government is doing in the oil fields. Salaries for this position range from $2,500 to $3,000 a year. The government requires that the applicant must have graduated in geology from a college or university.

It looks a little odd to see the government advertising for a female lace-worker whose specialty is Italian cutwork and bobbin lace, but Uncle Sam will pay from $600 to $720 a year to any competent woman not over forty years old who will pass his examination and is willing to teach the art of making these laces to the Indians at the Cherokee school in North Carolina.

Men are wanted by the bureau of standards as laboratory assistants in ceramics. They must understand the technology of structural clay products, refractories and pottery, and have had practical experience in the work. These places will pay from $600 to $1,200 a year. A knowledge of French and German appears desirable.

Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.

Attar of Roses.

While Bulgarians are fighting so hard it is interesting for women to remember that in that country are raised 20,000 acres of roses from which the celebrated attar of roses is distilled. Only half as much was distilled this year as last, on account of the war, which means, of course, that the precious stuff will be much more expensive. Germany makes an attar out of coal tar.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Brought It On Himself.

"What is the difference—" began the Cheerful Idiot.

Everybody but the grim-looking man arose and left.

"What is the difference," he went on undeterredly, "between somebody placing wearing apparel in a Saratoga, and a bloodhound with a bad cold?"

The grim-looking man said nothing, but drew a pistol stealthily from his pocket.

"One is a trunk packer and the other is a punk tracker."

(He drew a veil over the sickening details.)—Farm Life.

YOU MAY LOOK YOUNG

By Keeping Your Complexion Young With Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These super-creamy emollients do much to keep the skin clear, fresh and youthful, as well as to keep the hair in a live, healthy condition and the hands soft and white.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Food Product They Overlooked.

This year the South is producing the largest rice crop in its history, and although all other chief food products now enjoy much higher range of values than normal, rice is the exception. It selling this season, due to large crop and limited demand, only about on a level with the average of the past ten years.—Vicksburg Herald.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Bag Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

Preserving a Sense of Security.

"Do you think the electoral college should be abolished?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "now and then a few men should be permitted to take part in an election with no fear of heckling and with absolute confidence in the result."

Many a self-made man looks as if he might have been greatly improved with a very little outside assistance.

Anyway, a woman's tears float her out of a lot of difficulties.

Uric Acid Poisoning?

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of rheumatism, that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called Anuric—which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, pains here or there, you can obtain Anuric at any drug store and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid; or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. Anuric which you will find many times more potent than lithia eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you.

AN ARIZONA NURSE

Yuma, Ariz.—"I suffered untold agony for a number of years from woman's trouble. I was treated by many doctors and of course they said they could cure me, but they just helped me for a little while, so I decided I would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Six bottles helped so much that I decided I would take a dozen. Now I am a well and busy nurse." — MRS. SALLIE SLAUGHTER, Box 274.

Get "Favorite Prescription" today, either in liquid or tablet form, from any dealer in medicines or send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for large trial package.—Adv.

COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and $1 a bottle; $4 and $10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

Safety First.

At the first sign of a cold take—

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents.

At Any Drug Store

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Denver Directory

Used Cars Very Cheap

All in good running order and almost any make you prefer. Prices range from

$200.00 UP TO $700.00

for a 1916 Velie Six. Every car a bargain. We took these cars in trade as a part payment upon new Velie Sixes and must sell them at a sacrifice to make room for our 1917 stock of new cars.

Expenses paid to Denver for every one who buys of us before December 25th.

The Heiser Brothers Co.
700 Broadway Denver, Colo.

The Oxford Hotel
DENVER, COLO.
JUST HALF BLOCK FROM UNION DEPOT

Thebeste Pure Honey

Nature's most healthful sweet, finest quality. Guaranteed pure. Good-sized sample, honey booklet and price list sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. THE COLORADO HONEY PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION, 1424 Market Street, Denver, Colo.

CANADIAN PACIFIC **RAILWAY LANDS**

20 years to pay, loans for improvements and live stock under certain conditions. We own the land, we want the land cultivated, we can afford to help YOU, our interests are mutual, we want you. Buy direct and get your FARM HOME from the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Send for free booklets. Write for dates and rates of excursions.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.
W. A. Smith, District Representative.
984 17th St., Denver, Colo.

Elastic Graphite Paints

Shingle Paints, Waterproofing Paints. THE NEW ROOF Elastic Cement. Our goods have stood the test. Ask your dealer or write us.

THE ELASTIC PAINT & MFG. CO.
1737 15th Street DENVER, COLO.

J. L. BROWN
DIRECT BUYER OF
RAW FURS, WOOL AND HIDES
1821 Fifteenth St. - Denver, Colo.
Write for price list and shipping tags.
JUMP TO THE HOUSE DETERMINED. 30 YEARS IN DENVER.

TRAPPERS TRY FRIEND OF DENVER

with your next shipment of Furs. Write today for our latest price list, for tags and Trapper's Guide.

Chas. Friend & Co., Inc.
The old reliable raw fur house.
917 Wazee St., Dept. A, DENVER, COLO.

Young People!

Now is the time to enter business. Over 500 positions filled this year. Write today for new 48 page illustrated catalog mailed free.

BARNES COMMERCIAL SCHOOL
1685-15 Champa St., Denver, Colo.
LARGEST BUSINESS SCHOOL IN ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION

CASH PAID FOR USED MOTORS

Motors rewound. Electrical supplies. Write us.
OAHN-FORSTER ELECTRIC CO.
201-205 15TH ST. DENVER, COLO.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

C. A. Perkins spent the Xmas holidays with friends at Capitan.

Commissioners and probate courts will hold regular sessions next week.

Just received, a car of fine Colorado Potatoes. We also have a large stock of Flour, Feed and Stock Salt on hand. Humphrey Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Perry left Tuesday night for Stratford, Texas, where they will in future reside. Mr. Perry has been manager of the Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber company here for a number of years, and at his request was transferred to Stratford, where the same company has a yard.

Two years subscription to Cosmopolitan for $2. See or write M. B. Paden, Carrizozo.

Old King Cold has a bunch down this week. His dominion is supreme.

Classified advertisements are the quick way to tell a lot of people your wants.

A. C. Wallack was here Wednesday from his home on Gavilan.

Dr. J. Q. Welch was here Tuesday on his return from Parsons to Dawson.

Justice of the peace elections will take place Monday week, January 8.

We buy hides, green or dry, and guarantee highest prices. Carrizozo Trading Co.

Mesdames Mudge and Tomlinson entertained Christmas evening in honor of Miss Elsie Warr, the latter's sister.

Mrs. Albert Ziegler and mother, Mrs. Leon, arrived last week from El Paso and are domiciled in the new Ziegler home.

Ladies!—Spirella Corsets.—The famous spiral boning, recommended by all physicians. Seventy-five different models. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Special corsets for school girls. Prices range from $3.25 to $5.00 up. Guaranteed to wear one year, but usually last longer. I fit you in your own homes. Phone No. 1 or write Box 204.—Mrs. G. T. McQuillen.

Lloyd Weber, the Fort Stanton boss farmer, was here Tuesday.

For Sale—Yearling Hereford bulls. The Titsworth Co., Capitan.

The local public schools will reopen Tuesday, following the holiday vacation.

Joe Spence, Jr., is here from El Paso, where he has been attending school, spending the holidays with home folk.

For Sale—Parke Davis & Co.'s Blacklegoids. The Titsworth Co., Capitan.

Deputy Sheriff Baird apprehended Pablo Gallegos on a charge preferred against him in Chavez county.

Mrs. E. H. Johnson returned last week from a visit to points in Texas and Alabama.

Frank Gurney, Jr., is recovering from an attack of erysipelas from which he was suffering last week.

Henry Corn was over from Capitan Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Nickel and children came over this week from Fort Stanton and will again reside at Carrizozo. Mr. Nickel has a position with Doc Tice.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kelsey were down this week from Nogal Canyon, passing the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Prof. J. E. Koontz came over yesterday from Capitan and will be on hand the first of the year to qualify as county superintendent.

W. H. Sexton and Billie Ferguson were down yesterday from the Mesa. They brought down a car load of hogs—a Ford car.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION

In accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, we, the undersigned County Commissioners, within and for the County of Lincoln, hereby proclaim and give public notice of an election to be held in the several Precincts of said County on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917, the object and purpose of which is to elect persons to the various offices hereinafter named, to-wit: A Justice of the Peace and a Constable in each and every Precinct in Lincoln County.

And the Board doth appoint as Judges to act at said election the following named persons and do select the following places in each Precinct as polling places:

Precinct No. 1, Lincoln.—L. H. Dow, Ramon Lujan, W. H. Sevier.—Old Court House.

Precinct No. 2, San Patricio.—Clement Hightower, Robert Brady, Francisco Trujillo.—Hightower's Office, Hondo.

Precinct No. 3, Arabela.—Anselmo Pacheco, Bernardo Salazar, Jose Barela.—J. P. Office, Arabela.

Precinct No. 4, Picacho.—W. E. Kimbrell, R. C. Sowder, Perfecto Sandoval.—Old School House, Picacho.

Precinct No. 5, Reventon.—Delfin Zamora, Preciliano Sanchez, Matias Sedillo.—Martinez Saloon Building.

Precinct No. 6, Richardson.—S. J. Woodland, R. A. Duran, J. H. Foster.—Duran & Farmer Store.

Precinct No. 7, Jicarilla.—S. B. Fambrough, Ed. Haskins, A. H. Norton.—Weishar Store.

Precinct No. 8, White Oaks.—Wayne Van Schoyck, Paul Mayer, Albino Carrillo.—Paul Mayer Livery.

Precinct No. 9, Capitan.—Geo. A. Montgomery, Melcor Chavez, Robt. A. Hurt.—Merchant's Office.

Precinct No. 10, Ruidoso.—L. F. Avant, Ike Wingfield, Felipe E. Sanchez.—Sanchez School House.

Precinct No. 11, Nogal.—L. R. Hunt, S. W. Kelsey, T. W. Hanley.—Public Hall, Nogal.

Precinct No. 12, Bonito.—Lewis England, Jim Robinson, W. R. White.—Peters Building, Angus.

Precinct No. 13, Corona.—Frank Melton, Frank Flores, W. H. Sultemeier.—School Building, Corona.

Precinct No. 14, Carrizozo.—A. H. Harvey, T. W. Watson, Porfirio Chavez.—Court House.

Precinct No. 15, Oscuro.—W. T. Sterling, Seth F. Crews, E. F. Jones.—Mal Pais Building.

Precinct No. 16, Ancho.—E. S. Corn, John Dale, Juan N. Romero.—School House, Ancho.

Adjourned sine die.

[Signed] MELVIN FRANKS, Chairman.
ATTEST: ALBERT M. HODGES, Clerk.

Classified Advertisements

WANTED—To trade automobile for stock—cattle preferred. S. T. Cooper, Carrizozo, N. M.

FOR SALE—Four room frame dwelling house and lot fronting Court House square; easy terms. Address P. O. Box 548, Carrizozo.

Phone 46 any cut of Fresh meat. Also groceries and lunch goods.

FOR SALE—100 head of stock cattle. For prices, etc., address B. R. Robinson, Parsons, N. M.

Home rendered lard that is pure. Patty & Hobbs.

WATCH FOUND—Person calling, identifying same and paying cost of this notice, may recover same. Paden's Drug Store.

See us for poultry, butter, eggs etc. Patty & Hobbs. Phone 46.

FOR RENT—2 or 3 rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 69.

Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.

I am leaving the employment of the above firm at Carrizozo, and am going to Stratford, Texas, where I will have charge of the business for the same firm.

Mr. D. R. Stewart, of Texhoma, Texas, has succeeded me in the management here, and it is with pleasure that I recommend him to you, a splendid gentleman, and he will see that you continue to get the same good service that I tried to give the customers, and I assure you that he will appreciate any courtesy or favor shown him.

Foxworth-Galbraith Company
Per S. W. Perry

THROUGH DAILY SERVICE

ROSWELL-CARRIZOZO MAIL LINE

Leave Roswell.....7:00 a. m.
Leave Carrizozo.....1:15 p. m.
Arrive Roswell.....8:30 p. m.
Arrive Carrizozo.....2:15 p. m.

INTERMEDIATE POINTS

Picacho - Tinnie
Hondo - Lincoln
Capitan - Nogal

Through fare one way $3.40. Intermediate points 8 cents per mile.

ROSWELL AUTO COMPANY
OWNERS AND OPERATORS

THE STOCKMENS STATE BANK
CORONA, NEW MEXICO

To our friends and customers we are pleased to announce that our business in 1915 was 45 per cent greater than that of 1914, and for 1916, 40 per cent greater than 1915. We have endeavored to handle our business so that our customers would prosper with us. We believe that they have done so.

With the closing of the year allow us to wish to all Peace, Prosperity and Happiness.

E. M. BRICKLEY, Cashier.

When you are in the market for
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
FRESH OR SALTED MEATS
COUNTRY PRODUCE, FRUITS, ETC.
Don't forget——

PATTY & HOBBS

Second door north of Postoffice

"Prices right" and "Quality guaranteed."
Try us.

Phone 46 Carrizozo, New Mexico

Toilet Articles

Rubber Goods
Stationery
Confectionery
Drugs
Prescriptions

They are good when we sell them, and the price is always right. Try us.

The Nyal Store
ROLLAND BROS.

AN APPRECIATION

Friends come and go;
Their ways of going we mayn't know.

We greet them as they come,
We welcome them to stay—
Their tarry may be
But a single day.

But, whether it be for a period brief,
Or, for a time almost beyond belief,
We strive to make them friends
All through that time.

That, when there comes
The following New Year's chime—
We've made from first of year to end
A patron who will call us "friend."

Carrizozo's people have been kind
In these past years.
And, having this in mind,
We thank this people for the past,
And pledge ourselves,
We'll strive to make it last.

ZIEGLER BROTHERS

Wish you a prosperous, happy
1917

"Say pulpit drum of the higher facul- | to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up

GREETINGS

May the Holidays all be happy ones;
May the love of right living, cheerfulness and patriotism tingle your being.

May all these be yours, and more, too,
May 1917 be the best of all.

CORDIALLY YOURS,
THE CARRIZORO TRADING COMPANY