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DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,
AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

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CHAPTER VI.

WILIGHT still hovered over the broad expanse of prairie when Lieut. Perry saw his little party, after a brisk canter down the valley, reached the

barbed inclosure of Dunraven, and the young commander led unhesitatingly to the gateway on the northern side. A sergeant of his troop and two private soldiers were his escort at the moment; a third man, by direction of Col. Brainard, had been sent at the gallop in pursuit of the distant speck which the orderly had pronounced to be by Quinn, and the inclosure to the effect that the post surgeon should ride by the most direct route and join Lieut. Perry at the north gate of the ranch.

In the few minutes which elapsed between the announcement of the doctor's departure on his solitary and unexpected ride and the arrival of the little mounted escort, Perry had time to tell the colonel something of the situation down the Monee and to make a rough sketch of the inclosure and the distant buildings. The direction taken by the doctor, up to the moment when the black speck disappeared from view in the waning light, would be very apt to lead him, if he rode far enough, to some point on the wire fence which spanned the western limit of Dunraven; but that point would be at least five or six miles south of the valley. There certainly was no gateway north of the inclosure, and the Monee was visible on the prairie; but the more Mr. Perry thought of the matter as he rode away the more was he satisfied that somewhere far down that western line there was an entrance where Dr. Quinn, at least, had the "open sesame."

Perry's orders were, in case nothing was seen or heard of Sergt. Gwynne while on the way thither, to enter the inclosure and make inquiries at the ranch itself. Meantime, the Cheyenne scouts had been hastily summoned from their lodges along the Monee just above the post and sent scurrying forth upon the prairie to trail the horse's footprints and so work back as far as possible before darkness interposed. Capt. Stryker, too, and a dozen of his best men, had mounted and ridden forth in long, scattered lines across the eastern plain; and these parties were all five miles out from the post before nightfall fairly hid them from view.

One thing the sergeant had to tell Mr. Perry which confirmed him in the belief that the sooner they got to Dunraven the quicker they would be at the scene of their comrade's mishap, whatever that might prove to be. He had had no time himself to visit the stables and examine the wounds on the horse's flank, but as they rode away from Rossett he turned in the saddle and called the non-commissioned officer to his side.

"What sort of wound is it, sergeant, that made the horse bleed so—bullet or knife?"

"It doesn't look like either, sir. There are several of them, jagged scratches in the shoulder and along the flank, like thorns or nails."

"Or barbed wire?" suggested the lieutenant suddenly.

"Yes, sir, like as not; though we hadn't thought of that, not knowing of any fences hereabouts."

"You'll see fence enough presently. That's where we'll find Sergt. Gwynne, too. Let your horses out a little. I want to get there before dark, if possible."

"The gate is locked and the fence impassable, sergeant," said Mr. Perry. "We cannot get our horses through or over unless we hack down a post or two. You can't cut such wire as this with any tool we've got. I'll leave Nolan here with you and go on to the ranch on foot. If the doctor comes, he can follow me. If I do not come or send back in half an hour from this you three come after me for 'The Doctor's Foot.'"

With that, slowly and carefully, and not without a muttered malediction on the stinging tarbs, Mr. Perry wriggled through between the middle wires and finally stood within the inclosure, readjusting his waist belt and holster. Then he took his revolver from its leather case, carefully tried the hammer and cylinder, saw that each chamber was loaded, and turned once more to the sergeant.

"Your pistols all right?"

"All right, sir; fresh loaded when we started."

"I don't know that they'll be necessary at all, sergeant; but this is a queer place, from what I've heard and the little I've seen. Keep your eyes and ears open. Capt. Stryker and some of the men may come down into the valley if they find no trace of Gwynne up on the prairie. Watch for the doctor, too."

Then, through the deepening twilight he strode, following the trail that led southward up the slopes. Five minutes' brisk walk along the springy turf brought him to the crest and in view of the lights at the ranch buildings, still some six or seven hundred yards away. All through the eastern sky the stars were peeping forth, and even through the gleam of the twilight in the west two brilliant planets shone like molten gold.

All was silence and peace on every hand, and, for those guiding, glimmering lights at the south, all would have told of desolation. Behind him in the valley dwelt his faithful men. Far beyond the Monee, out on the northern prairie, he knew that comrades were scouring the face of the earth in search of their missing brother. Up the stream, somewhere behind them, the Cheyennes were patiently trailing the hoof tracks as long as light should last; he knew that search must be at an end by this time, and that some of their number, at least, would be riding down to join his men. Whoever found the sergeant was to fire three shots in air; the signal could be heard a long way in that intense stillness, and that signal was to recall the searching parties.

Every step brought him deeper into the darkness of the night, yet nearer and nearer those twinkling lights ahead.

Already he could distinguish those in the main building, the homestead, from those more distant still, in the store rooms and office. Far over among the stables and corrals he heard the deep baying of hounds, and he wondered if it was to be his luck to encounter any enterprising watch dogs. An English bull terrier would be a lively entertainer, thought he, with instinctive motion toward the flap of his holster; and it would be a wonder if a ranch that surrounded itself with fifty miles of barbed wire fencing was not further equipped by a pack of watch dogs of the most approved and belligerent breed.

Once having passed the distant barrier of that gate on the Monee, however, his way was unimpeded, and, to all appearance, utterly unmarked, he had arrived within fifty yards of the foremost building, the homestead, before he was brought to a halt. Then he stopped short, surprised, half incredulous, and all attention, listening to the "concord of sweet sounds" that came floating from the open casement somewhere along the east front of the big, gloomy house.

"One part of the story verified, by Jove! It's a piano—and well played, too."

Full a minute he stood there listening. Perry was a dancer, whose nimble feet moved blithely to any measured, rhythmic strains, and a soldier whose soul was stirred by martial music, but with Chopin and Mendelssohn, Bach and Rubenstein he had but slight acquaintance. That any one should be playing a piano here on the borders of the Llano Estacado was in itself sufficient cause for wonderment, that the invisible performer was playing—and playing with exquisite taste and feeling—one of the loveliest of the "Lieder ohne Worte," the "Spring Song," was a fact that conveyed no added astonishment to his soul, he never knew it until one sweet night long after.

However, matters more pressing than music demanded Mr. Perry's attention just here. He had reached Dunraven, after all. Neither dog nor man had challenged. Once within those barbed and frowning barriers, all the encircling objects spoke of security and rest. Far away towards the corrals he heard the sound of voices in jolly conversation, a rich, melodious laugh rang out on the cool evening air; he heard some one shouting genial good night to somebody else, and then the slam of a distant door. Presently a light popped out from a window in what he believed to be a storehouse, and all was still again. Even the piano had ceased. Now was his time, thought Perry, and so, boldly mounting the steps, he stood upon the dark portico and strode to the black shadow in the wall before him where he knew the main doorway must be. It was his intention to knock or ring up stairs dim lights were shining through

the open windows, but on this front of the ground floor all was darkness. His gauntleted hand felt all the face of the door in search of a knob or knocker, but nothing of the kind was there; neither was there such a thing on either door post. Just as he decided to hammer with his clinched fist the piano began again.

He waited for a pause, but none came. This time the music was vehement and spirited, and no banging of his on oak door would be audible against such rivalry. Uncertain what to do, he concluded to reconnoiter the eastern front. A few steps brought him to the corner, and there lay the veranda before him, bathed at its farther end in a flood of light that streamed from one opened casement window, and through this opened aperture poured the grand tones of the melody. "That fellow can rattle more music out of a piano than any man I ever heard," muttered Mr. Perry to himself, as he strode down the wooden gallery. "Wonder if it's that boss cow puncher I met this morning." Another moment and he stood at the open window, rooted to the spot, and with his frank blue eyes fairly starting from their sockets in amazement at the sight that met them, all unprepared.

Across a spacious room, hung with rich curtains, carpeted with costly rugs of Oriental make, furnished with manly, cozy chair and couch, a table covered with dainty bric-a-brac, and shelves with beautiful books, lighted by several large and beautiful astral lamps, some with colored shades of crimson and gold and delicate tint of blue, there stood close to the opposite wall a large piano of the class known as the "grand," rare enough among the railway towns west of the Mississippi states, but utterly unlooked for here, a week's long march from the nearest of the Texan railways. That in itself was sufficient cause for much surprise, notwithstanding the measure of preparation he had had in Mrs. Lawrence's remarks.

The sight that well nigh took his breath away was something far more than the interior of a luxurious and beautifully appointed room. Nothing had been said or hinted prepared him in the faintest degree for the apparition facing him, seated at the piano, a performer utterly unlike the "cow puncher" whom he had met in the morning. The "fellow" now bending over the key board was a young, exquisitely fair and graceful woman. Even as he stood there in the full glare of the parlor lights, she lifted up a pair of soft, shaded, lustrous eyes and saw him.

The music stopped with sudden shock. Tannhauser was undone. The firm white, shapely hands fell nerveless in her lap, a pallor as of faintness shot over the well eyed face, only to be instantly succeeded by a flush that surged up to her very brows. Startled, she might have been for an instant, only to be not a bit of it. One instant only of hesitation, then she rose and swept gallantly forward to meet him.

Instinctively Perry's hand went up to the hilt of his sword and he drew the bright, curling of hair. Speechless with amazement, he could only bow before her and wait her question; but it was a moment before she could speak. Brave as she was, the sudden apparition of a stranger staring in upon her solitude from an open casement was a shock that served to paralyze the vocal cords. He could see that she was making gallant effort to control the tremor that had seized upon her and to inquire the purpose of his coming. He could see, too, that the sight of the uniform had reassured her, and that there was neither indignation nor displeasure in her countenance. Reserve, of course, he expected.

"Did you wish to see any one?" was finally the form her question took; and Perry had time to comment to himself, "English, by Jove!" before he answered

"I did, but let me first ask your pardon for this intrusion. I had no idea there was a woman at Dunraven. My knocking at the front brought no answer, and hearing the piano, I followed the veranda. Believe me, I am surprised as you could possibly have been."

Perry's voice was something greatly in his favor. It was modulated and gentle when in conversation, and with even a caressing tone about it when he spoke to women. Evidently the sound was not unwelcome to this one. She stood erect, her fingers interlaced as she clasped her hands in front of her and looked him well over with her brave eyes. The color ebbed and flowed through the creamy whiteness of her face, but the roses were whining every moment—the red roses of the house of Lancaster.

"And—you wished to see—whom?" she presently asked, with courtesy in every word.

"Why, I hardly know," answered Perry, with a smile that showed his white teeth gleaming through the curling blond tresses. "A sergeant of my troop has been missing since morning. His horse came back to the fort just as we were on parade at sunset, bleeding and without his rider. We have searching parties out all over the prairie, and I was ordered to come here to the ranch to make inquiries."

She hesitated a moment—thinking. "My father is at home, but I fear he is not well enough to see you. Mr. Will is with him, and he might know. When would you step in one moment, and I will go and ask?"

"Thank you very much. I wish you would not trouble yourself. I presume I can go over to the stable building, or wherever it is the men sleep, they would be most apt to know if my sergeant has been seen."

"Oh, no! It is no trouble, besides, they are all asleep over there by this time, I fancy. They have to be out so very early, don't you know?"

"But Perry had stepped inside even as he offered to go elsewhere—a fact that the girl had not been slow to notice, for a quizzical little shadow of a smile hovered for an instant at the corners of her pretty mouth. "Pray sit down," she said, as she vanished into an adjoining room, leaving Ned Perry standing gazing after her, spell bound.

His attention to the sight of her trailing skirts through the dimly lighted room, told them to come in half an hour if they

beyond, through an invisible hallway, and then to the quick pit-a-pat of her feet up some uncarpeted stairway. He heard her moving quickly, lightly, along the corridor of the upper story until the footfalls were lost at the rear of the house, then a distant tap upon a doorway, and a soft voice, barely audible, calling, "Papa." He heard her speak again, as though in response to inquiry from within; he heard her raise her voice, as though to repeat an answer to a previous question, and this time her words were distinct. "An officer from the fort," she announced; and then followed cessation.

He heard a door quickly opened; he heard men's voices in low, eager, excited talk; he heard her sweet tones once more, as though in exclamation, saying something about the urgency, lost or wounded, and they were merely inquiring for him; he heard a stern, harsh injunction of "Silence! that will do!" some boots, hurrying footsteps, a man's spurred boots descending some staircase at the back of the house, a colloquy in fainter tones, and then—closing doors and silence.

He waited five—ten minutes, and still no one came; but the murmur of voices in subdued but earnest controversy was again audible on the second floor, and into the lower front room, and he heard the same stern tones that had commanded her silence before, and this time they said:

"That is entirely my affair! I will see the gentleman myself, and let him know my opinion of this impudent and—burglarious intrusion."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Perry to himself at sound of these menacing words. "This is bearding the lion in his den with a vengeance! Now trot out your Douglas in his hall, and let's see what it all means. I've seen the girl, anyhow, and he can't take that back, even if he turns me out."

He heard a heavy step, accented by the sharp, energetic prodding of a cane, it came slowly along the hall, slowly and majestically down the stairs, slowly to the lower front room, and presently, into the broad glare from the darkness into the broad glare of the astrals at the hanging portiers the figure of a tall, gray haired, spectacled, stately built and fragile looking Englishman, erect as a pride and high spirit erect as a man against the ravages of age and rheumatism, sharp, stern and imperious of mood, as every glance and every feature plainly told, veneration and passionate, unless twitching lips and frowning brows and angry, snapping eyes belied him, a man who had suffered much, unless the deep lines and shadows under eyes and mouth meant nothing but advancing years, a man who entered

full of wrath and resentment at this invasion of his privacy—this forcing of his guarded lines, and this gentleman, unless Ned Perry's instincts were all of little worth.

The young soldier had been standing by a center table, coolly scanning the pictures on the walls, and determining to present a rather exaggerated picture of nonchalance as reward for the hostile language of the proprietor of Dunraven. He expected to hear an outburst of invective when that gentleman reached the room, but no sooner had he passed the portiers than he halted short, and Mr. Perry, turning suddenly, was amazed at the pale, startled, yet yearning look in his quivering face.

The moment the young man confronted him there came as sudden a change. It was with evident effort that he controlled himself and then, after a brief searching study and then after a brief, cold, and with sarcastic emphasis, "To what circumstance do I owe the honor of this intrusion?"

"I regret you so consider it, Mr. Maitland, as I believe you to be"—the old gentleman bowed with stately dignity "One of our men, a sergeant, rode down this way quite early this morning and failed to return. His horse came back bleeding at sunset, and we feared some accident or trouble. Searching parties are out all over the prairie, and the colonel orders me to inquire here."

"Does your colonel take us for banditti here, and ascribe your deserts and accidents to our machinations?"

"Far from it, sir, but rather as a hospitable refuge to which the injured man had been conveyed," answered Perry, with a quiet smile, determined to thaw the hauteur of Dunraven's lord if courtesy of manner could effect it.

"He is utterly mistaken, then," answered the Englishman, "and I resent after the explicit understanding we had the last year. As a soldier I presume you had to obey your orders, but I beg you to tell your colonel that his order was an affront to me personally, in view of what has passed between us."

"Nothing has passed between you, Mr. Maitland," answered Perry, a little tartly now. "We have reached Fort Rossett only within the last fortnight, and know nothing whatever of your understandings with previous commanders. Permit me to ask you one question and I will retire. Have you heard anything of our sergeant?"

"Nothing, sir. I would hardly be expected to hear, for my people here are to be kept strictly to our limits, and all we ask of our neighbors is that they keep to theirs. I presume you have destroyed my fences, sir, in order to effect an entrance."

"Upon my word, Mr. Maitland, you make me rather regret that I did not; but I had the decency to respect what I had happened to hear of your wishes, and so left my horse and my men outside and footed it a good half mile into the dark."

"Ah! that sounds very like it!" replied Mr. Maitland, with writhing lips, for at this moment there came the dull thunder of rapidly advancing hoof beats, and before either man could speak again three troopers with a led horse—all four steeds panting from their half mile race—reined up in front of the hall, and the full glare of the lights, and the sergeant's voice was heard eagerly halting his lieutenant.

"My luck again!" groaned Perry. "I told them to come in half an hour if they

didn't hear from me, and of course they came."

Here are two kinds of "proposing." This one is the kind you read about, but the other is the one most popular in the realm of fact: "My angel, I have long waited for this opportunity. You must have detected ere now the growth of my love for you. From the day I first met you, that love took root, and to-night it is strong and sturdy, unwavering, undying. Your sweet smiles have lighted up my life, your every word has been to me a note of exquisite music, thrilling, entrancing me. You have filled a place in my heart, in my affections, that no one has ever before occupied. My lifelong happiness depends solely upon the promise to love, caress, cherish, idolize through time and eternity, and make me of all men most envied. But if you refuse—Oh, I cannot! I cannot! The thought is madness. You will be my wife? I see the answer of your heart mirrored in your lustrous eyes; you know I love you no other man ever has loved you or ever can love you, darling. I know you will not thrust me off."

The angel assumes a stereotyped reality—this is so sudden expression, and assures Mr. Wordie she would derive great pleasure from being his sister.

Here is the other way: "Maude, I've been thinking seriously lately. 'Really, Fred, you ought to be more judicious than to do anything so rash as that.' 'I know it is a heavy tax on my mental capacity, but then I was always reckless that way. This time, however, I think I have been thinking to some purpose. In fact, I've been thinking you wouldn't object to having your name changed.'"

"When?"

"Just as soon as possible."

"Church, of course; we want to do this thing in style."

"Have you asked pa?"

"Certainly not. I don't want to marry your father."

"Well, I know; but for form's sake."

"All right, dear; for form's sake. I will see pa, and maybe you had better prepare ma for the ordeal."

"Oh, she won't mind it," thought the young man, as he saw the girl's face, so broken by the sighing of the tree tops, swayed by a gentle breeze. Gleefully the stars twinkle, the moon looks beamingly down from heaven to earth, and discovers on a vine covered piazza two forms with but a single chair.—Kansas City Journal.

Uses of Shorthand.

Says a writer in The Pall Mall Gazette: "For a long time correspondence has almost entirely ceased to which shorthand was applied in the mercantile office. But solicitors particularly have realized that the same saving of time which phonography enables them to effect with regard to their correspondence may be effected with regard to their work in general. Accordingly, in many legal offices it is already the practice to dictate entries, drafts of deeds, affidavits, causes to county clerks, and the multitude of other documents that lawyers are called upon to prepare, and have them copied from shorthand instead of from rough drafts scribbled in a longhand which, from the habit of always writing against time, rapidly degenerates into a wretched scrawl."

"Barristers dictate their opinions, insurance officials dictate the written reports of police, surveyors dictate their reports and specifications, builders and engineers dictate their detailed estimates, and the general tendency is to rely more and more upon dictation to a shorthand writer as a means of drafting papers. Experience has satisfied mercantile men that they can trust shorthand in this way. They have found that even though the shorthand writer may have left them, if they insist that his successor shall write the same system, there will be no difficulty in getting the notes accurately read and transcribed. This is why so many employers make a point of requiring that all their shorthand clerks shall write phonography. All kinds of memoranda, instructions to assistants, notes of orders received, appointments, and all sorts of all things to be done, may be as well made in shorthand as in longhand. Correspondence from branch offices to the central office may take place in shorthand."

"The manager of one insurance office in London—himself a phonographer—has made it known that the company's agents may communicate with him in phonography, and many of them have eagerly availed themselves of the privilege, greatly to their own advantage in point of time. All 'inter-office' work—all correspondence between persons in the service of one employer or firm, all instructions or directions which superiors have to make in writing to subordinates—may be made in phonography instead of in longhand."

To Satisfy Insurance Companies.

Have you heard the story of the rubber hose caught in the chimney? It was used in case of fire. One day they took it down in order to sprinkle the lawn, but as soon as the water was turned on it burst in half a dozen places. The chimney directors were raging. They took the hose back to the rubber store and demanded an explanation. The proprietor of the store said that he had sold it in good faith, supposing it to be a good article. In order to satisfy himself he wrote on to the manufacturer, who replied that the hose was simply an ornamental article, made to hang up in facades of police stations, and that it was not to be looked at, not used. Here is a which they had started. As they reached at their hotel utterly exhausted the clock struck 5. They had been walking and climbing for the best part of thirteen hours.—Thomas Stanley in Philadelphia Times.

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER DESCRIBES A DAY AMONG THE GLACIERS.

Beautiful Fields of Snow and White Cap-ped Peaks Where Death Waits on a Single Mistake—Rescued from an Exceedingly Dangerous Position.

Tom Kenyon never felt so unwilling to get up as he did one morning early in September, 18—

He and Frank Marshall had settled to make the ascent of the Fisch Horn; they had arranged it with the guide, Jules Lessore; and they had ordered the boots of the hotel to call them at 3 o'clock in the morning.

By 4 o'clock they started. There was a slight rain falling, but Jules declared that it would clear. On leaving the hotel they turned to the left, and for a mile or two they kept to the level road, and followed by Kenyon and Marshall, began to mount a steep, narrow path. It was gradually growing light.

They turned a shoulder of the rocks which they were clambering, and they saw through the rising mist the dim outline of the huge Rinderhorn; the wild scene had become extremely desolate. The Hotel des Voyageurs, perched high up on the farther side of the valley, was the only sign of life or habitation. Now and again a patch of snow told them that they were leaving the snow line beneath them. After a time they reached the foot of a precipitous mass of rocks, the jagged, cruel looking rocks towered up pitilessly above them.

Lessore stopped his regular, machino like stride. He quickly roped Kenyon, then Marshall, and then himself, leaving about fifteen feet of rope between each of them.

The snow field stretched on for rather more than a mile, and at last they came to the foot of the highest peak of the mountain. It rose up fiercely into the sky. The rocks forming this peak were partially covered with snow, and they looked terribly grim and forbidding. But now that the goal was in view they pressed on eagerly. It was a severe scramble. The snow had made the rocks slippery, and it was necessary in places to clamber like cats, but eventually they reached the top and sat down upon the sharp, jagged point. Every side of them the rocks showed down precipitously for thousands of feet. The sun had become overcast, clouds were gathering, it was bitterly cold and soon it began to snow.

There was a sudden and awful roar, like the sound of thunder, then a deep, terrifying vibration. "What on earth is that?" cried Kenyon.

"I suspect it is an avalanche on the Rinderhorn," said the guide.

There was a dead silence; then another terrific roar, announcing that the avalanche was going further on its way down the mountain. After a short rest on the top of the peak they began to descend in reverse order. They found the way down more easily. They had the snow on the summit had thoroughly broken them up. They reached the snow field again without much difficulty. They had got half way across the snow and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be over it, when suddenly, without warning, Jules and Kenyon fell a sharp jerk on the rope. Marshall had sunk into the snow; only his head and arms were visible.

"Hullo!" cried Jules, "what is the matter now?"

"Quick! quick!" Marshall cried; "pull me up or I shall be through. My feet and legs are dangling in the air and I can feel I am rapidly sinking."

Jules pulled hard upon the rope and went closer to Marshall, Kenyon followed on behind to give play to the rope; he and the guide drew nearer to the dangerous spot.

Will the snow hold? Kenyon thought, the snow giving way beneath him. Marshall grew pale; his nerve began to fail him as he thought of his dear ones in England; he had promised his wife that he would attempt nothing hazardous and this promise came suddenly into his mind. The danger was imminent life and death were struggling in the balance to Kenyon's surprise Jules stood still—but only for an instant—then with a mighty effort he pulled at the rope and drew Marshall on to firmer footholds; but the greatest danger was to come, for Kenyon had still to pass.

He made a cautious step, aided by Jules' directions; he saw a yawning black hole where Marshall had sunk into what had seemed substantial snow. Could he cross it? It seemed almost impossible, for the snow appeared to be giving way rapidly. The footing of Marshall and Jules was anything but secure, and if the snow gave way altogether before Kenyon was past the hole, they must all go down together.

At this instant he felt the snow give under his feet. He seemed to be falling as he sprang and plunged forward—he turned giddy—something was dragging him down; but it was Jules who pulled vigorously at the rope and landed him on the firm snow just as the soft mass gave foot on to the rocks below.

Kenyon was dazed for a minute or two, but then he joined his companions as they stood on the edge of the abyss disclosed by the mass that had fallen; they looked down breathless and awestruck. If Jules had been one second later in pulling the rope they would all have been dashed to death on the sharp, jagged rocks below.

They walked safely over the rest of the snow field. There was some dangerous scrambling down the rocks and over loose stones, but at last they reached the region of turf and trotted down the steep mountain slopes with the aid of their Alpine stocks. They came in sight of the valley leading to the village from which they had started. As they reached at their hotel utterly exhausted the clock struck 5. They had been walking and climbing for the best part of thirteen hours.—Thomas Stanley in Philadelphia Times.

JAMES KIBBEE, Ed. and Pub.
INDEPENDENT IN NAME and IN FACT.
 Published at Lincoln, Lincoln County, New Mexico, every Friday.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
 SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING RATES.
 ONE YEAR.....\$3.00
 SIX MONTHS.....\$2.00
 Advertising rates made known by addressing James Kibbee, Lincoln, New Mexico. Subscribers failing to receive their paper on time will confer a favor by promptly notifying this office.
 RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.
 FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1890.

LATEST NEWS AND NOTES.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—E. A. Fiske was confirmed yesterday as United States district attorney for New Mexico. Also Winfield S. Coburn, register of the land office at Roswell, N. M.
 CHICAGO, March 22.—Major General George Crook, in command of the division of the Missouri, died at the Grand Pacific Hotel at 7:15 yesterday morning of heart failure. There had not been the slightest warning that the general was not perfectly well. He was at army headquarters all the day previous, and that night at the hotel he appeared to be in his usual good health. He got up at 7 o'clock, and while dressing said to his wife: "I can't breathe." Mrs. Crook helped him to the sofa and a doctor was at once summoned, but before he could reach the room General Crook was dead.

BERLIN, March 19.—Bismark, in his note to the emperor, tendering his resignation, alluded old age and failing health as his reasons for desiring to withdraw from public life. To-day's papers call attention to the fact that while taking lunch yesterday with the delegates to the labor conference, Bismark gave a cordial greeting to Jules Gurion, head of the French delegation, and had a long conversation with him. He has asked all the French delegates to dine with him to-morrow. General Von Campini, commanding the Tenth admiral corps, has been appointed chancellor to succeed Bismark. The horse is weak in consequence of Bismark's resignation.

General Beale, of Washington, ex-minister to Austria, has sold his ranch in California to an English syndicate for \$1,000,000.
 The belle at a recent dog feast on an Indian reservation in Dakota wore a jacket trimmed with teeth from 150 elks which she herself had slain. She is the granddaughter of the chief of the tribe.

The board of directors of the Louisiana Lottery company advised Gov. Nichols that \$100,000 had been placed at his disposal for use the present emergency of the flood. Gov. Nichols replied to president Dauphin, saying in substance: "On the eve of a session of the legislature, during which a renewal or extension of your charter may be requested upon a question vitally affecting the interests of the state, I have no right to place the people under obligation to your company in however small degree by acceptance of the gratuity from you. I return herewith the check."

A casket containing a dead body was left on the platform of the Union depot at Atchison, Kan., the other day with the doctor's certificate which read: "This is to certify that the corpse died with no contagious disease. The disease of the disease was a disease of the brain."

The object of a new party organized in Georgia is to make grain the basis of currency of the country, while Senator Stanford has a scheme to make the land the basis. A currency based on the farms of Vermont and New Hampshire, and the corn in Kansas would be mighty shaky just now.

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have greater tenacity of life than men. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. Deverga says that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to 780 men; 1,080 men in the United States, in 1870, committed suicide to 285 women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydrocephalus, affections of the heart and liver, scrofula and paralysis, are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the latter. Females in cities are more prone to consumption than in the country. All old countries not disturbed by immigration have a great majority of females in the population. In royal families the statistics show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long-lived. The married state is favorable to promulgation of life among women. Dr. Hugh proclaims that there are from two to six per cent more males born than females in the living population. From which statistics we conclude that all women ought to marry and that as men are likely to become so scarce they cannot be sufficiently prized by the other sex.—*Optic*.

TERRITORIAL TALK.

Gus Mulholland has been appointed postmaster at Gallup, vice A. M. Swan, removed.
 Said a conductor yesterday: "The California travel is the heaviest I have ever known since I have been in the service. Every train from the east is loaded with tourists en route to Pacific points. The cut rates may have something to do with this but I think advertising is the prime cause for this westward movement of people."—*Albuquerque Democrat*.

Over at Bisbee, Ariz., last pay day there were a number of belligerent miners who succeeded in blacking each others eyes during the night. The novel idea originated in the mind of one of the number of getting their pictures taken. He gathered a number together and went down to Fly's photograph gallery, where about 20, all told, were photographed in a group, each one carrying a partially closed optic.

The Flagstaff Democrat reports the finding of gold in the Grand Canon of the Colorado. A number of prospectors have gone to the canon from Flagstaff.
 According to the Gallup *Elk*, a large force of prospectors has organized and gone to seek rich mineral supposed to exist on the Navajo reservation.

D. Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., has just purchased 1,000 head of steers from Manager Sly, of the Missouri Cattle company at \$17 per head delivered at Deming.

The bare skeletons of two men recently killed by Apache Indians in Arizona have been found. All the flesh had been eaten off by coyotes and nothing remained by which identification was possible.

The Territorial treasurer has cancelled \$10,000 worth of penitentiary bonds. This makes \$80,000 of this class of Territorial indebtedness paid within the last six months.

Mr. W. G. Urton, manager of the Cass Cattle company, ranching on the Pecos below Fort Sumner, is in the city this week. He says that cattle in that section are thin and that range is in poor condition, but the winter has been favorable for stock and with early grass, for which the prospects are favorable, no unusual losses are anticipated by the stockmen. From the system of surface tanks, which are now being constructed, along the east side of the Pecos, cattlemen anticipate very favorable results for stock, as it will make available a large area of virgin range, on which the feed is excellent, but which has hitherto been unavailable from the scarcity of water.—*Stock Grower*.

LAS CRUCES LOCALS.

Republican, Mar. 22.
 Dan Coomer, the lumberman, whose bond was forfeited this term when his case was called, is dying at the Arkansas Hot Springs.

Alfred Buchoz, of Las Cruces, has filed suit in the U. S. circuit court at El Paso against about thirty-five property holders in that city for a tract of land which was granted by the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1840 to Rafael Ruelas. Merchant, Teel & Wilcox are attorneys for plaintiff. Mr. Buchoz claims that he has a clear title to the property in question. Half the city is built on this land and it is very valuable.

The wife and daughter of E. A. Rudisill, bookkeeper for L. Freudenthal & Co., have joined him.

The \$400 reward offered by Davies & Lesinsky for the arrest and conviction of any person stealing stock from them was paid this week on the conviction of "Nigger Bill." Geo. Swaggart received \$50 and Miller and Tomkins divided the balance between them.

The Board of Regents at their last meeting secured the services of Miss Cosette Rynerson, as principal of the musical department of the Agricultural College.

Col. W. S. Shepherd, of Tularosa, and Capt. Corty Bennett, of Mesquero, drove down this week to attend court. They are both loud in their praises of the Tularosa country and think when it gets a railroad and storage reservoirs it will be the best section of New Mexico.

Candidates who want to "get there" should not hide their light under a bushel. Let the people know early that you are in the race. And the way to let the people know anything is to tell them about it in *THE INDEPENDENT*.

FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

Never keep a profitless cow.
 Poor seeds are dear at any price. Prefer arbitration to litigation.
 Are you starting early vegetables? Small fruits are the most profitable.

Fruit is better and cheaper than physic.
 Good roads increase the value of farms.
 Haul manure, muck, etc., now-a-days.
 Improve your rural home this spring.

If you want a good kitchen garden this season start it betimes.
 Have you secured needed seeds, plants, and trees for spring planting? Germany has fifty manufactories of imitation butter "alretty," and more coming.

Wire fences in England are popular and they are making fox hunting unpopular.
 Iowa creameries received an average of twenty-one cents a pound for their butter last year.

The potato that sprouts the easiest makes the poorest seed. Prerequisite sprouting is due to weakness.
 A pair of brood mares properly used can do a good season's work on a farm and turn out a good pair of colts.

The Kansas Agricultural Department has advised the farmers in its state to hold their corn for better prices.
 It is not the largest seed that is always best, but that which is most perfect and vigorous and has been kept the best.

Which is the better, to expend your money in making good roads or to loose it in worn out horse flesh and wagons?
 Illinois and Indiana, it is said, have parted with comparatively little of their corn this season, because the mild weather has prevented it from curing.

If you have a timber lot cut the dead topped trees and crooked stables for fuel. Clear out worthless underbrush but spare all straight and thrifty timber.
 As a rule raise your stock instead of buying it. You can generally have better stock and you do not run the risk of introducing disease into your herds or flocks.

Shipments of all kinds of live stock from Chicago one day recently aggregated 25,803 or 607 car loads, being the largest number of cars shipped from Chicago in one day.

Never try to get along by substituting muscle for brain. It is not hard work that "gets there," but the right kind of work well directed, which may be done with comparative ease.

The demand of the farmers' organizations for legislation to restrict the sale of compound lard, containing cottonseed oil and stearine, is likely to be met at the present session of Congress.

Dr. Collier, director of the New York State Experimental Station, finds that the dairy cows of the state do not average over 180 pounds of butter per year, while the yield should be not less than 300 pounds.

Kansas officials are encouraged as to the future of the sorghum. It is claimed that in the dry and undeveloped parts of the state, where corn and other cereals are a partial or total failure, sorghum will always flourish.

Many oppose the idea, but a writer in the *Cultivator* thinks there is no particular objection to cropping a young orchard with potatoes. Newly set trees are entitled to the best cultivation, and they are more likely to get it with a hoe and cultivated crop. In this way, too, weeds may be extirpated, so that when trees get into bearing and it may be necessary to seed and manure on the surface to induce faithfulness, the orchard may be made into a lawn. A well-tilled potato crop will not injure the trees, providing it be remembered in cultivating that a hill of potatoes is not to be saved at the expense of a tree.

KEEP UP THE FERTILITY.—In a paper read before the West Michigan Farmers Club, Mr. S. S. Bailey declares that the main elements with which it appears necessary to supply the soil are nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid. These elements have almost a fixed value the world over—soluble nitrogen 10 cents per pound and phosphoric acid at 8c. Experiments have shown that \$800 worth of fertilizers is re-

moved in \$500 worth of hay that is sold. In the same value of corn \$180 worth of fertilizer; of wheat \$125 worth; of wool \$50 worth; of dairy products \$98 worth; while in \$500 worth of fruit sold there is even less loss than the loss sustained in the sale of dairy products. Thus fruit-growing returns the greatest profits in the least depletion of fertilizer. If wisely conducted the direct profits from sale are equal to if not greater than those of any other system of agriculture. These figures are instructive and certainly present strong arguments in favor of fruit culture and dairy husbandry as compared with other branches of rural industry.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—Correcting an article in the *London Garden* on the subject of transplanting trees, a correspondent of the *Scientific American*, says that one of the most important precautions is entirely overlooked—namely, to have the trees, when transplanted, in the same position with respect to the points of the compass as before removal. The South side of a tree is exposed to the direct rays of the sun, while the north side is more or less protected from them. Nature accommodates itself to this changed condition, and the difference in development in many trees on the south and north sides is obvious to ordinary observation. When the south side of a tree is turned to the north, each side finds itself in a position for which nature has made no preparation, and death follows almost as certainly as if the tops were put in the ground and the roots turned up to the sky. The willow and some other trees will grow if planted upside down, and many trees will grow with the south side turned to the north; but with trees difficult to transplant at best, it is a mistake very apt to be fatal to turn the south side to the north and the older the tree, the greater the danger from changing sides in transplanting.

ARMY AFFAIRS.

Col. B. H. Grierson, 10th cavalry, commanding the department of Arizona, arrived in Santa Fe this morning, coming from Fort Union. Under his direction seventy-six Apache Indians have just been transferred from San Carlos, A. T., to Union. They have been placed under guard there, and will be so kept for a year or more; these are the Indians, among them several crusty old chiefs, who were inclined to sympathize with the few Apaches who are now off the reservation. Some of them are families of the latter. Eventually the children are to be sent to school. A dozen of them will be brought here next week to go into the Roman school and others will follow when the government training school is completed. Col. Grierson regards Santa Fe as the only proper place for educating the children of the mountainous tribes, as the climatic conditions here are in every respect similar to those which the Indians are accustomed to. He says also if they are to be given an agricultural training it must also be here in the mountain valleys where the same conditions govern as surround their native soil and climate in the mountains of Arizona. It was under Col. Grierson's personal direction that Lieuts. Watson and Clarke, 10th cavalry, recently made their brilliant 300 mile ride and either killed or captured the five Apache renegades. "That wasn't many Indians," said Col. Grierson to-day, "but it was more than was done during the entire Geronimo campaign." Col. Grierson spoke very freely of the unexpected death of Gen. Crook. The news was communicated to him immediately when he boarded the train at Watrous yesterday. It is an ill wind, though, that blows nobody any good, and when the question of promotions come forward both Gen. Miles and Col. Grierson will be likely to step up a notch. The former is the ranking brigadier-general and of the line the latter is the ranking Colonel. Col. Grierson leaves for Arizona to-night. He has troops in the field scouring the Mexico border in search of those Apache convicts who last summer murdered the Arizona sheriff and escaped, and his latest information is that they have struck a fresh trail and any day may bring news of their capture.—*New Mexican*, Mar. 22.

THE LINCOLN

Barber Shop,

CHAS. G. BELL, TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Cuts and smooth Shaves always on tap.

IT'S A FARCE

For any of our competitors to assert that they are the cheapest merchants in Lincoln. Try us and we can convince you that you can do better by us than you can anywhere else.

JUST SEE!

We sell 16 bars best Laundry Soap, full weight, for \$1!
 Coal Oil, 150 test, for 40cts per gallon!
 First-class Colorado Flour, \$3.50 per 100 lbs!

But no use enumerating our Bargains! Have a talk with us first; before buying elsewhere! You will be satisfied.

WHELAN & Co.

ROSENTHAL & Co.

General Merchandise, Etc.

Have now on hand the Most Complete and Best Assorted stock of Genl. Merchandise in Lincoln county, consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLERY, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, LIQUORS, CIGARS.

Lincoln, New Mexico.

PROPOSALS FOR FUEL, FORAGE & STRAW. Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of the Chief Quartermaster, Los Angeles, Cal., March 22, 1890.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office, and at the Offices of the Quartermasters at each of the stations below named, until 11 o'clock a. m., on Tuesday, April 22, 1890, and opened immediately thereafter in the presence of bidders, for the furnishing and delivery of fuel, forage and straw during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, at military stations in the Department of Arizona as follows:—Fort Apache, Bowie, Grant, Huachuca, Lowell, Mojave, Thomas and Verde and San Carlos, Whipple Barracks, and Tucson, A. T., Los Angeles and San Diego Barracks, and Fort Bayard, Stanton, Union and Wingate and Santa Fe, N. M. Preference given to articles of domestic production and manufacture, conditions of price and quality being equal, and such preference given to articles of American production and manufacture produced on the Pacific Coast to the extent of the consumption required by the public service there. Proposals for either class of the supplies mentioned or for quantities less than the whole required, or for the delivery of the supplies at points other than those above named will be entertained. Specifications, general instructions to bidders, and blank forms of proposal will be furnished on application to this office, or to the Quartermasters at any of the stations named above. A. S. KIMBALL, Quartermaster, U. S. Army, Chief Quartermaster.

Bishop Fink, of Kansas, has decided that Catholic farmers can join the Farmer's Alliance.

Several hundred men and teams are now at work on the east end of the Fort Worth & Albuquerque railroad.

ACORN POULTRY YARDS.

PERRY GALL, PROPRIETOR. SAN MARCO, NEW MEXICO.

Breeds Silver Laced Wyandottes. They are very attractive in appearance and the best of egg producers. They are the favorite of the Fanciers, the Farmers, the Ranchmen and the Market-Poultrymen. Eggs \$3.00 per setting of 13 eggs. Please mention *THE INDEPENDENT*.

FRIEDRICH & NEEDHAM,

DEALERS IN—

CHOICE LIQUORS, CIGARS

Lincoln, New Mexico.

Stolen Bonds

Notice is hereby given that the Lincoln county current expense bonds, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, for \$1,000 each, dated Jan. 1st, 1890, were stolen in the recent robbery of the Albuquerque postoffice. All parties are hereby warned against purchasing said bonds. Geo. Crary, Clerk of Lincoln county. Lincoln, N. M., Feb. 7th, 1890.

CALL

FOR—

8 PER CENT. BONDS.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that Lincoln county 8 per cent. bonds, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, each for \$1,000, will be paid on presentation at my office in White Oaks, N. M.

Interest will cease on these bonds after July 1st, 1890.

G. R. YOUNG, Treasurer Lincoln Co., N. M.

CALL

FOR—

LINCOLN COUNTY JAIL WARRANT.

To All Whom It May Concern:

Notice is hereby given that Lincoln county Jail Warrant No. 5, for \$2,000, will be paid on presentation at my office in White Oaks, N. M. Interest will cease on said warrant after 30 days from the publication of this notice.

G. R. YOUNG, Treasurer Lincoln Co., N. M. Jan. 31, 1890.

If You Want

A live wide-awake, progressive, independent paper, one that will give you all the County, Territorial and General News, take

The Lincoln Independent.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Territory of New Mexico, } ss No. County of Lincoln.

In the Third Judicial District Court sitting within and for the County of Lincoln at the April term, A. D. 1890.

WM. S. RYAN, NOTICE OF ACTION AND ATTACHMENT ET AL.

P. ROBERTS & Co. vs. PRESTON ROBERTS and EDWIN ROBERTS, and the firm of P. Roberts & Co., of El Paso County, Texas, defendants in the above entitled cause, are hereby notified that an action of trespass on the case in assumpsit with attachment has been brought against them by William S. Ryan of Lincoln County, New Mexico, to recover the sum of Seventy-five Dollars and cost of action.

That the land lying west of the town of Lincoln, in said Lincoln County, New Mexico, and heretofore conveyed by deed to said defendants by said plaintiff, and which land is known as the "Cordoba land" has been attached as the property of said defendants, and that unless they appear at the next term of the Third Judicial District Court, sitting within and for the County of Lincoln, and commencing on Monday, the 21st day of April, A. D. 1890, and defend said cause, judgment will be rendered against them and said land property be sold to satisfy the same.

WILLIAM S. RYAN, Plaintiff.

Lincoln, N. M., March 6th, 1890.

NEW ENGLAND CONIFERS.

The many varieties of beautiful and excellent quality of trees are divided into three families: The pines, the cypresses and the yews. Of the pines, the most common are the white pine, the yellow or pitch pine and the red pine. These can be readily distinguished from each other by noticing that the white pine has its leaves in clusters of five, the yellow in clusters of three and the red in clusters of two. The white pines form symmetrical and graceful trees, to which the yellow, in this latitude, with its scraggy branches and yellowish green foliage, is an unpleasant and striking contrast. The cones of these trees do not ripen till the year after blossoming, and this is a distinguishing feature between these true pines and the other members of the pine family—the spruces, firs and larches. The spruces have their leaves four sided, and arranged around the stem, instead of being in clusters, as in the pines. The cones are very graceful, being suspended near the end of the branches, and forming a pleasing contrast to the green of the foliage.

The Norway spruce, though a native of Europe, is so common here as to deserve a place among our New England trees, and from the time of its bright red blossoms in the spring, during the growth of its cones, which are purple at first, but change to a rich brown, till blossoms come again, forms a most attractive sight. The hemlock, or hemlock spruce, has small cones; the leaves, instead of being arranged around the stems, spread in two directions, first and bright green above, with a silvery white beneath. This grows to be a large tree, but is often cut back and used as an ornamental shrub, and, cared for in this way, is one of the most graceful of spruces. The firs are distinguished from the spruces in that they have their cones erect on the upper side of the branches, instead of pendulous. The only representative in New England is the balsam fir, which is quite common among the mountains.

The last member of the pine family is the larch. The larch is distinguished from all other conifers by its shedding its leaves in the fall, and is also marked by the bright red flowers which it bears in the early spring. The only native larch is the American larch or tamarack, but the European larch is found here quite extensively, and is a hardy and more graceful tree than the native variety.

The cypress family includes the arbor vitae, the cypress and the juniper. The arbor vitae is readily distinguished by the appressed, scale like leaves, arranged in four rows on the two-edged branchlets. The American variety is often called white cedar, but the name more properly belongs to a variety of cypress closely resembling arbor vitae, but having a more slender spray, finer leaves, and growing thirty to seventy feet high, while the arbor vitae ranges from twenty to fifty feet.

We have two varieties of the juniper: one known as the juniper, and the other as red cedar. Both have a berry like fruit, in color black, covered with a white bloom; the juniper has awl shaped leaves, arranged in threes, large fruit, and is found quite commonly as a low shrub. The red cedar has small, scale like leaves, small fruit, and in the east is found as a shrub, but in the west reaches from 60 to 90 feet in height, and furnishes very durable wood of a reddish color.

The yew has its nut like seed surrounded by a disc, cup shaped around its base, which becomes bright red and berry like. In the United States it is only found as a straggling bush, but in other countries grows to be a large tree. The cypresses are the most useful trees to man. They are found in a great variety of latitudes, and about ten times as numerous as other trees, and reach a great height. They furnish long, straight, durable timber, which, owing to the resinous matter, is impervious by water. The juices give us turpentine, resin, pitch, tar and lampblack, and the amber of commerce also was formed from pine resin. Some conifers have medicinal properties; the bark of certain varieties is used for tanning, for making paper, and for stuffing in upholstery. The juniper bark of one variety and the seeds of another are articles of food. The coal beds were formed from the conifers of the carboniferous age. They form a most attractive feature in the landscape, whether found singly or in large numbers, and through the dreary winter months are reminders of the summer which is past and a prophecy of the summer which is to come.—Annie M. Mitchell in Springfield Homestead.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

J. RAYNOLDS, President
J. S. RAYNOLDS, Vice President
A. H. SMITH, Assistant Cashier

\$100,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

J. S. RAYNOLDS, President
J. S. RAYNOLDS, Vice President
M. W. FLOUENOY, Cashier

\$100,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

El Paso, Texas.

J. RAYNOLDS, President
J. S. RAYNOLDS, Vice President
H. S. KAUFMAN, Cashier

Aggregate Capital, Surplus and Deposits, \$2,060,000.

Accounts of Merchants, Miners, and Stockmen Solicited.

OTHERS MAY PREACH

ABOUT—
Low Prices and Square Dealing

WE PRACTICE

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DO YOU WANT

The earth, with the sun, moon and stars thrown in? Well, you can't have it. But for two dollars a year you can get the next best thing, and keep through posted in regard to this part of the "morning" by becoming a regular subscriber to

The Lincoln Independent.

DO YOU WANT

The only paper published in the County of Lincoln, and the official paper of the grandest county of New Mexico, take **The Lincoln Independent.**

L. B. FREUDENTHAL & CO.

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HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL LINE OF

CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

El Paso, Texas.

H. R. Wood & Co.

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AGENTS FOR

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Cornel El Paso and West Overland Streets El Paso Texas.

The Best WASHER

It will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to be the best made and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it does not wash clothes clean without wearing, we will refund the money. Agents wanted. Can show proof that saves 75% more than \$7.50 in 100 washings. Farmers make \$200 to \$500 during the winter. Ladies buy 25¢ pieces of clothing. This Washer, Retail price, only 65¢. Sample to those desiring an agency \$1. Also the Celebrated KEEFER WINGING all manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLES

MODEL '81 REPEATERS. MODEL '89 REPEATERS.

THE LATEST. MODEL 1889. MARLIN SAFETY REPEATING RIFLE

using the 22, 28, and 44 Winchester cartridges, having a MODEL '81 SOLID TOP RECEIVER. Excluding all dirt or moisture from the lock. Weighting but 6 1/2 POUNDS. A model of accuracy and beauty. It is the best rifle in the world.

LOADING AND EJECTING FROM THE FACE OF THE RECEIVER. LOW TRAJECTORY SHOOTING.

THE BALLARD still remains the best shooting rifle in the world.

MARLIN'S DOUBLE ACTION AUTOMATIC EJECTING REVOLVER in workmanship, finish and accuracy of shooting, second to none.

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