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Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo, and Lincoln County

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HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

by Lawrence Perry

Author of "Dan Merrithew," "Prince or Chauffeur," etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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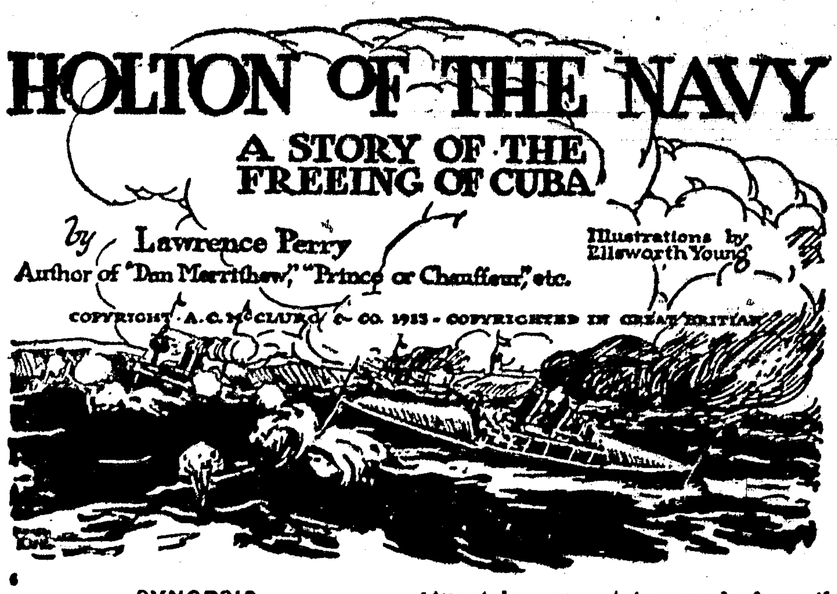

SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outset of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Senor La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. She leaves for her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her. They meet on the Tampa train. Miss La Tossa tells Holton she is a Cuban spy and expresses doubt regarding the sincerity of the United States. Holton is ordered to remain in Tampa to guard the troop transports. He receives orders to land Miss La Tossa, who is considered a dangerous spy on Cuban soil. At sea he is overtaken by another warship, which takes Miss La Tossa aboard and Holton is ordered to return to Tampa.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

At two o'clock the Gnat was just making a wide turn at the end of the slip, preparatory to proceeding up the line, when Holton saw against the blackness a deeper black—something that seemed to move.

It was out in the bay, perhaps two hundred yards. As he lowered his head, straining his eyes into the sable curtain, he found he had lost whatever he had seen.

Perhaps his imagination had played him false. But no, that could not be, for in his first glance he remembered that some stars on the horizon had been blotted out by the object. That certainly was suggestive of its tangibility.

Holton went to the little bridge, and, pointing out the spot where he had last seen the moving blot on the night, ordered the Gnat to head in that direction at half-speed.

For five minutes the little craft proceeded out into the bay, and then suddenly Holton made out clearly the outlines of a small tugboat, with a skiff in tow.

"Heave to, or I'll fire!" cried Holton.

Still no reply, but the propeller of the tug could be heard churning the water in excess speed.

Without further word, Holton snatched the rifle from the sailor's hand, took quick aim, and let drive. As a response, there came five shots in rapid succession from the tug, the bullets rattling through the Gnat's funnel and ventilators.

"Full speed ahead!" cried Holton, in full exaltation at hearing for the first time the whistle of bullets discharged in anger. "Right into her," he added, forgetful of his boat's "tin bow"—"run her down!"

When within a hundred feet the Gnat sheered off, made a detour, and rounded to in front of the tug's bow.

"Stop!" yelled Holton, leveling the rifle. "Stand by that machine gun," he added in a low tone to the man at his side.

The tug stopped abruptly, but not a sound came from her.

"What boat is that?" called Holton.

No reply.

As the bow of the torpedo boat rasped against the fenders of the stranger, Holton, his pistol in hand, leaped over her guards to the deck. Three of his men followed.

Then, as though by magic, shadowy forms arose. A dark figure moved swiftly at Holton's side, and as his revolver blazed in the man's face, he felt the sharp impact of a weighted club upon his shoulder.

Another man seized him from behind, and in an instant the deck was the scene of a wild hand-to-hand fight. Holton felled his foe with a revolver and then turned to the assistance of one of his seamen, beset by two men. Revolvers were banging on all sides, wildly, as it appeared to Holton, for he caught fleeting glimpses of his three men fighting as American sailormen can.

In a flash of light Holton saw a man bending at the stern. In his hand was the match whence the flash had come. The officer darted swiftly toward him. He saw a sputter of sparks. Quick as thought he turned.

"Men of the Gnat, overboard!" he roared. "Dynamite."

Suiting action to his words, he dived swiftly into the dark waters, and the next instant the Port of Tampa was startled by an explosion which shattered the windows of the hotel and brought thousands rushing out into the night.

Holton's first thought, as soon as his head emerged above the water, was to make sure of his position, which fortunately was not ten yards from that occupied by the Gnat. He made her in several strokes, and was fished over the side by a sailor.

The man at the wheel had lighted a red flare, and by this means the other three men in the water were guided to their vessel. Beyond a few bruises, all were uninjured.

In the meantime Holton was not too busy to notice that the explosion had thrown the harbor into wild confusion. Rowboats were everywhere, having sprung on the water as though by magic, and the decks of the transports were alive with figures. Search-lights were flashing in every direction; and men's voices arose in a babel of confusion.

As soon as practicable Holton changed his water-soaked clothing and went ashore, leaving the Gnat to continue her patrol.

There was little doubt in his mind that the men in the vessel were bent on the destruction of the transports; that the explosives aboard her were to be placed under the sterns of a dozen or more of the steamships, and then set off by a single electric spark. Holton believed that the tug had gone as near to the slip as she intended to go when he discovered her, and that further operations were to have been conducted from the row boat towing astern.

Dawn was approaching as Holton waited for the Gnat to make her inshore turn, and as the light was now filtering across the heavens he followed his usual custom of putting out of the bay for a look at things on the open water. The air of the morning, fresh and cool, blew against his face and filled him with inspiration.

Today the transports would leave for Cuba, his period of nightly grind would end, and he, too, would start for the battle-ground; for in his pocket were orders to report to Admiral Sampson for further instructions the moment the transports were safely off the Cuban coast. And then—?

No such furor as attended their previous sallies from port marked their departure this time. The ardent public had grown a bit weary of successive good-bys, and remained away from the water-front, so that the only eclat that marked the occasion was furnished by the soldiers themselves.

Holton, trailing along in the little boat, viewed with joyous eyes the scene spread before him, and truly it was one remarkable in many ways. Over seven miles of water stretched the fleet, the transports steaming in long, stately line, flanked by grim, leaden-hued torpedo boats and gunboats, which flew here and there, megaphoning orders to the transport.

On the third day, Romano Key and the blue mountains were raised to starboard. On June 20 the fleet was off the Cuban coast, twenty miles from Santiago. Here the Seguranca, the headquarters ship, steamed away from the other transports, and went up toward Aserraderos.

Holton, hardly knowing what was up, following his instructions not to lose this vessel, steamed after her and eventually made out the mouse-colored bulk of the New York, flagship of Sampson's squadron.

Mindful of his orders to report to the commander-in-chief as soon as the transports were off the coast, Holton put the Gnat under full headway, and soon lay alongside the war-ship's gangway. He knew most of the company aboard her, and was warmly welcomed as he went up the ladder.

Presently an orderly returned with a summons for Holton. Sampson was standing by a table as Holton entered and saluted. The young officer had never seen him before, and he viewed with great and kindling interest this grave man with his thoughtful forehead, his steady, scholarly blue eyes, his white beard and mustache.

The admiral looked at Holton for a moment, and then he said:

"Mr. Holton, I fear I am about to ask you to undertake a dangerous mission."

CHAPTER VII.

In the Night Hours.

Holton smiled gamely. "I am ready, sir."

The admiral nodded and paced thoughtfully up down his cabin for a moment.

"In a few moments," he said at length, "I am going over to the Seguranca to meet General Shafter. From there we shall land at Aserraderos to meet General Garcia and discuss several matters, including a landing-place for the army. You will accompany me and meet the Cubans," he paused.

"Very good, sir," replied Holton.

"When we return you will not return with us. You will remain with the Cubans. You will be introduced, not as a naval officer, but as the correspondent of an English newspaper. Of course you must change your uniform."

"Yes, sir."

"While you are with the Cubans it is particularly desirable that you further the investigations—you have made already along the lines of Cuban plots against our troops, but, above all, I should consider your service most valuable if you could work your way into Santiago and determine by whatever means the plans of the Spanish fleet.

"If any information comes to you and you are unable to reach the flagship, I shall expect you to signal from any height within sight of my vessel. I shall have a man detailed, beginning tomorrow, to watch for any signals of the sort from you. Do you quite understand everything I have said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. If you have time to change your clothing aboard the Gnat and join our landing party at the Seguranca, we'll take you ashore with us. Otherwise you can go ashore in your dingey and meet us there."

Holton saluted, paused a moment as the admiral seemed about to speak, and then as the commander, with his half-weary air, turned to a sheaf of correspondence, Holton left the cabin and was soon on his way to the Gnat.

Here he changed his white uniform coat for a canvas shooting-jacket, his white trousers for a pair of khaki breeches and leggins, and, throwing his cap into a corner, took in its place a felt campaign hat of the Marine Corps. Around his waist he strapped a Colt, filled the belt with bullets; and then went up on deck.

He saw the admiral's gig bounding toward the headquarters transport, and was on the point of proceeding to her himself when upon second thought he ordered the seaman at the oars to take him ashore. The tide was low, and the landing was made without difficulty in a beautiful bay.

Holton took a pipe from his pocket and dismissing the dingey, sat down to wait. The time was not long, for within half an hour the officer saw several four-oared gigs rounding the stern of the transport and making shoreward. As he arose a low whistle sounded in the manigua behind him, and as though by magic two lines of Cuban soldiers appeared, the officers quite smartly attired, but the men ragged and unkempt.

He Dived Swiftly.

All stood rigid as the white longboat, with Admiral Sampson in his spotless duck uniform and Shafter with his garb of blue and gold, approached the shore.

As soon as the landing was made the officers were placed on animals brought to carry them, and the trip through the manigua jungle, and thence up the mountain trail to Garcia's camp began. It was a hot, laborious climb, and the uniforms of some of the officers were not immaculate when they finally reached the headquarters of the Cuban commander, which consisted of a hut of grass.

The conference began at once, while the men passed among the visitors refreshing cups of coconut milk, together with mangoes and pineapples. Decision as to the places most suitable for landing having been made, the Americans prepared to return to their vessels.

Bugles sounded, the half-starved soldiers lined the trail once more, and the procession started upon its descent. As Admiral Sampson was about to leave he turned to Garcia as though struck by sudden thought, and placed his hand on Holton's shoulder.

"Mr. Ogilve, of the London Standard, who has been with me, wishes to view a part at least of this campaign from the Cuban standpoint, and I promised him I should speak to you. Can you take him for awhile?"

Garcia regarded Holton with penetrating black eyes and then bowed slightly.

"I should be most happy to have him with us," he smiled. "I am afraid our fare will be most humble and our life without even the little comforts one expects in war."

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. Ogilve will not object."

"Thank you, not at all," Holton interjected.

He produced a batch of credentials which had been handed him by the admiral's aide an hour or so before, and gave them to General Garcia.

The Cuban, however, declined to examine them, returning them with an air of winning politeness.

That night in a Cuban camp, with the stars overhead, Holton sat with General Garcia and his officers and listened with quick sympathy while Garcia told of his imprisonment by the Spaniards ten years before, and of the sufferings and cruelties which eventually led him to shoot himself in the head in an effort to end it all. His release and the long fight for the freedom of his country sounded like a romance.

And now, after all the discouragements and all the travail he had this day entertained high officers of a nation greater than Spain, who had come here to assist in the cause so dear to him.

"Mr. Ogilve," he said, "I feel tonight that I have not lived in vain. The end is now near. I have prayed I might some day see this. Now my prayers have been answered."

Holton nodded with great sympathy, and thereafter his attitude towards this war underwent a change. Formerly his spirit, like that of many of his brother officers, had been one of aloofness, so far as Cuba was immediately concerned. It was the war itself, the chances of glory, the prospects for quick promotion, the opportunities for putting into practice that which they had learned, which had carried the great appeal, the cause of Cuba remaining very much in the abstract.

Now Holton saw the situation in a different light. He could feel intimately that he was engaged in a work for humanity; that he was to be one of those who were to be concerned in actively bringing into the world a new nation.

Then, filled with the heaviness of the climate, he spread his blanket upon a bed of boughs, and lulled by the sighing of the leaves, he closed his eyes and was soon asleep.

He must have slumbered an hour, when he awoke suddenly. Ordinarily he was a sound sleeper, and he knew that his awakening was due to some outward cause.

He lay for a moment wondering, and then the sound of low voices gave him the cause of his rousing. A glance toward General Garcia's quarters revealed to him the figure of that soldier, gazing thoughtfully into a small fire. A second glance showed that the old soldier was conversing with an officer whom he had not noticed before.

Holton wound himself snugly in his blanket and was about to fall asleep when a sentence arrested his mind and brought him wide awake.

"I do not ask you, general, what your convictions as to the United States are. I tell you merely what circumstances may arise and ask you what you would do in that event."

Garcia shook his head slowly.

"I decline to discuss improbabilities, or rather impossibilities," he answered. "The United States has acted nobly and will so continue to act."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Egg Breakage.

In order to reduce the enormous breakage of eggs in transit, which causes an annual loss of several million dollars to producers and raises the price of eggs to consumers, extensive experiments are being conducted by the bureau of chemistry of the United States department of agriculture for determining the safest manner of packing eggs for long and short shipments by rail. The egg production in the United States amounts to about half a billion dollars annually, and the necessity of better methods of packing is shown in the fact that over nine per cent of all the eggs received in New York city are cracked, and that a large percentage of these are unfit for food.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

IT requires good tobacco to make good cigarettes, and good tobacco comes high. Only the inexpensive, sensible wrapping enables us to offer 20 Fatima Cigarettes for 15 cents.

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Many a man walks around and runs a risk at the same time.

It's a waste of time for even the photographer to tell some people to look pleasant.

Many a man who tries to make money merely succeeds in making trouble.

At the Movies.

Tess—Why were you weeping in the picture show?

Jess—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

Equipped for It.

"Your friend, Mr. Hewgag is quite an adept at light conversation."

"He should be. He's lantern jawed."

American Goods in Australia.

Australia has been making steady increases in her purchases of goods from the United States in the five year period following 1909. The total in 1912 was more than $52,000,000.

Public-Spirited.

"Yes, sir, old Skinflint, across the street there, has done more to boom this here two than any other man in it."

"He has? Why, he acts like a surly, quarrelsome fellow who wants to get the best of everybody."

"I know it, but that man has been the making of eleven of our lawyers."

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

ran something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by overworked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; a poached egg or two; crisp toast; and a cup of Postum—a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appetizing, and—

"Mother" has it easier!

—sold by Grocers.

GOLDEN WEDDING IS CELEBRATED BY THE ROCKEFELLERS

Wife of Oil King, at Seventy-Five, Realizes Life's Ambition.

SOME GLIMPSES OF HER LIFE

Points in the Career of a Woman Never Before Given to the Public —Family Was Always Her First Consideration.

New York.—In a secluded corner of the state of New York, a quiet little old woman of seventy-five years enjoyed the realization of her her life's ambition on Tuesday, September 8.

On that morning she attained her golden wedding anniversary—the goal of her existence. Surrounded by all the luxuries that belong to the wife of the richest man in the world, she cares only for the pleasures of the thrifty housewife and the bestowing of little charities that might be the pride of a prosperous business man.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, one of the principals in a golden wedding anniversary that is golden in every sense, is the personification of simplicity in dress thought and manner.

There are plenty of 50-year wedding anniversaries in these days. But seldom do the very rich and less often do the very richest dwell together in peace and companionship through half a century of nuptial experience, resisting the onslaught of time and the wear and tear incident to the amassing of fortune and all the burdens that money brings until they reach an age sufficiently ripe to plan for golden weddings.

John D. Rockefeller.

So the Rockefeller anniversary, which fell on September 8, was unique in many ways.

It was in Cleveland, O., on a bright autumn day in 1864 that Laura Celestia Spelman and John D. Rockefeller took their nuptial vows. The bridegroom was twenty-five and the bride was almost the same age, her birthday succeding her wedding day.

Their romance had its foundation in an acquaintanceship when both were in grammar school at Cleveland, and ripened after Miss Spelman had finished her education at a boarding school in Worcester, Mass., and returned in 1859 to Cleveland to teach. Mr. Rockefeller had been a clerk in a Cleveland commission house, but about this time he entered into the partnership of Clark & Rockefeller in the commission business, and laid the foundation for his fortune in furnishing food supplies to the Union army at the outset of the Civil war. His sweetheart agreed to wait for him until he had firmly established himself, and their wedding was deferred until John, with the fruits of his commission business invested, launched into the oil industry with Andrews, Clark & Co., in 1862.

The story of how Rockefeller rose to fortune subsequently by the formation of the successive concerns of William Rockefeller & Co., and the various Standard Oil companies, culminating in the Standard trust, is familiar to almost every schoolboy. But what of his wife, this little woman of today?

Never a strong girl and of less than average physical size, she was always of the sweetest disposition and most kindly thought. She was the daughter of Harvey Buel Spelman, who emigrated from his native Massachusetts to Akron, O., where he became a successful dry goods merchant. He was an educator and a member of the Ohio legislature, an ardent Congregationalist and abolitionist. He removed to Cleveland when Laura was a child. In Cleveland she attended grammar school, and after a course in the East taught in Cleveland for five years, giving up pedagogy for matrimony. Her mother was an active W. C. T. U. worker, and the daughter followed in her footsteps. She was indefatigable in her work for temperance, for the poor, for those ill. She "went about doing good."

Despite her long residence in New York city and her immense wealth, she never figured in the society of the metropolis. She sought, rather, the hospitals to visit, comfort and give financial help to those ill. And when her children were large enough they made their regular visits to the sick, carrying flowers. She has taken a deep interest in the welfare of colored girls in the South, in which work her father was interested before her. In fact, Spelman pater established the Spelman seminary at Atlanta, Ga., for negro girls, and since his death this institution has been supported by Mrs. Rockefeller.

Mrs. Rockefeller's chief occupation in life has been the rearing of her four children. Another child died in infancy. Society never claimed her from her children and she never has had any interest that was considered as approaching her family in importance.

Mrs. Rockefeller trained her children in the ways of thrift just as she might have done if she had expected that they would be compelled to make their own way in life. She set them an example in this respect in her manner of dress and in the direction of her household, even when this involved the great home and grounds at Pocantico Hills, Tarrytown, N. Y. Her social circles always included only the old friends of the family—friends made during the early days when nobody suspected that John Rockefeller, commission merchant, ever would be the richest man in the world. Even this limited number of friends often was neglected in order that the mother might devote all of her time to her children.

During recent years when Mrs. Rockefeller appeared in public she always was clad in the same simple style. She wore a black silk gown with white lace trimmings at the throat and cuffs, with a neat black coat to match.

Nobody ever discovered that Mrs. Rockefeller was greatly interested in the wealth that her husband spent his life in amassing. She suffered much because of it. She suffered when her husband faced numerous attacks in newspapers and magazines that had to do with his methods of making money and she suffered when he was the defendant in several government prosecutions that were brought on for the same reason.

But that practically was the only interest she had in the money credited to her husband's account at the bank—or his numerous banks, to be exact. Any business man with an income of $5,000 a year could have provided his wife with the same luxuries that Mrs. Rockefeller enjoyed.

Most of the charities of the Rockefeller family were left to the husband or his aids to handle. Mrs. Rockefeller, however, enjoyed bestowing funds in certain directions herself.

A needy distant relative was incapacitated. A home was built and given to him free of all cost by Mrs. Rockefeller.

The church interests of this richest wife have always been important in her eyes. She was originally a Congregationalist, but upon her marriage transferred her allegiance to the Baptist denomination of her husband, and is now a member of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland. As long as her health permitted, she was never absent from her pew on Sunday.

But it is in her home that she shows to her best advantage. To her guests she is a hostess royal. Always she talks of those subjects which are closest to the hearts of those she entertains—the rare secret of a successful hostess. She makes all feel at ease at once. There is nothing of the snob in her. Lovable and companionable at all times, she is a woman to whom wealth has brought no change of character save to emphasize its highest qualities.

In recent years she has been in very infirm health. But for the tender and persistent care which she has received at the hands of her husband she would probably not have lived until now.

She never sought to buy titles for her children, though she might easily have done so. And she never aspires to the title of "oil queen" or any other queen, though she has some excuse, for the blood of royalty actually flows in the veins of her "oil king" husband.

Such is the fact, for though not many know of it, John D. Rockefeller is a direct descendant of the reigning house of England, a lineal heir of Edward Ironsides, once king, and of all the succeeding rulers down to Edward III. Through the third Edward's son, the earl of Leicester, he traces his ancestry to the daughter of the third earl of Lincoln, who married John Humphrey, early magistrate of Massachusetts Bay colony, and whose granddaughter, Susanna Palmes, wed Samuel Avery, progenitor of Lucy Avery, who married Godfrey Rockefeller, the grandsire of John D.

MODERN CRUSOES ARE TIRED

Life on South Pacific Island a Little Bit Too Lonesome for People There.

San Francisco.—Sunday island, a verdant tract of seven by five miles, in the Kermadec group of the South Pacific, is to be abandoned, the 13 persons who have been living a Crusoe-like life there being driven to desperation by loneliness, rats, volcanic rumblings and other afflictions. The New Zealand government is to return the party to civilization.

Thomas Bell, who was landed on the island by a whaler in 1878, held undisputed possession of the place for 20 years, but the New Zealand government later apportioned the island among a number of settlers. Since then frequent attempts have been made to colonize the place, but Bell is the only one who stuck it out from the first. Even now, though the other 12 settlers are sick of the place, Bell says he would remain if the government would recognize his ownership.

The crops which the handful of islanders try to plant are destroyed by the small Pacific rats which infest the place, and a surging volcano frequently gives the whole island a shiver.

Dapper Private Was a Girl.

Quebec, Canada.—Determined to go to war with the Canadian troops, a young woman was discovered in the full uniform of a private in the Valcartier camp, near Quebec. A sentry became suspicious of the dapper looking private and challenged him. The suspect was taken to headquarters and later placed on a train for Quebec.

FRICK'S FRENCH CHEF TO WAR

Millionaire's Noted Cook Causes Dismay By Going Home to Fight for Country.

Boston.—Inspired by patriotism of so high an order that he willing gave up his highly paid position, the famous French chef employed by Henry Clay Frick at his North Shore summer home resigned his place and announced his intention of returning to France to fight.

The consternation in the Frick family at this unexpected move, however, was duplicated in several other homes, where nearly all the men servants have either gone or have announced their intention of leaving.

The Frick chef is the highest salaried servant of the lot, receiving a salary that is said to rival that of some bank presidents and many business men who are considered in comfortable circumstances. Many of those, however, who are going back to Europe are well paid, and in addition live in quarters that will make life in the army seem especially miserable.

The fashionable residents of the North shore are in a quandary as to what to do without their servants. The maids are left, but in few instances do these know how to cook, and more than one society woman, it is rumored, is making experimental trips into the kitchen.

The French predominate among the North shore servants, but some are German and a few Italian and English. The war has been responsible for no little wrangling among them.

SLAVERS SEEK GIRL TOURISTS

Station Crowds Are Being Combed for Loiterers—Unprotected Women Cared For in London.

London.—Scotland yard detectives are co-operating with the Citizens' committee in London in safeguarding women and girls stranded in England because of the European war. Two detectives are on duty at the American embassy. Crowds at depots are being combed for objectionable characters to prevent their forcing their attentions on unaccompanied women and girl tourists. The activities of steamship speculators, spurious and otherwise, have given detectives the excuse to watch these men, though their chief mission is to look out for white slave traders.

One such miscreant in particular is being watched for. An American now in Antwerp found that his daughter, a minor, had been lured to London. He went to the American consul general in Antwerp, Henry W. Diederich, and begged him to enlist the aid of the embassy and the relief organization in London in running down the pair. The matter is now in the hands of the Citizens' committee and the police are on the track.

In a number of instances parents in the United States have cabled appeals to the Citizens' committee to see that their daughters are put safely aboard steamships. This has been unfailingly done by women members of the committee.

WAITING FOR HILDA

By NORMAN H. CROWELL.

It was evening on the Dakota prairie. Before the door of his sod shanty a young man whose flaxen hair proclaimed his Scandinavian lineage stood, engaged in the engrossing duty of feeding his shepherd dog. As he tossed the crumbs the dog would leap nimbly upward and catch them neatly as they descended.

"Ah, Jim," he ejaculated, presently, "a week—maybe two weeks and she ban here!"

He gazed straight at the dying sun and murmured the word "Hilda" in a subdued voice. Then he walked to a bench beside the door and sat down, folding his strong young arms across his breast, while the dog crept up and buried his nose in his master's lap.

It had been a year of reverses with Lundquist. He had labored hard—no man could put more honest toil into the struggle with a penurious soil than he—and it seemed now as if all was for naught. Beginning with a wet, disheartening spring, the season had crept on, piling up against him its mute but potent protests in a manner that had discouraged many a less hardy man. His best horse, becoming entangled in the only wire fence within 20 miles, had been sacrificed to the casualty list of a frontiersman's life. By mortgaging his crop he had secured another.

He was now facing his annual interest payment, while the storekeeper in the town a dozen miles away was growing suspicious and was demanding payment of an open account. His crops—only punk stacks of discolored wheat straw standing limply awaiting the threshing.

But Lundquist was forgetting all this as he sat on the bench before his abode. Hilda was coming to him. Hilda, from far-off Norway. Six years it had been since he had gazed into her eyes—six years since he had stolen aside in the crush at the embarking and kissed her many times on her willing lips. The thought of it brought a smile to Lundquist's suntanned visage. The dog saw it and wagged his tail in recognition of his master's mood.

Two years ago she would have come, but he set his teeth firmly and sent her that letter which had wrung his heart. "Wait!" he had told her. Wait till Fortune smiles more brightly on these bleak Dakota prairies! It was a bitter thing to do, but Lundquist saw no other course.

Only last year she was prevented from coming by the sickness of her mother. Nothing, not even poor crops, now stood in the way of her coming, and she was now in mid-ocean on the steamer that was bearing her westward—to Carl.

In a little box under his bunk he had every letter that Hilda had written him. They were good reading during the long winter evenings.

The steamer agent had said that she would reach Quebec on the 14th. It was now the 9th.

On the 10th Lundquist went to town. He walked up and down the single street, keeping close watch on the depot until the afternoon train had passed. He rode the 12 miles home in moody silence.

The following day he went to town again and in the evening, when he went back toward home, his face was haggard and wan from his day's vigil. He was getting worried. What could be keeping Hilda? Had something gone wrong? Lundquist slept little that night.

Old Jim, for the first time in months, barked piteously, and his master, starting guiltily, made haste to throw some bread to the animal.

"Pore Jim!" said he, "Ay forget yo' eh!"

Lundquist essayed a laugh, but it died away hollowly.

The next day he had stalked by the post office five times in sulky silence when he heard some one call his name. He paused and entered. Banks, the postmaster, had a letter in his hand.

"Letter for you, Carl!" he said. "Came this morning."

Lundquist took it in his hand and edged away to a corner of the little office. It was a queer letter—all in print, like a newspaper. Lundquist bent over it and wrinkled his brow.

"Read it for you?" suggested the postmaster, expectantly.

"Ja! Yo read hem," assented Lundquist, perplexedly.

The letter was a cruel stab to the eager listener. Hilda was detained in Quebec. The medical authorities had examined her and found her suffering with an affliction of the eyes that would prohibit her entry unless speedily cured. To do this a sufficient amount of money must be advanced by Lundquist to insure payment of the medical expense incident to the treatment.

The postmaster, hearing a suspicious sound, paused in his translation and glanced up. The listener was staring at him wide-eyed, his whole soul pouring out through his blue orbs. It confused him and he crumpled the paper nervously. Lundquist brought himself together with a jerk.

"How much money hem say?"

"A hundred dollars!" was the postmaster's response.

"Von hunderd dollars!" repeated the stricken youth. "Von hunderd—"

He reached out and took the sheet from Bank's fingers and placed it in his pocket. Then he went out, old Jim close at his heels, with his tail down dejectedly.

An hour later the two emerged from the door of the bank. Aimlessly they strolled along the dismal street until they came to where the team was tied. A mile out on the open prairie the youth turned in his seat and shook his clenched fist at the receding town. Once he glanced upward—then settled firmly in a straight stare ahead, and so remained till the cabin was reached.

That night he did not go to bed. He sat and walked and babbled to the dog till daybreak. In the morning he eyed the rising sun with bloodshot eyes. His body quivered with the protests of abused nerves and his cheeks were sunken from lack of nourishment.

"Von hunderd dollars!" he said bitterly.

That day he visited the bank three different times. The last time he stood in the doorway and told the banker a few of the hot things that rankled in his brain. Old Jim stood aside and snarled.

He visited the store and asked for food. When the storekeeper suggested pay, he cursed beneath his breath, and left the place. He went to the post office with a letter he had written to Hilda—a letter filled with scalding tears and heart burnings. The postmaster spoke to him, asking if he was sending the money on to the girl. Lundquist clenched his teeth tightly and rushed out to conceal the tears that stole unrepressed down his cheeks.

Two days later a letter came. It was cold and formal. Hilda had returned to Norway. Lundquist stumbled awkwardly when Banks read the letter and thrust his elbow through a pane of glass. Banks, glancing up, made light of the accident.

"Don't worry about that, Carl!" he remarked. "I'll fix that."

"Ay get yo glass!" said Lundquist, hoarsely, as he went out.

At the hardware store he brought forth his paltry store of silver—four dollars in all. The glass took one of these. Inside the case something caught his eye—something shiny and cold. He inquired its price.

"Two-fifty," said the man, "and it's a .38!"

Lundquist slid the money hesitatingly across the glass counter and took the object gingerly in his hand. Flushed and trembling he started for the door.

"Wait! You want—you'll need some of these!" called the proprietor as he slid out some little boxes.

"Ja! Von box!" said Lundquist.

It was late that night when the two reached the lone cabin on the prairie. The dog sat on the floor before his master, and licked his lips expectantly, but his master heeded him not—he was reading, reading, reading Hilda's letters.

Two weeks later the newspaper at the county seat printed the following:

"A party of sportsmen made a gruesome find in a sod shanty 12 miles north of E—— last week. Attracted by the mournful howling of a shepherd dog they drew up and entered. The body of a young Scandinavian lay upon the earth floor with a bullet wound in his forehead. Numerous letters scattered about created the impression that he committed the deed in a fit of homesickness or despondency. The dog refused to leave the spot, although wasted to a skeleton by hunger and exposure."

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Busy Bees.

No wonder the honey bees have been given the honor of being the busiest little creatures alive. A scientific experiment has shown that a red clover blossom contains on an average less than one-eighth of a grain of sugar. There being 7,000 grains in a pound, the bee that makes a pound of honey must obtain its material from no less than 56,000 clover heads. But this is not all. In order to get the nectar the bee is compelled to insert its probosci into each floret or flower tube composing the head of clover, and there are, it is said, about sixty florets in every head. The insect must, therefore, perform this operation 60 times 56,000, or 3,360,000 times, in order to obtain a pound of nectar.

Fooling the Neighbors.

"The Updykes are installing a great deal of new furniture."

"Not as much as you might think. Mrs. Updyke is having some of the more expensive pieces carried through the house to the rear entrance, where they are loaded in a van and brought round to the front door again."

HOLTON OF THE NAVY

A STORY OF THE FREEING OF CUBA

By Lawrence Perry

Author of "Dan Merrithew," "Prince or Chauffeur," etc.

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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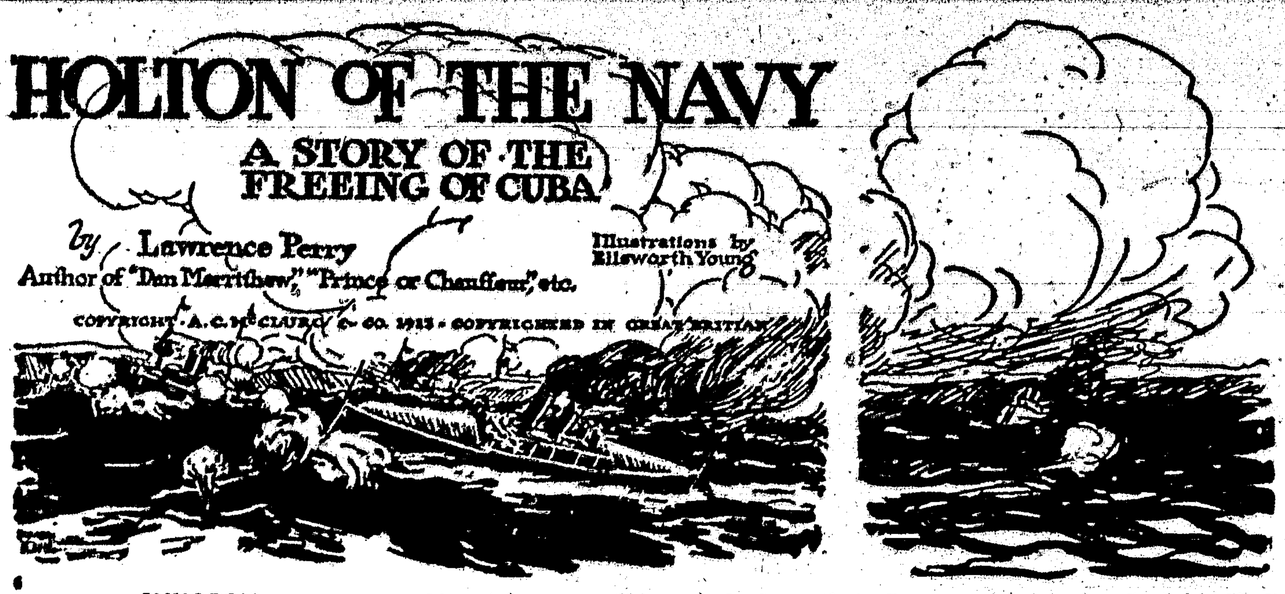

SYNOPSIS.

Lieutenant Holton is detached from his command in the navy at the outset of the Spanish-American war and assigned to important secret service duty. While dining at a Washington hotel he detects a waiter in the act of robbing a beautiful young lady. She thanks him for his service and gives her name as Miss La Tossa, a Cuban patriot. Later he meets her at a ball. A secret service man warns Holton that the girl is a spy. Senor La Tossa chides his daughter for her failure to secure important information from Holton. She leaves for her home in Cuba. Holton is ordered to follow her. They meet on the Tampa train. Miss La Tossa tells Holton she is a Cuban spy and expresses doubt regarding the sincerity of the United States. Holton is ordered to remain in Tampa to guard the troop transports. He receives orders to land Miss La Tossa, who is considered a dangerous spy, on Cuban soil. At sea he is overtaken by another warship, which takes Miss La Tossa aboard and Holton is ordered to return to Tampa.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

At two o'clock the Gnat was just making a wide turn at the end of the slip, preparatory to proceeding up the line, when Holton saw against the blackness a deeper black—something that seemed to move.

It was out in the bay, perhaps two hundred yards. As he lowered his head, straining his eyes into the sable curtain, he found he had lost whatever he had seen.

Perhaps his imagination had played him false. But no, that could not be, for in his first glance he remembered that some stars on the horizon had been blotted out by the object. That certainly was suggestive of its tangibility.

Holton went to the little bridge, and, pointing out the spot where he had last seen the moving blot on the night, ordered the Gnat to head in that direction at half-speed.

For five minutes the little craft proceeded out into the bay, and then suddenly Holton made out clearly the outlines of a small tugboat, with a skiff in tow.

"Heave to, or I'll fire!" cried Holton.

Still no reply, but the propeller of the tug could be heard churning the water in excess speed.

Without further word, Holton snatched the rifle from the sailor's hand, took quick aim, and let dive. As a response, there came five shots in rapid succession from the tug, the bullets rattling through the Gnat's funnel and ventilators.

"Full speed ahead!" cried Holton, in full exaltation at hearing for the first time the whistle of bullets discharged in anger. "Right into her," he added, forgetful of his boat's "tin bow"—"run her down!"

When within a hundred feet the Gnat sheered off, made a detour, and rounded to in front of the tug's bow.

"Stop!" yelled Holton, leveling the rifle. "Stand by that machine gun," he added in a low tone to the man at his side.

The tug stopped abruptly, but not a sound came from her.

"What boat is that?" called Holton.

No reply.

As the bow of the torpedo boat rasped against the fenders of the stranger, Holton, his pistol in hand, leaped over her guards to the deck. Three of his men followed.

Then, as though by magic, shadowy forms arose. A dark figure moved swiftly at Holton's side, and as his revolver blazed in the man's face, he felt the sharp impact of a weighted club upon his shoulder.

Another man seized him from behind, and in an instant the deck was the scene of a wild hand-to-hand fight. Holton felled his foe with a revolver and then turned to the assistance of one of his seamen, beset by two men. Revolvers were banging on all sides, wildly, as it appeared to Holton, for he caught fleeting glimpses of his three men fighting as American sailormen can.

In a flash of light Holton saw a man bending at the stern. In his hand was the match whence the flash had come. The officer darted swiftly toward him. He saw a sputter of sparks. Quick as thought he turned.

"Men of the Gnat, overboard!" he roared. "Dynamite."

Suiting action to his words, he dived swiftly into the dark waters, and the next instant the Port of Tampa was startled by an explosion which shattered the windows of the hotel and brought thousands rushing out into the night.

Holton's first thought, as soon as his head emerged above the water, was to make sure of his position, which fortunately was not ten yards from that occupied by the Gnat. He made her in several strokes, and was fished over the side by a sailor.

The man at the wheel had lighted a red flare, and by this means the other three men in the water were guided to their vessel. Beyond a few bruises, all were uninjured.

In the meantime Holton was not too busy to notice that the explosion had thrown the harbor into wild confusion. Rowboats were everywhere, having sprung on the water as though by magic, and the decks of the transports were alive with figures. Search-lights were flashing in every direction; and men's voices arose in a babel of confusion.

As soon as practicable Holton changed his water-soaked clothing and went ashore, leaving the Gnat to continue her patrol.

There was little doubt in his mind that the men in the vessel were bent on the destruction of the transports; that the explosives aboard her were to be placed under the sterns of a dozen or more of the steamships, and then set off by a single electric spark. Holton believed that the tug had gone as near to the slip as she intended to go when he discovered her, and that further operations were to have been conducted from the row boat towing astern.

Dawn was approaching as Holton waited for the Gnat to make her inshore turn, and as the light was now filtering across the heavens he followed his usual custom of putting out of the bay for a look at things on the open water. The air of the morning, fresh and cool, blew against his face and filled him with inspiration.

Today the transports would leave for Cuba, his period of nightly grind would end, and he, too, would start for the battle-ground; for in his pocket were orders to report to Admiral Sampson for further instructions the moment the transports were safely off the Cuban coast. And then—?

No such furor as attended their previous sallies from port marked their departure this time. The ardent public had grown a bit weary of successive good-bys, and remained away from the water-front, so that the only eclat that marked the occasion was furnished by the soldiers themselves.

Holton, trailing along in the little Gnat, viewed with joyous eyes the scene spread before him, and truly it was one remarkable in many ways. Over seven miles of water stretched the fleet, the transports steaming in long, stately line, flanked by grim, leaden-hued torpedo boats and gunboats, which flew here and there, megaphoning orders to the transport.

On the third day, Romano Key and the blue mountains were raised to starboard. On June 20 the fleet was off the Cuban coast, twenty miles from Santiago. Here the Seguranca, the headquarters ship, steamed away from the other transports, and went up toward Aserraderos.

Holton, hardly knowing what was up, following his instructions not to lose this vessel, steamed after her and eventually made out the mouse-colored bulk of the New York, flagship of Sampson's squadron.

Mindful of his orders to report to the commander-in-chief as soon as the transports were off the coast, Holton put the Gnat under full headway, and soon lay alongside the war-ship's gangway. He knew most of the company aboard her, and was warmly welcomed as he went up the ladder.

Presently an orderly returned with a summons for Holton. Sampson was standing by a table as Holton entered and saluted. The young officer had never seen him before, and he viewed with great and kindling interest this grave man with his thoughtful forehead, his steady, scholarly blue eyes, his white beard and mustache.

The admiral looked at Holton for a moment, and then he said:

"Mr. Holton, I fear I am about to ask you to undertake a dangerous mission."

CHAPTER VII.

In the Night Hours.

Holton smiled gamely. "I am ready, sir."

The admiral nodded and paced thoughtfully up down his cabin for a moment.

"In a few moments," he said at length, "I am going over to the Seguranca to meet General Shafter. From there we shall land at Aserraderos to meet General Garcia and discuss several matters, including a landing-place for the army. You will accompany me and meet the Cubans." He paused.

"Very good, sir," replied Holton.

"When we return you will not return with us. You will remain with the Cubans. You will be introduced, not as a naval officer, but as the correspondent of an English newspaper. Of course you must change your uniform"

"Yes, sir."

"While you are with the Cubans it is particularly desirable that you further the investigations you have made already along the lines of Cuban plots against our troops, but, above all, I should consider your service most valuable if you could work your way into Santiago and determine by whatever means the plans of the Spanish fleet.

"If any information comes to you and you are unable to reach the flagship, I shall expect you to signal from any height within sight of my vessel. I shall have a man detailed, beginning tomorrow, to watch for any signals of the sort from you. Do you quite understand everything I have said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. If you have time to change your clothing aboard the Gnat and join our landing party at the Seguranca, we'll take you ashore with us. Otherwise you can go ashore in your dingey and meet us there."

Holton saluted, paused a moment as the admiral seemed about to speak, and then as the commander, with his half-weary air, turned to a sheaf of correspondence, Holton left the cabin and was soon on his way to the Gnat.

Here he changed his white uniform coat for a canvas shooting-jacket, his white trousers for a pair of khaki breeches and leggins, and, throwing his cap into a corner, took in its place a felt campaign hat of the Marine Corps. Around his waist he strapped a Colt, filled the belt with bullets; and then went up on deck.

He saw the admiral's gig bounding toward the headquarters transport, and was on the point of proceeding to her himself when upon second thought he ordered the seaman at the oars to take him ashore. The tide was low, and the landing was made without difficulty in a beautiful bay.

Holton took a pipe from his pocket and dismissing the dingey, sat down to wait. The time was not long, for within half an hour the officer saw several four-oared gigs rounding the stern of the transport and making shoreward. As he arose a low whistle sounded in the manigua behind him, and as though by magic two lines of Cuban soldiers appeared, the officers quite smartly attired, but the men ragged and unkempt.

He Dived Swiftly.

All stood rigid as the white long-boat, with Admiral Sampson in his spotless duck uniform and Shafter with his garb of blue and gold, approached the shore.

As soon as the landing was made the officers were placed on animals brought to carry them, and the trip through the manigua jungle, and thence up the mountain trail to Garcia's camp began. It was a hot, laborious climb, and the uniforms of some of the officers were not immaculate when they finally reached the headquarters of the Cuban commander, which consisted of a hut of grass.

The conference began at once, while the men passed among the visitors refreshing cups of coconut milk, together with mangoes and pineapples. Decision as to the places most suitable for landing having been made, the Americans prepared to return to their vessels.

Bugles sounded, the half-starved soldiers lined the trail once more, and the procession started upon its descent. As Admiral Sampson was about to leave he turned to Garcia as though struck by sudden thought, and placed his hand on Holton's shoulder.

"Mr. Ogilve, of the London Standard, who has been with me, wishes to view a part at least of this campaign from the Cuban standpoint, and I promised him I should speak to you. Can you take him for awhile?"

Garcia regarded Holton with penetrating black eyes and then bowed slightly.

"I should be most happy to have him with us," he smiled. "I am afraid our fare will be most humble and our life without even the little comforts one expects in war."

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. Ogilve will not object."

"Thank you, not at all," Holton interjected.

He produced a batch of credentials which had been handed him by the admiral's aide an hour or so before, and gave them to General Garcia.

The Cuban, however, declined to examine them, returning them with an air of winning politeness.

That night in a Cuban camp, with the stars overhead, Holton sat with General Garcia and his officers and listened with quick sympathy while Garcia told of his imprisonment by the Spaniards ten years before, and of the sufferings and cruelties which eventually led him to shoot himself in the head in an effort to end it all. His release and the long fight for the freedom of his country sounded like a romance.

And now, after all the discouragements and all the travail he had this day entertained high officers of a nation greater than Spain, who had come here to assist in the cause so dear to him.

"Mr. Ogilve," he said, "I feel tonight that I have not lived in vain. The end is now near. I have prayed I might some day see this. Now my prayers have been answered."

Holton nodded with great sympathy, and thereafter his attitude towards this war underwent a change. Formerly his spirit, like that of many of his brother officers, had been one of aloofness, so far as Cuba was immediately concerned. It was the war itself, the chances of glory, the prospects for quick promotion, the opportunities for putting into practice that which they had learned, which had carried the great appeal, the cause of Cuba remaining very much in the abstract.

Now Holton saw the situation in a different light. He could feel intimately that he was engaged in a work for humanity; that he was to be one of those who were to be concerned in actively bringing into the world a new nation.

Then, filled with the heaviness of the climate, he spread his blanket upon a bed of boughs, and lulled by the sighing of the leaves, he closed his eyes and was soon asleep.

He must have slumbered an hour, when he awoke suddenly. Ordinarily he was a sound sleeper, and he knew that his awakening was due to some outward cause.

He lay for a moment wondering, and then the sound of low voices gave him the cause of his rousing. A glance toward General Garcia's quarters revealed to him the figure of that soldier, gazing thoughtfully into a small fire. A second glance showed that the old soldier was conversing with an officer whom he had not noticed before.

Holton wound himself snugly in his blanket and was about to fall asleep when a sentence arrested his mind and brought him wide awake.

"I do not ask you, general, what your convictions as to the United States are. I tell you merely what circumstances may arise and ask you what you would do in that event."

Garcia shook his head slowly.

"I decline to discuss improbabilities, or rather impossibilities," he answered. "The United States has acted nobly and will so continue to act."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Egg Breakage.

In order to reduce the enormous breakage of eggs in transit, which causes an annual loss of several million dollars to producers and raises the price of eggs to consumers, extensive experiments are being conducted by the bureau of chemistry of the United States department of agriculture for determining the safest manner of packing eggs for long and short shipments by rail. The egg production in the United States amounts to about half a billion dollars annually, and the necessity of better methods of packing is shown in the fact that over nine per cent of all the eggs received in New York city are cracked, and that a large per centage of these are unfit for food.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

IT requires good tobacco to make good cigarettes, and good tobacco comes high. Only the inexpensive, sensible wrapping enables us to offer 20 Fatima Cigarettes for 15 cents.

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GUNS Rifles—Pistols—Cartridges Sportsmen's Supplies Cheaper or Better Send three stamps for Katalog POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 419 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Cupid could give the fool killer a lot of pointers.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Many a man walks around and runs a risk at the same time.

It's a waste of time for even the photographer to tell some people to look pleasant.

Many a man who tries to make money merely succeeds in making trouble.

At the Movies.

Tess—Why were you weeping in the picture show?

Jess—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

Equipped for It.

"Your friend, Mr. Hewgag is quite an adept at light conversation."

"He should be. He's lantern jawed."

American Goods in Australia.

Australia has been making steady increases in her purchases of goods from the United States in the five year period following 1909. The total in 1912 was more than $52,000,000.

Public-Spirited.

"Yes, sir, old Skinflint, across the street there, has done more to boom this here two than any other man in it."

"He has? Why, he acts like a surly, quarrelsome fellow who wants to get the best of everybody."

"I know it, but that man has been the making of eleven of our lawyers."

Breakfasts of "Other Days"

ran something like this:

Ham, bacon or sausage; fried potatoes; doughnuts and coffee—prepared by overworked mothers.

Today's and Tomorrow's Breakfasts

run about like this:

Post Toasties

—with cream or fruits; a poached egg or two; crisp toast; and a cup of Postum—a royal starter for any day.

Quick, easy to serve, appetizing, and—

"Mother" has it easier!

—sold by Grocers.

GOLDEN WEDDING IS CELEBRATED BY THE ROCKEFELLERS

Wife of Oil King, at Seventy-Five, Realizes Life's Ambition.

SOME GLIMPSES OF HER LIFE

Points in the Career of a Woman Never Before Given to the Public —Family Was Always Her First Consideration.

New York.—In a secluded corner of the state of New York, a quiet little old woman of seventy-five years enjoyed the realization of her her life's ambition on Tuesday, September 8.

On that morning she attained her golden wedding anniversary—the goal of her existence. Surrounded by all the luxuries that belong to the wife of the richest man in the world, she cares only for the pleasures of the thrifty housewife and the bestowing of little charities that might be the pride of a prosperous business man.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, one of the principals in a golden wedding anniversary that is golden in every sense, is the personification of simplicity in dress thought and manner.

There are plenty of 50-year wedding anniversaries in these days. But seldom do the very rich and less often do the very richest dwell together in peace and companionship through half a century of nuptial experience, resisting the onslaught of time and the wear and tear incident to the amassing of fortune and all the burdens that money brings until they reach an age sufficiently ripe to plan for golden weddings.

John D. Rockefeller.

So the Rockefeller anniversary, which fell on September 8, was unique in many ways.

It was in Cleveland, O., on a bright autumn day in 1864 that Laura Celestia Spelman and John D. Rockefeller took their nuptial vows. The bridegroom was twenty-five and the bride was almost the same age, her birthday succeeding her wedding day.

Their romance had its foundation in an acquaintanceship when both were in grammar school at Cleveland, and ripened after Miss Spelman had finished her education at a boarding school in Worcester, Mass., and returned in 1858 to Cleveland to teach. Mr. Rockefeller had been a clerk in a Cleveland commission house, but about this time he entered into the partnership of Clark & Rockefeller in the commission business, and laid the foundation for his fortune in furnishing food supplies to the Union army at the outset of the Civil war. His sweetheart agreed to wait for him until he had firmly established himself, and their wedding was deferred until John, with the fruits of his commission business invested, launched into the oil industry with Andrews, Clark & Co., in 1862.

The story of how Rockefeller rose to fortune subsequently by the formation of the successive concerns of William Rockefeller & Co., and the various Standard Oil companies, culminating in the Standard trust, is familiar to almost every schoolboy. But what of his wife, this little woman of today?

Never a strong girl and of less than average physical size, she was always of the sweetest disposition and most kindly thought. She was the daughter of Harvey Buel Spelman, who emigrated from his native Massachusetts to Akron, O., where he became a successful dry goods merchant. He was an educator and a member of the Ohio legislature, an ardent Congregationalist and abolitionist. He removed to Cleveland when Laura was a child. In Cleveland she attended grammar school, and after a course in the East taught in Cleveland for five years, giving up pedagogy for matrimony. Her mother was an active W. C. T. U. worker, and the daughter followed in her footsteps. She was indefatigable in her work for temperance, for the poor, for those ill. She "went about doing good."

Despite her long residence in New York city and her immense wealth, she never figured in the society of the metropolis. She sought, rather, the hospitals to visit, comfort and give financial help to those ill. And when her children were large enough they made their regular visits to the sick, carrying flowers. She has taken a deep interest in the welfare of colored girls in the South, in which work her father was interested before her. In fact, Spelman pater established the Spelman seminary at Atlanta, Ga., for negro girls, and since his death this institution has been supported by Mrs. Rockefeller.

Mrs. Rockefeller's chief occupation in life has been the rearing of her four children. Another child died in infancy. Society never claimed her from her children and she never has had any interest that was considered as approaching her family in importance.

Mrs. Rockefeller trained her children in the ways of thrift just as she might have done if she had expected that they would be compelled to make their own way in life. She set them an example in this respect in her manner of dress and in the direction of her household, even when this involved the great home and grounds at Pocantico Hills, Tarrytown, N. Y. Her social circles always included only the old friends of the family—friends made during the early days when nobody suspected that John Rockefeller, commission merchant, ever would be the richest man in the world. Even this limited number of friends often was neglected in order that the mother might devote all of her time to her children.

During recent years when Mrs. Rockefeller appeared in public she always was clad in the same simple style. She wore a black silk gown with white lace trimmings at the throat and cuffs, with a neat black coat to match.

Nobody ever discovered that Mrs. Rockefeller was greatly interested in the wealth that her husband spent his life in amassing. She suffered much because of it. She suffered when her husband faced numerous attacks in newspapers and magazines that had to do with his methods of making money and she suffered when he was the defendant in several government prosecutions that were brought on for the same reason.

But that practically was the only interest she had in the money credited to her husband's account at the bank—or his numerous banks, to be exact. Any business man with an income of $5,000 a year could have provided his wife with the same luxuries that Mrs. Rockefeller enjoyed.

Most of the charities of the Rockefeller family were left to the husband or his aids to handle. Mrs. Rockefeller, however, enjoyed bestowing funds in certain directions herself.

A needy distant relative was incapacitated. A home was built and given to him free of all cost by Mrs. Rockefeller.

The church interests of this richest wife have always been important in her eyes. She was originally a Congregationalist, but upon her marriage transferred her allegiance to the Baptist denomination of her husband, and is now a member of the Euclid Avenue Baptist church in Cleveland. As long as her health permitted, she was never absent from her pew on Sunday.

But it is in her home that she shows to her best advantage. To her guests she is a hostess royal. Always she talks of those subjects which are closest to the hearts of those she entertains—the rare secret of a successful hostess. She makes all feel at ease at once. There is nothing of the snob in her. Lovable and companionable at all times, she is a woman to whom wealth has brought no change of character save to emphasize its highest qualities.

In recent years she has been in very infirm health. But for the tender and persistent care which she has received at the hands of her husband she would probably not have lived until now.

She never sought to buy titles for her children, though she might easily have done so. And she never aspires to the title of "oil queen" or any other queen, though she has some excuse, for the blood of royalty actually flows in the veins of her "oil king" husband.

Such is the fact, for though not many know of it, John D. Rockefeller is a direct descendant of the reigning house of England, a lineal heir of Edward Ironsides, once king, and of all the succeeding rulers down to Edward III. Through the third Edward's son, the earl of Leicester, he traces his ancestry to the daughter of the third earl of Lincoln, who married John Humphrey, early magistrate of Massachusetts Bay colony, and whose granddaughter, Susanna Palmes, wed Samuel Avery, progenitor of Lucy Avery, who married Godfrey Rockefeller, the grandsire of John D.

MODERN CRUSOES ARE TIRED

Life on South Pacific Island a Little Bit Too Lonesome for People There.

San Francisco.—Sunday island, a verdant tract of seven by five miles, in the Kermadec group of the South Pacific, is to be abandoned, the 12 persons who have been living a Crusoe-like life there being driven to desperation by loneliness, rats, volcanic rumblings and other afflictions. The New Zealand government is to return the party to civilization.

Thomas Bell, who was landed on the island by a whaler in 1878, held undisputed possession of the place for 20 years, but the New Zealand government later apportioned the island among a number of settlers. Since then frequent attempts have been made to colonize the place, but Bell is the only one who stuck it out from the first. Even now, though the other 12 settlers are sick of the place, Bell says he would remain if the government would recognize his ownership.

The crops which the handful of islanders try to plant are destroyed by the small Pacific rats which infest the place, and a surging volcano frequently gives the whole island a shiver.

Dapper Private Was a Girl.

Quebec, Canada.—Determined to go to war with the Canadian troops, a young woman was discovered in the full uniform of a private in the Valcartier camp, near Quebec. A sentry became suspicious of the dapper looking private and challenged him. The suspect was taken to headquarters and later placed on a train for Quebec.

WAITING FOR HILDA

By NORMAN H. CROWELL.

It was evening on the Dakota prairie. Before the door of his sod shanty a young man whose flaxen hair proclaimed his Scandinavian lineage stood, engaged in the engrossing duty of feeding his shepherd dog. As he tossed the crumbs the dog would leap nimbly upward and catch them neatly as they descended.

"Ah, Jim," he ejaculated, presently, "a week—maybe two weeks and she han here!"

He gazed straight at the dying sun and murmured the word "Hilda" in a subdued voice. Then he walked to a bench beside the door and sat down, folding his strong young arms across his breast, while the dog crept up and buried his nose in his master's lap.

It had been a year of reverses with Lundquist. He had labored hard—no man could put more honest toil into the struggle with a penurious soil than he—and it seemed now as if all was for naught. Beginning with a wet, disheartening spring, the season had crept on, piling up against him its mute but potent protests in a manner that had discouraged many a less hardy man. His best horse, becoming entangled in the only wire fence within 80 miles, had been sacrificed to the casualty list of a frontiersman's life. By mortgaging his crop he had secured another.

He was now facing his annual interest payment, while the storekeeper in the town a dozen miles away was growing suspicious and was demanding payment of an open account. His crops—only punk stacks of discolored wheat straw standing limply awaiting the threshing.

But Lundquist was forgetting all this as he sat on the bench before his abode. Hilda was coming to him. Hilda, from far-off Norway. Six years it had been since he had gazed into her eyes—six years since he had stolen aside in the crush at the embarking and kissed her many times on her willing lips. The thought of it brought a smile to Lundquist's sun-tanned visage. The dog saw it and warped his tail in recognition of his master's mood.

Two years ago she would have come, but he set his teeth firmly and sent her that letter which had wrung his heart. "Wait!" he had told her. Wait till Fortune smiles more brightly on these bleak Dakota prairies! It was a bitter thing to do, but Lundquist saw no other course.

Only last year she was prevented from coming by the sickness of her mother. Nothing, not even poor crops, now stood in the way of her coming, and she was now in mid-ocean on the steamer that was bearing her westward—to Carl.

In a little box under his bunk he had every letter that Hilda had written him. They were good reading during the long winter evenings.

The steamer agent had said that she would reach Quebec on the 14th. It was now the 9th.

On the 16th Lundquist went to town. He walked up and down the single street, keeping close watch on the depot until the afternoon train had passed. He rode the 12 miles home in moody silence.

The following day he went to town again and in the evening, when he went back toward home, his face was haggard and wan from his day's vigil. He was getting worried. What could be keeping Hilda? Had something gone wrong? Lundquist slept little that night.

Old Jim, for the first time in months, barked piteously, and his master, starting guiltily, made haste to throw some bread to the animal.

"Pore Jim!" said he, "Ay forget yo' eh!"

Lundquist essayed a laugh, but it died away hollowly.

The next day he had stalked by the post office five times in sulky silence when he heard some one call his name. He paused and entered. Banks, the postmaster, had a letter in his hand.

"Letter for you, Carl!" he said. "Came this morning."

Lundquist took it in his hand and edged away to a corner of the little office. It was a queer letter—all in print, like a newspaper. Lundquist bent over it and wrinkled his brow.

"Read it for you?" suggested the postmaster, expectantly.

"Ja! Yo read hem," assented Lundquist, perplexedly.

The letter was a cruel stab to the eager listener. Hilda was detained in Quebec. The medical authorities had examined her and found her suffering with an affliction of the eyes that would prohibit her entry unless speedily cured. To do this a sufficient amount of money must be advanced by Lundquist to insure payment of the medical expense incident to the treatment.

The postmaster, hearing a suspicious sound, paused in his translation and glanced up. The listener was staring at him wide-eyed, his whole soul pouring out through his blue orbs. It confused him and he crumpled the paper nervously. Lundquist brought himself together with a jerk.

"How much money hem say?"

"A hundred dollars!" was the postmaster's response.

"Von hunderd dollars!" repeated the stricken youth. "Von hunderd—"

He reached out and took the sheet from Bank's fingers and placed it in his pocket. Then he went out, old Jim close at his heels, with his tail down dejectedly.

An hour later the two emerged from the door of the bank. Aimlessly they strolled along the dismal street until they came to where the team was tied. A mile out on the open prairie the youth turned in his seat and shook his clenched fist at the receding town. Once he glanced upward—then settled firmly in a straight stare ahead, and so remained till the cabin was reached.

That night he did not go to bed. He sat and walked and babbled to the dog till daybreak. In the morning he eyed the rising sun with bloodshot eyes. His body quivered with the protests of abused nerves and his cheeks were sunken from lack of nourishment.

"Von hunderd dollars!" he said bitterly.

That day he visited the bank three different times. The last time he stood in the doorway and told the banker a few of the hot things that rankled in his brain. Old Jim stood aside and snarled.

He visited the store and asked for food. When the storekeeper suggested pay, he cursed beneath his breath and left the place. He went to the post office with a letter he had written to Hilda—a letter filled with scalding tears and heart burnings. The postmaster spoke to him, asking if he was sending the money on to the girl. Lundquist clenched his teeth tightly and rushed out to conceal the tears that stole unrepressed down his cheeks.

Two days later a letter came. It was cold and formal. Hilda had returned to Norway. Lundquist stumbled awkwardly when Banks read the letter and thrust his elbow through a pane of glass. Banks, glancing up, made light of the accident.

"Don't worry about that, Carl!" he remarked. "I'll fix that."

"Ay get yo glass!" said Lundquist, hoarsely, as he went out.

At the hardware store he brought forth his paltry store of silver—four dollars in all. The glass took one of these. Inside the case something caught his eye—something shiny and cold. He inquired its price.

"Two-fifty," said the man, "and it's a .38!"

Lundquist slid the money hesitatingly across the glass counter and took the object gingerly in his hand. Flushed and trembling he started for the door.

"Wait! You want—you'll need some of these!" called the proprietor as he slid out some little boxes.

"Ja! Von box!" said Lundquist.

It was late that night when the two reached the lone cabin on the prairie. The dog sat on the floor before his master, and licked his lips expectantly, but his master heeded him not—he was reading, reading, reading Hilda's letters.

Two weeks later the newspaper at the county seat printed the following:

"A party of sportsmen made a gruesome find in a sod shanty 12 miles north of E—— last week. Attracted by the mournful howling of a shepherd dog they drew up and entered. The body of a young Scandinavian lay upon the earth floor with a bullet wound in his forehead. Numerous letters scattered about created the impression that he committed the deed in a fit of homesickness or despondency. The dog refused to leave the spot, although wasted to a skeleton by hunger and exposure."

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

FRICK'S FRENCH CHEF TO WAR

Millionaire's Noted Cook Causes Dismay By Going Home to Fight for Country.

Boston.—Inspired by patriotism of so high an order that he willingly gave up his highly paid position, the famous French chef employed by Henry Clay Frick at his North shore summer home resigned his place and announced his intention of returning to France to fight.

The consternation in the Frick family at this unexpected move, however, was duplicated in several other homes, where nearly all the men servants have either gone or have announced their intention of leaving.

The Frick chef is the highest salaried servant of the lot, receiving a salary that is said to rival that of some bank presidents and many business men who are considered in comfortable circumstances. Many of these, however, who are going back to Europe are well paid, and in addition live in quarters that will make life in the army seem especially miserable.

The fashionable residents of the North shore are in a quandary as to what to do without their servants. The maids are left, but in few instances do these know how to cook, and more than one society woman, it is rumored, is making experimental trips into the kitchen.

The French predominate among the North shore servants, but some are German and a few Italian and English. The war has been responsible for no little wrangling among them.

SLAVERS SEEK GIRL TOURISTS

Station Crowds Are Being Combed for Loiterers—Unprotected Women Cared For in London.

London.—Scotland yard detectives are co-operating with the Citizens' committee in London in safeguarding women and girls stranded in England because of the European war. Two detectives are on duty at the American embassy. Crowds at depots are being combed for objectionable characters to prevent their forcing their attentions on unaccompanied women and girl tourists. The activities of steamship speculators, spurious and otherwise, have given detectives the excuse to watch these men, though their chief mission is to look out for white slave traders.

One such miscreant in particular is being watched for. An American now in Antwerp found that his daughter, a minor, had been lured to London. He went to the American consul general in Antwerp, Henry W. Diederich, and begged him to enlist the aid of the embassy and the relief organization in London in running down the pair. The matter is now in the hands of the Citizens' committee and the police are on the track.

In a number of instances parents in the United States have cabled appeals to the Citizens' committee to see that their daughters are put safely aboard steamships. This has been unfailingly done by women members of the committee.

Busy Bees.

No wonder the honey bees have been given the honor of being the busiest little creatures alive. A scientific experiment has shown that a red clover blossom contains on an average less than one-eighth of a grain of sugar. There being 7,000 grains in a pound, the bee that makes a pound of honey must obtain its material from no less than 56,000 clover heads. But this is not all. In order to get the nectar the bee is compelled to insert its proboscis into each floret or flower tube composing the head of clover, and there are, it is said, about sixty florets in every head. The insect must, therefore, perform this operation 56 times 56,000, or 3,360,000 times, in order to obtain a pound of nectar.

Fooling the Neighbors.

"The Updykes are installing a great deal of new furniture."

"Not as much as you might think. Mrs. Updyke is having some of the more expensive pieces carried through the house to the rear entrance, where they are loaded in a van and brought round to the front door again."

THE OUTLOOK

DENNY & OSBORN, Publishers

Published Weekly In The Interest of Carrizozo and all of Lincoln County, New Mexico.

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COUNTY

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1911, at the post office at Carrizozo, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

¶ Advertising forms close Wednesday at noon ¶ News columns close Thursday night. ¶ If you do not receive your paper regularly, please notify the Publisher ¶ Advertising rates on application.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ONE YEAR, In Advance . . . $1.50
SIX MONTHS, In Advance . . . 75

OFFICE PHONE NUMBER 24

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1914

THE KNOCKER'S PRAYER

Lord please don't let this town grow. I've been here for thirty years, and during that time I've fought every public improvement. I've knocked everything and everybody, no firm or individual has established a business here wi hout my doing all I could to put them out of business. I've lied about them, and would have stolen from them if I had the courage. I have done all I could to keep the town from growing and never have spoken a good word for it. I've knocked hard and often. I've put ashes on the childrens' slide and I've made the marshal stop the boys playing ball on my vacant lot.

Whenever I saw anyone prospering or enjoying themselves I've started a reform to kill the business or spoil the fun. I don't want the young folks to stay in this town and I will do all I can by law, rule and ordinance to drive them away. It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking it is beginning to grow. Some day I fear I will be called upon to put down sidewalks in front of my property and who knows but what I may have to help keep up the streets that run by my premises? This, Lord, would be more than I could bear. It would cost me money, though all I have was made right here in in this town. Then, too, more people might come if the town begins to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask therefore, to keep this town at a standstill, that I may continue to be the chief. Amen.

INSTRUMENTS RECORDED WEEK ENDING OCT. 30, 1914

(By DENNY & OSBORN, Abstractors)

WARRANTY DEEDS

Welch & Titsworth to Fred Pfingsten. Tract land in Capitan.

MINING LOCATIONS

Mammoth King and Mammoth Millsite, Mrs. P. A Skinner SW 1 4 NE 1 4 Sec. 3 T 9 S, R 18 E

E. G. Rafferty and wife to Ross J. Beatty al 570 S 1-2 N 1-2 SE 1 4 Sec 36 T 9 S, R 8 E, 40 acres

W. W Slack et al to P. G Peters SE 1-4 SE 1 4 Sec 32, S 1 2 SW 1 4 SW 1 4 SE 1 4 Sec 33, T 10 S R 13 E and lots 2 and 3, Sec. 4 T 11 S, R 13 E

Juan P. Carillo to Paul Mayer lots 5 7 and 8 in block 26, White Oaks

Turn Over a New Leaf

By subscribing for THIS PAPER

Denny & Osborn

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

(Successors to Nye & Osborn)

REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS, CONVEYANCING, RENTALS, TOWN LOTS, PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER, NOTARY PUBLIC, BONDS EXECUTED, AGENTS FOR SIX OF THE LEADING FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF THE WORLD. AGENCY OF NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

JERE R. DENNY, ABSTRACTOR

WILLIAM H. OSBORN, U. S. COMMISSIONER

Markets

CHICAGO GRAIN

Chicago, Nov. 11.—More active demand for cash wheat tended to day to strengthen the wheat market as a whole. After opening 3-8 to 1-2c to a shade advance, the market rallied to above last night's level all around.

Rumors of good sized exports gave a slight lift to the corn market. The opening, which varied from 1 8c off to a sixteenth up, was followed by a general hardening of values.

In the oats crowd, most of the dealings consisted of changes from the December option to May. Bulls had a little advantage because of the firmness of other cereals.

Provisions rose quite sharply on account of shorts coveting.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—Close—

Wheat—December, $1.15 1 4; May, $1 21 7 8

The close was nervous at 1-8c to 1 4 net decline

Corn—December, 68 3-8c; May, 71 1 2c

The close was unsettled, 5-8c to 3 4c under last night.

Oats—December, 49 1 4c May, 53 1 4c

Pork—January, 19 22; May, 19. 62.

Lard—January, 10 45, May, 10. 62.

Ribs—January, 10.25; May, 10 55.

KANSAS CITY LIVE STOCK

Kansas City, Nov. 11.—Hogs—Receipts 18,000; steady. Bulk, $7 40 to 7.85; heavy, 7 50 to 7.85; pigs, $6 50 to 7 00.

Cattle—Receipts 13,000; steady. Prime fed steers, $10 00 to 11.00; western steers, $7.00 to 9.75, calves, $6 50 to 10 50

Sheep—Receipts 12,000; steady Lambs, $8 00 to 9 35; yearlings $6 00 to 7 00.

ST. LOUIS METALS

St Louis, Nov 11—Lead, firm $3 37 1 2 to $3.40

Spelter, nominal, $4.90

DENVER LIVE STOCK

Denver, Nov. 11.—Cattle—Receipts 2,500; steady to strong. Beef steers, $6.00 to 7.50; cows and heifers, $5 00 to 6.50; stockers and feeders, $6,25. to 7 25; calves, $7.00 to 9 00.

Hogs—Receipts 200; strong. Top. $7.65; bulk, $7 65.

Sheep—Receipts 17,000; market steady Yearlings, $5 75 to 6 50; whethers, $5.25 to 6 00; lambs, $8 00 to 8.60; ewes, $4 75 to 5.50.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES MADE UPON REQUEST

ALAMOGORDO MARBLE WORKS

FRANK FALCONE, Prop

ALAMOGORDO, : NEW MEXICO

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GLASS TUMBLERS, Price per dozen 50c, now 35c
GLASS LAMPS all, No. 1 LAMPS only 15 and 20c, Burner free
LAMP BURNERS Price 10c, now 5c
VINEGAR QUART BOTTLES 15c, now 10c
BIG REDUCTION ON BUGGY WHIPS. SPECIAL PRICE ON BULK P. B. COFFEE OWING TO QUANTITY

THE CASH STORE

G.A. WILLIAMS, PROP.

CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT

will be of little avail unless the medicine he prescribes is faithfully prepared. So, send your prescriptions here where accuracy is the rigid rule, where only the purest drugs are used and where substitution is sternly prohibited. Send any time. We are always ready to fill prescriptions.

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CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEX

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Each hidden part—each detail—shows the ablest engineering.

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Lansing, Mich.

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The beauty, the finish and equipment are as perfect as the chassis. The one-rod control is embodied here. You will find it in no other car.

Men who want the best will find it here—even in the smallest factors.

All this means small up-keep. It means years of perfect service.

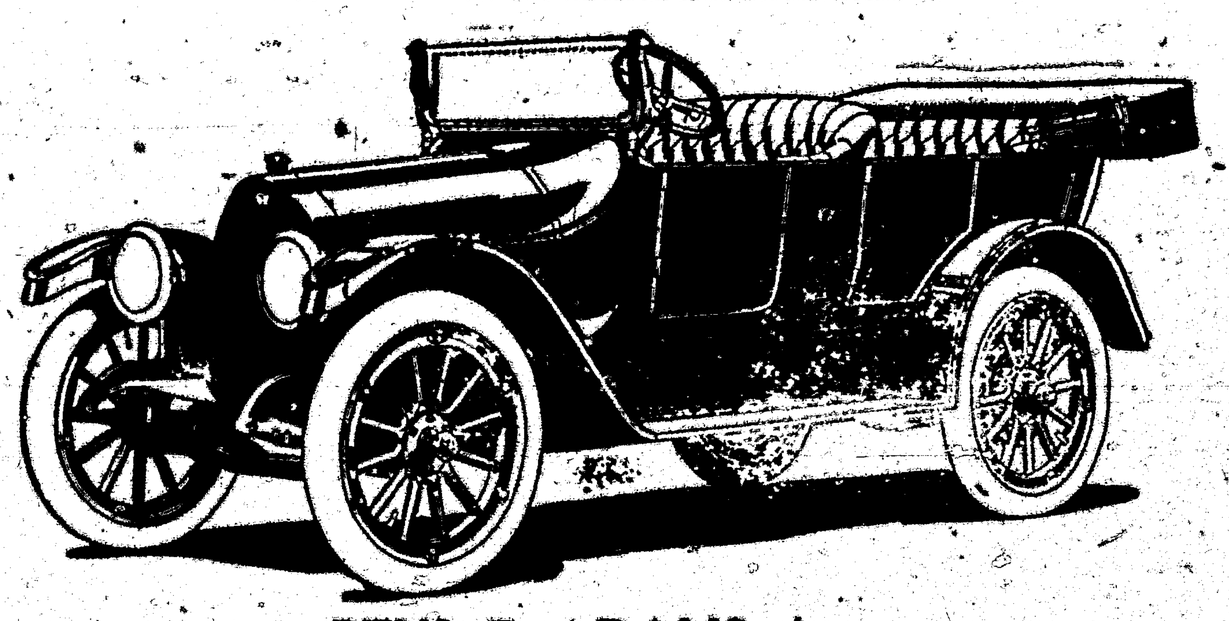
That is what men want today. They are buying cars to keep. In the past few months we have sold more than 10,000 of these cars, and men are buying them now faster than we can build them.

This car once cost, with full equipment $220 more than now. The present price shows the greatest value you will find in any car in this class.

See the latest model. Go through it part by part. Note the unusual features, the costly construction, the exactness, the luxury of it.

Cars built by lower standards will lose their attractions when you learn what these things mean.

Equipment includes mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, clear vision ventilating windshield, speedometer, electric horn, extra rim, improved tire bracket, complete tool and tire outfit, foot and robe rail, etc.



BENJ. F. ADAMS, Agent

Corona, : : : New Mexico

LINCOLN

The election passed off quietly at Lincoln. A light vote was polled.

Sam Hulbert of Banner, Oklahoma, is visiting relatives here.

It is rumored that there will be another wedding here soon.

Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Watson of Carrizozo were visitors at Lincoln on election day.

Prof. and Mrs. Chas. L. Schreck of Capitan were visitors at the Hulbert ranch Sunday.

A party consisting of A. L. Hulbert, Sam Hulbert, Harry Goff and Dick Lindly are in the Capitans camping and hunting.

There was a wedding in Lincoln on Saturday which was followed by a dance in the evening which was well attended.

The roads which for a time were almost impassable owing to the heavy rain, are getting in fairly good shape again.

Albert Rhode who is attending school at Capitan came down Friday for a hunt. He and Sam Hulbert were out Saturday and succeeded in getting a nice lot of quail

ANCHO

Bro. Perkins delivers a good sermon here every Sunday evening.

The brick and cement plant is running regular.

Thousands of sheep are being shipped from this place every week.

School here is progressing more nicely than it has for years.

Sam Fambrough was in town the first of the week transacting business.

A number voted at the election here on the 3d, and not a drop of whiskey was used.

THE NEW WET AND DRY LINE-UP

As a result of the November elections there are now fourteen states in the dry column. They are Arizona, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina North Dakota. Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia.

There remain 15 states in which half the population live in so-called no-license territory. They are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota. Nebraska, New Hampshire, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Vermont.

There remain eleven states in which 25 per cent of the population lives in no license territory,
They are California Deleware, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri. Ohio. Utah, Wisconsin and Wyoming. At different times in the past 23 states have adopted the policy of prohibition. All but nine for one reason or another, abandoned it for local aption or control by license.

California and Ohio, out of the six states in which statewide prohibition amendments were voted on this fall, elected to remain in the wet column. In Ohio the new amendment to the constitution practically places the state in a wet column forever, as it provides that no new liquor legislation shall be introduced into the legislature. The present laws, however, are very strict and are carried out to the letter. The new amendments does not prohibit the holding of wet and dry elections in communities, under the laws that are present in force.

The states that have voted dry during the year 1914 are Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington and virginia.

FOR RENT:—furnished rooms close in. Call on Denny & Osborn

WE DRAW UP any kind of legal instrument in the proper form while you wait Notary public and U. S. Commissioner in office. Denny & Osborn.

PUBLIC LANDS BEING RAPIDLY TAKEN UP. More has been taken up this year than ever before. If you intend homesteading or buying, you'll have to get busy. See Denny & Osborn.

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FOR QUICK SALE:—Fine ranch near Lincoln, 110 acres, of which about 50 acres is under cultivation, three undivided water rights in Rio Bonito, good orchard, some alfalfa, good house and outbuildings. Ranch will handle 200 or 300 head of cattle including the range it controls. Must be sold within sixty days Big Snap. DENNY & OSBORN.

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Two hundred acres under good ditch, 400 acres grazing land, all under fence, two dwelling houses, corrals, barn, etc two miles river front for watering stock, one well at house, seven acres good bearing orchard, good roads, on daily mail line, half mile to good school. Can put up 500 tons alfalfa on place Will sell or trade for strictly cattle ranch proposition For price and terms see DENNY & OSBORN.

REVISED TIME CARD

No. 1—West Bound
Leaves ~~Carrizozo at 2:30 a. m.~~

No. 2—East Bound
Leaves Carrizozo at 3:45 a. m.

No. 3—West Bound
Leaves Carrizozo at 9:57 a. m.

No. 4—East Bound
Leaves Carrizozo at 7:10 p. m.

No. 1 and 2 make all stops.

Capitan branch; Train leaves Carrizozo at 7 a. m., Tuesdays and Fridays.

We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns Because—

They have never contributed a cent to furthering the interests of our town—

Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our merchants—

In almost every case their prices can be met right here, without delay in receiving goods and the possibility of mistakes in filling orders.

But—

The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local pride is usually necessary in the game of life as played today.

Therefore

Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

In the District Court,
County of Lincoln,

Oct. Term, A. D., 1914,
Ora Myrtle Riley
vs.
Edward C. Riley
No. 2224

The said defendant, Edward C. Riley, is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against you in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said Ora Myrtle Riley alleging abandonment and non-support and requesting custody of minor child, Mildred Gertrude. That unless you enter or cause to be entered your appearance in said suit on or before the 12th day of December, A. D., 1914, decree PRO CONFESSO therein will be rendered against you.

H. B. Hamilton, Carrizozo, New Mex., Attorney for Plaintiff.

ALBERT H. HARVEY.
Clerk.

By Frida M. Eckman Deputy.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION

In the District Court
County of Lincoln

October Term, A. D., 1914
Lupe De Sanchez
No. 2303 vs
Presiliano Sanchez

The said defendant, Presiliano Sanchez is hereby notified that a suit in divorce has been commenced against you in the District Court for the County of Lincoln, State of New Mexico, by said Lupe De Sanchez, alleging abandonment and non-support and praying for divorce and custody of minor child, Carrie.

That unless you enter or cause to be entered your appearance in said suit on or before the 16th day of November A. D., 1914, decree PRO CONFESSO therein will be rendered against you.

Geo, Spence, Esq.. Carrizozo, New Mexico, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Albert H. Harvey, Clerk.
By Frida M. Eckman Deputy.

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JERE P. DENNY, ABSTRACTOR
WILLIAM H. OSBORN, U. S. COMMISSIONER

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Office over Rolland's Drug store
ALAMOGORDO NEW MEXICO

NOT ON THE MAP.

Mrs. Norman had a maid, Jane, who had a lover in the army. One day, after receiving a letter from him, she sought her mistress and asked if she might see a map. A while after she returned to Mrs. Norman again and said she could not find the place where her lover was.

"Where is it, do you say, Jane?" asked the mistress.

"Duranceville," replied Jane, after another careful perusal of the letter.

Mrs. Norman searched the map, but no such place could be found.

"Jane," she said, "please let me see the part of the letter which gives the name of the place where he is."

Jane complied, and Mrs. Norman read: "I am in durance vile, but hope soon to be sent home."—National Monthly.

The Usual Penalty.

Little Dick, who was in the habit of receiving a good old-fashioned punishment when he said naughty words, was much excited the other day when he found his mother washing out the new baby's mouth with an antiseptic. "Hooray for her!" he cried, looking at his little sister with dawning admiration. "Aw, mother, tell me what she said, won't you?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Meant No Harm.

"Patrolman Murphy charges you with trying to flirt with this young woman."

"She sent me a wireless message across the street, your honor."

"Is this true?"

"Er—yes, your honor, but I merely flashed the distress signal for an ice cream soda."

USED TO MAKING UP.

Mrs. Hickson—She's always quarreling with her friends and then making up.

Mr. Hickson—That's only natural. She used to be an actress.

Relations.

"What is your opinion of our foreign relations?" asked the patriotic citizen.

"They don't do you any good," replied the local politician. "What you want is a lot of relations right here in your own country that'll vote the way you tell 'em to."

Forgot Themselves.

"How does Pilkin stand with his fashionable neighbors?"

"Several of them spoke to him once when there was a fire in the vicinity."

"Indeed?"

"But they exclaimed later that it was due to the excitement of the moment."

The Brighter Side.

"You told me last week that Miss Flirtly looked with favor on your suit."

"I though so at the time, but I've since found out that she was using me as a decoy to win back a follow with whom she had quarreled."

"That's rather hard on you."

"Oh, it might be worse. If it hadn't been for her I might not have learned how to dance the maxixe."

Things That Are Not.

A young woman student protested under criticism, "Mr. Whistler, is there any reason why I shouldn't paint things as I see them?"

"Well, really, there is no statute against it, but the dreadful moment will be when you see things as you painted them!"

Willie's Part.

Mother—What is Willie crying about, Ethel?

Ethel—Tommie was standing on him.

"Standing on his little brother?"

"Yes, mamma; you see we was playing 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Willie was the balcony."

NO NEED FOR PITY.

Newwed—Look how your coat is torn. I feel sorry for you poor bachelors. Now, when a married man get a little rent in his clothes—

Wise—He goes and pays it to the landlord.

The Nuisance Now.

"I don't see why you won't let us have the flat. My children are grown up."

"Can't help it, ma'am. Grown up children are the worst kind in flats nowadays."

"I don't understand you. My daughter is nearly seventeen and my son is nineteen."

"You've got a phonograph, haven't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"That's the worst combination out. The last family in that flat had a phonograph and grown up children, and what with their one-stepping and turkey trotting all night long nobody in the building got a wink of sleep."

A Long Shower.

The patriotic Scotchman had induced two Lancashire friends to go to Argyllshire for a holiday. On their return he met them.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourselves? Did you have good weather?"

"There was just a shower on our first day," replied one of them.

"Didn't I tell you that it was all lies about the Highlands being wet?"

"That shower hadn't ended when we came home," was the severe retort.—Manchester Guardian.

Misleading Inference.

"I suppose you think that candidate you've picked out is honest because he's poor," said Farmer Corntossel.

"That's likely to be inferred," replied the political manager.

"Well, the inference is liable to go wrong. The reason he isn't well fixed is that he went broke trying to get rich quick buyin' green goods."

An Interrupted Philosopher.

"I am convinced that the world gives too much attention to frivolous things," said the thoughtful man.

"How are you going to stop it?"

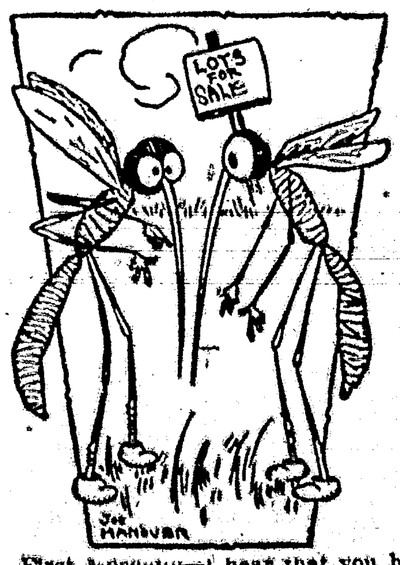
"I'll tell you. We must proceed in a cautious yet radical manner to—hi there! Wait a minute! Grab your hat and let's get to the sidewalk. Here comes a circus parade!"

Nothing to Worry About.

An optimist was pacing along a country road when an automobile struck him in the middle of the back and knocked him 20 feet.

"Oh, well," said the optimist, as he picked himself up and brushed the dust off, "I was going in this direction, anyhow."

AN AWFUL BORE.



First Mosquito—I hear that you bit Miss Dillion de Swell on the cheek last night?

Second Mosquito—Sure. Say, it was an awful bore.

First Mosquito—Really?

Second Mosquito—Yes; these entrances into swell society are, I guess, most any dimensions. The dotted line shows where a piece of tin must be placed permanently to assist in feeding the foodstuff into the feed trough. The hopper has proved very successful in eliminating the wasting of food. It should be placed under cover to insure against beating rains getting into the feed trough.

HOPPERS FOR FEEDING

Lessens Labor of Caring for Large Number of Youngsters.

Illustrations Show Three Styles of Devices—Box Tray Can Be Sub-Divided Into Different Compartments—Much Food Saved.

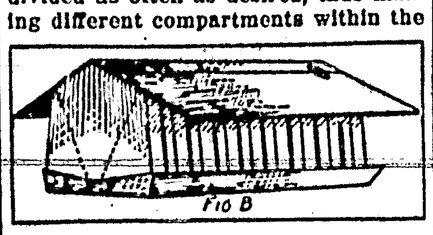
An article written by Mr. Paul P. Bliss on the subject of "Feeding Chicks in Independent Colonies,"

Hopper for Dry Seasons.

recommends that the most practical method of feeding is to practice the greater portion of it by the "hopper system." As usual, Mr. Bliss is right, for not only does this lessen the labor of caring for a large number of youngsters when reared in independent colonies but it also assures the growing youngsters an abundance of food stuff correctly proportioned at any and all times that their appetite demands it, writes Russell F. Palmer in Independent Farmer.

The illustrations give the outline of three styles of hoppers.

Figure A shows a hopper box with the rain protector in front. This is not practical for chicks weighing over two pounds each, but is a splendid article for youngsters weighing from one to two pounds. This box is floored and should be from 24 to 30 inches deep. It should always be set facing the north and it does not need to be protected by a shed roof or building. A box tray five inches high, in appearance similar to a trunk till should be made to fit inside of this box and should be in width one-third the width of the box. This tray can be subdivided as often as desired, thus making different compartments within the



Ideal Hopper for Dry Mash.

one till. For each compartment cut a piece of hardware or wire cloth, which will fit inside of the compartment without binding. Fill each compartment about two-thirds full with whatever dry mash, beef scraps, oyster shell grit or any other food stuff you desire to supply to the youngsters and place the wire cloth on top.

Figure B shows another style of outdoor hopper, practical for use for chicks ranging from a weight of one pound up to maturity. This hopper can be successfully used under the protection of a fairly good sized tree or in exceptionally dry seasons one can risk it out in the open without fear of much loss to the food from rain, if the lids are built to project a great distance out over the hopper trough below. Both the trough and inside of the hopper can be partitioned so that mixed grain, dry mash, grit and

Hopper With Rain Protector.

other forms of food stuff can be supplied from the same hopper if desired.

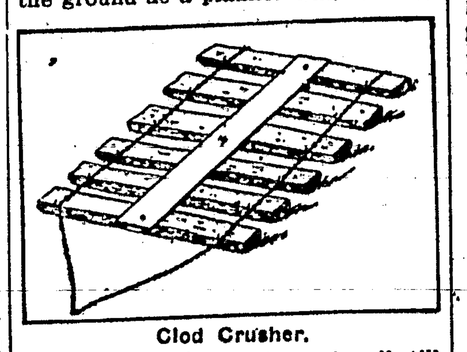
Fig. C shows a very practical hopper, which can be built on al-

CLOD CRUSHER FOR GARDENS

Lumps Are Crushed Into Small Bits as They Roll Between Posts—Not Driven Into Ground.

A good clod crusher and dust mulch producer is shown in the cut. It is made of posts fastened together by chains held on the upper side by screw bolts. The bolts go through a link into the front edge of the post so it will not turn under as would be the case if fastened back of the center, says a writer in Western Farmer. A board is fastened on top by a couple of lag screws that have considerable play in a slot in the board. A large washer keeps the bolt head from going through. Ride the drag.

This drag will not push clods into the ground as a planker will, for they



Clod Crusher.

get between the posts and roll till crushed. This drag is as good for field as for garden work.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF RAPE

All May Be Grouped Into Two Classes—Annual or Summer, and Biennial or Winter.

While there are numerous types of rape, including many hybrids and crosses, yet all may be grouped in two classes: annual or summer, and biennial or winter rape.

From the seed, an oil is extracted which is used for libricating and lighting and the refuse or "rape cake" is highly prized as stock food and fertilizer.

The biennial or winter rape, of which the dwarf Essex is a leading variety, is the kind commonly grown in this country for forage. This type produces seed only in localities where it can withstand the winter. Most of the seed used in this country is imported from Europe.

GOOD RECIPE FOR WHITEWASH

Mixture of Excellent Quality May Be Made by Dissolving Wall Plaster in Cold Water.

To make excellent whitewash that is easily applied, get a sack of ordinary hard wall plaster and sift out the hair with a piece of window screen then mix with cold water and apply at once. Make it thick or thin as you like, but do not mix more than you will use in an hour or so at one time. You can use a whitewash brush, but a kalsomine brush is better if you can afford it, and if you have much of it to do, will be cheapest in the long run. Wash your brush thoroughly in clear water every time you stop for noon or night and it will last a long time. This is equal to a package finishes that sell for high prices.

Nitrate of Soda.

Nitrate of soda is often beneficial to late cabbage when applied as top-dressings late in the summer or early in the fall. If there is an abundant supply of soil moisture and the cabbage has a stunted appearance there is practically no uncertainty about the need of nitrogen.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Make the animals comfortable.

* * *

The grain that goes into the straw-pile fattens the crows.

* * *

A profitable orchard must be given unrestricted use of all the land.

* * *

Colony houses for brood sows are more sanitary than a central house.

* * *

It is a good plan to keep charcoal always where the horse can get it.

* * *

Give the sow and pigs plenty of room on the sunny side of a building.

* * *

Regularity and close watch of all details will make the farm work easier.

* * *

The man whose work drives him is seldom as successful as the man who drives his work.

Mistakes in pig feeding are costly. In the short life of the pig there is little time to correct mistakes.

* * *

Give the utmost care to sheep at the show and never neglect them in any way, if you hope to win any prizes.

* * *

Grade the flock of sheep just as carefully as you grade the dairy herd. Weed out the poor animals and keep the best.

* * *

Do not attempt to fit sheep unless you love them, take pride in them, and have great ambition to make a success as a showman.

* * *

Hogs fattened in the woods on acorns and finished in the feed lot on corn are prize mortgage lifters when they attain market bloom.

* * *

Some men complain that they do not raise sheep because they are hard to confine within bounds. That is entirely the fault of the fence builder, not of the sheep.

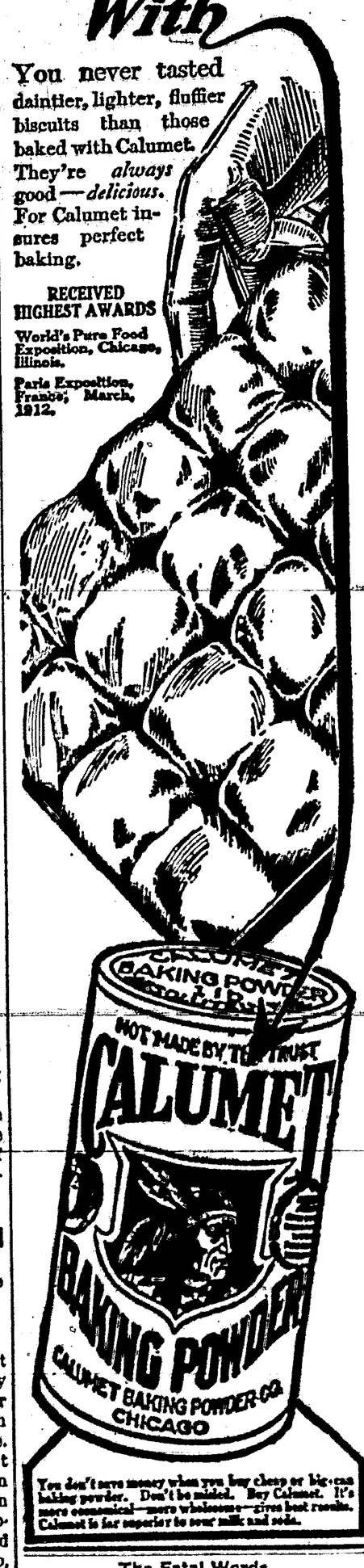
Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're *always* good—*delicious*. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.

Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



The Fatal Words.

Maud—Is Mr. Shyboy very talkative?

Marie—No; I've been trying for two years to make him speak.

In Hungary all deposits of natural gas that may be discovered become the property of the government.

FATIMA, Turkish-blend cigarettes are the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked, and their flavor is

"Distinctively Individual"

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NOTICIAS DE LA ULTIMA SEMANA

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

General.

Tres colisiones entre tranvías subterráneos y de superficie mandaron diez y ocho personas, más de la mitad mujeres, á hospitales en Nueva York.

El Viceadmirante Nathaniel R. Usher Tomóel mando del puerto de Nueva York, en lugar del capitán Albert Gleaves, que pasa al mando del acorazado Utah.

El Rev. W. T. Sumner, décano de la catedral de San Pedro y Pablo en Chicago, aceptó la llamada al obispado de la diócesis episcopal de Ortgon. Sucederá al difunto obispo Spaulding.

En Houston seis bancos nacionales han suscripto $500,000 al fondo de $100,000,000 de la asociación de bancos de liquidación de Nueva York instituido con el fin de restaurar la normalidad en las relaciones del cambio extranjero.

La administración del Presidente Wilson fué aprobada "en las expresiones más altas" y fué reconocida la prueba de la "confianza y devoción absolutas" de los Demócratas de Nueva Hampshire en la convención de campaña política de estado en Concord.

Joseph de Andrea, presidente de la unión de mineros de cloacas y tuneles, murió en Chicago de un tiro de revolver recibido el 16 de septiembre, Aunque retuviendo sus facultades. De Andrea rehuso de hacer declaraciones algunas que hubieran conducido al arresto del asesino.

Sport.

Lincoln Beachey, en un aeroplano, dío vueltas arriba de la cúpula del capitolio, mientras que el Presidente Wilson miraba la función desde una ventana de la Casa Blanca.

La Liga Nacional de Boston se ganó las insignias de honor para el año 1914 al vencer los Chicago Cubs mientras que los Pirates ganaban sobre los Giants, anteriormente campeones de Nueva York.

Kid Williams derrotó á Kid Herman de Pekin, Ill., en la cuarta vuelta de una pelea de seis en el Club Atlético de Olympia en Philadelphia. Durante tres vueltas el muchacho del oeste se defendió de una manera casi increible.

Jack Dillon, medio peso de Indianapolis, dió á Frank Mantell de Pawtucket, R. I., un severo golpeo en una partida sin decisión de doce vueltas en Columbus, Ohio, pero la defensa de Mantell, especialmente después de la séptima vuelta, impidió al agresivo Dillon el golpe decisivo.

Tyler, una de las estrellas del estado mayor del bat de los Braves, acaba de comprar un rancho de lechería de 400 acres en la vecindad de Boston. Intenta pasar el invierno en su hacienda y retirarse de su actual profesión después de unos años para dar su entera atención á la explotación.

Extranjero.

Sir Charles Johnston fué elegido alcalde de Londres por el periodo de un año á partir de noviembre 1, 1914. Sucede á Sir Thomas V. Bowater.

Un telegrama de la compañía Reuter de la Haya dice que se ha formado un comité holandes bajo la presidencia del Dr. Fruin, secretario de los archivos de estado, con el propósito de restaurar la bibliloteca de Louvain, que fué destruida por los Alemanes.

Un telegrama al Central News, de Roma, dice que un mensaje áhirecibido de Durazzo, Albania, anuncia que el Senado de Albania ha elegido al Príncipe Burhan-Eddin, hijo del ex-Sultán, Abdul Hamid, príncipe de Albania, en sucesión al Príncipe William de Wied.

Los gobiernos de Alemania y Gran Bretaña han empezado el canje de presos militares. Esto se hace por medio de Walter H. Page, el embajador americano en Londres, y la iniciativa sería el primer paso hacia un canje en gran escala de todos los presos de guerra.

Washington.

El Chargé d'affaires Von Castleberg de la embajada alemana pidió al Departamento de estado papeles garantizándole seguridad al traves del Atlántico hasta Alemania.

El edificio de la embajada americana en París fué seriamente sacudido por la explosión de una de las bombas arrojadas sobre la ciudad desde un aeroplano alemán. El embajador Herrick transmitió por cable y sin comentarios las nuevas al Departamento de Estado.

Tres otros de los tratados de paz del Secretario Bryan van á ser realizados. Uno con Grecia será firmado dentro de poco; el embajador ruso conferirá con el Secretario Bryan acerca de los pormenores de otro, y aún otro se está preparando entre los Estados Unidos y Suecia.

Colorado.

Se ha agregado otro cartero al servicio de correo de Montrose.

Debido al efecto de la guerra europea más de $1,000,000 serán el provecho extraordinario recibido este año por los cultivadores de remolacha.

Las nuevas de la iniviativa vienen de una comunicación recibida por John Clarke Mitchell, presidente de la asociación de bancos de liquidación de Denver.

Un cuerpo de agrimensores bajo la dirección de W. L. Reynolds, un ingeniero que ha estado empleado por la comisión de utilidades públicas, principió el apeo de una línea de conducto de agua desde Platte Cañon hasta Denver.

Las cenizas de su madre, cuyo cuerpo fué incinerado hace dos años, fueron interradas en el cementerio de Fairmount con los restos de E. W. Swanbrough, el corredor en automóviles que encontró su fin en la corrida de Overland Park en Denver.

George F. Keller, quien hace cinco años formó la Crags Resort Company y otras empresas asociadas en Denver en que grandes sumas de dinero fueron investidas por la gente rica de Denver, estaría hoy moribuñdo en El Paso, Texas.

Mientras trabajando en el corredor del nuevo edificio de correos en Denver, Mike Ryan, un obrero de construcciones metálicas, cayó desde un tablado al piso de cemento, doce pies abajo. Se quebró dos costillas. Ryan tiene cincuenta años de edad.

Se necesitaron solamente diez minutos para el jurado de la corte de distrito de Pueblo en el caso de Charles Carter, un escalador de casas de Denver, acusado de robo en varios hoteles de Pueblo. El reo fué sentenciado á seis años en la penitenciaría.

Los bancos de Colorado contribuirán $1,000,000 á la combinación de $100,000,000 para especular en fondos públicos, arreglada por los bancos de liquidación de Nueva York y el consejo de reserva federal, al fin de ayudar en el cambio extranjero de la presente situación.

La Señora O. H. P. Belmont de Nueva York, directora de la Unión Congregacional de la Mujer, probablemente vendrá á Denver á ayudar en la campaña de la unión en Colorado, según una declaración de la Señorita Stevens, representante de la unión en Colorado.

Mientras haciendo una hoguera en un campo cerca de su casa en el condado de Jefferson, Bridget O'Cain, hija de cinco años de Barney O'Cain, un lechero, encendió su ropa y padeció tanto de las quemaduras que murió media hora después en el hospital de San Antonio.

La Señora Ella M. Walker, viuda de Henry A. Walker, un antiguo hombre de minas de Idaho Springs, murió en Denver en el hospital de San José, después de unos días de neumonía. La Señora Walker tenía sesenta y cuatro años de edad y había vivido en Colorado por más de treinta y un años.

Denver fué una de las veintisiete ciudades de los Estados Unidos que mostraron un aumento en liquidaciones de bancos en la semana acabando el 24 septiembre, contra la misma semana el año pasado. Las liquidaciones totales de la semana fueron de $9,219,000, ó sea un aumento de 11.7 por ciento.

C. M. Waters de la oficina federal de inspectores de correos, causó el arresto de Wayman Stubbs, de diez y ocho, acusándole de falsificación de una libranza postal de $20 en Wiggins. El preso reconoció su culpabilidad delante del comisionado de los Estados Unidos Hinsdale en Denver. Le acusaron de haber robado el correo de la Señora Rachel Haskins, que vive cerca de Wiggins, encontrando la libranza y escribiendo en ella el nombre de la Señora.

La Soñorita Kathryn Beaton, de veintidos años, hace poco de Ouray, murió en el hospital general de Toronto, Canadá, después de una enfermedad de diez días. La Señorita Beaton era hija de William Beaton, un explotador prominente de minas de Ouray, durante varios años superintendente de la mina de Camp Bird.

Oeste.

El mitín anual décimo-séptimo del Congreso Americano de Minas se reunirá en Phoenix, Ariz., del 7 al 11 de diciembre.

R. W. Sears, fundador de los Sears Robuck & Cía., murió en Milwaukee, Wis., dejando bienes del valor de $25,000,000.

Willie Beecher y Johnny Dundee pesos ligeros, ambos de Nueva York, pelearon en una partida de veinte vueltas en la arena de Vernon en Los Angeles.

Oscar Brown mató á su esposa y se disparó un tiro mortal después de una querella en un hotel que la mujer dirijía en Lincoln, Neb. La causa de la trajedia serían los celos. Ellos dejan á seis niños.

NOTICIAS DEL SUROESTE

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Nuevo México.

El condado de Taos desea tener una escuela superior en Taos.

Los criadores de ovejas de Roswell tienen en depósito 225,000 libras de lana.

El gobernador McDonald nombró á Charles R. Hughes de Reming, notario público.

Se ha establecido que Nuevo México es un estado de producción de trigo y maís de escoba.

El gobernador McDonald nombró á John S. Evaes, de Lovington, condado de Eddy, notario público.

La deuda de estado de Nuevo México en 912 era de $1,237,000. La deuda per capita, el mismo año, de $3.41.

Los hermanos Brown, que viven al sur de San Jon, acaban de trillar su grano y han recogido 5,450 bushels de buen trigo.

El gobernador McDonald nombró á Charles R. Hughes, de Deming, y Lorena R. Livingston, de Las Vegas, notarios públicos.

Algunos interesados en Fort Sumner establecerán una fábrica de conservas para disponer mejor de la producción de tomates.

Mucho adelánto se ha hecho en el camino grande de Taos á Taos Junction y la parte principal de la ruta se acabará dentro de poco.

Charles P. Downs, un ex-miembro de la legislatura, ha aceptado una colocación de ayudante al procurador general Hamilton en Carrizozo.

El Presidente nombró á Charles M. Samford, de Hagerman, y James L. Seligman, de Santa Fé, administradores de correo de sus ciudades respectivas.

Un corresponsal de Walnut Wells declara que James Page de esa tiene uvas de California que la han dado una segúnda cosecha de buenas apariencias.

La exhibición del condado de Quay, celebrada en Tucumcari, fué prominente por la cualidad de sus productos, y casi cada ciudad del condado estaba representada.

Se están estableciendo en Santa Rosa un molino de 25 bushels de capacidad por hora y también otro molino de harina No. 2, que operarán por un motor eléctrico.

Dentro de sesenta días se empezará la construcción del hotel de turistas de Silver City. La estructura costará $100,000 y estará lista para el verano próximo.

La Señora W. S. Hopewell fué de nuevo arrojada de caballo en Hermosa y puesta en un estado de insensibilidad, pero la herida no parece ser tan seria.

Un furgón de melones de agua expedidos de Tucumcari, 800 en una carga, dió un promedio de 27 libras cada uno. Los melones fueron producidos sin irrigación.

El consejo de estado de igualización, que recientemente suspendiósus sesiones, hizo un aumento de $5,000,000 en las tasaciones del estado; se había esperado un aumento de $13,000,000.

La tierra que se encuentra adjunta álos campos de trigo de los hermanos Brown, cerca de San Jon, hace poco se vendió en un cuarto de sección por $500 sin mejoras algunas.

Se está circulando una petición con el propósito de construir un puente sobre el Canadian á un punto cerca de Logan. El ingeniero de estado aprueba la elección del lugar.

J. H. Crist, el nuevo procurador federal para los Indios, de la tribú de los Pueblos, fué legalmente reconocido en Santa Fé en la corte federal. El empezará en seguida su tarea en los asuntos indios.

En su informe final el gran jurado del condado de Eddy indica varias irregularidades en los asuntos de los oficinas del condado. El consejo de comisionados de condado, dice el informe, tienen las cosas muy mezcladas.

La Western State Life Insurance Company de San Francisco, ha recibido el permiso de hacer negocios en Nuevo México. La compañía ya había obtenido el favor de operar en Nuevo México, pero ella se retiró hace algun tiempo.

La ciudad de Santa Fé ahora tiene la seguridad de poseer un sistema de desagüe suficientemente grande para una futura población de 25,000 habitantes. Los trabajos de este proyecto, conocido bajo el nombre de desagüe del capitolio, se principiarán dentro de algunos días.

La exhibición mineral en la exposición de estado de Nuevo México en Albuquerque fué hecha de todas partes del estado, y de este conjunto se escogerá la muestra que, cuando clasificada y montada, representará Nuevo México en la exposición de San Diego el año próximo.

O'FALLON SUPPLIES

Alamo Gasoline and Oil Engines. American Centrifugal Pumps. Deep Well Pumps, Kewanee Hot Water Supply Systems. Hydraulic Rams. Well Drilling Machinery. Well Casing and Piping. Steel and Wood Wind-Mills. Complete Irrigation Plants. Stock and Storage Tanks. Byers' genuine wrought iron Pipes. Complete Electric Lighting Plants. Motors and Generators. Leather, Rubber and Balta Belting. Rubber Hose of all kinds for every purpose. Asbestos fire-proof Roofing. Pipe and Boiler Covering. Portable Floor Cranes. Child's Fire Extinguisher. We carry the most complete line of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Engineer's Supplies and Equipment in the West. We can supply from our stock on a moment's notice your every demand. Our supplies are backed by our Guarantee, which protects you. Get our catalogue and price list before you buy.

M. J. O'FALLON SUPPLY COMPANY, 1630 15th ST., DENVER, COLO.

MERELY A MATTER OF FORM

Colored Maid Somewhat Late in Asking Permission of Mistress to Attend Ball.

Cleopatra Belle was maid of all work in the home of the Bensons. One day she came to her mistress and asked:

"Is yo' got any 'jections to me gwineter a ball?"

"Not if you come home at a reasonable hour and get breakfast on time the next morning," said Mrs. Benson. "When did you want to go?"

"Law, ma'am, I is already went. I went las' night an' tuk it into my haid for to ax you could I go as a kind of a mattah of fo'm. Some ladies is mighty partickler when it comes ter bein' axed by colored folks what kin they do, an' I reckoned mebbe yo' was dat kind, so I axed you."

Not So Very Strange.

"Jones borrowed a dollar from me yesterday and paid me back today."

"Well, what about it?"

"He paid me back with the same bill."

"That's strange."

"Not very. He couldn't change it either."—Strange Stories.

Agreed.

"What is your idea of this war tax?"

"Same as General Sherman's."

LIGHT BOOZE.
Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better.

"After three of four years of coffee drinking, I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the coffee drug, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer-headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Many a man is under the impression that he is wise merely because he has no children to ask him questions.

By the way, did you ever hear a man complain because a sermon was too short?

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Bag Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Atlanta, Ga., may establish a municipal ice plant.

The Human Automobile

The human body, like an automobile, changes fuel (food) into power. When the fuel is too rich, or the mixers and valves are out of order, waste products clog the machinery and reduce the power.

The kidneys, like exhaust valves, should carry off the waste (uric acid), but weak kidneys can't. Uric acid in excess causes headache, weak eyes, rheumatic pains, gravel, dropsy and fatal Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid. It is the best-recommended special kidney remedy.

A Colorado Case

Mrs. L. A. Onstott, 1702 Euclid Ave., Pueblo, Colo., says: "I had kidney trouble and rheumatic pains. My ankles and limbs were swollen and I knew something had to be done. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of the rheumatic pains and also removed the swelling. I have gained in health and have had no sign of kidney trouble since."

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

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SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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(TRADE MARK)

Used in the French Army and Navy for ten years and recommended by all high class physicians.

CURES IMMEDIATELY

by antiseptic action

Boils, Carbuncles, Burns, Open Sores, Sprains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Eczema.

TUBERCULOSIS PAINS AND COUGHING STOPPED

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THERMOZINE COMPANY

34 Park Place, New York

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The boss who sometimes goes home early is not the man who when a young man came to business late, watched the clock and spent his money even BEFORE he got it.

NO. He started early, worked late and above all BANKED his money.

You can do the same.

DO IT.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank

We pay four per cent interest on Certificates of Deposits.

EXCHANGE BANK

CARRIZOZO, NEW MEXICO

ACTIVE MOVEMENT OF CATTLE ON EAST SLOPE

Roswell, N. M.—Never in the history of the eastern slope have the conditions been so favorable for the stockmen. Even the grass is turning green again, something that is very unusual

The watering holes are all filled since the recent rains which were general over the east slope of mountains. There has been plenty of good grass all summer The weather conditions last spring were good for the saving of a fair per cent of the lamb and calves And prices have been good, and from the belief of practically all the stockmen will continue to be rather inductive to stay in the business right along, with the pleasant thoughts of good profits.

The only thing that the stockmen are up against is to get cows Two and three years ago, things were not so promising in the cattle business, and this section was nearly cleaned out. Calves, heifers and steers were sold and shipped out It is hardly possible to get a surplus now

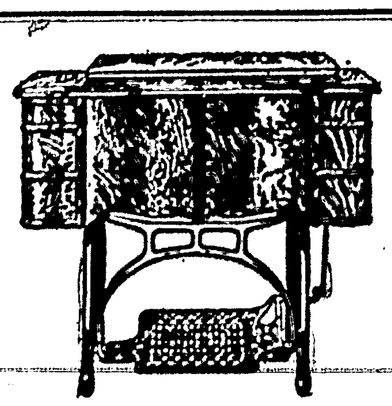
One thing is noticed—the money is loosening up a trifle with the stockmen Of course the stockmen have been making some sales the last few weeks, and naturally turn more money into the money channels, but is a trifle easier to get money at the banks than it has been for weeks

Practically all the cattle have been vaccinated for blackleg now, and no cases are known, though it did break out on the plains some three weeks ago. But this has been eradicated. The cattlemen are about through branding, too, for the season

Quite a lot of stuff is to be shipped in a few days, and many deliveries have been made.

WARNING

No one can legally close any well established road or put gates upon same, or in any way obstruct or change roads, without permission from the road board. Citizens in localities where gates, fences or other obstructions are placed in or across the roads, without legal permission having been granted by the road board, have a perfect right to remove same without appealing to the board.



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KELLEY & SONS

SOLE AGENTS

CARRIZOZO, : N. M.

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you may remark when your order comes home. So there is, but examine your bill and you'll find you haven't paid any more than usual for a smaller quantity. "High Cost of Living" would not be a subject for investigation if everybody bought their groceries here.

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JOHN E. BELL

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When you are in need of something in this line

DON'T FORGET THIS

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

FOR TEN DAYS ONLY, BEGINNING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14th, we will offer all of our Ladies' SILK and SERGE DRESSES at 20 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

This special offer is being made in order to reduce our stock to make room for our line of holiday goods which will be exceptionally large this year.

Do not fail to take advantage of this special price while it lasts, We invite you to make our store a visit before purchasing.

Our stock of winter goods is now complete in all lines and we cordially invite your inspection of the same. Ladies, children and mens' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Shoes, Ladies' Dress Goods, American Lady Corsets, Outing Flannel, Blankets.

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"THE HOME OF STANDARD MERCHANDISE"

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FRUIT JARS	DYNAMITE
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SPECIAL PRICES ON GOODS IN QUANTITIES

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Special attention paid to Mail or Telephone Orders.

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—OF—

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Prompt Service Courteous Treatment

PHONE 16 Mail Orders Carefully Filled

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Wholesale and Retail

Hay, Grain, Flour and Feed

WOOD AND COAL Carrizozo

WHY THE YOUTH S COMPAN ION SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

"If I could take only one paper" said the late Mr Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, "It would be The Youth's Companion—a little of everything in a nutshell." The Companion is a family paper in the completest sense. It provides reading that, without failing to interest the young still interests the mature It unites young and old through their common enjoyment of delightful fiction, agreeable miscellany, and the clear exposition of public questions.

So carefully is it edited, so varied are its contents, that it would easily supply a family, with entertaining fiction, up to date information and wholesome fun, if no other periodical entered the house.

If you are not familiar with the Companion as it is to-day, let us send you sample copies and the Forecast for 1915

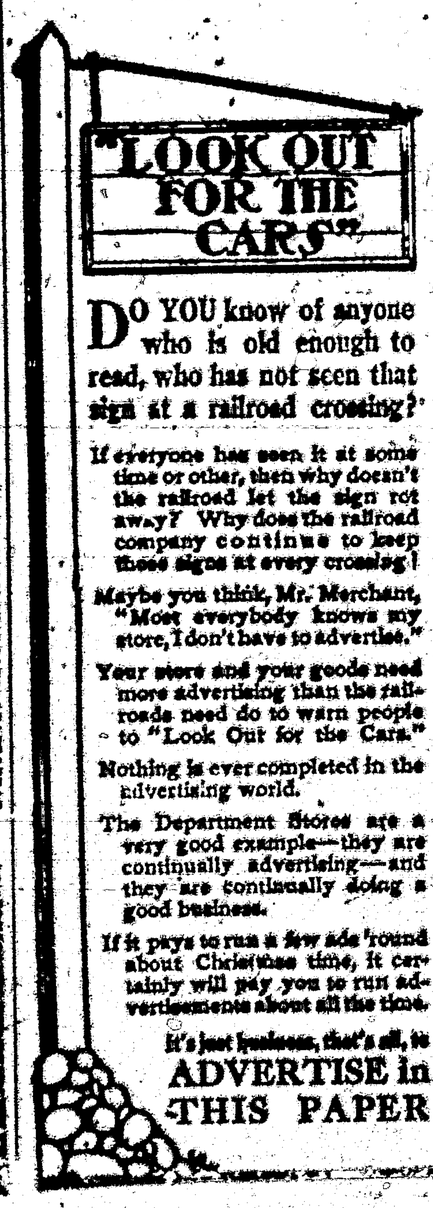
New subscribers who send $2 00 for the fifty-two issues of 1915 will receive free all the remaining issues of 1914, besides a copy of The Companion Home Calendar for 1915.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

New subscriptions received at this office.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Our prize delinquent subscriber wondered, into town the other day and, all unsuspecting, we lured him up to the Doc Lucas' office and tipped the doc to give him the Twilight Sleep treatment. And say, the doc is some treater! He had the d. s. in the twilight zone as quickly as you could break your wrist with the crank on a Ford. In two minutes we separated the patient from the money he had been owing us since the time when Heinz had only one pickle. When he came to he was holding a receipt in full in his hand Then we told him. He was tickled to death: He said that heretofore he simply couldn't bring himself to pay up, because he dreaded the pain We turned over all the money to the doc and told him to invest it in more chloroform. We are going into this business RIGHT.



DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing!

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need do to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads 'round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to

ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER

H. ORME JOHNSON BUICK AGENTS E. A. ORME JOHNSON

Johnson Bros. Garage

AUTOMOBILES FOR HIRE

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF MACHINE WORK

Supplies and Repairs Tires and Tubes Repaired and Vulcanized
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CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

CHAIN OF EVIDENCE is complete A verdict has been reached by the people of Carrizozo beyond any reasonable doubt that this market is the place to buy every kind of fresh and cured meats. Verdict reached after noting these facts: Perfect cleanliness, Superior Quality of Meats Offered, low prices and courteous treatment.

Carrizozo Meat Market

A. C. WINGFIELD, PROP.

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Blacksmithing and Hardware

Tinware, Oils, Glass, Harness and Ammunition

We carry in stock a full line of Cooking and Heating stoves which we are selling at low prices.

Agents for Sampson Windmills and Gasoline Engines.. Pumps of all kinds. Wire Fencing.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED 'PHONE NO 9

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Complete line of Building Material, Paints, Varnishes, Cal-O-Tint, Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil

Best Accommodations for All the People All the Time

Carrizozo Eating House

Table Supplied with the Best the Market Affords

AUGUST LANTZ

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

WOOD and IRON WORK IRON FORGING

FULL LINE OF EQUIPMENT

Wagon and Carriage Repairs Horse Shoeing

GIVE US A TRIAL

NEAR HUMPHREYS' FEED YARD

CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO

CASE FOR EUGENICS

By THOMAS CRAWFORD.

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

"And cousins can't marry," ended Miss Jones, the village gossip, triumphantly.

That was the law in that particular state, but it was more than a law; it was becoming public sentiment. Arthur Davis believed in eugenics with all his heart. He was sure that the marriage of cousins was undesirable and entailed physical disaster upon the children. But he loved Nancy Reeves as much as twenty-five ever loved twenty.

The Reeves and Davis families were the leading ones in the town. Hiram Reeves had been a ne'er-do-well in his youth, and had brought unhappiness on his pretty young wife. At last he took her West, to return ten years later with a fortune and a pretty little girl, Nancy, who had come to them when they had given up all hope of having children.

The Reeves family had re-established itself. As Nancy grew older, Arthur Davis was her constant companion. He loved her before he had ever heard of eugenics—indeed, before anybody else had.

Then came the avowal of love, and all the village was shocked. There had been a eugenics lecturer there that summer, and he had painted in lurid words the awful consequences of an inter-marriage between cousins. And Arthur and Nancy, seated in the second row from the front, felt their hands relax and their hearts beat slowly with horror.

Silently they went home. They parted with averted faces. Next day Nancy wrote her sweetheart an impassioned letter, saying that they must never meet again. In any event, she said, she could not marry, because, now that her father was dead, and her mother growing old, she must devote herself to the old woman's comfort.

"I reckon Mrs. Reeves will set her foot down hard on that engagement," said Miss Jones. "Nancy's the apple of her eye, as she ought to be, considering how many years it was before she had her."

Her childlessness had been a bitter thing for Ada Reeves to bear. Softened though it was by the realization

She Lay Unconscious on the Bed.

that her worthless husband would not be likely to prove a good father, it had cost her many a tear. And when she had come back from Idaho with Nancy, and with Hiram, rich and a reformed man, there was a certain triumph in her manner that had exasperated the gossips who had formerly sneered at her.

And just as Arthur Davis was preparing to leave his native town forever, an incredible rumor came to his ears. Nancy was an adopted child! It was whispered very furtively by the gossips, for gossips are always cowards, but it was hinted that Nancy did not resemble her mother any more than she had resembled her father.

Arthur Davis caught at the straw. He knew that Nancy had gone away on a visit to a friend. He went to her mother's house. Ada Reeves was an invalid; she had not long to live. The young man boldly broached the subject of his visit.

"Mrs. Reeves, you know I love Nancy," he pleaded. "And because we—are said to be cousins—"

"Say?" demanded the old woman, suspiciously. "Said to be cousins? What do you mean by that, young man?"

"I have been told that Nancy is an adopted daughter," he replied, boldly.

The old woman's face was convulsed with wrath.

"If I knew who said that," she answered, "I'd send her to the penitentiary if it took every penny I have. It's a lie—that's what it is. Nancy is my own child—"

The door opened and Nancy stood there. She had heard every word that was spoken, and her face was as white as death.

"Nancy, he wants to take away your right to have a mother," muttered the old woman angrily.

"Arthur, you must go now," said Nancy decisively. "You won't make it hard, will you?"

"No," he answered, mechanically, and went toward the door. But as he reached the passage he saw Nancy at his side, and in a moment their arms were round each other.

"Oh, Arthur, I love you with all my heart," she murmured. "And I shall never marry. Nor you?"

"Never," he answered, strangling the lump in his throat. And so they parted.

Arthur packed his things that night and went to the station. He meant to leave the town forever. Upon the platform he met a neighbor of the Reeves.

"That's a bad thing that happened this afternoon," he said to him.

"What's that?" asked Arthur abstractedly.

"That stroke of Mrs. Reeves. I don't expect she'll live through the night—at least, the doctor thinks there is no chance."

The train came in, but Arthur did not take it. He stood as one stunned. What would Nancy do all alone? His duty was with her in this crisis. Whatever his own suffering, he must fight it down and aid her.

Quickly he made his way up the hill to the house. The front door stood wide open. He walked upstairs, into the old woman's bedroom. She lay unconscious on the bed, and at her side kneeled Nancy, praying. Her face was wet with tears.

She seemed to understand the young man's motive in returning, for she looked up in an understanding way and gave him her hand. And upon the other side of the bed Arthur waited through the night.

At dawn the old woman opened her eyes.

"They say she ain't my child," she muttered. "Well, let them say. They won't dare say it openly. If they do I'll send them to the state penitentiary. They laughed at me when I was a girl because I didn't have a child. But they won't dare to laugh now."

The muttering voice died away, but occasionally a word or phrase burst from the old woman's lips. It was evident that she was living in the past again.

"I won't tell Hiram," she muttered later. "He's making good money now. It will change his habits to have the responsibility of a baby of his own. I'll get the girl. Yes, Mrs. Richards, only you must sign a paper never to want to see her again or learn anything about her. A good home? Yes, indeed, and a good father. Hiram drink? Well, yes, he does a little, but no more than most men do, I reckon.

"So I'll sign here, and the child's mine—my very own, to pass as my own daughter—"

"Arthur!" exclaimed Nancy wildly.

The secret was revealed, the secret which the old woman had guarded so jealously, even at the cost of her daughter's happiness, and nothing could shake their conviction that her words were true.

It was two months after the funeral that they were married. And the village takes no stock in eugenics nowadays. For the prophecy has been proven false, in the public's mind. They do not know the truth, because the lovers decided to keep the old woman's secret though she was not there to fear the scoffs of the village gossips.

Draw Your Own Conclusions.

At the end of a South Carolina negro meeting it was decided to take up a collection for charity. The chairman passed the hat himself. He dropped a dime in it for a nest egg. Well, every right hand there entered that hat—and yet, at the end, when the chairman turned the hat over and shook it, not so much as his own contribution dropped out. "Fo' de lan's sake!" he cried. "Ah's eben los' de dime Ah stahted wid!" All the rows of faces looked puzzled. Who was the lucky man? That was the question which tormented all. Finally the venerable Calhoun White summed up the situation. "Bredders," he said solemnly, rising from his seat, "dar 'pears ter be a great moral lesson roun' heah somewhar."

She Had Her Doubts.

Sympathetic Friend—There's wan comfort, Mrs. McHinnery. Noo that yer pair man has gone to a better warld, ye ken wheer he is o' nights.

Mrs. McHinnery (grimly)—I still hae ma doots.

Fixing Up.

"What is it?" asked the druggist. "Cream lotion? Freckle remover?"

"No," faltered the girl. "I couldn't get away this summer and I wanted to know if you had an artificial tan."

Mabel—Don't you think I have courage to wear this new fashioned frock?

Mrs. Gotrocks—yes, indeed, my dear. You make a wonderful display of backbone!—Judge.

MAKING BATTERS AND DOUGHS

Comparatively Simple Proceeding if the Cook Will Remember to Follow These Directions.

The woman who cooks by recipe has not mastered the principles of her art, any more than the boy has mastered geometry who is not able to construct a triangle on a given line without referring to his textbook, says the Youth's Companion.

The principles that underlie the making of batters and doughs are simple and interesting, and cooking becomes a delight when you apply them in devising new dishes and new combinations.

The four essentials in all such mixtures are flour, wetting, salt, and a leaven. The four must always be in definite proportions, but the non-essentials, namely, sugar, shortening, spice, fruit and flavoring, may vary according to individual taste. In these non-essentials lies the scope for individuality in cooking.

The proportions of the essential ingredients should be committed to memory, and adhered to rather strictly. The wetting may be milk, water or beaten eggs, or of all three. For a thin batter you must have equal parts of flour and wetting—a cupful of flour to a cupful of wetting; for a thick batter, twice as much flour as wetting; for a soft dough, three times as much flour as wetting; for a stiff dough four times as much flour as wetting.

Now for the proportions of the dry ingredients: One cupful of flour calls for one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; one cupful of flour calls for two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Lastly, if you remember that one cupful of flour will make four ordinary-sized muffins, biscuits, gems, or pancakes, you will see that you can construct a recipe to serve as many or as few persons as you wish.

MAKE OWN SHELLAC VARNISH

Substitute as Good as Can Be Bought May Quite Easily Be Produced at Home.

For keeping the woodwork that is finished natural in good condition, a substitute for shellac varnish may be made at home and kept ready for use any time the housekeeper chooses, and the natural wood stair treads may be kept looking as fresh as they usually appear the first month after the semi-yearly housecleaning. Take four pounds of silica, or the same quantity of China clay, the former, however, is the better, and stir into it a quart of good Japan liquid drier, and beat the mass into a perfect mixture. Then add, while stirring the mass quickly, one and a half gallons of best hard oil, after which let the mass stand an hour or so and strain through a fine sieve. Thin with turpentine for use, and on soft woods use it very thin, but it should be applied heavier on harder wood. This shellac will look and wear as well as the finer materials sold, and will cost about one-quarter the price of the other.

Russian Salad.

Cold vegetables are required for this salad—potatoes, peas, beans and carrots. Cut these into dice, add a little grated horseradish and a very little chopped shallot. Then cut up a little cucumber, raw tomatoes and shred some lettuce. Put all these ingredients in a rather flat dish, mix the sauce well with them; season with salt and cayenne pepper, heap the salad up. Garnish with strips of lettuce and tomato.

For the sauce: The yolks of two raw eggs, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a little pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar, then drop in some salad oil, gently stirring all the time with a wooden spoon until it thickens to a cream, then add the juice of half a lemon, and a little tarragon vinegar.

Baked Quinces.

To make baked quinces that are not tough wash and core as you would apples to be baked and put them in a pan, filling the center of each quince with granulated sugar and a little cinnamon. Add a little water to the bottom of the pan and cover the quinces so that they will steam. When the quinces are tender to a thrust of a fork remove the cover and allow them to brown slightly. Serve plain for breakfast or for dessert with whipped cream or a meringue.

Cold Tomato Relish.

Chop fine one peck of ripe, firm tomatoes. Drain through a cloth over night. Then peel two large Spanish onions, chop fine with three green peppers and two cupfuls of sugar and one quart of vinegar. Stir and seal without cooking.

When Wash Day Is Windy.

When sheets are hung outdoors in a wind that is apt to whip them out in the hems, fold them once and pin on the line at the hems. They cannot whip to do any damage.

LATE SUMMER WORK IN POULTRY YARD

A String of White Wyandotte Hens.

Experience proves every day that alfalfa chopped very fine or ground and mixed with other feed is very beneficial for laying hens.

Sell off all the cockerels now, but first stuff them for at least two weeks before taking them to market.

If you have never used a curtain in the poultry house, try it this winter. Get everything ready before cold weather comes on.

The natural feed of fowls is insects and worms and dry grain. Wet mash has had its day.

It is poor business to ever send a lean fowl to market.

Spade up every foot of the poultry yard before the ground freezes. After the hens have raked it over, smooth it down with a rake roller leaving no depressions in which puddles can form.

Do not send poultry into winter quarters without first thoroughly disinfecting them. Whitewash and spray with carbolic acid or kerosene.

It is our plan to take out every roost and loose part of the poultry house in the fall and replace it with new material.

Whenever a poultry house is cleaned and nest boxes and fixtures are removed, they should all be burned entirely or held over a flame of straw to destroy every insect that crawls.

Too many poultry raisers study care and feeding too much and marketing too little.

What profits it a man if he raises a fine lot of chicks and then allows the middleman to get the biggest end of the profits?

At the present high prices of corn and wheat the poultry raiser who has to buy all of his feed must study how to cut close corners or he will lose out.

If you keep guineas, turkeys and chicks, build separate houses and yards for them. If you confine all three varieties in one yard during the winter, it will prove disastrous.

We do not believe in a tight poultry house. Leave the front entirely open. Even if there is no curtain, fowls will seldom suffer except in abnormally cold weather.

More fowls die from bad air than from cold weather.

The broiler business is all right for those who make a close study of it, but the careless man or woman will do better to stick to eggs.

Ducks may be plucked two or three times during the first season without interfering with their growth.

Some people have yet to learn that ducklings and goslings must have water at hand when fed, because they always drink as they eat, taking a few mouthfuls of feed and then a sip of water.

TO MARKET WITH OLD HENS

Nonproducers Have No Place in Up-to-Date Poultry Plant That Is Run for Profit.

(By J. G. HALPIN, Wisconsin Agricultural College.)

Next in importance to "Death or Captivity to the Rooster," the summertime slogan of the poultryman should be: "To Market With the Old Hens." For certainly the nonproducers have no place in the scheme of things in an up-to-date poultry plant that is run for profit and not for pleasure alone.

Hens over two years old begin to decline in producing power. They rarely lay as many eggs as in their pullet and yearling stages. Providing that they have been marked with a toe punch in the days of their youth, detection of the aged "matrons" will be a comparatively easy matter.

Before the old hens, the surplus young stock and the male birds are sent away to market, they should be kept in a small pen at least two weeks to increase their weight.

A suitable ration for this period consists of three parts cornmeal, one part middlings or low-grade flour and one part bran, with enough skim milk added to make a crumbly mash. The owner should never forget to provide fattening fowls with plenty of pure water during the warm days. Feed all the birds will eat twice a day and allow access to a supply of cracked corn.

GOOD HOUSING OF CHICKENS

To Induce Early Laying Pullets Should Be Put in Permanent Quarters Before Maturity.

(By A. C. SMITH.)

Remember that most cases of colds and roup are incurred in the fall because the birds are not housed as early as they should be. Fowls are timid in new quarters and are prone to crowd and huddle together on the roosts and drop boards. In this way they become overheated at night only to be chilled when they separate in the morning. It is an excellent plan, therefore, to house a few at first and as soon as they feel at home add a few more until the pen has received its capacity.

It is an accepted fact that any change in location affects the laying stock, therefore in order to induce early laying the pullets should be put in permanent winter quarters two or three weeks before they are expected to mature.

FOOD REQUIREMENTS OF HEN

Plentiful Supply of Pure, Fresh Water Is of Utmost Importance—Ash Is Also Needed.

(By J. S. JEFFREY.)

The hen needs food to sustain life; to build up, develop and repair waste tissues; and to supply heat and energy for the proper functioning of the body. What is fed above these needs goes to the production of meat or eggs. The composition of the hen's body will vary with her condition, but may be said to contain about 55 per cent water, 22 per cent protein, 17 per cent fat, and four per cent ash. An egg contains about 66 per cent water, 12 per cent protein, ten per cent fat and 12 per cent ash. Of the ash, practically all but about one per cent is from the shell.

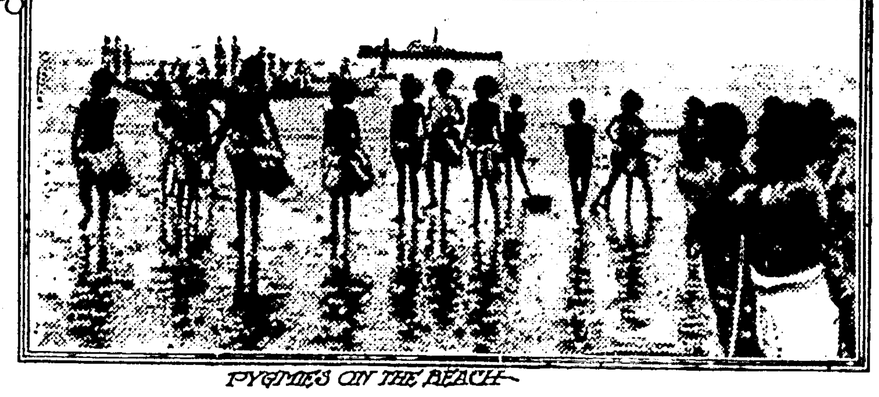
A glance at these figures shows one the importance of a plentiful supply of pure, fresh water. Water is not food, but without water food is of no use to the fowl. Animals as well as plants must have their food in solution before they can use it. When the food is digested it is taken up by the blood, which circulates through the body, nourishing and replenishing it. Next to water, protein is the food element found in the largest amount, both in the hen and in the egg. This element builds up the body and repairs the waste tissues. Protein, although the principal nutrient used for a tissue builder, can also be used to take the place of carbohydrates and fat if these are not sufficiently supplied in the ration. It is not economy, however, to have this take place, as the protein is more expensive than the carbohydrates or fat.

Carbohydrates, which are principally starches, sugars, organic acids and pentosans, are used to produce heat and energy. They are the fuel and are very necessary in the ration and form the largest part of it. Fats have, to a great extent, the same function as carbohydrates. Fats act as a storehouse for surplus supplies on which the fowl can draw when necessary. Ash or mineral matter is also needed for the bones of the fowls and for the shell of the eggs.

Weak Ones Crowded Out.

Never allow chicks of all ages to run together. The stronger and larger ones will get most of the food and will fight and crowd the weaker ones till, if they do live, they will never amount to anything.

The SHORTEST of PYGMIES


PYGMIES ON THE BEACH

PYGMYLAND, in the Malay archipelago, has been found and explored, described and pictured. It is as weird and wonderful as Gulliver's Lilliput, and is actual fact, not satirical fancy. It is hidden in the mountainous heart of New Guinea, or Papua, the largest island in the world—counting Australia as a continent. Lying south of the equator, and separated from Australia by the Arafura sea and Torres strait, New Guinea has an area of 308,000 square miles. The possession of this vast territory is divided, politically speaking, between Holland, Great Britain and Germany. Only in the British territory has any serious attempt been made at settling and administering the country.

Owing to its remote situation, its rugged mountain ranges and impenetrable forests, its deadly climate and hostile, treacherous inhabitants, New Guinea today is practically terra incognita. It offers greater opportunities for the explorer, collector and anthropologist than any other portion of the globe.

The expedition recently sent to this virgin land by the British Ornithologists' union made pioneer explorations in the land of the Tapiro pygmies, described in two narratives of sensational interest: Doctor Wollaston's "Pygmies and Papuans" (Sturgis & Walton Co., New York) and Captain Rawling's "Land of the New Guinea Pygmies" (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia).

Here is a marvelous country, with snow-clad peaks as high as Mount Blanc, rising from impenetrable tropical forests inhabited by native races who live in so primitive a state that it is literally what Doctor Wollaston calls it—the stone age today.

The pygmies encountered by Wollaston in one of their villages among the spurs of Mount Tapiro were cleanly built, active little fellows, whose average adult stature was somewhat less than four feet six inches. Their skin is a dusky yellowish brown, hair short and woolly and black. Many of the men have short, bushy black beards. With the exception of a head dress of plaited fibers and feathers and a gourd strapped around the loins, they go about unclothed. They carry bows and arrows, flint knives and stone-headed clubs, and make fire by friction of bamboo sticks, blowing the smoldering tinder into flame. The raise and smoke tobacco, mostly in the form of cigarettes; set snares for birds, wild pigs and small animals; and extract a faint, pleasing sort of music from a split bamboo instrument, something like a jew's-harp.

Doctor Wollaston found the Tapiro pygmies shy and timorous, but eager for barter, and extremely curious about the white men. Their women he never set eyes on. The village headman, a bald and white-bearded old creature horribly disfigured by disease, kept up a shrill shouting all the while the strangers were in sight; and it was probably due to his protests that the Englishmen—on this trip, at least—were not permitted to view the female of the species. It may have been that the pygmies feared the big Papuan men who accompanied the expedition from the plains would carry off their wives. It seems the supply of Papuan women is very scanty, and the men would be apt to seize any chance of abducting a Tapiro woman.

Mr. Wollaston tells of an exciting chase after two small men, who were ultimately captured and kindly treated, but who "showed no inclination to conduct strangers to their home." This with the aid of native porters was finally reached, and friendly relations set up with the Tapiro, as these newly-discovered pygmies are called, the men submitting willingly to measurements, which showed an average height of four feet nine inches. But no offers of metal knives and axes would induce them to let their women be seen, probably, Mr. Wollaston conjectures, because they feared abduction by the Papuans. He supplies interesting details about them, although vagueness attends these, "for they are so indescribably dirty that it is not easy to know which is their true color," but the type is distinctly Negrito.

The language of the Tapiro pygmies seemed to be radically different from that of the Papuans, and the Wollaston party were unable to make even the smallest vocabulary of it. Their voices are high-pitched and nasal, and full of animal-like throat sounds impossible to render phonetically in writing.

Captain Rawling and Doctor Marshall had somewhat better luck. Through a forest filled with birds of paradise and emerald green serpents, they penetrated to the pygmy village of Wambirimi, high up in the hills and spent a day and a night there, photographing and parleying with the Lilliputian natives. In the line of feminist study, however, they made no further advance than their predecessors had done. It was only among the pygmies' grownup cousins, the taller Papuans of the plains, that they secured those pictures of women and children which form so striking and convincing a complement to the published narratives.

"The more one sees of these people," writes Rawling, "the more one realizes that their lives are one long struggle for existence. Precipitous mountains with deep and gloomy gorges surround them on either hand, every foot of ground clothed with the densest forest, with perpetual rain, with no wild fruit or edible roots, and flesh in any form scarce and hard to procure. One must see the ground to appreciate the amount of labor that has been expended in clearing away the great trees and vegetation in their efforts to cultivate the less precipitous land. When it is realized that this has been accomplished solely with the aid of fire (a difficult operation in this wet climate), stone axes and two implements fashioned out of a couple of small pieces of hoop-iron fastened to bamboo handles, the magnitude of the task will be understood."

The visitors displayed large butcher knives, which elicited gasps of admiration and envy from the pygmies, and explained that these prizes were for such men as would induce a woman to show herself. Yet all to no purpose. The old men formed the obstructionist party; the young ones by themselves might have yielded to the temptation. They said the women had surreptitiously peeped at the white men from the screen of the jungle, but had been scared off by the clothes they wore!

The pygmies, it is believed, intermarry with the Parimau people of the plains, who are of larger stature, and not so Turkish or Mormon-like in their ideas about the segregation of the female sex.

The Papuan women of Parimau have no great attractions, either natural or artificial, to hide or conceal. With the exception of a few beads they wear nothing but the loin cloth, made from the bark of a tree.

"Poor wretches!" exclaims the explorer, "their days are one long round of toil, and they have little leisure to think of trinkets or decoration. Woman, the weaker creature, is relegated to a very inferior position, and is in fact the slave, body and soul, of her lord and master, becoming his property to deal with as he pleases. Marriages, except on special occasions, are not considered of much importance, and are not celebrated by feasts or jollification. Nor is any attention paid to the birth of a child.

"If dress can be looked upon as a source of pleasure, widows in Paupua are to be envied, inasmuch as they are required to adopt outward and visible signs of their bereavement. A widow of standing will decorate herself with a short and scanty bodice of woven grass, which leaves the stomach bare, while from the hips will hang a still more ragged form of skirt. Surmounting all is a peculiarly shaped poke bonnet, made of the same material, which, unless the lady wishes to be seen, completely hides her face. Young widows are not so careful to conceal their charms, and are usually satisfied with the scantiest of skirts in the form of bunches of grass hanging in front and behind, and if they fancy it, with more tufts hanging from the biceps."

Probably nowhere else in the world are the birth and death rates so high as in New Guinea.

The suggestion here occurs, that the gift of $100,000,000 for a world health campaign—which benefaction Ambassador Page announced the other day in London as having been projected by a number of wealthy Americans—may find scope in New Guinea.

"The income of this fund," according to published announcement, "which will amount to about $5,000,000 a year, will be applied to the study and cure of diseases among native races in all parts of the world."

Oil Bearing Tree Found.

Scientific investigation is being made of a newly-discovered oil-bearing seed found abundantly on the Island of Catanduanes, in the Philippines. It grows on a large tree and comes from a brown pear-shaped fruit that opens not unlike a cotton boll when ripe and emits the seeds. The seeds are rough of surface and of a dark brownish color, about the size of a large dried prune and slightly kidney-shaped. The tree has not yet been fully identified, but it is thought to belong to the genus Amoora or Dysoxylum. Tradition shows that before the advent of petroleum the inhabitants of Catanduanes used the oil from this seed as a luminant.

Important Figure.

"Since my boy entered public life I no longer feel like sending him on an errand to the grocery store."

"In public life, you say?"

"Yes. He's a boy scout now."

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

Tokyo is to have a Japanese-American bank.

ECZEMA BLOTCHES ON FACE

Newport, Ore.—"I was troubled with pimples all my life. They were the kind that came under the skin in big red blotches. I was kept awake night after night with the itching and burning. My face was pitted. Eczema also affected different parts of my body and I would scratch till the skin was all raw and sore.

"No external treatment did me any good till I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The Ointment relieved the itching the moment it was applied. I used the Soap and Ointment steadily for three months and they healed me." (Signed) Mrs. B. A. Tozer, June 5, '14.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Better one boil on the stove than two on the neck.

What a Cold Can Do

Many a fatal case of kidney disease starts from a simple cold or chill. Congestion clogs and weakens the kidneys. Uric poisons collect, damage the kidneys and cause backache, rheumatic pain, headaches and urinary disorders.

When doctoring a cold, think of the kidneys. Drink water freely to help flush out the poison. Take Doan's Kidney Pills to relieve congestion of the kidneys, give up a heavy meat diet and take plenty of rest. Nature will assist in the cure. Doan's Kidney Pills are used with success and are publicly recommended all over the civilized world.

A Colorado Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

John T. Scantling, 340 Johnson St., Trinidad, Colo., says: "I was sick abed for three months with rheumatic pains, so helpless I had to be fed. When I got up I walked with crutches and after that I was in pain almost constantly. My back was in awful shape and nothing in the way of doctors' medicine helped me. When I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills I tried them and they not only rid me of the pain, but took away the terrible kidney weakness. I have been in good health since."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Foods and Drugs Act June 30th 1906 Serial Number 1542

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Naturally the reformer isn't a success unless he makes good.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

And too much learning is also a dangerous thing.

HOWARD E. BURTON ASSAYER AND CHEMIST

Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, $1; Gold Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, $1. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Silver "blossom" Stick Pins (pure silver), price $1.50. Leadville, Colo. Ref. Carbonate Nat. Bank.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., DENVER, NO. 42-1914.

YOUR BLOOD is the canal of life but it becomes a sewer if clogged up. All life consists of building up and tearing down and just in the same manner that the blood carries to the various parts of the body the food that the cells need for building up, so it is compelled to carry away the waste material that's torn down. These waste materials are poisonous and destroy us unless the liver and kidneys are stimulated into refreshed and vigorous life.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery is the balancing power—a vitalizing power. It acts on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition—on the purifying filters which clean the blood. Thus fresh vitalized blood feeds the nerves, heart—and brain. This well known alterative relieves catarrh of the stomach and headaches accompanying same, and has been successful for more than a generation as a tonic and body-builder. It builds up the rundown system. You need it—if you are always "catching cold"—or have catarrh of the nose and throat. The active medicinal principles of American-Native-roots are extracted without alcohol and you can obtain this tonic in liquid or tablet form at any drug store or send 50 cents in 1-cent stamps for trial box of tablets.

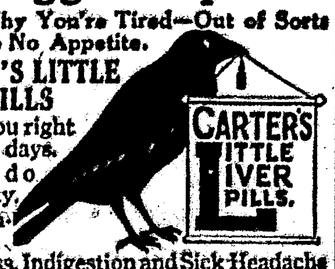
A SEWER

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing and wrapping for free copy of The Common Sense Medical Adviser, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, cloth bound, 1000 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills $1.00. 50-dose pkge. Blackleg Pills 4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

BROOM CORN

HAVE YOU ANY?

WRITE US.

Coyne Brothers

118 W. SOUTH WATER STR., CHICAGO

Pettit's Eye Salve GRANULATED ITCHING LIDS

CARRIZOZO NOTES

Ed. Comrey of Ancho, was a business visitor here Wednesday.

FOR SALE:—One good gentle milk cow. Enquire Outlook.

Home made sausage thats good —Patty & Adams.

Bring your Hides and Pelts to the Carrizozo Trading Co.

For auto robes, horse blankets, etc., see Kelley & Sons.

Order your turkeys now for Thanksgiving—Patty & Adams.

John and Willie Gallacher were in Saturday after a big load of supplies for the sheep camp.

Fresh cat fish every Friday, oysters in bulk--Patty & Adams Phone 46.

Pratts best flour is sold only by the Carrizozo Trading Co.—Every sack guaranteed.

Telco can goods are the very best. Try some of these the next time you buy groceries.Ziegler Bros

William T. Sterling of near Oscuro was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Sauer Kraut in bulk two pounds for 15 cents—Cash Meat Market. Phone 46.

Emil Greisen of near Nogal was in town Tuesday on land matters before Commissioner Osborn.

S. W. Hale. track supervisor of the Capitan Branch of the Southwestern was in town Monday, transacting business.

A car of fine Greely potatoes just received, positively the best potatoes on the market; Ziegler Bros.

LOST:—Between Oscuro and Carrizozo Monday morning, small brown grip Finder leave at Carrizozo Eating house and get reward.

FOR SALE:—New 2 h. p Gasoline Engine and Pump Jack —Vincent Real.

Paul Mayer of White Oaks, was a county seat visitor Tuesday, as was also Robert Leslie, Sr. of near Rabenton

Ziegler Bros will pay you the highest market price for Hides, Pelts or Goat Skins

Lloyd Hulbert made a business trip to Lincoln the fore part of the week, doing some automobile repair work while there

FOR SALE:- Work Team, age five and six One set heavy work Harness.—C. D. Mayer, White Oaks.

Joe Spence of El Paso, formerly engaged in the sheep business in Lincoln county, and a brother of the Spence boys of this place, was in town Tuesday on business.

Try a pair of our new Florsheim Shoes we have just received. Positively the easiest and most comfortable shoes in the city.—Ziegler Bros., sole agents.

Leaders in the Dry Goods and ladies' Ready to-wear lines. See the new models in Dresses received this week at the Carrizozo Trading Co.

I am now prepared to come to Carrizozo and do all kinds of Painting, Paper Hanging, Decorating. Tinting. Sign Painting and Auto Painting Leave orders at Outlook office —C. E Wheeler 9 25 4

Wm. Barnett, who has the ore hauling contract at the Yellow Jacket mine came in Monday, to purchase supplies for his camp. He states that the new road along the right-of-way east of town, is being put in fine condition, and is good for thirty miles an hour, all the way to Duran, as the natural road is good between those points.

Henry Lutz of Lincoln, spent Friday in Carrizozo on business. Mr. Lutz has about recovered from his recent attack of typhoid fever, but is still a bit weak.

Miss Rebecca Livingston, who has been teaching at Corona, has resigned and has been succeded by Sallie Ackerman of Lamy

Frank W. Gurney, is taking a two weeks vacation, which he is spending in Dallas, Texas, visiting friends and relatives of his wife's.

County Superintendent of schools Mrs. W. L. Gumm, is this week making a trip throughout the eastern part of the county, visiting the various schools,

Mrs. Grace De Nisson. will have charge of the San Patricio school this winter, the term beginning next Monday.

The Oscuro schools are planning to install a new piano, in time to have it in readiness for the County Teacher's Association during the holidays.

A work train has been put on between Carrizozo and Duran, to do some maintenance work for the track department, and will probably be kept on for some time.

BAPTIST CHURCH

REV R. L. DAY, Pastor

Preaching at 11.00 a. m., and 7.30 p. m., Sunday. You are invited to these services, with the emphasis on the morning hour.

METHODIST CHURCH

REV. E. D. LEWIS, Pastor

As pastor of the Methodist Church I desire to make a few general remarks. I was very much gratified at the increased attendance at both the morning and evening services last Sunday We have several vacant seats left and hope that others will come to our next service, Nov. 22d, and claim some of them

We are pleased to state that the two new organizations, the Junior Church and the Senior Epworth League, have begun with a zeal and interest that promises for them a very successful year's work. The Junior Church is for the boys and girls under sixteen years of age. The work done by this society is the same as the Senior Church, with a few modifications suitable to the needs of child life. The purpose of the organization is to train the children in the regular work of the church so that when they enter upon the duties of the Senior Church they will not be strangers to them. Already about fifty boys and girls have joined this society. and an invitation is given to all others who are not already members of a similar organization to come and join this Junior Church.

The Senior League begins auspiciously and under the leadership of Mr. R T Cribb promises to be a great force in the religious and social life of the Church and community. We want the young men of the town to come and see what it is and what it proposes to do, and we are sure they will want to cast their lot in with the League.

Our Sunday school and prayer meetings are showing signs of power and growth. Our aim is to organize the entire Church into a working force for the salvation of the lost, and the social, moral and spiritual uplift of the town and community. Let every member enlist and be at his and her post! If you are absent your place will be vacant and the whole line will be weakened. The call is to arms! Will you enlist?

Your Thanksgiving Suit

will be a "Bird" if you get a "Kuppenheimer." "Kuppenheimer" Suit are made to fit and guaranteed to give you better wear than any other brand on the market.

Our showing of clothes for men and young men isn't out classed anywhere. We are showing such styles and fabrics that are new this season. Priced at from $12.00 to $30.00.

Walkover Shoes For Men

Our show windows display everything that's correct in fall foot wear, in Tans, Gun Metals and Patents. Our prices are below the others and Walkover service will exceed that of other brands. Priced at from $3.50 to $5.00

Wilson Bros. Shirts and Hosiery, Cooper's Ribbed Underwear and Monarch Sweaters, Sweet Orr Flannel Shirts, Head Light Overalls and work clothes. Every garment carries the union label.

Watch our windows for the newest styles

CARRIZOZO TRADING CO

O. W. BAMBERGER, Manager

'Quality First, Then Price."

We handle Hay, Corn, Chops, Bran, Chicken feed and guarante lower prices—The Carrizozo Trading Co.

We have a par y who is in the market for a bunch of hogs, and also ano her who wants to buy 3 or 4 good milk cows. DENNY & OSBORN.

Frank Richard has purchased the two corner lots just west of his present residence, and expects to put up a good residence there a little later on.

Uncle Tom Henley and wife are staying at the Brannum home, while Mr. and Mrs. Brannum are spending a few days in El Paso, on a shopping trip

We are advised that up to yesterday, there has been about seventy-five carloads of lambs shipped from Corona to Eastern points. Our busy little neighbor city, is fast becoming a shipping center.

Albert H. Harvey and J. R. Denny left Monday for a weeks trip in the mountains, and are expecting to return with an auto load of game.

A N. Brown, traffic manager of the Southwestern system & brother of L Brown, our popular railroad agent, passed through Monday on the Golden State Limited, from a trip in the East.

FOR SALE:—Two second-hand automobiles, both in first-class mechanical condition, having been recently overhauled, both have good tires. See DENNY & OSBORN.

The many friends of John H. McCutcheon in Lincoln County, will be pleased to learn that the operation which was performed upon him at Hotel Dieu in El Paso, on Saturday, Oct. 24th. was successfull, and that he is rapidly recovering.

Orr K. Ingram of Roswell, accompanied by Genl. Benj. F. Adams of Corona. was in town the first of the week, for several days, on business.

The El Paso-Carrizozo local, which now runs with only one crew has been bid in by Conductor B. G. Haire, with brakemen Whittingham and Armstrong.

GOT ANY PROPERTY TO TRADE? Come in and list it with us, we can handle it for you. Denny & Osborn.

THERE ARE ALWAYS

NEW RULINGS AND DECISIONS

OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

For the latest information as to Homestead and Desert land laws see

DENNY & OSBORN

CARRIZOZO, : : NEW MEXICO