SOUTHWESTERN OUTLOOK

The Official Republican Newspaper of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

VOLUME IV. NO. 13. CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1909. PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR.

NEW MEXICO IS READY

"Governor Curry of New Mexico marshals convincing facts and arguments to prove that the Territory should have statehood. In an article in Leslie's Weekly he asserts that the causes of the failure of the statehood movement thus far have been largely political, while the American public, until recently, has not been aware of the great industrials possibilities and marveloua natural resources of this empire of the southwest."

"New Mexico has a population of 450,000—more then that any other of the states at the time of admission, exepting Oklahoma, and more then that of several of the presents states. Fully 200,000 have come into the Territory, from the states east and north during the past ten years. These people enjoyed the full rights of citizenship in there home state, so that their fitness for statehood in New Mexico should not be questioned.

"The present taxable wealth of the Territory is more then sufficient to maintain a state government without burdening the taxpayers. The permanent resources, mineral wealth, soils, and forests, are almost boundless and practically untouched. Humbolt years ago prophesied that New Mexico some day was destined to become the storehouse of the world. The actual wealth of the territory amounts to an average of about $700 per capita and the territory debt to less then $3 per capita. The assessed valuation, $60,000,000, is less then twenty per cent of the actual valuation. The territory has a compulsory education law, a splendid system of public schools, universities normal schools, a military institute, a school of mines, college and academies maintained by churches. Governor Curry continues:

"Homesteads have been taken up in New Mexico during the past three years at the rate of 20,000 a year. There are under cultivation about 3,000,000 acres, and about 5-00,000 are under irrigation all producing annually $60,000,000. Our puplic domain covers 45,000,000 acres and the water supply is sufficient to increase the present irrigated area four times at least for industrial enterprises. Irrigation sytems are being built in the territory by both public and private capital at a cost of millions of dollars. Elephant butte dam, built by the federal governmant in the southern part of the territory, is under actual construction, and when finished will be the largest storage reservoir in the world; it will reclaim 200,000 acres of land.

Agriculture may be specified as the main resource of New Mexico and the stock industry next as a wealth producer. There are over 5,000,000 sheep upon our ranges, which this year produced $3,500,000 worth of wool and 2,000,000 muttons. We have about 1,000,000 cattle, valued at $2,00,000,000; about 200,000 goats and 500,000 horses and mules. From this it is plain that our stock industry alone can support a large population and state government. The mines of the territory though scarcely touched in the way of development, produce $7,000,000 annualy. The annual coal production amounts to above $3,000,000 while our coal fields cover 1,000,000 acres. Gold silver, copper, zinc, turqoise, cement, lead, lime, clay, iron and other minerals are mined in New Mexico.

We have 3,000 miles of railroad, valued at $100,000,000. Our climate is world renowed.'

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES

Sunday December 26th 1909, the last Sunday of year This is the Sunday we take a backward glance over the fifty-one like days that have passed. The regular services will be held in the Basement of the Bank Building. At eleven o'clock in the morning Dr. Miller's subject will be "Fundemental Truth." The Message of Heaven to Humanity.

At the night service 7:30 o'clock Dr Miller will speak on The Success of Defeat or the Victory of Failure. Everybody is cordially invited to attend these Christmastide services

Special: There will be Special Singing by Mr. and Mrs. McCoart of El Paso and this will be a treat to all who come.

OUR NEW CHIEF JUSTICE

William H. Pope of Roswell associate justice of the New Mexico supreme court, appointed chief justice is a native of Georgia, a graduate of the universiy of Georgia and before coming to New Mexico was a law partner of former secretary of the interior Hoke Smith and like his predecessor, chief justice Mills, was a gold Democrat before becoming a Republican. He came to New Mexico as a young man for his health and has served as journalist assistant district attorney, assistant attorney general, assistant to the United States attorney of the court of private land claims, U. S. attorney for the pueblo Indians judge of the first instance in the Philippines where he and president Taft became good friends. Upon his return to New Mexico in 1903, president Roosevelt appointed him associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico and reappointed him in 1907. Judge Pope has served on various Territorial commissions, notably that for rebuilding the capital at Santa Fe, is a property owner at Santa Fe and in and about Roswell and is married but has no children.

The Stork brought a boy to Mrs E C Griffin on December 18th.

Born to Mrs. Joe White on the 18th. a girl.

Born to Mrs. Fred Lalone a fine daughter.

Oscuro Jottings

—Mr. George Castle is here for a short visit on his homestead from Chicago.

—After a short stay the Dales returned to their home in Kankakee Illinois.

—Mrs Allie D. Goff and Miss Laura Bobo left Saturday for Salt Lake City.

—Elias G. Raffety went over to Magdalena to look after his Hop Canyon Mining Interests.

—Superintendent of schools Jno Haley was in the city Tuesday looking after the local school.

MINOR MENTION

—We Wish each and everyone of our readers the most cordial seasons greetings.

—Ira O. Wetmore is up this week looking after building operation here

—In spite of the cold one of the three new stores next to the Postoffice has been finished and J. R. Humphreys will occupy it about the first of the year.

—W. J. Doering went up to Corona Tuesday to test the weights and measure at that place.

—W. R. Glenn from Ancho spent a couple days in Carrizozo this week and went on to El Paso to spend Christmas.

—Charley McMasters will leave Saturday for Houston Texas where he will spend a short time visiting his parents.

—Miss Virgina Fenton and her sister Mrs. Wm. Whittingham spent a few days in El Paso this week.

—Wm Bourne of Capitan was down to this city Tuesday transacting business.

—Dr. Fred E. Randles will spend Christmas in Polly.

—David Merkins formerly with people Brothers left last Saturday to take a position with Holzman at Corona.

—Perry Humphries of Angus came in Tuesday with a large wagon load of Christmas turkeys for the local trade.

—Chas. Thornton and his little daughter Hazel were up from Oscura shopping Saturday.

—Jose Garcia, colored, charged with attempt to kill Juan Martinez at Ancho was taken to the Lincoln Jail Saturday.

—Juan Chavez the Mexican suspected of the assault of the white girl at Ancho was found by Sheriff Stevens and lodge in the county jail. His $1000 bond was declared worthless.

—Miles R. Dunn and his bride, of Oscura were up the last of the week looking for milk cows.

—Mrs J M Burrell of Capitan will spend Christmas with her son and his wife in Carrizozo.

—Mrs. H. B. Thomkins will go to Lincoln during the Hollidays to visit with her daughter Mrs Penfield

—Manager Barlow of the Vera Cruz mines was in town this week.

—Mart Goodin and Frank Phillips while in the city this week contributed to the Outlook subscription funb. Thanks.

—Kelley and Sons, are just receiving a nice lot of Furniture, Mattings, Art Squares, Decorated Glass Ware, Pictures, Baby Buggies and many other things nice for presents during the Holidays. Remember we are selling on the instalment plan and at reasonable prices.

—Nice Rockers, Morris Chairs, and Center Tables at Kelley & sons

—Attorney Hall wishes to call the attention of his friends and clients to the change of his office from the basement of the Bank Building to the second floor.

—Miss Abbie Meeks is helping in Peoples Brothers store this week.

We Wish You A Very Merry Christmas.

To our numerous friends and customers in Carrizozo and Lincoln County, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

We more than appreciate your liberal patronage during the past year, and assure you our ernest endeavor for 1910 will be to please you

The Carrizozo Trading Company

We wish our many friends and army of customers

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

"The House of Good Taste"

Ziegler Brothers

See our Advertisement on back page.

Lincoln Locals

—Henry Corn came up from Tinnie Monday to transact some business with the Probate Clerk.

—Dr. Watson spend Monday in Picacho and other eastern points of Lincoln County vaccinating the school children in that vicinity.

—Wm. Fritz and Fred Voorhees have been hauling lumber for the past few days, to be used for improvement purposes close to Lincoln

—Lincoln has been in the grip of the cold spell, for over a week some of the old timers inform your correspondent that this has been the severest cold spell in twenty years. The thermometer on Monday registered eight below zero and citizen of Capitan reported 16 degrees below. There is about 3 inches of snow on the ground.

—The Christmas exercises were held at the school house Wednesday night under the direction of Prof. O. T. Nye and Miss Margaret Jane Harrison, Lincoln's efficient corps of teachers. The children received various beautiful presents from "Old Santa Claus" and each child was presented with a sack of attractive candy, nuts, apples, etc. The program consisted of recitations and singing and was carried out very nicely and much of the credit for the success of the entertainment is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Nye and Miss Harrison.

ABSTRACT OF COUNTY RECORD

Furnished By The American Title and Trust Co

DEEDS

Carrizozo Townsite Company to J. W. Andersen, Lots 31 and 32 blk. 17 Carrizozo. Cons. $400 00.

PROOFS OF LABOR

C. B. Hatfield on Side Step Annex Jicarilla Dist. 1906 to 1909 inclusive.

Atwood Little on Goldfield, W. O. Dist. for 1909.

Carrizozo Lodge No. 41 will hold their regular communication next Saturday night, the 25th. and all members are requested to be present On the 27th. Monday night the Public installation of the officers of the lodge will take place to which all master masons, their relatives and friends are invited.

Ancho Items

—Almost everyone in Ancho carries a gun of some kind. Chas Klark was out with his gun after big game such as snow bird and small rabbits.

—There was a big crowd out to the Turkey Shoot Sunday. Mr. K. G. Bush was the best shot on hand getting two fine Turkeys while A. C. Christian carried off one.

—William Warden and sister were in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. Christian and Trent while out hunting this week drove a large Jack rabbit into the main street of town and could'nt find the rabbit for the crowd of boys and men that were about it.

—J. N. Eve and Squire Williams just returned from a bear hunt.

—Ancho is undergoing the gun craze anyone having any old kind of a gun can dispose of it here.

Nogal Notes

—The Nogal Peak Mining Co. finished their assessment work last week. On the nineteenth they struck a fine body of ore. J. A. Norman Manager, is highly pleased with the find.

—The beautiful snow of which there is about a six inch fall has stopped all kinds of work but will be worth a great deal to the country next season.

—The railroad has laid off all the gang of men at work on the pipe line. A big head of water is expected next Spring.

—Uncle Bill Henley is expected here with a new bride soon.

—Mrs. Sproles was quite ill this week.

—George Ulrick was a visitor here this week.

—Arthur May was in town this week. He is keeping the town supplied with fresh beef.

—Several of the Eastern promoters of the Eagle Mining Co. stopped in town this week after looking at their interests at Parsons.

—There will be a Christmas tree, a dance and supper at Nogal Saturday night for home folks and visitors.

Southwestern Outlook.

Weekly Newspaper Devoted To The Interest Of Carrizozo And Lincoln County, New Mex.

Lee B. Chase, Editor

Enetered as second class matter January 4th, 1907, at the postoffice at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

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Published Every Friday at Carrizozo, N. M. by William Kahler

VOL. IV. CARRIZOZO, N. M. DECEMBER 24, 1909 NO. 13

Editorial

More About The Justice Of The Peace.

It was our intention to give a few more facts ourselves about the Justice of the Peace of Precinct 14, in this weeks issue but so many of our fellow townsmen have taken up the issue and corroborated our statements of last week that we are this week publishing in part two opinions handed us by our readers. Let it be understood that we are not objecting to the personality or the man out side of his Court, merely to his incompetentcy and unreasonable acts, while in court.

One citizen says. "Is a man Guilty until he is Proven innocent? I have always had the impression that a man was innocent until proven guilty until I had occassion to visit Judge Scoggins Court here in Carrizozo. Now my believe in that theory has had a terrible jar. In fact it has been shattered almost completely. A man, was brought before Judge Scoggins the other day charged with vagrancy, he gave the name of John Smith. The charge was read to the defendant and he plead 'Not Guilty'. The defendant went on to explain that he had only been in town twenty-four hours; that he arrived in town with money; that he bought his meals while here and paid for them with cash; that he could prove these facts and also that he still had some money left and that he was in search of work. No evidence was offered to prove that the man was not telling the truth. The officer who arrested him was in court but was not sworn Yet this man was sentenced to the county jail. The court does not tell him that he has a right to time to prepare his case also that he has a right to Counsel and furthermore a right to a Trial by Jury. The Constitution of the United States and special statues inacted by the Territorial Legislature give a man, charged with crime, these rights but our Justice Scoggins seems to presume a man guilty as soon as he comes within the court room. More then this he is presumed guilty just as far as the Justice of Pease can see him coming and before he reaches the court. What chance has the accused here?"

Another reader adds, refering to the same case: "In taking his oath of office the Justice of the Peace swore he would support the Constitution of the United States and the Laws of the Territory to, faithfully and IMPARTIALLY perform the duties of his office. But in what manner does he do so?"

"In the John Smith case above refered to it was the duty of the Justice of the Peace to give the accused a trial by Jury and if the jury should have found him guilty of vagrancy from the evidence presented at the trial then and not until then could the Justice pass sentence on the case. It is a dangerous administration of Justice for a Court to presume a man guilty and deny him a trial and without any evidense being presented whatsoever, not even swearing a single witness nor examining one; to fine the accused and send him to jail. Is this what is known as Justice? Was such ever before heard of in the United States? Justice Scoggins sure goes the famous Roy Bean one better in his law West of the Pecos. Perhaps small irregularities like this should be over looked?"

Compulsory Vaccinaton.

A White Oaks correspondent in refering to the compulsory vaccination of school children says:

"There are certain parents here, as elsewhere, who are opposed to the vaccination of children and are puzzeled by the regulations on the matter. The teacher is prohibited from allowing any pupil inside the school room who can not show a certificate of vaccination, and yet, on the other hand there is a compulsory attendance law. The School Boards appear to be up against it.

Girl Flirts

Easy Matter for Wives to Find Them

By GEORGIANA CASS

IT HAS NOT been my good fortune to escape the opprobrium which one who has been called a flirt must endure, and therefore I am not ungrateful for an opportunity to answer this question. The term flirt is essentially a woman's word. I mean to say that it is found in the vocabulary of every woman, while men use a more delicate expression, such as "coquette," for instance.

Wives can find the flirts in their neighborhood much more quickly than can their husbands. Any dreamy-eyed brunette or vivacious blonde who comes on from the west to visit her married sister at the house across the street is tagged a flirt by all the wives in that vicinity within 24 hours.

When wife and husband pay a complimentary call upon their neighbor's guest and the husband happens to mention afterward that "Mrs. Soandso's sister is a mighty pretty girl," it's all off with the young woman. She is immediately condemned, not only by the jealous wife but by the sympathetic married women in that part of the street who hear from the wife what the husband has said.

The young woman visitor may conduct herself with all the becoming modesty that the strictest conventionalities demand, yet she has inspired the ill-will of other members of her sex and as they cannot find any act of misconduct on her part they agree with snapping eyes and upturned noses that she is "an outrageous flirt."

If it happens that a comely young woman occupies a semipublic position as clerk or stenographer and transacts the business of her office in such a way as to make the men customers admire her ability, she "just catches it" from other women.

Eventually a watchful, doting mother learns that her only son has been "turned down" by the "capricious minx," and then it's "Run, father, the Indians are upon us." Mother is keen for vengeance.

"I used to have a very high opinion of that girl," mother will declare, "but I'm disappointed in her. She's good looking and she knows it. Instead of settling down and marrying a man who, if anything, is too good for her, she chooses to have a dozen strings to her bow. She's nothing more than a flirt."

It isn't difficult to multiply such instances, which I feel most completely illustrate my theory. My conclusions are that any attractive, well-behaved young woman, generously favored by nature and possessing a skill in dressing that emphasizes her charms, and who receives an abundance of attention from her men friends, is, according to the disappointed members of her sex (not all unmarried by any means) an out-and-out flirt.

Georgiana Cass

Proper Manner to Use the Phone

By M. E. CLEMMONS

Do not allow yourself to get into the habit of long conversations over the telephone. People who do this lose all perceptions of the times when they may be annoying or disturbing others.

Particularly in the case of party wires is there call for consideration. Some one else may urgently desire to use this same telephone over which we are gossiping with our neighbors.

Do not use the telephone of the woman upon whom you are calling, unless it is absolutely necessary. Thoughtless women often make a convenience of their friends in this respect. Your hostess may not wish to take you into the part of the house in which the telephone is situated, or, when frequently done, it may prove a considerable expense to her.

Do not call upon men in business hours if you can possibly help it.

If it be necessary to do so, be as brief as possible.

Do not tell things which you do not want known over the telephone. Conversations are often audible to all of the persons in the room with the person to whom you are talking.

If it is a business conversation it is well to think what you are going to say beforehand. Orders or requests are frequently misunderstood through the hesitation and changeableness of the person giving them.

Finally, temper justice with mercy in your treatment of the young women operators who answer your calls. Their business is a tedious and wearing one and it is almost impossible to be always eagerly attentive.

Clergy Blamed for Neglect of Church

By HANNAH MORE KOHAUS

The churches would be full to overflowing if preachers would follow the injunctions of the Bible.

The Bible says: "Heal the sick and comfort the sorrowing," but the ministers of to-day do not do it.

If the members of congregations felt free to call on the preachers when they become ill or go to them in distress and sorrow the church would mean much more to them than it does now.

The trouble with most of us is that we are not broad enough.

We should study not one thing but all things if we would be healthful, contented and happy.

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Fortune in Gold Fields of Nome

Washing Out Gold in Pan.

IN the prospectors' camp, a realistic feature of the Alaska gold exhibit at the recent Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, stood a Siberian malamute—very mute just now, poor fellow, for he has been a long time dead, and it is only by virtue of the great love he bore—a love that was faithful unto death—that his body, in its life-like presentment, was there in just such a scene as, living, he might often have had his part in.

It is just a tale of the north that is his—the malamute's—a tale of love, loss, doubt, danger devotion, adventure, adversity, fidelity, fortune and at the last victory. There was a man who was going to Nome—it was several years ago—and while he lingered in a city of the northwest, making his preperations, he fell in with a little widow, an absolutely nice, captivating and lonesome little widow of a doctor who had left her a few thousand dollars and a daughter, says Isabel H. Raymond in the New York Tribune.

They married. The man had invested most of his capital in his outfit for the white north, but that was small matter; the little woman had some, and they were going together, and it would be all his. The doctor's daughter was placed in school and the two new comrades sailed away for Nome. There they made such a home as might be made in those days, by the tundra side, and though there was not much else in it there were love and comfort. For a household pet and companion the man gave to his wife a young Siberian malamute—that curious cross between a wolf and a dog, which is sometimes a faithful friend and sometimes a savage enemy. This one, as he grew into shaggy white symmetry and strength, proved true gold, and was much beloved by both the man and the woman.

Then there came the Candle creek rush, that stampede which drove men to the northernmost gold fields of the world and half depopulated Nome. The man and the woman, debating but briefly, decided that he should take this chance at fortune's wheel.

So the winter grew, but no word came out from Candle creek and only the vast white silence answered the wordless questions that were asked.

At last she gave way—spring came, and still no word, and when the first boat sailed south from Nome the woman, the malamute and the little money she had left went with it.

The man in the north knew his own business. Up at Candle creek there was a camp of half-starved, haggard men, their quest a failure, their numbers far too many for the food supply, no money to pay the price of anything should a miracle bring it their way.

Then, with a heavy heart, he sat down to write to the loved woman waiting there below, and he told her all this pitiful story—how the fellows were starving and penniless when he arrived, and of course he fed them—but they were good fellows, and when they struck it in the spring there would be pay and profit for him sure. Meanwhile she must be patient and try not to blame him, and he would surely make good yet; and he sent her his dear love, and she must not let the dog, who was, he hoped, faithful, forget his name.

He found a man brave enough to start with this and other letters to the world below, one who would see that needed supplies were started for "the creek." The mail carrier was outfitted with team and provisions and started off on the bitter journey; half-way down he and his dogs froze to death, the snow covered them, and only the north wind heard those messages sent by loyal hearts.

So this was why no word from Candle creek reached the woman waiting at Nome.

The man in the north, unaware of the fate of the mail carrier, awaited the opening of spring as best he could; then, with scant outfit for the journey, he made his way back to Nome, penniless and with everything gone but the dear hope of a welcome. And, at the last, he found the bitterness of desolation—welcome, wife, home, money—dreams only, and the only real thing the taunts of his neighbors because of his wife's desertion.

There was a busy grocer in Nome who owned a wildcat claim in which he had no confidence, but he offered to the man who was so evidently down on his luck a "grub stake" and a half interest in the claim if he would do the assessment work on it. So, as life must be lived, this was a means of supporting it, and that summer was nearly passed at the claim when a fresh stampede to Fairbanks was on. The man determined to follow it, and for a half of his half of the wildcat claim he persuaded an old man to remain in charge of the necessary work to hold it.

The man who had lost everything except the life which, apparently, he could not lose—possibly because it was of so little value—was numb. Disaster seemed to be acting as the special agent of the gods who would destroy him, and he was listlessly wondering if he had even the power of suffering left, when in a Fairbanks street he met a lawyer from Nome, who casually inquired concerning the wildcat claim he had worked there and, without special urgency, offered him $5,000 for his interest in it. A ghost of his old business instinct reminded him that there might be meaning in this, and, automatically, he postponed an answer until the following day. He wired the busy grocery man in Nome, who replied at once, "Don't sell; we've struck the richest claim on earth."

So it was good-by to Fairbanks, and good morrow to Nome, where, on his arrival, he hurried to the once despised wildcat, took one good look down the shaft and another at the gravel pile, borrowed easy money on his prospects, and sailed away south on the next steamer—somewhat disconcerting the grocery man, but not affecting the output of the claim.

To the northwestern city, with a certain address in his pocket, went the man from the north. It was the right address, too, because, before he could reach the door, there was a fusillade of short, sharp, joyful barks and a white, shaggy Siberian malamute had nearly thrown him down before the door was flung open and the little woman was in his arms.

"CRITICAL PERIODS"

Certain Times When Nothing Impedes Growth of a Crop.

Should Be Determined, if Possible, at What Stage of Growth Plants Are Most Likely to Be in Need of Water.

Prof. F. D. Farrell of the office of grain investigations, United States department of agriculture, superintendent of experimental station at Nephi, Utah, at the recent Dry Farm Congress held at Billings, Mont., discussed the importance of certain critical periods in dry land crop production. He said in part:

"The most casual observation of the behavior of a given crop during the period of its growth, from the germination of the seed to maturity, will disclose the fact that, at certain times, the plants all seem to do about equally well; nothing seems to impede their steady, uniform, rapid growth. On the farm, during these times, the variations in the character of the soil, or in its condition of tilth appear to have no effect on the crop; all over the field, the crop grows rapidly and uniformly. And in an experimental field, no differences attributable to different methods of tillage, to variety characteristics, to various rates or times of planting, etc., can be observed. In short, there are times in the life of a crop when everything seems to favor its growth and when all the crop requires is to be left unmolested. Such periods as these are comparatively negligible, from the standpoint of both the farmer and the agricultural investigator.

"But these times of absolute prosperity for a field of plants are usually short and infrequent, especially on the dry lands. Before the crop has matured, it is practically certain to experience several periods in which the plants are subjected to conditions of the most trying severity. These conditions may be due to disease, soil crusting, frost, soil blowing, etc., but most frequently in the really arid sections the difficulty arises from drouth. It is when one or more of these unfavorable conditions exist that the excellence or the inferiority of the methods applied by the farmer appears. Also, during these times the process of natural selection—the survival of the fittest and the elimination of the weak—is most active. This statement applies with equal truth to the farmers themselves and to the plants in their fields. For the purposes of this discussion, we shall designate these durations 'Critical Periods;' and with a view to calling special attention to their importance in dry-land crop production, this paper has been prepared."

Prof. Farrell cited examples to elucidate his definition of a critical period and continued:

"As to the selection of a location and the choice of crops, the total annual amount of distribution throughout the year, and especially among the growing months, should invariably be taken into account. Moreover, as indicated by our experience with alfalfa, it should be determined, if possible, at what stage of growth the plants of a crop are most likely to need an abundance of water. This being known, it should be determined whether in the section under consideration, the necessary moisture could be made available at the proper time. In other words, it is unwise to say that wheat, for example, can be successfully grown in a given country because that country receives an average annual rainfall of 12 inches or even 20 inches. It must be known whether the country is frequently subjected to what would be critical periods for the crops to be grown there. The length and intensity of these periods also should be considered."

Wool Production Cost.

There is no way of telling the cost of producing wool, for the flock is increasing at the same time. The return upon the lambs and upon the mutton is greater than that from the wool. There is no particular part of the cost except the shearing and the handling of the wool afterward which can be called cost of producing the wool. Each cost belongs to all three products. Hence we can only speak of wool as below cost of production when, after the grower has added together what he has received from lambs and mutton and after he has subtracted from this sum enough to make up for losses in and depreciation in value of his original flock, the price which he receives for his clip added to the remainder is too small to pay back all his running expenses plus a reasonable profit on the original investment.

Fall Transplanting.

It is sometimes possible in the fall to transplant small shrubs from one part of the yard or neighborhood to another by digging up a large ball of earth containing the roots.

DEFINITION OF DRY FARMING

Does Not Mean for One Moment Raising Crops Without Water, Which Is Impossible.

Of course dry farming, or as it is sometimes called dry land farming, does not mean for one moment farming without water, which would be an impossibility, but farming that is done with a much smaller amount of rainfall than is normal where crops are grown under ordinary conditions as to precipitation. Usually such farming is done where the precipitation is not more than 15 inches in the year. When the rainfall is more than 15 inches in the year, it is possible to grow crops every year on the land. Where the rainfall is less than that amount this is not always possible.

Dry farming is usually confined in the United States to what is known as the semi-arid country. This means a country that begins about 150 to 200 miles west of the Minnesota border and extends westward to the Cascade mountains. All of the land that is arable in the area named cannot be farmed, but much of it can. Some of the land is arid in the absence of irrigation, and cannot be farmed under other conditions. Such lands are frequently found in the river valleys, but they also comprise other lands. The lands that are farmed on the dry farming plan are usually bench lands, but they do not all come under that class. They also include lands that lie close to the mountains where, in many instances, there is more or less of subterranean irrigation.

Dr. farming may be said to embrace two kinds of farming, that is, it may be conducted by two different methods, dependent on the nature of the land more especially with reference to its conformation. When the land is all arable, from 160 to 320 acres is ample for a farm. When the larger portion is hilly and furnishes only grazing, then from one to several sections should be included in the farm. This large area is necessary for the reason that the production of this farm must consist mainly of live stock which must be grazed, on pastures grown under dry conditions. Within these rough and hilly lands, valleys or level stretches may usually be found, and on these fodder may be grown on which to feed the stock in stormy weather in winter. On the farms that are all tillable, the production of grain is the chief aim.

Dry land farming cannot in many instances secure more than one crop in two years. The land, or much of it, is summer-fallowed one year, and the crop is grown the next. Very frequently the crop grown is winter wheat, but in some instances spring crops also are grown. The object of the summer-fallowing is to conserve the moisture. The same end is secured by growing a cultivated crop, as corn, potatoes or field roots. Where such a crop alternates with grain, a crop is obtained from the land every year. It will be apparent, therefore, that the dry land farmer will not get so many crops from a given area as will the farmer in a country with ample rain, but he will get larger yields and this aids in putting him on a level with other farmers in the rainy country.

Storing Vegetables.

Beets, carrots, salsify and parsnips lose all their tempting flavors if stored openly in the common cellar; in fact become unpalatable when long exposed to the light and air. All these vegetables, as well as turnips and rutabagas, should be packed in boxes or barrels of sand, which makes them at all times accessible, and as fresh as when taken from the garden.

Ridding Hogs of Lice.

A good method for ridding the hogs of lice is to saturate a few sacks with crude kerosene, wind them around posts, and drive the posts in the ground where the hogs may rub against them. The hogs will do the rest.

Limits of Dry Farming.

The Montana experiment station has been conducting a number of experiments for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of dry farming, and have come to the conclusion that in any portion of that state having 14 inches of rainfall or more, and where the precipitation for the months of April, May, June and July is from seven to eight inches or over, dry farming properly conducted ought to be successful; but that those areas with an average of 12 inches or less, with a precipitation of less than seven inches in the spring and early summer months, offer a much less promising outlook.

Feed for Work Horse.

For the combination horse that does about 12 to 15 miles a day in harness or under saddle, 12 quarts of good oats in three feeds, and from eight to ten pounds of hay, given at the night feeding, should be a good sustaining ration. In addition to this he should occasionally have a few carrots, potatoes, sweet apples, etc. A salt roll or a chunk of rock salt should be always within reach.

Quite at Home.

Bacon—And did you feel at home traveling in Russia?

Egbert—Oh, quite at home; when the brakeman called out the stations I could not understand them any better than I can over here.—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Quite Either.

Uncle—I hope you have been a good boy, Tommy.

Tommy—Well, no—I haven't.

Uncle—Dear, dear, I hope you haven't been very bad.

Tommy—N—no! Just comfortable.

A War Measure.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Her Wardrobe.

Winter wears a coat of ice,
As we know,
Under which she sports a nice
Waste of snow.

On the Stage Coach.

Driver—Oh, I say, this money don't go here!

Passenger—Why not?

"Because it's stage money."

"Well, isn't this a stage?"—Yonkers Statesman.

When a woman says sweet things about you she is giving her candied opinion.—Smart Set.

If we would all think twice before we speak conversation would be mighty slow.

Love in a cottage is all right, if you own the cottage.

Before you run in double harness, look well to the other horse.

Before you marry, look out for a house wherein to tarry.

Possession may be nine points in law, but self-possession is all of it.

"Shall I tell your fortune, sir?" "Yes, tell it to hurry up."

Few people can talk on all subjects, yet a lot of them attempt it.

A small package of food for thought will often supply many people.

An unloaded gun is a bad thing for a fool to fool with.

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SOUTHWESTERN OUTLOOK

Leo B. Chase, Editor.

CARRIZOZO, - - NEW MEXICO

A SPORT-LOVING PEOPLE.

The Anglo-Saxons love sport. No matter in what part of the world they are found, the spirit is strong among them. Wherever the restless Anglo-Saxon dominates, the love of sport is dominant. The Americans are—at least, the most of them—descendants of this virile race, and nowhere is the love of sport so much exhibited as in this country. Our people are patrons of horseracing, of baseball, of golf, of football, of all out-of-door sports as no other people. The English are great sportsmen, but not to the extent that Americans are, for the reason that the opportunities are greater here. Nor does the nation suffer from this propensity. We are told, of course, by some of our college thinkers that our young men indulge too much in athletics, that this indulgence is a detriment rather than a benefit to the boys; that because of the "fad," as these wiseacres term it, we are injuring the physical powers of the boys. We do not take much stock in this sort of pessimism. Here and there a few may overdo themselves and fall by the wayside; but athletic competition has never, in our judgment, seriously injured American youth. On the contrary, it has developed in them muscle, courage and self-reliance, requisites to good health and ultimate success when they are called upon to lay aside athletics for the more serious cares of life.

Evidence accumulates that Bering sea covers a center of great seismic and volcanic activity. The commander of a revenue cutter reports to the treasury department that he has investigated Bogoslof island, the frequent changes in which have been of much scientific interest, and that he steamed all around the island, taking soundings the entire way and finding bottom only at one place, where the lead touched at a depth of 45 fathoms. Steam jets arise from a lake in the center of the island, and the conclusion is that the island is the summit of a volcano and that the lake is the crater. Bogoslof island has perpetrated some curious stunts from time to time, and volcanic origin seems to explain them. Uncle Sam came into possession of many interesting things when he acquired Alaska.

The news that the old mining camp of Virginia City, Nev., is sinking into the deep canyon along the side of which it was built indicates an inglorious end for a town which once attained some prominence. Virginia City grew out of the opening of the Comstock lode, and the Comstock lode formerly was among the greatest silver producers in the world. Considerable gold was also found there. At one time the lode yielded wealth at the rate of $10,000,000 annually, and it made great fortunes for the "bonanza" owners. Altogether, between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 in gold and silver was taken from the mines.

If, as is intimated, it turns out that the assassination of Prince Ito, the Japanese statesman, was the result of a far-reaching plot in Korea, the situation in that country may become most serious. Reports from Seoul, the Korean capital, go to show that to many of the people the killing of Ito was "not unpleasing." This attitude suggests greater hostility to Japan and representatives of Japanese power than had been suspected in many quarters. In fact, there appears to be dangerous disaffection throughout the country, and an outbreak would not be surprising.

The United States is not the only country in which persons gratify their curiosity or morbid taste by crowding into courtrooms when sensational cases are in progress. Even France, where good taste is presumed to be strongly in evidence if not predominant, has a fair share of those who show similar inclinations, the opening of the Steinheil murder trial in Paris being an illustration. When 25,000 persons apply for admission to a courtroom and when $200 is offered for a place in line "the limit" would seem to have been reached.

College professors calculate that if the birth rate decrease continues for 150 years there will be no births at all by 2060 A. D. In that case few will survive to the time when men will live 120 years—and those who do will be lonesome.

AN EPITOME OF LATE LIVE NEWS

CONDENSED RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FROM ALL SOURCES

SAYINGS, DOINGS, ACHIEVEMENTS, SUFFERINGS, HOPES AND FEARS OF MANKIND.

WESTERN NEWS.

After cutting all telegraph and telephone wires entering the town of Paoli, Okla., robbers dynamited the State Bank of Paoli, secured $3,800 in cash and escaped.

The comptroller of the currency has approved the application of the Bank of California at San Francisco to convert the organization into a national bank with a capital of $4,000,000.

Cornelius Vanderbilt announced at Wichita, Kas., that the Vanderbilts have become financially interested in the Missouri Pacific Railroad and confirmed the rumor that he has been made director of that company.

Victor F. Lawson, proprietor of the Chicago News, has given $100,000 to the $1,000,000 anniversary fund being raised by the Chicago branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Mrs. Allen F. Read, convicted at Denver of threatening Mrs. Phipps with dynamite in order to extort money, has been sentenced to from one year to eighteen months in the state penitentiary.

Representatives of the Missouri, Kansas, Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska, Colorado and Massachusetts grand lodges of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, at a meeting in Kansas City, decided to form a new order under the name of the National Ancient Order of United Workmen.

The Santa Fe is receiving in installments the several million dollars' worth of equipment recently built for it in the East, and designed to facilitate operations on its western division west of La Junta. New equipment includes thirty-seven new engines, 100 passenger, baggage and mail cars, several hundred refrigerator cars and about 2,000 freight cars.

Maj. W. H. Holstand, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, near Santa Monica, Cal., has fallen heir to the title and estate of Baron Karl Freedrick Holstand, who died recently near Karlstadt, Bavaria. The estate is said to be worth $60,000. The baron was an uncle of Major Holstand, who earned his title in the Civil war and was formerly a district judge in Louisiana.

At Pasadena, Cal., on the 14th inst. Miss Agnes Claypool, eighteen years old, daughter of a wealthy resident, was instantly killed and Harvey Bissell, aged twenty-four, son of a Grand Rapids, Mich., millionaire manufacturer, was perhaps fatally injured, when the racing automobile in which they were riding went over the grade of the Eagle Rock Valley road and fell 100 feet down the steep incline. It is said they were engaged.

GENERAL NEWS.

The publisher of Tolstoy's book, "The Kingdom of God With Us," has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a fortress.

In a semi-official statement the government of Russia makes positive denial of the rumor of a pending Russo-Japanese conflict.

John Masterson Burke, who in 1902 gave $4,000,000 for the institution and maintenance of a home for convalescents, recently died of bronchial pneumonia in New York in his ninety-eighth year.

During 1909 the United States contributed more than one-half the world's production of copper, the exports of copper from this country being 618,613,842 pounds, the largest amount recorded.

King Leopold of Belgium died December 17th as the result of a sudden collapse at a time when his recovery seemed hopeful. He will be succeeded by Prince Albert, the only son of Leopold's brother, the late Philippe, Count of Flanders.

The committee on fraternal insurance of the Insurance Commissioners' convention at Chicago, after a prolonged conference with representatives of the various fraternals, has decided that legislation is necessary to secure adequate rates and proper supervision. A uniform bill will be prepared to be introduced in all the legislatures.

Announcement was made at Toledo that J. P. Morgan & Co. have bought two of the independent telephone properties in which James S. Bradley, Jr., of Toledo, recently secured control. They are the United States (long distance) Telephone Company and the Cuyahoga Telephone Company of Cleveland.

The famous old Sioux Indian chief, Red Cloud, died at the Pine Ridge agency a few days since. Red Cloud was eighty-eight years old and for the last twenty-five years had lived at the Pine Ridge agency.

The south wing of the Cleveland House of Correction was burned on the night of the 14th inst., with a loss of $60,000. The inmates of the women's prison were panic stricken and howled for help, but none was injured.

Brant Lee Hall, a dormitory for boys at Lincoln Memorial university at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., burned on the 14th inst. Lincoln Memorial university was founded about fourteen years ago by the late General Howard.

The enormous extent of the custom house frauds in New York City is shown by the fact that the government has already received the following voluntary restitutions and fines from importers of raw sugars: The American Sugar Refining Company (voluntary), $600,000; the American Sugar Refining Company (fine imposed by the court), $135,000; Arbuckle Bros. (voluntary), $695,573.

Gen. J. S. Casement, railroad constructor and philanthropist, died at Painesville, O., on the 13th inst. General Casement, a veteran of the Civil war, laid the original rails of the Big Four and the Lake Shore roads, built the Union Pacific railroad as far as Cheyenne, constructed the Nickel Plate from Cleveland to Buffalo and built a railroad line in Costa Rica for the government a few years ago.

Arriving from Julesburg, Colo., Mae C. Wood appeared unexpectedly in the Court of General Sessions in New York City on the 15th inst., and announced she was ready to stand trial under the indictment charging her with forgery and perjury in her breach of promise suit against former Senator Thomas C. Platt. The surety company that was on her bond surrendered her, and failing to secure a new bond, she was sent to the Tombs.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

Gen. Leonard Wood will be the next chief of staff of the United States army, succeeding Gen. J. Franklin Bell, whose term expires next spring.

The civil service commission announces an examination January 19 to fill two positions at Denver of engineer in wood preservation, at salaries of $1,000 and $1,300 per annum.

The National Geographic Society at a meeting in Washington on the 15th inst. publicly acclaimed Commander Robert E. Peary the discoverer of the North pole, and in recognition therefor presented to him a gold medal.

Senator Warren called attention of the Post Office Department to the necessity of additional clerical help in the Cheyenne post office, and the postmaster was authorized by telegraph to employ four additional regular clerks immediately.

Representative Martin has introduced a bill to appropriate $50,000 to aid the city of Pueblo in entertaining the next meeting of the National Irrigation Congress. A precedent was established last year, when Albuquerque received $30,000 for a similar purpose.

Gen. W. W. Dudley of Indiana, formerly commissioner of pensions, died in Washington on the 15th inst. Throughout the Civil War General Dudley served in the Union army with great distinction. He lost a leg at Gettysburg. He was commissioner of pensions from 1881 to 1885.

A bill has been introduced by Representative Martin authorizing the secretary of the treasury to accept a proposal made by J. J. Woodruff to donate to the United States a site for a federal building at Pueblo, Colo., and to accept $5,000 to alter the present postoffice pending the construction of a new building.

Delegate Andrews has introduced a bill to create the Eighth judicial district for the Supreme Court of New Mexico. The proposed legislation contemplates an additional associate justice of the New Mexico court, so that the court as constituted will have a chief justice and seven assistant justices.

The interstate commerce commission has dismissed the complaint filed by the South Canon Coal Company against the Colorado & Southern and Denver & Rio Grande railroad companies, in which reparation was asked for an alleged discrimination in rates upon coal shipped from the Big Four to Pueblo and reconsigned to Hutchinson, Kan. The commission held that the rate of $3.60 per ton collected for the combination shipment was not excessive.

Representative Martin has offered a resolution in the house directing the secretary of the interior to report to the house the total area of forest reserves; the areas in the reserves which have been surveyed to definitely fix boundaries and to determine the tracts to be eliminated because of absence of timber growth; the areas which have been eliminated from reserves and opened to entry; the areas in preserves more valuable for mining, agricultural and grazing than for timber growth; the areas above timber line; an estimate of the approximate cost to survey reserves, to determine areas less valuable for forestry than other uses, and such other information as will enable Congress to legislate for the elimination of lands more valuable for agriculture, mining and grazing than for timber.

Death and Life

A Vision at Christmas

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

IN THE early days of men the Lord sent two powers on earth to have dominion over them. One of these was Death—the other Life.

The stern front of Life showed what he really was: unmerciful, exacting, swift to demand obedience to a thousand laws, swift to punish with the keen sword of pain when those laws were broken.

His eyes were the eyes of a warlord; his hand as cold as iron—and as strong.

The tasks he set were many. Few of these were to the liking of the children of men, though some thinkers perceived that out of these heavy tasks came strength, also that if one wrestled with them stoutly one might even master Life himself and compel him to graciousness.

Now the other power—Death—was a woman.

Tall she was, but so perfectly formed that her height was no blemish. Sleepy-eyed she was, but her slow, sweet smile was so infinitely tender and lovely that in the midst of their tasks men stopped to gaze on her as she passed.

At last one of the young men followed her. She spoke to him—her voice being that unspeakable music which not even a violin can outsing—and the young man returned into the fields of Life no more.

Then a little child, weary of flower-gathering, pulled at her garment's hem, and all the workers held their breath, waiting to see what Death would do; for Life had painted her in very evil colors.

But Death lifted the child and laid her on her own deep bosom and sang to her.

As she sang the child slept, and an exquisite smile lingered on its lips, as though its visions were very fair.

And a worker cried:

"Ye have blessed the child because she was your chosen one?"

The cry was a question.

Said Death dreamily:

"As I gave the child peace, so would I give it to all who come to me—trusting me wholly!"

Looking out across the blazing fields she stretched her rounded arms and cried: "Ye are all mine! Lover of souls am I!"

And with one accord they threw down their tools and followed her into a far land, beyond the domain of Life.

Now Life was vexed exceedingly by the unfinished task. He went straightway to the Lord and complained how Death had led away part of his workers.

And the Lord sent a great white angel unto the remainder and forbade them, through the angel, to hearken unto Death until they could serve Life no longer.

For the Lord knew that the stern dominion of Life must be, for the sake of the men he hoped to complete.

But only a few, a very few, of the children of men obeyed the angel. Let Death but pass the toilers, and her beauty was so great they continued to desert their posts and follow after her.

Then Life cried unto the Lord with a great voice:

"Death seduces my servants!"

And the Lord said:

"Deal with Death as thou wilt."

Therefore Life seized on Death and cut away her perfumed locks, and put on her a painted mask, most hideous to behold. And he sealed the lips of Death, saying, "Be thou dumb, and be thou no longer known as a woman." With this he cast over Death's wonderful form a black mantle, like a pall, and on it Life painted:

"This is the King of Terrors."

Then he sent Death forth, and thereafter whenever she came near the workers they fled from her and cried aloud unto Life:

"Matters not how hard thy tasks, oh dear Life, if thou wilt but save us from this frightful Death!"

And Life said unto the Lord:

"Have I not done well?"

And he answered in exceeding sorrow:

"Needs must thy work on Death stand. And this because of the weakness of men who were seduced by her beauty and who heeded not my angel's voice. Yet very differently had I planned for my people. For in the beginning I set the loveliness of Death plainly before them, that they might endure their tasks happily, knowing how sweet the end would be. But they have defeated my wisdom. On their own heads be it!"

And Life went his way, satisfied. Thereafter, when a child or man became useless to him he cast it into the arms of Death, because its task was finished.

And the soul of Death sang to the soul of the mortal given her, though her lips were dumb, and she blessed it with an infinite blessing and bore it away.

But the toilers mourned greatly that Death should have dominion over one of their number, and they turned the more desperately to Life, who smiled sternly and was content.

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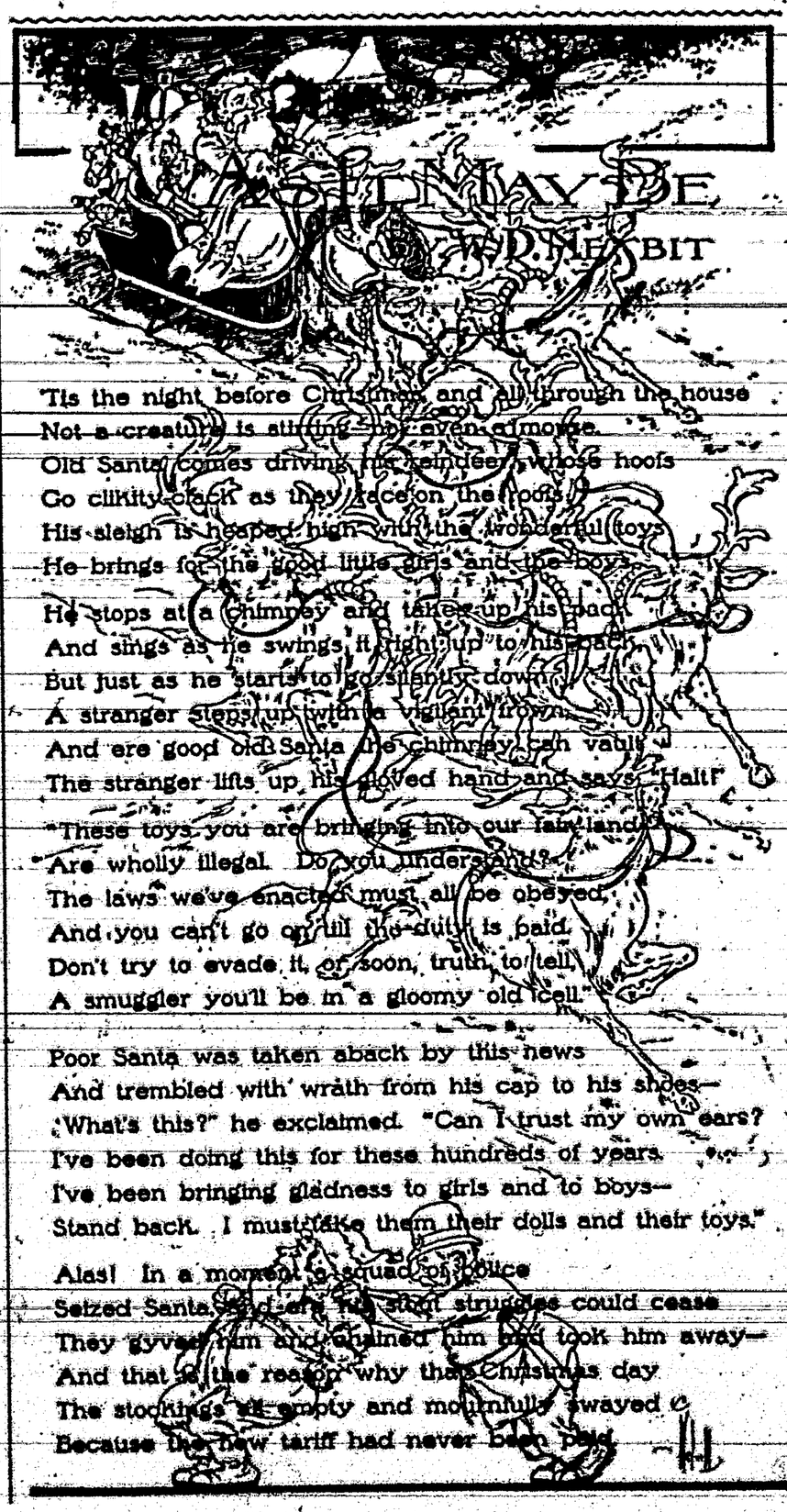

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CARRIZOZO, NEW MEX

THE POLITE CONDUCTOR.

I heard a pleasant story to-day, which was told to illustrate the softening effects of a fashionable thoroughfare upon the manners of 'bus conductors, or rather upon their sense of correctness. A lady, the wife of an eminent surgeon, happened to be the sole occupant of a horse 'bus that was slowly climbing the Piccadilly hill. A motor 'bus passed and the conductor of it saw fit to indulge in pointed and ill-timed pleasantry. The conductor of the horse 'bus made an effort to reply and the lady, to assuage his feelings as he rather savagely punched her ticket, said: "He seems to have the gift of the gab." The reply was: "Yes, ma'am, as you vulgarly puts it, he do."—Manchester Guardian.

MORE PROOF.

With deep emotion the returning Eskimo, fresh from his long journey to the pole, gazed at his home. Then in a plaintive minor key he sang:

"Igloo, igloo, sweet, sweet igloo!
Be it ever so igloolinous, there's no place like my igloo!"

Munching a gumdrop, he got down on all fours and crawled inside.

Safe in his own domicile! Over the rounded summit of it the freezing winds may blow and the fierce blasts of north polar controversy rage in vain! He is secure from harm! There let us leave him!

AGAINST UNDUE HURRY.

According to a Stirling (Scotland) journal, while a local magnate was on a holiday recently, somehow a rumor of his death became current in his native town. A friend telegraphed to the relatives of the dead man for particulars of his lamentable demise. This message was handed to the corpse in order that he might deal with it himself. Being a humorist, he wrote out and signed in his own name the reassuring reply: "Please postpone funeral arrangements till I return."

NECESSARILY.

West End—Mrs. Fastset says we are made of dust.

Riverside—One has to be to travel with her.

DEFINED.

"What is a grafter?"

"One of the other party who gets what your party wants."—Cleveland Leader.

NEVER GETS A REST.

"How much of an income has he?"

"I don't know. It must be mighty big. His wife is always tired out because she is having clothes made."

HIS LUCKY DAY.

"I had great luck dis mornin', Freddy!"

"What happened? Find money?"

"No, but er farmer shot at me an' missed!"

OLD DAEDALUS A WONDER

Ancient Athenian Credited with Many Marvelous Inventions—Is Not All a Myth.

Daedalus, cunning artificer, pioneer and predecessor of the Wright, was the Greek father of all handiwork, and as such was adored by ancient artist unions. He was an Athenian, and was the first artist who made the presentment of a speaking, moving statue. He invented the ax, the awl, and the bevel, also the saw, which he copied from the jawbone of a snake. He also invented the potter's wheel, the turning wheel, the plumb line, glue and gluing, the gimlet and other hand tools. He laid out and built the wonderful labyrinth for the Minotaur lately discovered and uncovered. He and his son Icarus were fastened up in the labyrinth for giving Ariadne the clew with which he guided Theseus through the mazes. But Daedalus and Icarus escaped and flew over the sea on wings of wax and feathers made by old man Daedalus himself. Icarus flying high, the sun melted the feathers off, and down he plumped into the Icarian sea, which was named for him. It is only recently that one could believe there was a soul of truth in the myth, but poor Dr. Lillienthal made pretty long flights on wings that could easily have been formed of tough wax and feathers and sticks.

OPPORTUNITY.

Men's failures have been due largely to the lack of their knowledge of opportunity. This word means "opposite the port," and grew out of the idea of the tide's rising when the vessel was opposite the port that it might sail over the bar into the harbor.

Every man has his opportunity, and not one, but hundreds. Tides are rising daily in the lives of individuals. A man in business sees it and attains success; another, perhaps more pious, but blind to vision, sees nothing and lies outside of the harbor.

Emerson was right when he said: "This world belongs to the energetic." Wisely directed energy at the opportune time will bring success, and opposing odds are nothing before it.

WHY?

"Yesterday was my birthday—now do you suppose I kept it?"

"Quiet, I should think."

BALLOON COMPARTMENTS.

As a result of the accident to the French dirigible balloon, Republique, in which four officers were killed, the war department has decided to introduce a system of several gastight compartments in future military balloons somewhat like the watertight divisions of a vessel, to insure a gradual descent if one compartmment is pierced, and to equip the dirigibles with wooden propellers.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

Miss Anne's Christmas Visitors

By

Lena M. McCauley

(Copyright.)

WHO IS willing to play Santa Claus? What shall we do with the children?"

This being the final question, the chairman of the board of managers sat down to wait for an answer. St. Elizabeth's orphanage was facing a Christmas without festivities, owing to the marriage of the matron, and a disabled heating plant.

An interval of silence followed Mrs. Blunt's appeal, though every one of the motherly hearts of the women present overflowed with sympathy for the 45 homeless boys and girls without prospect of Christmas cheer. They had come prepared with check books and the usual offerings of cake and confections for the holiday, but the personal entertainment of 45 shivering children was something they had not looked for.

Little Mrs. Thompson, confessing a brood of six boys and girls of her own, was the first to speak.

"Suppose we invite the orphans home with us; I know many townsfolk would be glad to help us out. It will be a treat to them. I can take two."

"Bravo!" said the chairman, clapping her gloved hands. "I will take two little girls myself."

"Of course they will have their company manners on. I will take a boy with curls. Mr. Jones dotes on boys, and we have only girls, but I must be permitted to pick him out," cried the secretary, joining in.

"I'd rather have a child choose me. I'll go into the school room and ask those who would like to visit me to leave their names on the desk. If they choose me, I am sure they will like me. I can take four just as well as two. Our house is so large," said Mrs. Cliff, the Lady Bountiful of the village.

When the chorus had quieted, 20 children were provided for, and there was every reason to believe that all

"Of Course I Want You."

would be settled in homes before night. That afternoon a score of hospitable villagers visited the orphanage, and it proved that there were more invitations than were needed. As the children were checked off from the monthly school room list, it happened that a group of five quarantined in the attic hospital for the mumps were overlooked. It may be that the over-cautious doctor had omitted their names, or that some villager had hesitated, but the days slipped on towards Christmas, and they received no invitations.

Up in the sunny attic, Alice Martin and her brother Tom had long since recovered, and said lessons and played games in the sun-parlor with John Bell, Jane Smith and little Mary Moore, who had been held on suspicion, and who remembered too late that they had had the mumps years before. They relieved the loneliness of the nurse, who had become attached to the happy group, and she was in no hurry to send them downstairs. The morning of Christmas eve came, and the five were permitted to take breakfast in the big dining hall. The nurse herself was going home for Christmas. They heard the great news for the first time. The three girls and two boys realized that they had nothing in view, but youth is hopeful, and they argued that the next hour might bring an invitation.

St. Elizabeth's had never known so gay an occasion. All the orphans were dressed in their best, and one by one they were bundled into sleighs and carried away, the last going at sunset.

"I wonder who is coming for us?" cried Tom Martin, in vexation. The five friends were gathered on the steps watching the others go. "Somebody must come before long. The kids said ladies picked them out, or they picked out ladies they liked. I wish I had a chance to choose."

"Don't mind, Tom," said Alice, consolingly. "Mrs. Brown, the cook, promised to let us play in the kitchen, and have candles, and hang up stockingns to-night. We can live with her till the others come back."

"I should like a truly home to night," said Tom. "And you know which house I'd pick out if I had a chance."

"I know," said Jane Smith, "I know. It's the house with Christmas trees around it, and turkey gobblers in the yard."

"That's where Miss Anne lives," said John Bell. "It's a big house, and I'd think she would get real lonesome with only Peter and Rebecca."

"Is it the house where the lamp shines like a star all night?" asked Mary Moore.

"That's the very one. Sh-sh. I have an idea," cried John, drawing the five together for his secret, for he was always full of plans.

Mrs. Brown, the cook, looked out from her window and saw the conference. "Of course nobody wants children getting over the mumps," she said to herself. "But I'll make them have a good time. I'll go upstairs right away and gather all the candle ends, and then I'll call them in and make candy."

In the old colonial house surrounded by evergreens lived Miss Anne Armstrong. Her windows overlooked the pasture where the children played beside the orphanage on the hill. Miss Anne was the last of her family. She ordered her life carefully and saw that her maid Rebecca kept the house spotless and her man Peter kept the garden weedless, while she knit endless patterns of lace.

Christmas was coming, she knew by the calendar, and that evening as she walked home from the postoffice she had witnessed the reception of orphans at more than one house of her acquaintance. Even Widow Simpkins, the washerwoman, had taken a little boy who asked to visit her jolly young family.

"Dear me, I feel left out," said Miss Anne as she saw the young strangers taken in the door. "I wonder if anyone would have elected to go with me, if I had gone to the orphanage. I must send Mrs. Simpkins some red Jonathans for the children."

Miss Anne saw the big flame of her astral lamp blaze in her window like a star sending its light across the snowy fields to the group on the orphanage steps. Then she met Rebecca at the door and seated herself beside her bountiful teatable.

"I do not believe that I shall have a single visitor this Christmas," sighed Miss Anne, a feeling of loneliness creeping over her. "But why should anyone think of me, when I do not think of others as I should."

At that moment there was a clatter of feet on the porch, and the brass knocker dropped with a resounding clang. It startled Rebecca and Peter in the kitchen, and both rushed into the hallway.

Rebecca drew the bolt and turned the knob of the door which the wind tore from her grasp, letting in a whirl of snowflakes and five children, hand in hand. They went straight to Miss Anne at the table before the blazing fire.

"We've come to spend Christmas with you. We choose your house, because you have lots of room, and it has Christmas trees all around it, and because you are kind," said John Bell, confidently.

"Well, I never," said Rebecca to Peter. "What do you think of that? Come, girls, let me take off your wraps."

"Don't you want us?" asked Tom. "Alice said this was a really home."

Then Miss Anne found her voice. She rose from her chair, and putting her arm around the shivering boy, said: "Of course I want you. I'm glad you came. Peter shall find you a Christmas tree."

A little later when she looked at the circle of happy faces around her table and the passing plates of cake and marmalade, she said to herself: "I have visitors, after all, and I shall keep them always in a really home."

Little Mary Moore having finished her supper, slipped from her chair and climbed on Miss Anne's lap. That lady did not see the orphanage gingham and the clipped hair, she only saw the divine hope of childhood. She drew Mary into her arms and her feeling of loneliness vanished forever.

"Tell me, little one, why you came to my house?"

Mary looked up into the kind face and said: "I came because you were all alone, and your lamp shone like a guiding star."

Peter, sawing at an evergreen in the yard, looked in at the window. He rubbed his eyes and shook his hoary head, saying: "They picked us out for themselves. Who would have thought it!"

GETTING CHRISTMAS DINNER ON A RANCH

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ONE DECEMBER, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost, and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddleband from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough

We Dismounted to Examine Them.

ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bull-berry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bob-cat—as plainsmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning whitetails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed that we should find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulee.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterwards my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black-tailed doe as she turned to look at us, her great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions.

We both laughed and called out "dinner" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side, after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered, and had then raced down on the astounded heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstrung her with a snap of his vise-like jaws, and once down, she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and within an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses, and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peeped over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet he did not go 50 yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

"Waiter, when are you going to bring us that roast chicken?"

"Why, you've already eaten your dinner, sir!"

"Then bring we the check!"

"But you've already paid, sir!"

Safe Place for the Author.

"In a small town where the audience calls for the author of the piece to come before the curtain, he always feels better if the curtain has a lot of local advertisements on it," said the manager.

"Why so?" asked his friend.

"Why, the people in the audience are not going to throw eggs and take a chance on spoiling their own advertisements, are they?"—Yonkers Statesman.

$100 Reward, $100.

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

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Every Little Bit Helps.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Everybody's Magazine.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Limits the Size.

"Marry me," pleaded the mere man, "and your slightest wish shall be granted."

"But," queried the wise woman, "how about the large ones?"

Rheumatism and Neuralgia never could get along with Hamlins Wizard Oil. Wizard Oil always drives them away from the premises in short order.

Our idea of heaven is a place big enough to make it possible for people to be without neighbors.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING better for sidaches, backaches or stitches than Perry Davis' Painkiller. Get the large size. It is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and 50c bottles.

It's one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Best for Baby and Best for Mother

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

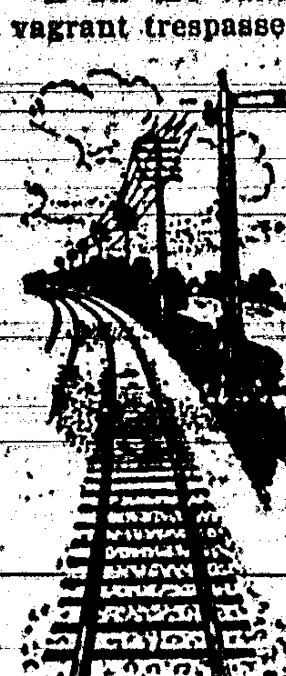
Is free for children and adults, very pleasant to take and free from opiates. It soothes and heals the aching throat and secures rest and sleep to both mother and child.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

UP TO RAILROADS

REMEDY FOR NATIONAL EVIL IS IN THEIR HANDS.

By United Action It Is Urged They Could Solve the Tramp Problem—Farming Communities Chief Sufferers.



If all the railroads were to drive vagrant trespassers permanently from their property, doubtless the tramp evil would very speedily solve itself. In the national conference on the subject held two years ago it was asserted with authority that the extent of vagrancy was largely determined by the ease with which the tramp could travel by rail free of charge. In this opinion railroad men and scientific students of charity problems agree. And yet when the railroad companies attempt to protect themselves, and ultimately the public, from the costly nuisance, a curious phase of the lack of sympathy between railroads and public promptly manifests itself.

Several of the railroad systems of the central and western states have taken up the problem seriously within the last few years, only to find very little co-operation from the city and town authorities along the way. In some sections a very real animosity toward the railroads has developed among those who might reasonably be expected to approve the crusade—the farmers. In Blair county, Pennsylvania, for instance, the Grange not long ago solemnly protested against the "injustice" on the part of the railroad which sent the tramps roving over the countryside, "committing petty depredations."

This, it must be confessed, is not entirely surprising. Radical readjustments are always hard to bring about with perfect amity, and that elimination of the tramp is a radical undertaking cannot be questioned. For a time the activity of the railroad is pretty certain to drive the vagrant toward the paralleling highways, where he can usually sustain life, even if his field of operations is more restricted. It is only when he becomes convinced that the railroad crusade is general and permanent that he will admit the inevitable and begin to efface himself.

For the time being, therefore, the cities and towns into which he is dumped on being driven from the freight car or the brake beams, must assume the task of dealing with him as efficiently as the railroad has done. The practical result of this lack of sympathy is in many cases the imposition of merely nominal fines or a discharge with "move on" orders when tramps who have been arrested for trespass are arraigned in local courts.

To a very large extent the railroads have increased the tramp evil by the facilities they have offered for free transportation. Not unnaturally, the farmers in many sections have come to regard the tracks as the proper place for vagrants, and to resent any effort to drive them off to other preserves. Cities and towns, as well as rural districts, have also contented themselves with ordering vagrants on, quite satisfied that they should do the moving by means of stolen rides so long as they departed expeditiously. This ignores, of course, the possibility of an ultimate cure for the evil; but temporizing is an extremely common policy in public as well as in private affairs.

The railroads, for their own protection, have begun an effort whose success will bring advantage to society as well as to themselves. But it is hardly to be expected that they will accomplish the whole task alone. "An effective remedy," said Mr. James J. Hill when the warfare was begun, "must begin with co-operation between the railroad and the authorities of every community through which it passes." It is entirely probable that the first effective step in the crusade is a campaign of general education as to the certainty with which the tramp nuisance can be abated, in order that this co-operation may be secured.

HONOR BELONGS TO PARSONS

Undisputed That He Was the Pioneer of Locomotive Engineering in America.

Tatem Parsons was a pioneer of locomotive engineering in the United States, an honor which fitted well the rugged Jerseyman. It was no less a personage than Tatem Parsons who ran the famous locomotive John Bull over the original Camden & Amboy railroad.

A little of the railroad history of that early period will serve to explain Parsons' share in the making of it. When the John Bull arrived from England in 1831 it was found to be both too large and too heavy for the track and bridges on the Camden & Amboy line. Its weight was ten tons, while the American locomotive De Witt Clinton weighed only three and a half tons, and Peter Cooper's famous Tom Thumb only a ton.

Tatem Parsons was one of the pioneers who looked over the problem and then recommended that the track be brought up to the requirements of the new English locomotive. His advice was taken, and in the end he became the driver of the then huge steam machine. People came from far and wide to look upon what was to them one of the world's greatest wonders.

There are not a few people in the United States who can hark back to the beginning of railroading in this country in 1830, but Tatem Parsons had the honor of being the only railroad man whose life actually spanned the distance from the laying of the first track in 1828 to the accomplishment of many wonders up to the year 1909. He lived to see the railroad industry in the United States surpass that of any other country on the globe, its lines cobwebbing every state in the union.

News of Railroads.

Levantine newspapers report that Turkey has granted a conditional concession to an American syndicate for a 1,243 mile railroad through Asia Minor. See Report No. 3616.

The Honduras Railroad Company, an American enterprise, is making moderately good progress on the construction of its line from Truxillo, on the Atlantic coast, to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. The company intends to colonize.

About $57,000,000 of British capital is invested in railway and industrial enterprises in Brazil, besides the heavy British holding of Brazilian government and semi-government securities. These investments explain the grip of British exporters on the import market of Brazil.

Colt Rides Engine Pilot.

When a freight train bound for Pinner's Point rolled through Rodman Heights a colt, belonging to W. K. Dixon, a former member of the western branch constabulary, made a flying leap and landed on the cowcatcher of the locomotive, says a dispatch from Norfolk, Va.

When the train reached Pinner's Point, three miles distant, the colt still was aboard the front of the engine, but no sooner had the train come to a standstill than the animal extricated itself from its dangerous position and a short time afterward was found roaming about the Virginia-Carolina Chemical works.

GOOD WORK IS LOVED WORK

And Therein One Should Find the Contentment That Is Chief Part of Life.

If a man doesn't love his work, he had better get something else to do. But the trouble is that such people will hardly love any kind of work. The trouble is in them. They lack intelligence. If they knew enough to know good work, they would soon learn to love it. The manual-training scheme has this in view—to surround the job a man is doing with such intelligence and taste as will make it attractive to him.

"The man who is in love with his job gets more contentment out of life than any other," says Brander Matthews; and he gets a great part of his contentment in doing his work right. No man can love his work who shirks. No man can be contented who is dishonest about his work. This is shirking or doing it negligently. So these things always go together—honest work, contentment and love of the job.

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Woman's Daring Deed.

In southern Tunis lies an extensive salt marsh desert called the Shott Jerid, of which the Arabs stand in terror, for many a caravan has been lost in the salt incrusted morass, which, according to De Lesseps is as much as 1,200 feet deep in places. This region has been crossed for the first time in a small automobile by a woman, Myriam Harry, a well-known French novelist.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and $1.00 bottles.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.

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

Everyone can do his best thing easiest.—Emerson.

Stated in Cold Figures.

It costs on an average about $250 to cure an incipient consumptive or to care for an advanced case of tuberculosis until death. If he is left in destitute circumstances without proper attention he will surely infect with his disease at least two other persons, and possibly more. Considering that the average life is worth to society in dollars and cents about $1,500, the net loss which would accrue to a community by not treating its poor consumptives in proper institutions would be, for each case, including those who are unnecessarily infected, at the very lowest figure, $4,250. On this basis, if the poor consumptives in the United States who are now sick were segregated from their families, and either kept in institutions until they died, or else cured of their disease, the saving to the country would be the enormous sum of $1,275,000,000.

Many a man's wife prevents him from losing a lot of money in speculating by not allowing him any to speculate with.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES
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W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 51-1909.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

***Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery* makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.**

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrappers. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of KNOWN COMPOSITION. ASK YOUR NEIGHBORS. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR SORE, WEAK & INFLAMED EYES.
MITCHELL'S SALVE
MAKES THE USE OF DRUGS UNNECESSARY. Price, 25 Cents *Druggists.*

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

FOR PINK EYE DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle; $5.00 and $10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 $3.50 & $4.00 SHOES

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD

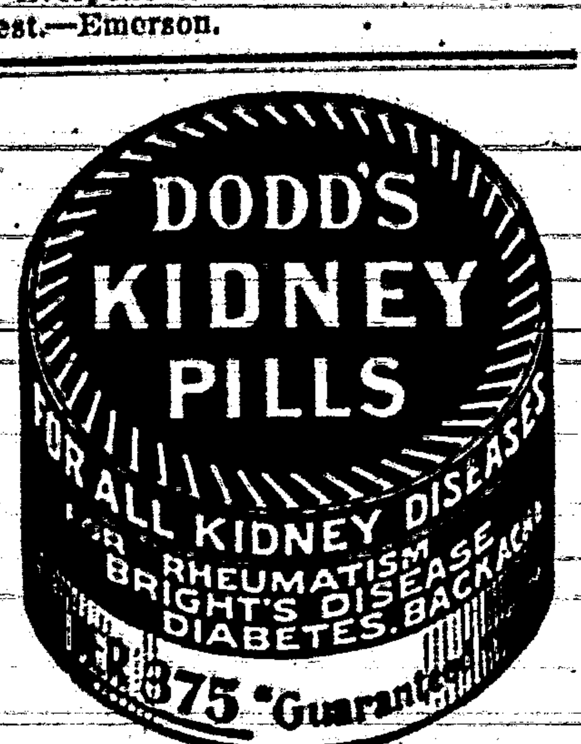
Wear W. L. Douglas comfortable, easy-walking shoes. They are made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions. Shoes in every style and shape to suit men in all walks of life.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION.—See that W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.

BOY'S SHOES $2.00 & $2.50

Wherever you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach. If your dealer cannot fit you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 920

The Truth ABOUT Life Insurance

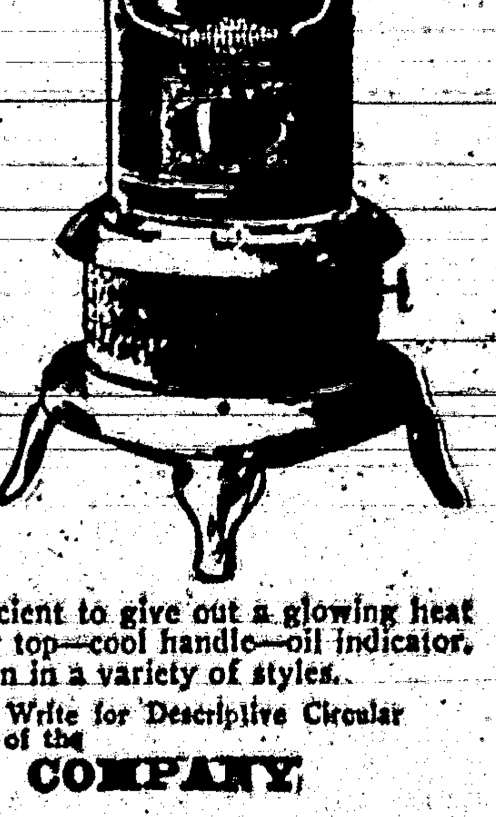
Five booklets—"But," "Be Just," "How to Figure It Out" and opinions of Gov. Hughes of N. Y. and of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage will save you many dollars—Sent prepaid upon receipt of 14c in stamps or coin.

CHAS. H. BROWNELL, 176 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

For HEADACHE, NEURALGIA and GRIPPE, Use 10c DR. DAVIS' ANTI-HEADACHE 25c Druggists—or FRED G. KEELING, Chicago, Ill.

When Cold Winds Blow

When cold winds blow, biting frost is in the air, and back-draughts down the chimney deaden the fires, then the



PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

shows its sure heating power by steadily supplying just the heat that is needed for comfort.

The Perfection Oil Heater is unaffected by weather conditions. It never fails. No smoke—no smell—just a genial, satisfying heat. The new

Automatic Smokeless Device

prevents the wick being turned too high. Removed in an instant.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

RAILROAD WITHOUT A DEBT

Owned by Kansas Farmers and Said to Be Unique in the United States.

The only independent railroad in the United States that is absolutely free from bonds or any kind of debt is a line ten miles in length down in Barber county, Kansas.

A score or more of wealthy wheat farmers living near the village of Hardtner, ten miles west of Kiowa, raised the money with which to grade and equip this railroad. It cost them $100,000 and its trains are now hauling their wheat to market. The railroad has not been named. It is simply known as the farmers' road.

Hardtner isn't on the map of Kansas yet, but it is calling for a bank and the state bank commissioner has dispatched a deputy to the town to investigate. The farmers who put up $100,000 to build a railroad say they are ready to establish a bank with a capital of $25,000.

Hardtner is two miles from the Oklahoma line. Round about are the greatest wheatfields of the west and a railroad to haul the wheat to market was a necessity. The Santa Fe and the Missouri Pacific run into Kiowa, the eastern terminus, ten miles from Hardtner, but neither would build the line into the great wheat belt. Now both companies are dickering with the farmers for the purchase of the line and both have offered them the cost of construction and equipment and five per cent. on the investment. The new line will be sold to one of these companies.

The state banking department will grant a charter to the Hardtner people for a bank. It is argued that a farming community that can raise $100,000 and build a railroad is entitled to a bank. The population of Hardtner is only 75.

Successful Treating of Ties.

The tie treating plant of the Mexican Central railroad has reached an output of 3,500 ties a day, making it one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. It is expected that the treatment will prolong the life of each tie from eight to twelve years.—Arboriculture

Why Grandmother Could Not Write

By RUDOLF BAUMBACH

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

In front of the last of the little houses scattered along the edge of the forest sat a curly headed boy on a stone bench drawing humpbacked letters on the slate which he held on his knees. Every now and then he cast a longing glance toward the distant village green, where his playmates looked like little colored dots running to and fro. Then he drew a long sigh and held his slate pencil idly in his hand till his sense of duty warned him to resume his hated task. An old woman stepped out of the house. She was the child's grandmother. She leaned over his shoulder and looked pityingly at the scribbled letters.

"You poor little fellow!" murmured she, stroking her grandson's curly head with her bony hand, "they don't give you any peace even on the Lord's day." The little fellow made a doleful face and looked piteously up at his grandmother.

"They ask so much of children nowadays," continued the old woman, and seated herself on the stone bench beside the boy. "I can neither read nor write, yet I have always been respected and have well-behaved children and grandchildren. Of what use is learning to us peasant folk?" Her words sounded like songs from angel lips to the youngster.

"Can't you write, grandmother?" asked he.

"No," said the old woman, with dignity, and drew herself up. A long pause followed.

"Were there no schoolmasters when you were little?" asked the inquisitive grandchild, after a while.

"Oh, yes indeed!" answered grandmother. "We had a schoolmaster; and such a schoolmaster! He drummed the Ten Commandments and whatever else we needed to know into our heads, so that the parish priest was very proud of us when he catechized us, but he wasn't very particular about anything else. Oh, there are no such men nowadays. But there was a very special reason why I did not learn to write, and that is a very remarkable story. I may thank my mother—God rest her soul—that I never learned to write. She couldn't write, either, and her not knowing how to write saved her from a great danger. When my mother was first married, she and her husband had a hard time getting along. They worked early and late and still hardly earned their daily bread. One day my mother went out into the woods to get litter for the goats, and her heart was so full of sorrow over her poverty that she sat down on the ground and cried bitterly enough to melt the heart of a stone. All of a sudden a stately gentleman stood before her, dressed like a huntsman and wearing a cock's feather in his hat. He asked my mother why she was crying, and when she told him how poor she was, he laughed and said: 'I will help you. I will make you rich, so that you will have enough as long as you live.' Then he drew a little red book out of his pocket and handed it to my mother, and giving her also a pencil, said: 'Write your name in that book. There are the names of a good many people whom I have helped in there already.'

"Then my mother, quite overjoyed, seized the book and the pencil to do as the gentleman had requested, but as she did not know how to write, she made a cross. In a moment the book turned red hot in her hand, and she threw it away with a scream, and it burned up in the twinkling of an eye. When she looked up, the strange man had disappeared and the whole air smelt horribly of brimstone. Then my mother felt her blood turn cold and she knew that the strange gentleman must have been the devil himself. She ran home heels over head, and it was a long time before she got over it. Her making a cross in the devil's book because she did not know how to write had saved her soul from everlasting damnation and so she insisted that no child of hers should ever learn to write. If I had my way, you should never learn either, but things are not as they used to be in the good old times."

First Coal Found in Virginia.

According to the investigation of the United States geological survey, Virginia was the pioneer coal producing state. The occurrence of coal was known in the Richmond basin as early as 1700, and in 1789 shipments were made to some of the northern states. In 1882, according to R. C. Taylor, the production amounted to 48,214 gross tons. The first coal was taken from what is usually termed the Richmond basin, a small area in the southeastern portion of Virginia, near the city of Richmond. This basin is situated on the eastern margin of the Piedmont plateau, 13 miles above tidewater, on James river. It lies in Goochland, Henrico, Powhatan and Chesterfield counties. The coal beds are much distorted and the coal is of rather low grade when compared with that from other districts with which it has to come into competition. This coal is now mined only for local consumption.

Needs Variation of Grass.

The Iowa agricultural experiment station has found out that on railroads running east and west it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side, because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.

SENT JOINT MESSAGE.

When British bluejackets could not write they used to pay a purser's clerk to write for them. The fee was a shilling. Two men on board a British ship in the Baltic during the Crimean war wanted to write to their wives, but since they could only muster a shilling between them they agreed to have a joint letter written to the women to suit both. It began: "H. M. S. ——, Dear Polly and Susan—This letter comes from your loving husbands; they wish to tell you that they are well. We are thrashin' the Roosians and mean to thrash 'em again; and when that's done we'll get back, so no more from your loving husband Bill —— and your loving husband Jack ——."

HONORED IN THE BREACH.

Lady (who has been shown over one of the ships, to sailor who has been her guide)—What a pity gratuities are forbidden on your ship!

Sailor—So was apples, mum, in the Garden of Eden!—London Opinion.

¶Make Christmas Last Through The Whole Year By Buying An Edison Or A Victor TalkingMachine.

Priced $10 to $100 To Suit Your Purse

Call And Inspect Our Line At

The Pioneer Jewelry Store

J. R. HUMPHREYS, PROP

NIGHT SCHOOL

The Spanish Language taught by a competent Instructor. Classes—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7:30 PM to 9 PM, at the Carrizozo Public School House Tuition reasonable.

Also private Day School for children of all grades. Expert translating and Interpreting, English and Spanish.

J. B. BLEA

WM. F. A. GIERKE President

—Get your Abstract of Titles from

AMERICAN TITLE AND TRUST COMPANY

LINCOLN NEW MEXICO

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the district court of the sixth judicial district within and for the county of Lincoln, Territory of New Mexico, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1909, wherein George W. Prichard is plaintiff and Helen L. Bell is defendant, being cause No 1588, I have levied upon the following real estate, to-wit: Lot Eight (No. 8), Block Five (No.5) in the town of White Oaks in the said county and territory, together with the house and buildings on said lot to satisfy a judgement and attachment lien in said cause in favor of the plaintiff in the sum of Five Hundred Fifty-three and Eighty one-hundredths ($553.80) Dollars together with interest and costs of execution and sale, and that I will at the hour of 2:00 o'clock P. M. on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1909, in front of the temporary Court House in the town of Carrizozo in said County and Territory, sell the above described property to the highest bidder for cash.

Chas. A. Stevens.
Sherriff of Lincoln County,
New Mexico.

December 10th, 1909.

1st Ins. 12-17-5t.

(List 3-179-185-195-197)

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 551.50 acres, within the Lincoln National Forest, New Mexico, will be subject to settlement and under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Roswell, New Mexico, on February 5, 1910. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to February 5, 1910, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands embrace a tract of approximately 112.50 acres within unsurveyed Secs. 8 and 17, T. 4 S., R. 12 E., N. M. M., described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at Forest Service Monument, whence the northwest corner of Sec. 18, a Government established corner, bears W. 30 chains, thence N. 28.69 chains, thence W. 50 chains; extending thence N. 15 chains; thence E. 23.50 chains; thence N. 47° E. 50 chains; thence E. 10.95 chains; thence S. 33° W. 19.50 chns.; thence S. 47° 30' W. 26 chains; thence S. 23° 30' W. 16.75 chains; thence W. 34.47 chains to the place of beginning. Variation 12° 30' E. Said tract was listed upon application of H. W. McMillan, of Ancho, New Mexico; List 3-179. A tract of approximately 160 acres within unsurveyed Secs. 4 and 5, T. 4 S., R. 12 E., described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at a limestone, marked H | 1, whence the ¼ corner on north line of Sec. 5, of unsurveyed T. 4 S., R. 12 E., a Government established corner, bears N. 30 chains and W. 20 chains; extending thence S. 40 chains; thence E. 40 chains; thence N. 40 chains; thence W. 40.45 chains to the place of beginning. Variation 12° 30' E. Said tract was listed upon the application of Thomas J. Sanders, of Chanute, Kansas; List 3-185. The W½ of SE¼ and the E½ of SW¼, Sec. 20, T. 7 S., R. 14 E., 160 acres, listed upon the application of A. L. Slack, of Capitan, New Mexico; List 3-195. A tract of approximately 119 acres within unsurveyed Sec. 25, T. 9 S., R. 12 E., described by mates and bounds as follows: Beginning at Forest Service Monument, whence the southeast corner of Sec. 36, unsurveyed fractional T. 9 S., R. 12 E., a Government established corner bears E. 47 chains and S. 83 chains; extending thence N. 85° W. 33 chains; thence N. 18° E. 40 chains; thence S. 71° E. 27 chains; thence S. 17° E. 17 chains; thence S. 32° W. 19 chains to the place of beginning. Variation 12° 30' E. Said tract was listed upon the application of Frederick Beitter, of Nogal, New Mexico; List 3-197.

Fred Dennett, Commissioner of the General Land Office. Approved November 17, 1909, Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Gov. 1st. Ins. 11-19-3t.

Classified Advertising.

¶Advertisements set under this head for 5 cents a line, the first insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT:—Several nice three room houses, good condition. KAHLER AND CHASE, Outlook

FOR RENT OR SALE:—Port of Cuba restaurant, furnished, for sale or rent very reasonable. Will sell on installments. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR RENT OR SALE:—Three hundred and thirty dollars buys a good two room house, rooms 12x12, chicken yard, screened windows and doors etc. Or will rent reasonable. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE:—Two room frame house in McDonald addition, well, cheap if taken quick. H. C. BOND, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

FOR SALE:—Two room frame house, Block 31, Lot 5 and 6, East side of track. Reasonable; KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—160 acres of Patented land, good spring on property, near White Oaks, water can be developed to supply any quanity of sheep or goats. Cheap. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Lot and building Block 18 lot 17. Reasonable. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Lot 21 block 4 improved with a cement block house. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Lot 2 block 3 Highland addition, building. Cheap. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Lot 12 block 30 improved with Mexican school house KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Twenty Acres of land, improved with good house, fine well of water, wind mill, reasonable. Also Several Business Lots in best part of City. Resident Lots. See Kahler and Chase.

Outlook Office.

FOR SALE CHEAP:—One five room house and barn, two blocks from school house. Inquire of H. S. Campbell, Carrizozo.

FOR SALE:—Two story Hotel in Carrizozo, Furnished, 18 bed rooms, kitchen and large dinning room, two halls and reception room on two lots 25 x 150, two spuares from Depot. Also two business lots in best part of town. KAHLER and CHASE, Outlook Office, Carrizozo.

FOR SALE:—Three lots in highland addition, block seven, reasonable. KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Four room house and lot, with eighty barrel cistern, Capitan, KAHLER AND CHASE.

FOR SALE:—Three lots on Capitan Ave, Block three. Very reasonable. KAHLER AND CHASE Carrizozo.

LOTS FOR SALE:—Boulevard Addition, Fine Resident property, lots 50ft X 150 and 75ft by 150. Also some fine two acre blocks on sale. For information apply to Doc. Lacey or A. H. Harvey at the Carrizozo Townsite Office.

KAHLER AND CHASE will advertise and sell or rent your property on five per cent commission.

FOR SALE:—A fine four roo house. 1 block from Temple Hotel, McDonald Addition. On two lots 50 x 130, good well of water, chicken house. Cheap. KAHLER AND CHASE, Outlook Office, Carrizozo, New Mexico.

FOR SALE:—Ten, nice, three room houses for sale cheap, ceiling over head and thoroughly papered, in goop condition. Inquire of KAHLER AND CHASE Outlook Office, Carrizozo.

FOR SALE:—$1200 will buy one of the best residents in town, six rooms nicely finished, modern. Terms KAHLER AND CHASE.

RANCH FOR SALE:—One hundred and sixty acres of land near Carrizozo, well improved with a fine house and an abundance of water. Patented, Clear title. Everything in good shape. KAHLER and CHASE.

FOR SALE:— 650.00 dollars will buy a fine three room frame house on time, fenced chicken yard and other improvements including half interest in well. Terms to suit purchaser. KAHLER AND CHASE.

STORES

STORE FOR SALE:—Good grocery and dry goods business, post office in connection. Rooms to let, within building. Boarders also. Will turn over stock at inventory. On railroad near Carrizozo. See KAHLER and CHASE, Outlook Office, Phone 24, Carrizozo

STORE FOR SALE:—In Carrizozo, stock, building and lot, good business, Free and unincumbered deed. A snap, if taken at once $1600. KAHLER AND CHASE.

RELIQUISHMENTS

RELINQUISHMEMT:—The improvements on a homestead ajoining Oscuro townsite are for sale veay reasonable. Within five hundred yards of Postoffice. KAHLER and CHASE.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHEEPMEN:—M. D. Guebara will furnish you with good sheep herders on short notice, especially in lambing season. M. D. Guebara Carrizozo New Mexico.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A good Grand Piano which originally cost $1000 to trade for a good buggy horse or will sell for cash. Piano in good shape, needs tuning. KAHLER AND CHASE, Outlook Office Carrizozo,

WELL OUTFIT FOR SALE:—Nine hundred dollars buys a St Louis Cam and Treadle well outfit, good as new. Five horse power engin, Fairbanks Morse. 700 foot outfit. Camp outfit, Water wagon etc. Half cash, balance terms. KAHLER AND CHASE.

NOTICE:—We cannot supply the demand for furnished suites of two and three rooms in Carrizozo. Parties having rooms to let for light house keeping can easily rent them thru our agency. Call up Kahler and Chase. Phone 24.

JACK FOR SALE:—A fine seven year old, 800 pound Jack for sale a good breeder and excellent animal, KAHLER AND CHASE.

MINING CLAIMS FOR SALE:—Four mining claims, Nogal mining district, Gold and Silver, assay $25. Vein 45 ft wide. Tunnel 80 ft. deep. Excellent property at sacrifice price KAHLER AND CHASE.

NEW MEXICO TERRITORIAL NEWS

Conover's Slayer Surrenders.

Sheriff Roybal of Chimita, Rio Arriba county, on the 15th inst. lodged A. H. Gossett, proprietor of the Denver & Rio Grande eating house at Embudo, in the penitentiary at Santa Fe on the charge of killing Postmaster S. Conover, who, with his aged wife, lived at his store at Lyden, a station on the D. & R. G., north of Santa Fe.

Gossett, who is a rover, it is said, became offended at Conover because the latter had reported to the Denver & Rio Grande railroad that Gossett was abusing the privilege of having merchandise sent to the eating house at half rates over the line, and also because Conover would not send his mail to Embudo without a written order.

Saturday evening Gossett went to Conover's store and an exchange of heated words took place. Conover reached for a pick handle, but whether before or after Gossett drew his revolver the accounts differ. Gossett fired two shots, one of which struck the counter, while the other pierced Conover's neck.

Conover, before he died, made an ante-mortem statement to the justice of the peace. Gossett took to the mountains of eastern Taos county, sleeping in the open two nights in the bitter cold, and finally giving himself up at the lumber camp of the Santa Barbara Company at Hodges.

Gossett formerly lived at Trinidad, Colo., but is from the eastern mountains of Tennessee. His wife had charge of the eating house and was assisted by her widowed sister, whose husband was killed not long ago in Colorado, while on duty as a deputy sheriff.

Francisco Perea Pensioned.

An Albuquerque dispatch Wednesday says: Sheriff Romero today received a telegram from Delegate Andrews at Washington informing him that the house yesterday passed the bill introduced by Mr. Andrews providing a pension of $20 a month for Francisco Perea of this city. The bill has gone to the Senate and will likely be passed without delay.

This is tardy recognition of the claims of the former delegate in Congress, who is now living in straitened circumstances in this city, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Mr. Perea, as the result of successive attacks of paralysis, is extremely infirm. He was delegate to Congress from New Mexico during the administration of Abraham Lincoln, and was seated in the Ford theater in full view of the tragedy when Lincoln was assassinated.

Perea was also a delegate to the convention in Baltimore which nominated President Lincoln for the second time, and there is still preserved in this city the banner carried by Perea in that convention.

He was a personal friend of the president and was one of the ablest men who ever represented the territory in Washington, hence substantial recognition is due his eminent services to the Southwest and his country in the days of the Civil war.

City Physician J. F. Pearce of Albuquerque reports that there are only three cases of contagious diseases under quarantine at Albuquerque at present and that the "city is less affected by typhoid fever than usually and most of the cases existing now are people who came to Albuquerque from other parts of New Mexico or eastern states already affected. The few cases of Albuquerque people are caused by drinking impure well water."

Attempt to Poison Family.

A Santa Fe dispatch of the 17th inst. says: What appears to have been a dastardly attempt to poison a whole family was made at Barney, Union county, yesterday, but no arrests have been made. During the absence of the family of J. P. Miera, a wealthy stockman, from his home, some one entered the house and poisoned the milk intended for use of the family.

Miera was first to reach home and made himself a cup of coffee. He poured milk into it, drank it and became deathly ill. A physician was summoned and saved his life by prompt measures.

Milk was given to two cats, which quickly died. The nature of the poison used has not been determined.

Governor Curry on the 15th inst. appointed Capt. E. P. Bujac, a commissioner of Eddy county, vice A. C. Hurd, resigned, and appointed Carl Eklund of Clayton county, commissioner of Union county, vice Christian Otto, resigned. He appointed Martin Serrano of Santa Rosa, a special mounted policeman.

Goes to Lariat Lions.

A Roswell dispatch of the 16th inst. says: Rustler Loveless, hardy plainsman, and expert in the use of the lariat, left here today for New York to join Buffalo Jones and party, leaving for Africa, December 30th, armed with several thousand feet of hair rope, guns and cameras, and accompanied by ten picked New Mexico bronchose en route from Carrizozo, Lincoln county, to oGtham.

These bronchos were picked by Loveless, who is an expert in mustangs, and are as tough and wiry a lot as can be found in the Southwest. The trip into the regions now being devastated by Roosevelt is under the management of what is officially called the Buffalo Jones African Company.

"The object of the expedition," said Loveless today, "is to rope lions and other wild animals of Africa, which will be placed in a New York zoo.

"The hunting will be done almost entirely with lariats. The trip is financed by Arthur A. Fowler, and F. W. Bird, New York multi-millionaires, who will have moving pictures taken of the hunt for big game, and gather data for a book which, it is hoped, will rival the Roosevelt record of a dollar a word.

"The trip will cover almost he same ground as the Roosevelt expedition and the horses and camp outfit of the ex-President will be secured by Jones."

Trouble Over Christmas Songs.

A Santa Fe dispatch of the 15th inst. says: Because her teacher taught the pupils Christmas songs from the programme issued by the superintendent of public instruction, Miss Goldenburg, attending public school at Tucumcari, complained to her father, a Jewish merchant and politician, who remonstrated with the teacher.

The teacher appealed to the board of school directors, who sustained her and Superintendent of Public Instruction Clark has been summoned to Tucumcari to settle the dispute, as Goldenburg threatens to take the matter into court, on the ground that sectarian teaching is forbidden in the public schools.

Superintendent Clark had just returned from Espanola, where he adjusted a dispute that arose over the race question, some parents objecting to sending their children to a Spanish-American teacher, and others to a teacher from another state.

D. & R. G. Chama Valley Branch.

A Santa Fe dispatch says: It is reported from the Chama valley that Denver & Rio Grande surveyors are driving stakes for a permanent survey up the Chama river from Chamita, following the old survey, which is partly graded. The line is to be standard gauge and the stakes are now in as far as Abiqui, whence the line will go to Elvado, there connecting with the line from Lumberton. It is supposed that the line will be extended from Chamita to Santa Fe and will tap the Lobato grant, a region rich in good timber. Construction is to begin next year.

The celebrated Darden divorce case had an echo at Albuquerque a few days since when Fannie Van Riper, who recently secured a divorce from James G. Darden of Albuquerque, on sensational grounds, filed suit in the District Court to recover $6,000 from the estate of the late W. B. Childers. It is alleged that Darden borrowed this money from the plaintiff and loaned it to W. B. Childers on a promissory note, and the plaintiff seeks to foreclose a mortgage to recover it.

Girl's Desperate Defense.

An Albuquerque dispatch says: Defending herself desperately with an axe, Minnie English, daughter of a ranchman living near Ancho, Lincoln county, Monday drove off and seriously wounded Juan Chavez, aged twenty-four, living at Jicarilla, when the latter attempted to assault her.

The girl, who is a hardy young plainswoman, was tending stock when Chavez approached and attacked her. She seized an axe and fought so determinedly that he fled, after being wounded by the girl, who is fifteen, and a daughter of George H. English of Ancho. The man's relatives are prominent sheepmen. Chavez was captured and held for the grand jury under $1,000 bond, which was furnished. He is a married man.

Governor Curry, on the 14th inst., made the following appointments: Captain, A. Mendenhall; first lieutenant, W. G. Love, and second lieutenant, M. E. Hinton, at Clovis, Curry county; Charles R. Echols to be first lieutenant and Fred Clayton to be second lieutenant of Company C, First infantry.

New Mexico Well Advertised.

C. L. Seagraves, general colonization agent of the Santa Fe railway, has written to President Spitz of the Albuquerque Commercial Club as follows:

"The land and irrigation exposition, held in Chicago from November 20th to December 4th, closed on Saturday night and proved the biggest attraction of its kind ever undertaken in this or any other city. The interest aroused by the magnificent exhibits among the land hungry people, will mean much to the entire West.

"The years of advertising and general publicity hardly accomplished as much as was crowded into the two weeks of the exposition. Thousands of people attended, not only from Chicago, but many towns from the central states. The people are intensely interested and the good that will result to all of New Mexico can hardly be measured in dollars and cents.

"New Mexico is to be congratulated for the good showing made here. The display of products was well arranged and attracted a constant stream of people to your section. Messrs. Henning, Stroup, and other New Mexico representatives were indefatigable workers and managed to keep your country in the limelight all the time.

"You have every reason to feel well satisfied for time and money spent to be represented at this exposition, as it will come back to New Mexico many times over."

Grand Jury Scores Saloons.

Following is a portion of the report recently made by the grand jury at Roswell:

"We find after full investigation that the saloons of this county are indiscriminately selling intoxicating liquors to minors and pupils of educational institutions. On account of the disposition of the minors to shield the violators of this law we have been unable to find sufficient proof in any case to justify indictments, but the grand jury wishes to inform the people of Roswell that the saloons of the city are morally indicted for the corruption of the youth of the community, because they are wilfully aiding and helping the downfall of the children of some of the best citizens of the community. We desire the parents of this city to know the danger that lies in wait for their children in order that they can better protect them, and we ask that the attention of the saloonkeepers be called to the fact that these violations will not be long endured, so they may set their houses in order to take the consequences of corrupting the younger generation of the community."

Corporations Must Report.

The following notice has been issued by the collector of internal revenue at Santa Fe for the benefit of all corporations doing business in New Mexico:

"NOTICE TO CORPORATIONS.

"The attention of all Corporations is called to the following:

"Office of Collection of Internal Revenue, Santa Fe, N. M., Dec. 8, 1909:

"In accordance with an act of Congress, approved August 5, 1909, I have been directed by the commissioner of internal revenue to procure reports from all corporations, joint stock companies and associations in this district. Such organizations will please write to this office for blank returns, which will be furnished promptly on receipt of application therefor. Returns must be in my office on or before March 1, 1910, to avoid penalty.

"H. P. BARDSHAR,
"Collector of Internal Revenue."

The tax commission appointed by Governor Curry to investigate tax and assessment matters in the territory and report to the Board of Equalization and the legislature, organized by electing J. Smith Lea of Roswell president, and H. B. Hening of Albuquerque secretary. The commission will visit every county to inspect real estate and other tangible property.

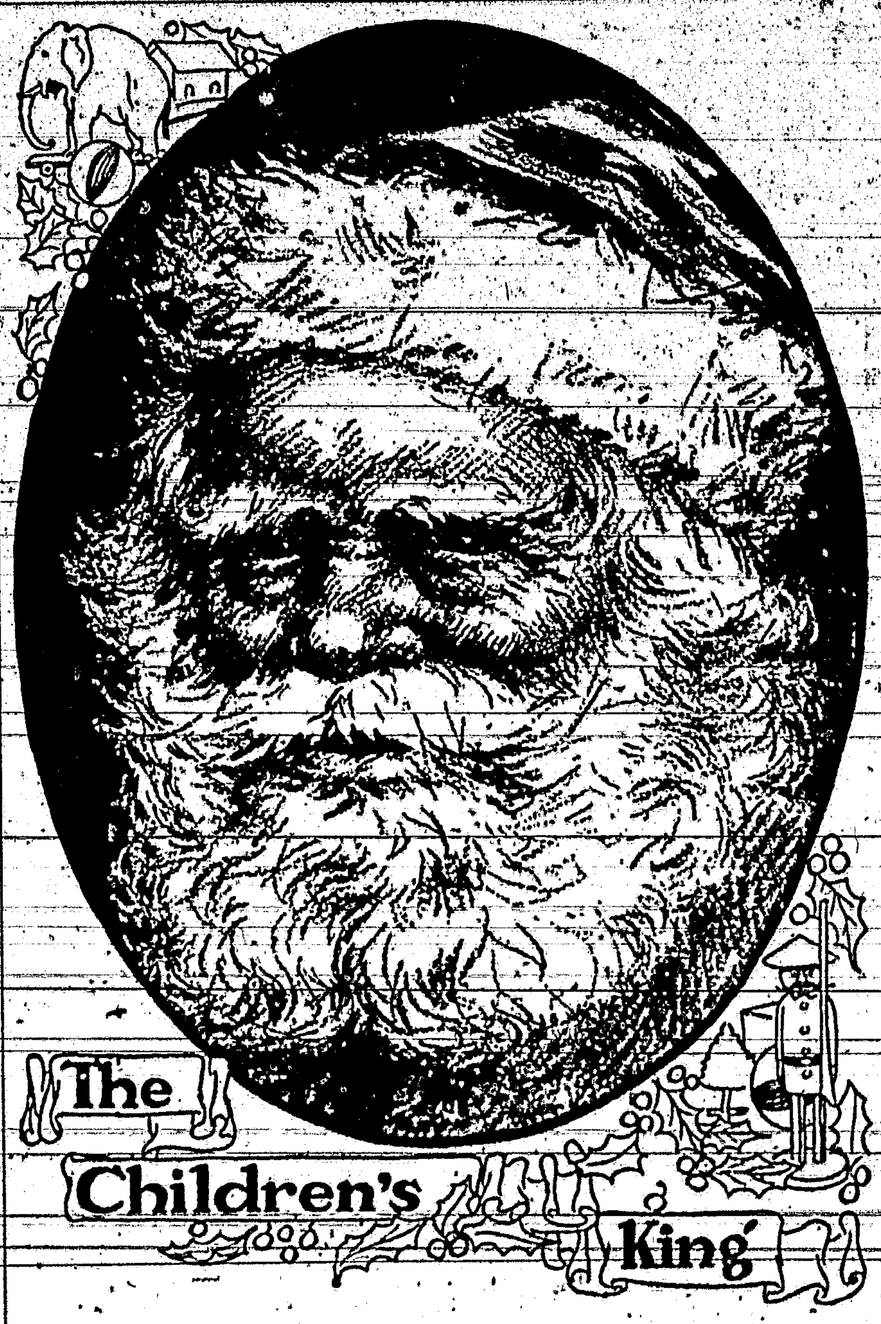
Electric Lights for Aztec.

The Denver Republican prints the following Aztec dispatch: Aztec, San Juan county, will have electric lights by Jan. 1, when the big plant utilizing the water power of the La Plata river will start. New business houses are being started, public service enterprises are being formed and there is a general boom in San Juan county due to the construction of the Arizona & Colorado railroad, which will connect this section with southern Arizona and the numerous big irrigation projects now under way.

Aztec and Denver capitalists are building an irrigation system on the San Juan river which will cover several thousand acres of fine fruit land. The contract for the construction of the Illinois ditch, which will reclaim 12,000 acres west of Aztec, will be let by the first of the year.

By April 1 the La Plata Land & Irrigation company will finish the first of a series of reservoirs which will reclaim 10,000 acres.

Hundreds of settlers and homeseekers are coming into the La Plata and San Juan valleys.



A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

CHRISTMAS is not only a mile mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to the fashion of the smiling face.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * *

HOW many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does the Christmas time awaken! Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one.—Charles Dickens.

* * *

REMEMBER that as surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants; the power of the millenniums yet to be, so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love Christ, there lies enfolded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood.—Phillips Brooks.

* * *

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity, which runs on sun time.—Henry Van Dyke.

SUPPOSE a note came on Christmas Day saying not, "I send my love and best wishes with this spool-box," but, "I want you to know that your patience, or courage, or tenderness, during this last year, will help me to live more bravely and courageously this year." What a Christmas present the receipt of such a letter would be to any one of us. What a gift for any one of us to send to the human heart that has given us courage for the burden and heat of the day.—Margaret Deland.

* * *

THE season of regenerated feeling—the season of kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a Merry Christmas.—Washington Irving.

* * *

MY CHRISTMAS wish for all is that they may taste the sweetness of love, enter into the joys of friendship, and know the divine beneficence of helping someone at present less fortunate than themselves. In these words are we to find the living spirit of the human and eternal Christmas. The universal gladness of Christmas is proportioned to the extent of its unselfishness. People are happy, not in what they get so much as in what they give.—Minot J. Savage.

* * *

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone around about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."—From the Gospel of St. Luke.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS remains, by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist, with his heartless diatribe against superstitions. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on the one side, and the native embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

At the Birthplace of Christ.

At last I am come to the market place, at one end of which stands the church of the Nativity, marking the holy, lowly birthplace. There is only one entrance from the street, and it is so low that in entering one is forced to bow the head, and assume a posture of reverence.

Down the dark and winding stairs, slippery with the drippings of countless candles, I make my way to that lowly place into which first came the Light of the World. The Grotto of the Nativity is a cavern beneath the church, long, narrow, and low-ceiled, with pendant lamps of precious metal and rare workmanship lighting the gloom. The floor is marble, and wonderful old tapestries, pictures and silk hangings cover the walls. A marble cradle in one corner commemorates the manger; and in a recess on one side a dozen or more hanging lamps are ranged around in a half circle. Before the altar there, all men bend low and kiss the ground for Christ's sake; for it is here a silver star is set to mark the birthplace of Him whom His mother called "Jesus." The center of the star is glass and through it one may see the original rocky floor of the stable.

I close my eyes for a moment, while mind and heart rebel against the present, until it vanishes; and the atmosphere of the past, in all its deep and wondrous mystery, returns to envelop my soul. "I am here—in Bethlehem"—I whisper to myself—and beyond closed lids I see the Virgin mother, with her gentle face as the old masters loved to picture her, and a "light that never was on land or sea" in her beautiful mother-eyes; while the glory from one low-hanging star touches a baby's hair.—Letter in Army and Navy Life.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Derring, returning from a winter in the woods to his mother's farm home, is overtaken by his uncle, accompanied by his eccentric wife, coming to pay a visit at the farm. Aunt Jerusha's questions about Emily Hutton, supposed to be Richard's sweetheart, bring out the fact that she is to marry a merchant, Edwards. Derring's disappointment stimulates his ambition and under the advice of Seth Kinney, a hermit of the woods, he resolves to fit himself for college. Kinney promises to teach him Greek. Derring tells his mother his resolve, and in his grandfather's old laboratory begins the study of Greek. Seth Kinney hears Richard's Greek recitation in the woods while he and Tom Bishop ply the cross-cut saw. Derring learns that he can look indifferently upon the loss of Emily. He visits Aunt Jerusha, who volunteers to help him through college. The Greek learned in the woods carries Richard triumphantly through entrance examinations, wins approval from the professor and insures his popularity among his fellows. Four years in college obliterates the memory of Emily. Derring begins journalistic work in Chicago. He meets Helen Gordon, an artist.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

As he hurried up Wabash avenue pictures of the wood-road flitted before him. He heard the rustle of the leaves and saw the green moss and the trailing lines of partridge-berry. And in and out of the picture moved the figure of the artist—in its soft grays and browns. She fitted the scene; she was a part of it; yet when he tried to remember how she looked, he could not recall even the color of her eyes. She eluded his search, and in her stead he saw the sun shining through the swaying leaves and falling on the vines and berries.

"Look out there!" The voice was loud and important.

Derring felt himself drawn swiftly back from the advancing cable car. He pulled himself together, with a word of thanks to the incensed policeman, and devoted himself in earnest to the dangers of the Madison and State street crossing.

CHAPTER X.

Richard's promotion came sooner than he had dared hope. The art critic was to take a trip to Europe, and Derring was offered the position. Something in the quality of his articles had attracted attention; and he had even handed in several specials on his own account, that were accepted with some show of interest.

He owed his rapid advancement partly, too, to something that, for want of a better name, we call personality. Those who came near him felt its influence. The office boy approved of him; the managing editor stood ready to help him. That he gave no return to the liking he inspired seemed to make no difference. His unsatisfied heart was a magnet, drawing to itself the particles of humanity and holding them.

His new work took him to the Art Institute and into the world of artists, and he saw his new friend often. Sometimes they stopped for a word in the halls; sometimes he sought her studio in the intervals of work. Their relation had become that of good-comradeship. Derring supposed that he felt towards her as he would have felt towards a man—if there were such a man. He turned to her with each new interest. They discussed every subject in the range of art, literature and life. But their intercourse was free from even a hint of love-making. She had only the grays and browns of her apparel.

With his promotion and increase of salary Derring had changed his boarding place to a pleasanter part of the city. He had not thought to ask her where she lived. It had not occurred to him that he might happen on the same place until the first night at dinner when he raised his eyes from his plate and found her on the opposite side of the table, smiling quietly at his surprise.

That she saw the surprise was evident. But that she divined the accompanying vexation could be guessed only from the care she took to put him at ease. It was like her. She would not be so stupid as to misunderstand him any more than a man would have done.

It was three months after the beginning of their acquaintance that he hurried into the studio one morning to ask her to lend him a book he had seen in her book-case. He was short of material, he explained. He wanted to work up the Arundel collection. If she would lend him that book it would save him a trip to the library.

In his haste he did not notice—though he remembered afterwards—the slight hesitation with which she took the book from the case and handed it to him. It was a small, leather-bound pocket edition, such as tourists carry, and bore in gilt, on the side, "The Masterpieces of Europe and England."

"Yes, that is it." He opened it at random, running the leaves through his fingers. "I will bring it back soon."

With the book still open in his hand he hurried from the room.

Five minutes later he appeared again in the doorway.

"I shall have to go to the library after all," he said, abruptly. "I have brought back your book."

"I am sorry you did not find what you wanted." She did not look up from her work. She could not have seen the color in his face and she may not have noticed the slight tremor in his voice as he replied:

"It's no matter. I can find it at the library."

It had become a matter of course that he should come and go in this easy way, with no ceremony; but it had not become a matter of course that he should leave the studio with his pulses thundering in his ears. Yet nothing had happened. He had turned the leaves carelessly in his hand as he went down the stairs.

It had stared at him from the white page: "To John Dalton, with love. Helen Gordon."

It rang in his ears as he hurried on hat and coat and hastened to the library. It danced before his eyes between the pages of books. "With love." That meant a history. And she had the book now. There had been either a parting or a death. Stupid! He had not guessed or dreamed. The restful quiet of her life covered a dead secret.

He found himself, through the day and as he walked home at night, repeating over and over, as if it were a refrain: "The ashes of a dead love." Yes, that was what it was like—that restfulness of hers—passion burned to ashes. Why had he never guessed? And was it dead? Would she love again?

The question stung him. He quickened his pace. He had not thought of her before as a woman. And yet it was strange that he had not. It came to him now that her womanliness was her chief charm. But it was so a part of her that he had never separated it from her. That she should be thoughtful of others, that her voice should be low and sweet, that she should be graceful in every motion—all this was—Helen. He said the name half under his breath. He stood bewildered before his own consciousness. He loved her!

During his college years Derring had come to know that in love he was an idealist. Love in its true sense could not exist on the earth. It was a vision of poets—impossible of realization. Long since he had come to know that his boyhood love was such a vision, and that its realization would have been a kind of tragic comedy. But always the ideal flitted before him, love, now here, now there, and each making him fancy that he was in time he had wakened to the knowledge that he was in love with an ideal. When he had been invited to the homes of his classmates he had fancied that he should find in one of these homes the fulfillment of his dreams. But the sisters who met him with cordial welcome, who danced, flirted, and played golf and tennis with him, had seemed to him too young to understand even the alphabet of love as he would read it. He had felt very old and experienced and out-of-place. The love that he might perhaps have won from them seemed to him pale and insipid. He wrote poems, but he dedicated them to the ideal. She was a glowing presence—more real to him than any woman. Now this ideal had paled and faded and a quiet figure in grays and browns filled its place.

He was passing a florist's, and he stopped to purchase a bunch of violets. He did not tell himself they were for her. He was not quite steady yet from the shock that had come to startled if the quiet wood-road at home had suddenly assumed a woman's face and form and claimed his love. But deep in his heart was a longing to make her reparation. He had invaded her secret. He could not undo that. But he could let her know that he was sorry. Sorry! Was he?

She was not home from the studio. But the door of her room, which was him. He could hardly have been more warmed from the hall, stood open. Without crossing the threshold he laid the violets on a chair inside the door. Would she understand? Yesterday he would have said yes. To-day he could not tell. She might not understand, or she might understand too well.

She greeted him as quietly as usual when she came in to dinner that night. She wore the violets tucked carelessly into the lace that filled her dress. One that had fallen apart from the others rested lightly against her throat. His heart stopped for a second, and then leaped forward with a bound.

Not till they were leaving the dining room, when he held the curtain aside for her to pass, scanning her face, did her glance meet his. The next moment he could not have told what he saw in her eyes, but he no longer questioned their color. Blue—blue and deep—slumbering fire. Fool! Had he expected her to wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at?

He had not intended to see her again that night, but he found that he could not rest. It would make no comment, even in this gossipy boarding house, if he stopped at her door a minute. But he found that he had suddenly grown careful, only conscious of remark. He would put on his hat and coat and go for a walk. He might see her as he passed her door.

She was seated in a low chair by the table, sewing, the light falling softly across her brown hair and on the work in her hands. His violets were still in her dress. She was the embodiment of home, he thought, as he stood for a minute across the threshold. She looked up quietly—not as if she were startled to see him there.

"You have brought me the paper?" she said, catching sight of the newspaper in his hand. "You are very good." She laid down her sewing and came to take it.

A sudden daring seized him. "Will you not be good, too?" He lifted his hand to the violet at her throat and drew it from its place—watching her face, to obey its lightest wish. She did not stay him. She stood with her hands clasped, her figure swaying a little forward and her eyes following the flower as he placed it in his coat. In another minute she might have raised her eyes to his. A door opened below—a step sounded on the stair.

"You are not angry?" He pleaded.

"No." It was half-breathed, half-spoken, hardly audible, but it set his pulses thrilling. He passed into the cool night air with new joy in his heart. She had understood. It was to be, not only comradeship, but love. He raised his flushed face to the quiet stars. They stretched away into infinite space. But only love could make life worth the living.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Held the Curtain Aside for Her to Pass.

BITTER WAS THE AWAKENING

Sleeping Owner of Millions Brought Back to Earth by Stern Yet Modest Demand.

"I dreamed last night that beginning with $100 I pyramided my bets on the stock market so that in a little while I had $2,000,000,000," said one of the artist colony in West Sixty-seventh street yesterday. "A crowd of people came to me and besought me to cease speculating. They pointed out that I had more money than I could ever spend and if I kept on I would own all there was in the world. I replied that I wanted a billion dollars more for my own use and that I proposed with the two billion I already had to establish a great institution where all the artists and writers and sculptors might work free from pecuniary annoyances, and raise the standard of beauty in all the arts throughout the world. The last man who came to beg me to stop making money was my attorney. I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties and finally he sternly demanded of me the two dollars and a half that I had borrowed from him last week. Then I woke up."—New York Press.

Such a Mean Trick.

"Come home with me to dinner to-night, Gormley."

"Delighted!"

"I want you to hear my youngest daughter play the piano."

"By Jove, I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but I have forgotten a most important engagement. Some other night, dear boy."

"Sorry about the engagement, Gormley. The fact is I have neither a youngest daughter nor a piano."

In Pittsburg.

The City Editor—Here's a mighty good story about a young fellow who runs away with a chorus girl.

The Night Editor—What's that! A good story? Why, it's been done to death.

The City Editor—This one hasn't. It's an absolute novelty. The young fellow is neither a millionaire nor a Pittsburger!

Evidence of Inebriety.

Nell—I'm afraid Mr. Guzzler had too much drink at the dinner last night.

Bell—What makes you think so?

Nell—When the charlotte russe was served he was trying to blow the froth off.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Last Word.

Him—You're wrong, and I've proved that you were wrong. But only a fool would argue with a woman.

Her—That's what I've been thinking.—Cleveland Leader.

HOOK-AND-EYE WORM.

SORE EYES CURED.

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Perhaps So.

"Your wife does not appear to be satisfied."

"She ought to be, she always has her own way. Oughtn't she be satisfied when I always let her have her own way without opposition?"

"She'd be better satisfied with it if she had to fight for it."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Just Like Him.

Howell—Do you think that Dr. Rowell will make much of a record in the legislature?

Powell—Sure; the first thing he will try to do will be to perform an operation on the foot of the calendar.

For the Reciprocation of Christmas remembrances or purchasing your own gifts buy a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. Known to both givers and receivers to be the only satisfactory and lasting pen. Gold pens exchanged until satisfactory. Avoid imitations and substitutes. Try this pen at any of the best dealers.

You can't blame the man who has got his winter's coal in for feeling just a little better than the rest of the neighborhood.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM has been used successfully for years for deep-seated coughs, colds and bronchitis. Everybody should know about it. It is simple, safe and sure.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES BACKACHE
75 "Guaranteed"

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 52-1909.

A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS
is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it.
All Druggists, 25 Cents

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What Is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Horse Shoeing a Specialty. Wagon and Carriage Work.

SIMPSON and YANCY

General Blacksmithing

Wood Work and General Repairing

CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

When you are in Carrizozo rest and dine at the

TEMPLE HOTEL,

Mrs. A. E. Long, Proprietress.

Large, Airy Bedrooms and Ladies' Parlors.

GOOD HOME COOKING

and the best of dining-room service. Accommodations first-class in every respect.

FITTING JOB.

Mr. Maurice East—And don't you think I could get a job as cowboy?

Bad Lands Bill—Naw! ye ought to be able to get a job as milkmaid, though.

NOT SO BAD.

Nervous Lady—Don't your experiments frighten you terribly, professor? I hear that your assistant met with a horrible death by falling four thousand feet from an aeroplane.

Bold Aviator—Oh, that report was greatly exaggerated.

Nervous Lady—Exaggerated! How?

Bold Aviator—It wasn't much more than two thousand five hundred feet that he fell.

IN THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

Mrs. John Holcomb of Douglass was sewing on her machine a few days ago and had just threaded the needle from a new spool, when she was called from the house. Upon returning she found the thread all gone, and for the life of her could not tell what had become of it. A little later in the yard she found the strand reaching up into the trees, where an oriole was weaving it into its nest. The bird had flown into the window, unthreaded the machine, unwound the 200 yards of thread and it used it all in its nest weaving.—Kansas City Star.

HISTORICAL DATA.

"What do they put under these corner stones?"

"Oh, current coins, literature and the like. We want posterity to know about our peculiar customs."

"Then why not include one of the current hats?"

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

CARRIZOZO BAR

XXX Port Wine 50 cents Quart
XXX Blackberry 50 cents Quart
Old Kingdom Blend Six years
Old 4.00 Per Gallon
All Bottled in Bond Whiskies
$1.75 Quart

Seipps Beer Always on Tap

DR. WATSON, Secretary CHAS. STEVENS, President

CARRIZOZO AUTOMOBILE CO.

AUTO SERVICE BY THE HOUR, TRIP OR DAY CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

The Carrizozo Townsite Co.

BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE PROPERTY

REAL ESTATE SOLD ON EASY TERMS

DEALERS IN RANCH PROPERTY

HOMESTEADERS LOCATED

CLAIMS SURVEYED

THE EXCHANGE BANK

CARRIZOZO NEW MEXICO

ESTABLISHED 1892

Capital and Undivided Profits, $42,000.00
Transacts a General Banking Business
Sells Drafts on Principal Cities of the World
Accords Borrowers every Accomodation
Consistent with Safety
Accounts Solicited

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

List your property with

KAHLER & CHASE.

For Quick Results

WELCH AND TITSWORTH.

Pride of Denver Flour	per cwt.	$3.30	Club House Brand of Flour	per cwt	$3.20
Imbodens Best Flour	" "	$3.35	Cane Granulated Sugar	" "	$6.15

Prices subject to change without notice.

Wholesale and Retail

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Boots and Shoes, Stetson Hats, Wagons, Iron Roofing, Stoves and Ranges, Cement, Barbed Wire,

WELCH AND TITSWORTH. Capitan, N. M.

Holiday Goods

Greatest Display Ever Seen In Carrizozo

Only one more shopping day until Christmas, the most eagerly looked for Holiday in all the year.

Our stock of Christmas goods is more beautiful this year than ever before, it is complete in every respect, filled with things that will delight the children.

We have a special line of goods packed in individual cartons that make beautiful presents for the

Ladies	Gentlemen
Belts, Collars	Fancy Neckware
Hankerchiefs	Suspenders
Gloves	Hose, Belts
Belt Pins	Gloves
Purses	Fancy Vests
Fancy Hose	Sweaters

"The House Of Good Taste"

Ziegler Bros.

W. C. MILLER

Harness and Saddles. Greases and Oils. Shoe Repairing A Specialty

Carrizozo Livery Stable

W. M. REILY, Prop.

Fine riding and driving horses. First class buggies and hacks.

Teams with or without drivers.

REGULAR DINNER AND SUPPER 30 Cts

White House Restaurant

F. L. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

OPEN ALL NIGHT The best of Service

Meat Market Groceries

Fresh Bread and Pastry Daily

C. H. Brown,

OUR OYSTERS COME FROM NOVALA EVERY FRIDAY

Only Business House In Carrizozo With Auto Delivery. Phone No. 8 For Quick Delivery

MINOR MENTION

—The large Doll to be awarded to the holder of the lucky number by the Carrizozo Trading Company will be presented to the winner after a public drawing at the Pool Hall Friday afternoon the 24th.

—Fred Smith formerly proprietor of the White House Restaurant has opened a tailoring establishment at the old Elite Stand.

—Sheriff Stevens came in from Duran Tuesday and went out to Lincoln on the stage.

—Billy Ferguson returned from Kansas City Tuesday where he had taken two cars of cattle.

—A Thirty-five Dollar Edison Phonograph and ten dollars worth of Records for sale cheap. Inquire at The Outlook.

—Ben Nabours who is now located in Alto, was down this week.

—Ed. H. B. Chew of White Oaks spent Tuesday in Carrizozo.

—Beautiful and useful Holiday Gifts can be found at Rolland Bros.

—Good rooms to rent at the Thomkins rooming house.

—For fresh nuts and candies call at Peoples Bros. Cash Store.

—All kinds of toys at Rollands Brothers Drug Store.

—A Big line of comforts and Blankets for these cold nights at prices to suit the times.

Ziegler Bros.

—The Outlook has issued a new set of Location blanks, Bill of Sale blanks and Proof of Labor blanks. Don't forget us when in need of Legal Forms.

—The Candy Kids of Carrizozo take to IT, our chocolates are always fresh and clean. Ziegler Brothers.

—Taylor and Sons just received a nice lot of Cooking Stoves.

—Fancy Neckware, Suspenders, Hose and Belts, sold in individual cartons for Christmas gifts, come in and see them at Ziegler Brothers.

—See Miller for leather goods.

—For the best accomodations go to the Temple Hotel near the court rooms. Fine home cooking, clean rooms.

—Ziegler Brothers received a car of Eastern and California can goods last week. Get their prices by the case they can save you money.

—All kinds of harness repairing at Millers.

—Telephone the Outlook and give them any local news items you may have.

—Proof of Labor on Mining Claim Blanks will be needed by many of our mining freinds soon, dont forget we have just issued a large edition of the latest accepted form. OUTLOOK.

—C. H. Brown keeps fresh bread and beef.

—See Long at the Temple Hotel for all kinds of tin work.

—Lemon pies at the Bonito Bakery every Sunday morning.

—Leave your order for a Christmas cake at the Bonito Bakery.

—Great display of Holiday goods at Ziegler Bros., do your shopping early and get the pick.

—Full line of stove repairs will be found at Taylor and Sons.

—John H. Skinner has received a car of Queen of Kansas Flour and a car of American Lady Flour.

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