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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 XVII.



THE head of a score of his own men. Capt. Stryker rode forth some fifteen minutes later. His orders from Col. Brainard were to go to Dunraven, and, if he found the marauders there, to arrest the entire party and bring them back to the post.

From all that could be learned from hurried questioning of the sentries and the dozen half-drunk sergeants of the company, the troopers engaged in the raid must have selected a time when the sentry was walking towards the south end of his post to lift one of their number over the wall of the inclosure in which were kept the wagons and ambulances. This man had unbarred from within the gate leading eastward to the trail down which the "stock" was driven daily to water in the Monoc. Riley admitted that "the boys" had left a bottle with him which he and his assistant had emptied before turning in, and so it happened that, unheard and unseen, the raiders had managed to slip out with a dozen horses that were kept there and had also taken six mules as "mounts" for those who could not find anything better.

Eighteen men, apparently, were in the party, and the sentry, on Number Three heard hoof beats down towards the valley about half past 3 o'clock, but thought it was only some of the ponies belonging to the Cheyenne scouts. There was one comfort—the men he taken go firearms with them; for a hurried inspection of the company quarters showed that the carbines were all in their racks and the revolvers in their cases. Some of the men might have small caliber pistols of their own, but the government arms had not been disturbed. Half the party, at least, must have ridden bareback and with only water-skins for their steeds. They were indeed "spelling for a fight," and the result of the roll call showed that the missing troopers were all Irishmen and some of the best and most popular men in the command. Whatever their plan thought Stryker, as he trotted down to the Monoc, it was probably carried out by this time; it was now within a minute of 4 o'clock.

Only a mile out he was overtaken by Dr. Quin, who reined up an instant to ask if any one had been sent ahead. "Thank God for that!" he exclaimed, when told that Perry and Sgt. Gwynne had gone to the first alarm, then, striking spurs to his horse, pushed on at rapid gallop, while the troopers maintained their steady trot. A mile from Dunraven, in the dim light of early morning, the captain's keen eyes caught sight of shadowy forms of mounted men on the opposite shore, and, despite their efforts to escape on their wearied steeds, three of them were speedily run down and captured. One of them was Corp Donovan, and Donovan's face was white and his manner agitated. Bidding him ride alongside as they pushed ahead towards the ranch, Stryker questioned him as to what had taken place, and the corporal never sought to equivocate:

"We've been trying for several nights, sir, to get horses and go down and have it put with those blackguards at the ranch. We took no arms, sir, even those of us who had pistols of our own. All we asked was a fair fight, man against man. They wouldn't come out of their holes—they didn't do it, sir—and then they fired on us. We'd have burned the roof over their heads, but that Lieut. Perry galloped in and stopped us. I came away then, sir, and so did most of us. We knew 'twas all up when we saw the lieutenant; but there was more firing after I left. This way, captain. Out across the prairie here. We cut down the fence on this side." And so saying, Donovan led the little troop to a broad gap in the wide barrier, and thence straight across the fields to where lights were seen fitting about in the dark shadows of the buildings of the ranch. Another moment, and Stryker had dismounted and was kneeling beside the prostrate and unconscious form of his lieutenant. Some misguided ranchman, mistaking for a new assailant the tall young soldier who galloped into the midst of the swarm of taunting Irishmen, had fired the cruel shot. There lay Nolan dead upon the sword, and here, close at hand, his grief-stricken master had finally swooned from loss of blood, the bullet having pierced his leg below the knee. Beside him knelt the doctor; he had cut away the natty riding boot, and was rapidly binding up the wound. Close at hand stood Gwynne, a world of anxiety and trouble in his bruised and still discolored face.

Grouped around were some of the assisting party, crestfallen and dismayed at the unlooked-for result of their foray, but astounded to attempt to ride away, now that their favorite young officer

words in a low tone to Mrs. Cowan, and that usually equable mien fluttered away down stairs in evident excitement. "It's Mrs. Belknap," explained the doctor, in answer to Perry's inquiring look. "She has ridden down here with Dana and sent her card up to Gladys—who can't bear the sight of her; I don't know 'why' intuition, I suppose."

Presently Mrs. Cowan reappeared; "Miss Gladys has asked to be excused, as she does not wish to leave her father at this moment; and the lady would like to come up and see Mr. Perry."

"Call her not," said Quin, sagely. "No—here, I'll go myself." And down went the doctor, medical officer, and straightway the fumbling tones of his harsh voice were heard below; the words were indistinguishable, but Mrs. Cowan's face indicated that there was something in the sound that gave her comfort. She stood at the window watching the pair as they rode away.

"Miss Gladys shuddered when she had to shake hands with her that day when we came away from Mrs. Sprague's," said she. "I hope that lady is not a particular friend of yours, Mr. Perry?"

"We have been very good friends indeed," said he, loyally. "To be sure, I have hardly known Mrs. Belknap a month, but both she and the captain have been very kind to me." All the same, down to the bottom of his heart, he did not wonder at Miss Maitland's sensations. He was beginning to despair of ever seeing her, and yet could get no explanation that satisfied him.

"You know she can walk only with great pain and difficulty even now," said Mrs. Cowan. "Her ankle was very badly wrenched, and she hardly goes farther than from her own to her father's room. You ought to feel complimented that she has been here to your door three times."

"I feel more like battling my brains out for being asleep," muttered Perry in reply. "I wish you would wake me next time, Mrs. Cowan. I shan't believe it until I see it, or hear her voice at the door."

She had excused herself to Mrs. Belknap, and the doctor had denied that lovely woman her request to be allowed to come up and see Mr. Perry; and yet the very next day, when the big four-mule ambulance from Rossiter came driving up to the front door, and Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Lawrence, escorted by the colonel and Capt. Stryker, appeared on the veranda, how did it happen that the ladies were speedily ushered upstairs to Miss Maitland's own room, and that, after an animated though low-toned chat of half an hour with her, they were marshaled down the long corridor by Mrs. Cowan in person, and to Perry's huge delight, were shown in to his bedside? It looked as though Quin were showing unwarrantable disrespect to Stryker and the colonel, too, came in to see him, and the latter told him that both Mr. Maitland and Mr. Ewen had begged that the arrested soldiers might not be punished. Including Sgt. Leary and Kelly, there were now twenty men under charges more or less grave in their character, and he had asked that a general court martial be convened for their trial. The colonel deeply appreciated the feeling displayed by the stricken proprietor and his overseer; he was touched that even in his extreme illness and prostration Mr. Maitland should intercede for the men who had made so hostile an invasion of his premises and brought upon the inmates of Dunraven a night of dread and anxiety; but he said he had to be maintained, he replied, and the ring-leaders in the move had been guilty of a flagrant breach which could not be overlooked.

But on the following day—the fourth of Perry's stay—the doctor came down with a face full of gloom and distress. Both nurse and patient noted it, and inquired the cause. For a time Quin avoided any direct reply; "something had ruffled him up the post," he answered; "call me up about it now, I'll do it by and by. I want to think."

He examined Perry's leg, dressed and re-bandaged the wound, and then went back to Mr. Maitland's room. They could hear his voice in the hall after a while, and Perry's eye began to throb heavily; he was sure the low, sweet tones, almost inaudible, that came floating along the corridor, were those of Gladys. When Mrs. Cowan spoke to him on some ordinary topic, he impatiently bade her hush—he could not bear to be disturbed—and, far from being hurt at his petulance, Mrs. Cowan smiled softly as she turned away.

Then Quin came back, and, after fidgeting around a moment, abruptly addressed his patient: "Perry, do you remember that morning you rode down here right after reveille and met me on the trail—or at least, would have met me if I hadn't dodged and gone over to the other side of the valley?"

"Certainly I do, doctor."

"You stopped and talked with him, didn't you?"

"Yes—for several minutes."

"Mrs. Cowan's needlework had fallen in her lap. She was seated near the window, and had been busily sewing. 'Now she was looking up, eager and intent. 'You've known him a long time, haven't you?'"

"Yes—ever since he joined. He's one of the best sergeants I ever knew."

"You would hardly think him guilty of any dishonesty, would you?"

"Mrs. Cowan was leaning from her chair; the needlework had fallen to the floor. 'Dishonesty! Not by a good deal!' was the reply that bade fair to be ever more impulsive; and was checked only by indifference to the presence of a woman."

"Well, neither would I, from what I've seen of him; and yet Mr. Maitland's seal ring was found on him last night."

"My God! Of course he could explain it in some way."

"He couldn't—or wouldn't." He simply stood there, white as a sheep except where those bruises made him green and blue. He had denied the charge flatly when accused; and yet there it was in his chest. I never saw any man so taken aback as Capt. Stryker; he said he would have sworn to his innocence."

"So would I—by Jupiter! It's some foul plot—it's!"

"But he got no further. To his own amazement, to the utter bewilderment of Dr. Quin, Mrs. Cowan precipitated herself upon her patient, seized the hand that lay nearest her on the coverlet, and burst forth into half-articulate, sobbing, indignant words, mingled with kisses showered passionately on that astonished hand.

"Oh, bless him for the words! Oh, God bless him, Mr. Perry! * * * Oh, the fools! the lunatics! * * * A thief, indeed. * * * The idea of his being accused! * * * Oh, God! what would his mother in heaven say to this?"

"Far too much already; he had not borne it long. 'I should weep, I tell you. Who should weep for me? * * * Who dare take it from him now? * * * Oh, the infamy of it!'"

In her wild excitement, in her incoherent praise and lamentation and wrath and indignation, her voice, her sobs, rang through the room and out along the broad corridor. Even in their amazement the two men heard a hurried step approaching, a limping, halting, painful step, yet rapid and impulsive. Quin, absorbed in his contemplation of the excited woman, paid no attention; Perry's eager eyes were strained upon the door way, where, the very next instant, with pallid features and startled mien, Gladys Maitland appeared and stood staring in upon the spectacle of Mrs. Cowan kissing and sobbing over Perry's hand. Alarmed, he had drained the truth, and strove to warn the blind woman of her presence; but Mrs. Cowan's excitement had increased to the verge of hysteria; she was laughing and crying now by turns, blessing her soldier patient for his faith in the accused sergeant, and then breaking forth anew in indignant expletive, "Who are his accusers? Who dare say a thief to him? * * * Not one is fit to look him in the face! 'Twas the very ring his mother gave him, * * * his own! his own!"

And then the doctor seized her and turned her so that she must see Gladys—Gladys, wild-eyed, panting, staring, tottering forward from the doorway. One sharp cry from the woman's lips, one spring towards the rolling form, and she had caught the girl in her arms, and strove to warn the blind woman of her presence; but Mrs. Cowan's excitement had increased to the verge of hysteria; she was laughing and crying now by turns, blessing her soldier patient for his faith in the accused sergeant, and then breaking forth anew in indignant expletive, "Who are his accusers? Who dare say a thief to him? * * * Not one is fit to look him in the face! 'Twas the very ring his mother gave him, * * * his own! his own!"

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chest which he allowed no one to see; he pledged his soldier word that they were nothing but a paper or two, some little photographs and a book. These he asked permission to remove first; then they might search. But Wayne sternly refused. The sergeant turned very white, set his lips, and desisted still, until his own captain spoke; then he surrendered his key."

Wayne and Farnham bent over the chest while the troop first sergeant rapidly freed over the clothing, books, etc., with trembling hands. There was a little compartment at one side, in which were lying some small items—a pocket compass, a pencil case, some keys, a lock and a neck chain, and, among these, something wrapped in tissue paper. This was handed to Capt. Wayne, who unrolled the paper, and—there was a massive seal ring. A crest was cut in the stone, and, taking it to the light, Wayne was able to make out the motto, "Quod sursum vadit." It was the ring Maitland had lost.

Stryker looked wonderingly at his sergeant, who stood there as though petrified with amazement and consternation, pale as death, and unable to say a word. Asked to explain the matter, he could only shake his head, and, after awhile, hoarsely muttered, "I knew nothing about it. I never placed it there."

"Do you mean to tell me you never saw it before?" asked Wayne, sternly. And Gwynne was silent.

"Is this the first time you ever saw it, I say?" repeated the captain angrily.

"No, sir; I have seen it before," was the answer.

"Then you must have known 'twas stolen, and you have connived at its concealment," was Wayne's triumphant conclusion; and on the report of his officers Col. Brainard had no alternative but to order Gwynne's close arrest. Only Stryker's appeal and guarantee saved the sergeant from confinement in the guard house."

The next sensation was the sight of Dr. Quin galloping back to the post like mad and bolting unceremoniously into the colonel's gate. Then Stryker was sent for, and the three officers held an excited conversation. Then the orderly went it a run over to the quarters, and in five minutes Sgt. Gwynne, erect as ever and dressed with scrupulous care, looking anything but like a guilty man, was seen crossing the parade towards his colonel's house. The man swarmed out on the porch as the tidings went from lip to lip, and some of the Irish troopers being oddly excited. Just what took place during that interview none could tell, but in ten minutes the news was by all around the garrison that Sgt. Gwynne was released from arrest, and in less than half an hour, to the wonderment of everybody, he was seen riding away towards Dunraven with Dr. Quin, and for two days more did not reappear at Rossiter.

But when the story flashed from house to house about the garrison that Sgt. Gwynne was not Sgt. Gwynne at all, but Mr. Archibald Wyndham Quin Maitland, late of her majesty's—th Lancers, one of the very survivors of the invalid owner of Dunraven Ranch and other valuable properties, the amazement, old Mr. Maitland and his wife, who were old Mr. Maitland's daughter, were so shocked that they were unable to do more than stare at each other. All manner of stories were told regarding the affecting nature of the interview in which the long lost son was restored to his overjoyed father, but, like most stories, they were purely the offspring of imagination, for at that interview only three were present: Gladys led her brother to the room and closed the door, while good Mrs. Cowan stood by, piping for joy down the long corridor, and Dr. Quin blinked his eyes and fussed and fidgeted and roared around Perry's room with every word in his pockets, exploding every now and then into sudden comment on the romantic nature of the situation and the idiosyncrasy of some people there at Rossiter. "Gwynne would have been a dead man by the end of the week but for this; it will give him a new lease of life."

And it did. Though the flame was feeble and flickering, it was fanned by a joy unutterable. The boy whom the stricken father believed his stubborn pride and condemnation had driven to despair and suicide was restored to him in the prime of manly strength, all tenderness, all forgiveness, and Maitland's whole heart went up in thanksgiving. He begged that Brainard and Stryker would come to him, that he might thank them for their faith in his son; he bade the doctor say to Perry that the moment he could be lifted from his bed he would come to clap his hands and bless him for being a far better friend to his son than he had been a father.

The sergeant's return to the post was the signal for a general turnout on the part of the men, all of whom were curious to see how he would appear now that his identity was established. Of course, his late assailants could not join in the crowd that thronged about him, but they listened with eagerness to everything that was told. "He was just the same as ever," said all accounts. He had never been intimate with any of them but always friendly and kind. One thing went the rounds like lightning. "You'll be getting your discharge now, sergeant," said Mr. Reed, "the voluble wife of the leader of the band, 'and taking up your residence at the ranch, I suppose. Of course the British minister can get it for you in a minute."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Reed," was the laughing answer. "I enlisted to serve Uncle Sam five years, and he's been too good a friend to me to turn from."

boy's restoration to him, the malady seemed to vanish itself. Dunraven will have a new master by winter, I fancy."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he suddenly asked: "By the way, how was it that Gwynne wasn't drowned? I never understood that."

"He never meant to be," said Stryker. "He told Perry all about it. He was ruined, he thought, in his profession and in his own country, and his knowledge of his inexorable pride so helpfully decided to put an end to Archie Maitland and start a new life for himself. He wrote his letters and arranged his property with that view, and he called the steward to enable him to swear he was in his state-room after the steamer weighed anchor. Then in a jiffy he was over the side in the darkness; it was flood tide and he was an expert swimmer; he reached a coasting vessel lying near; he had money, bought his passage to France, after a few days at Cape Town, and then came to America and enlisted. He got a confession out of one of his irregulars who was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the papers he was guarding so jealously. He had given others to Perry; that very night."

"They seemed to take to each other like brothers from the start," said the colonel, with a quiet smile.

"Just about," answered Capt. Stryker. Meantime, Perry and Sgt. Gwynne have been riding slowly down the valley. Night has come upon Dunraven by the hour they reach the northern gate—no longer closed against them—and as they near the house Perry slowly dismounts. "I'll take the horses to the stable myself; I want to," says his trooper friend, and for the second time the young officer stands upon the veranda at the doorway, then holds his hand as he hears again the soft melody of the piano floating out upon the still night air. Slowly and not without pain he walks around to the east front, striving to move with noiseless steps. At last he stands by the open casement, just where he had paused in surprise that night a month ago, and slowly drawing aside one heavy fold of curtain, gazes longingly in at Gladys Maitland, seated there at the piano, just where he first saw her lovely face and form.

Presently, under the soft touch of her fingers, a sweet, familiar melody comes rattling forth. He remembers it instantly; it is the same he heard the night of his first visit—that exquisite "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn's—and he listens, spell bound. All of a sudden the sweet strains are broken off, the music ceases; she has thrown herself forward, bowed her forehead upon her arms, and, leaning over the keyboard, her form is shaken by a storm of passionate tears. Perry hurries aside the sheltering curtain and leaps rapidly across the soft and noiseless rug. She never dreams of his presence until, close at her side, a voice she has learned to know and know well—a voice tremulous with love, sympathy and yearning—murmurs only her name, "Gladys," and, starting up, she looks one instant into his longing eyes.

Sgt. "Gwynne" Maitland, lifting the heavy portiere a moment later, stops short at the entrance, gazes one second at the picturesque scene at the piano, drops the portiere, and vanishes, unnoticed.

Things seemed changed at Dunraven of late years. The—th are still at Rossiter, so is Lieut. Perry. It may be the elation or association with an American sisterhood, or—why he knows—perhaps some local hold over of Mrs. Belknap's predilection, but Mrs. Perry has not yet begun to grow coarse, red faced or stout. She is wonderfully popular with the ladies of the—th, and has found warm friends among them, but Mrs. Sprague of the infantry is the woman she particularly fancies, and her gruff old kinsman Dr. Quin is ever a welcome guest at their fireside. It was he, she told her husband long after, who undid the mischief Mrs. Belknap had been able to sow in one brief conversation. "I've known that young woman ever since she wore pinafores, Gladys. She has some good points, too, but her own idiosyncrasy is that every man she meets should bow down to and worship her. She is an Alexander in petticoats, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has been a coquette from the cradle, and what told her of Ned Perry is that he simply did not fall in love with her as she thought he had."

Down at Dunraven the gates are gone, the doors are very hospitably open. Even is still manner de jure, but young Mr. Maitland, the proprietor, is manager de facto, and, though there is constant going and coming between the fort and the ranch, and the officers of the—th ride in there at all hours, what makes the ranchman so popular among the rank and file is the fact that Sgt. "Gwynne," as they still call him, has a warm place in his heart for one and all, and every year when the date of his enlistment in the—th comes round he gives a barbecue dinner to the men without three men resting and drinking of health and song and speech making, and every man is apt to be hysterically proud of such occasions. But his only son—Sgt. Gwynne—has been a steady of ever kind since their old contract stipulated to his possession at Dunraven Ranch.

WATCH OUT FOR

The DESERTER.

Let us hope that the pension business will stop short of giving a pension to every one who stayed away from the war.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that town lots in Roswell and Eddy are held at high prices, you will see the owners thereof swearing like giants that they are "no account," when the County Commissioners meet to adjust the assessments for this year.

It is no small job to take the census of the United States. Of the enumeration blanks alone the government printing office has turned out 20,000,000, the weight of which is 220 tons. If these were spread out they would cover an area of 25,208,333 square feet.

The Farmers' Alliance in Buchanan county, Missouri, has subscribed \$50,000 to start a bank of their own. Funds are also being raised to build an elevator at St. Joseph, in which they can store their wheat until they can get such prices for it as they desire.

The customs officers of New York have seized a little idol that was imported for the Metropolitan Museum from New Zealand, pending the question as to whether or not duty should be paid on it. In this way the New England industry of manufacturing antiquities receives all needed protection.

The much talked of union of several of the largest school-book publishing houses in the country has been consummated, and on May 1st the American Book Company commenced business. In it are merged the school-book interests of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co. and D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. of Cincinnati.

A member of congress writes the New Mexican as follows from Washington under date of April 30, last: "Your delegation is certainly having most remarkable success; the change in general sentiment toward New Mexico is surprising. Sec. Noble takes great interest in New Mexico matters and is well posted concerning them, and the hearing the New Mexico delegation has had before committees of congress have all been productive of good results for your Territory. Very much good for New Mexico has already been accomplished by your delegation and the future will show it. You can count on my active support of any measure that will benefit New Mexico."

Our becoming a state, we are pleased to see, is now being based upon political grounds. It has entirely resolved itself into the question whether the people of New Mexico would be benefited by statehood, whether their condition would be more prosperous, whether their wealth would be increased, whether we would have better laws, and whether the laws would be rigidly enforced. These are a few points to be considered at the present time when the Territory is knocking at the door of congress for admission into the sisterhood of states: No good, right, thinking citizen should pause to inquire what is the probable political complexion of New Mexico. He should be willing to let matters of this kind regulate themselves, knowing and realizing that it will make no material difference to him at the outset which party is in the ascendency, particularly when the great benefits of statehood are taken into consideration. Any other view of the matter is to place it on very narrow grounds, indeed.—Optic.

LATEST NEWS AND NOTES

Texas has over \$9,000,000 surplus in her state treasury.

Eddy will soon be known as the brick city of New Mexico.

The name of Folsom has been changed to Folsom Springs.

Raton looks quite metropolitan with its streets lighted by electric lights.

Jesus M. Perea, a wealthy sheep man of Bernalillo county, died recently.

Eight hundred tons daily is the present output of the Blossburg coal mines.

Under the new Territorial law the sheriff is allowed \$100 for every hanging at which he officiates.

The recent copious rains in the northern portion of the Territory have brightened the prospects of the farmers and stockmen.

Reports from all parts of New Mexico indicate that the wool crop is unusually large and the sheep industry in all respects prosperous.

About six hundred and twenty ear leads of cattle—making over 15,000 head—have been shipped from Deming since the first of April.

The Secretary of the state of Iowa says: "Of the ninety counties in Iowa in 1833, there were fifty-five which reported no commitments to county jails."

It is estimated that in ninety per cent of all cases coming before the police justices of New York City, the fault may be traced to the use of intoxicants.

A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table linen. Blackberry pie is our choice, although a baby with a gravy dish is highly esteemed by many.

The young Chinese Emperor is breaking up the gambling establishments of Peking, and is trying to reduce the expenses of the administration of the government.

A tannery is badly needed in this Territory. It furnishes all the necessary materials for dressing the hides, yet train loads go east to be marketed at very low prices every year.

Mr. Foster, of Buckfield, Me., who is believed to be the most extensive wooden tooth-pick manufacturer in the world, says there are enough now in stock to supply the United States for two years.

Full returns show a tremendous falling off in the Boulangist vote at the municipal elections. The result of the balloting is looked upon as a complete death blow to Boulangism.

Two negroes from Fort Selden reservation killed a cow belonging to the Detroit & Rio Grande Cattle Co. They were apprehended in the act of trying to get away with the hind quarters, arrested and brought to trial.

Kingston must be deadlier than a door nail. The Shaft says: The only sign of dull times seen in Kingston this spring appeared Thursday when an antelope laid down on Main street and went to sleep.

The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers and a little over 20,000 real private soldiers, exclusive of those performing civilian duties. In other terms one-tenth of our military force consists of officers.

Cheyenne, May 5.—The cavalry regiment stationed at Fort McKinney has been ordered to hold itself in readiness to go into the field at any time. The restlessness of the Cheyenne Indians at the Rosebud Agency in Montana is the cause.

There was great rejoicing in Hermosa at the announcement that silver had gone above one dollar an ounce and the national flag with forty two stars floated over the office of Richard Mansfield White on the Embolito mine in honor of the event.—Black Range.

Stanley says that during his recent African expedition he came across a new and interesting class of blacks, the Wanoumas, who were absolutely European in type and very intelligent. They appeared to be descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, who settled in some way not known to him in equatorial Africa. These people never intermingled with the aboriginal races, but kept their blood intact, considering the ordinary Negroes beneath them.

Now is the time to subscribe for the best paper in Lincoln county, THE INDEPENDENT.

LAS CRUCES LOCALS

From the Republican, May 20.

There are now 10 persons confined in the county jail.

It is said the jack rabbits are eating up the wheat on Three River ranches.

Treasurer Rynerson has received notification from Washington that the account of the experiment station of the Agricultural College of New Mexico has been adjusted and the sum of \$7,500 is to its credit, which must be expended, or contracts let to cover, before the first of July. On this date a further sum of \$2,500 is at its command and after this date the regular annual appropriation of \$15,000 will be paid in instalments quarterly.

Inspector G. W. Parker, of the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department has been to Fort Selden examining the buildings with a view of reporting if they are in suitable condition to use for the purposes of an Indian School. As the post has been well kept up by the military and repaired every year, his report will undoubtedly be favorable, in which event it is probable that the troops will be removed and the post turned over for school uses in a short time.

A subscription list has been circulated by Numa Raymond and Jacob Schaublin to raise money for the building of a monument to Wm. Tell. Some twenty odd dollars were subscribed.

The health journals and the doctors all agree that the best and most wholesome part of the ordinary New England country doughnut is the hole. The larger the hole, they say, the better the doughnut.

Receipt for Vicious Horses.—Patience, gentleness, firmness, and petting, one pound of each. Mix thoroughly with one half pint of common sense, and give to the horse every day.

It is reported that a railroad is to be built to the summit of Popocatepetl, in Mexico, for the benefit of tourists and excursionists. The mountain rises 17,784 feet above the sea level. Its volcanic crater is three miles across and 1,000 feet deep.

One and one half pounds is the weight of a baby girl just born to Mr. and Mrs. L. Griffin, of Algona, Iowa. The child's head is as large as a small orange. She measures ten inches from head to toe and resembles a doll. The baby is healthy and the doctors say she will live.

The tomato, which was pronounced by the first English subject who tasted one not many years ago as "not altogether nasty," has at last conquered England. It is reported by the celebrated nurseryman, Veitch, to be yearly increasing in popularity.

His many friends will be glad to learn that June L. Fuller has received a full pardon from the president and was released from the Columbus, Ohio, prison on the 23d of April, after a confinement of a little over one year. His sentence covered a period of four years.—Kingston Shaft.

A San Antonio laundryman has a lot of Jay Gould's lion. It was delivered after Mr. Gould had left the city and an agent wanted to send it after him C. O. D., but the laundryman said he guessed he'd pursue the system he found in vogue on Mr. G's railroad, "pay in advance." He still has the duds.

A Wisconsin man bought a pickerel that weighed eighteen pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he actually bought four fish instead of one as he had supposed.

Immoral and border line papers calling themselves "liberal" have always yearned over Kansas sufferers. They also keep in motion rumors of resubmission and pitiful tales of increased taxation, decreased emigration and other deplorable conditions. Their special correspondent fails to interview the right parties to secure such items as those contained in the report at the Kansas penitentiary, made by its warden, George H. Case. He notes such moral progress as had not been made in any other commonwealth. From year to year there has been a steady decline in the number of criminals in spite of steady gains in population. The entire convict population is now only 255.

MESCALERO MATTERS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT MESCALERO AGENCY, May 12, 1890.

Col. Bennett has received the flag he asked for. It is a ten-footer.

Col. Bennett and Mr. Pelman, the Agency farmer, left Thursday for Three Rivers, to visit the Indian camps and distribute seeds for the Indians to plant. They are expected back this evening.

Vegetables are blooming up on the school farm.

The Indian school boys are busy irrigating, under the direction of Billy Shields.

Col. Bennett has asked for authority to build a nice adobe bath and laundry, which will probably cost from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

The school boys have found another means of amusement, combined with work. They get out at evenings and water the front and back yards and the street. After that is finished they try to sprinkle the bystanders, when the hose is locked up.

Johnny Patton, the school cook, is the champion scrambled-egg eater of this section. He will bet that he can out-eat any man on the Agency. He says that 8 to 10 is a common meal for him. Fifteen or twenty is "about his gait."

FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

Work and pluck are safer than luck.

Ignore scrubs; raise more good stock.

The worst haul on the farm—alcohol.

Poland-China swine "take" in the West.

Give the boys and girls plots to cultivate.

Follow good seed with thorough culture.

It pays to take good care of your "farm help"—that is, your tools.

Shearing Sheep by Machinery.—According to a Melbourne paper, sheep shearing by machinery is gradually growing in favor among the flock owners of Australia, but it thinks the day is still far distant when the familiar click of the hand shears will cease to be heard. In the northern colonies, it is added, several large shearing sheds have been fitted throughout with the Wolsely sheep shearing machines during the past year or two, and though the results are spoken of in glowing terms, there is evidently not going to be any immediate revolution in the method of taking wool from the sheep's back. As regards proficiency in performing the work, the machines seem to compare favorably with that done with the shears. Sheep shorn by the machine are less liable to injury, and a closer cut is also made, which, in addition to leaving the staple more even in length, gives a slightly heavier yield of wool.

A curious incident occurred on Elliot street Tuesday morning. A milkman's wagon was standing on the street with the horse untied, as is customary while the owner is delivering his milk. A farmer came along leading a cow by a halter, on his way to market. The sight of the cow so terrified the horse that he ran away at a furious speed down the street. The milkman's customers are now wondering how long it is since his horse saw a cow.—Buffalo Courier.

AN OPEN LETTER!

The Independent.

JAMES KIBBEE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Lincoln, N. M., May, 1890.

TO EVERYBODY WHO HAS ANYTHING TO ADVERTISE: Dear Sir:—A Special Edition of THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT will be issued on or about June 15th, 1890, to be devoted exclusively to a complete write-up of THE GREAT PECOS VALLEY, its Reservoir and Irrigating Canal Enterprises, Railroad Certainties and Possibilities, Attractions for Capital and Immigration, etc. The edition will consist of eight large pages, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, with maps of the Reservoir and Canal systems, views of prominent buildings, ranches, landscapes, etc. An issue of TEN THOUSAND (10,000) COPIES IS GUARANTEED, while the number printed will probably reach 20,000. The illustrations, paper, press work, etc. will be first-class in every detail. You can readily see that this edition will be a VALUABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM, especially if you take into consideration the following facts:

- 1. Every citizen of the Great Pecos Valley will read every line in this edition.
2. After they have read it, not one copy of the edition will be wasted, but every copy will be carefully forwarded to some relative or friend in "the States."
3. Thousands of extra copies are being subscribed for by the enterprising citizens of Roswell and Eddy, for the purpose of sending them East and North to attract the attention of immigrants and capitalists.
4. The advertising rate will be only \$2 per inch, for the entire edition, with a guaranteed circulation of 10,000 copies, and a probable issue of 15,000 or 20,000. Reading notices, 25 cents per line. No advertising order amounting to less than \$2 will be considered.

All orders for advertising space must be received at the earliest possible moment, in order to insure insertion.

Address: "THE INDEPENDENT," LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.

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.

M. CRONIN,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Lincoln, New Mexico.

M. C. NETTLETON,

ALBUQUERQUE JEWELER

DEALER IN FINE DIAMONDS,

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Solid Silverware, etc. Fine Watch Repairing and Diamond Setting. Watch Inspector for the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co. Manufacturer of Filigree Jewelry.

The Northwestern Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Writes the BEST policy for the Policy-holder issued by any Company, and returns from 25 to 100 per cent larger dividends than any other Company, and all other Companies are

CHALLENGED

to produce in comparison policies of same date, age and kind. THE INTENDING INSURER cannot AFFORD to take LIFE INSURANCE in any other company, when he can get it in the

Northwestern, the Strongest, Safest and Best. JESSE M. WHELOCK, General Agent for New Mexico.

E. S. McPHERSON, Special Agent, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

WATCH OUT FOR THE DESERTER.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

AND EXPERIMENT STATION Of New Mexico, - - - at Las Cruces, N. M.

Tuition FREE!

To residents of the Territory. Moderate charges for Preparatory Course. For full information, call on or address: Hiram Hadley, A. M., President of Faculty, or W. L. Rynerson, Sec'y of Board of Regents, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

- At White Oaks, - Rev. N. W. Lane.
Fort Stanton - - Sergt. Harvey.
Upper Pecos, - Postmaster,
Nogal,
La Luz,
Mesalero, - - Harry Bennett.
Eddy, - - Fred V. Plonkowsky.
Roswell - - J. D. Lea.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms for announcement in THE INDEPENDENT: \$5, payable in advance.
COUNTY ASSASSIN.
We are authorized to announce J. B. Mathews as a candidate for election to the office of Assessor of Lincoln county at the ensuing election, Nov. 1890, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

For cleanliness, comfort and first-class fare, go to Whelan & Co's Hotel.

Every day new goods arrive at Rosenthal & Co's.

We will not allow any house in Lincoln county to undersell us. Still greater reductions made on Refrigerators and Dry Goods. Give us a call.

Go to Rosenthal & Co's for your clothing. Largest and finest stock.

Just received, an immense stock of children's and men's hats at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Rosenthal & Co. are away ahead of all competitors when it comes to a complete stock and best rock prices.

Ladies' Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, for spring and summer, at prices to suit everybody, just opened up at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Wanted—A woman for general house work. Inquire at or address THE INDEPENDENT office, Lincoln, N. M.

Abundant supply of Hay and Grain and best attention paid to horses at Whelan & Co's.

Compare THE INDEPENDENT with any other paper in the Southwest, and say, candidly, what you think about it.

Several train loads of new goods at Rosenthal & Co's. Call and examine before buying from old shelf-worn stocks.

Our motto: "Small profits and quick returns" will be carried out to the letter. R. MICHAELIS & Co.

The illustrations for THE INDEPENDENT'S Pecos Valley Reservoir and Irrigation edition will be strictly first class. The edition will be eight pages, printed on fine paper, and will be the most complete one of the kind ever issued in the Southwest.

Wanted.

A good gentle milch cow, Apply at Whelan & Co's.

To an Indulgent Public.

If there are any "bad breaks" in this issue, please remember that the editor is absent making up that Pecos Valley Edition.

To the Editor.

You see—ed!

Just as we go to press we learn that Alec. Neadison is in town. That means a drunk and a messy fool in the town for the next 24 hours.

Corn and Oats.

800,000 pounds of choice oats, and about same amount of corn, for sale by Rosenthal & Co., Lincoln, N. M. Special prices in large lots.

Murat Halsted, in a recent article speaks of the instantaneous photograph as a great help to the newspapers, but as for us give us instantaneous subscribers.

Rosenthal & Co. have now on exhibition one of the largest and best assorted stocks of men's and boy's clothing ever offered in Lincoln county.

An assinine compromise between an idiot and a dora phile, wanted us to print his picture over a piece of poetry the other day. We cursed him, he got mad and then we had a racket. Our nose is weak, but you ought to see him—his face looks like a fresh mashed liver.

Texas has 8,011,195 head of cattle worth \$75,227,582, which is only \$2,414,119 more than the value of the cattle of Iowa; the next state in value, although Iowa has only 3,900,046 or 105,549, head less than one half of the number that Texas has. These dry figures teach the important lesson of the important value of improvement in stock, says the Texas Live Stock Journal. At the average price of Iowa stock Texas cattle would be worth \$124,172,522 instead of \$75,227,582, a discrepancy against us of \$48,944,940. When the fact is taken into consideration that the cost is only a trifle greater to raise the good than the scrub stock, a proper idea can be formed of the great need of improvement in Texas of the grade of cattle.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Beatley's town. Strawberries are ripe. Um! Everybody is wearing a jumper. Henry Fritz and Elmer Whitlock were in town Sunday. Col. Cronin is having his store house fitted with new shelves. Hon. S. S. Terrill returned from Roswell in time for Sunday service. Mrs. O. D. Bonney and sister, Miss Maud Lund passed down the river today. We sadly miss Frank Leamer's kids; Roswell's gain is our loss. Bring 'em back!

This is the only town on God's verdant earth that has white horses and no red headed girls. Oh, for the girls! Ralph Halloran, the insurance man, has returned to Albuquerque. He thinks we have no fear of death. The big cattle deal in Felix Pecosco of last week, went through with a whirl. They're the people, now. Capt. Roberts has gone to the Lower Pecos to subpoena the entire population of that section in a big chancery suit.

Frank Banta is putting up a freeze-out job on all the flies in town. He is putting screens in all the doors and windows in town.

WANTED.—By the young men of Lincoln, a number of pretty unmarried girls who are in search of gems of husbands. Come in bunches.

Bro. Teodoro, about 10 p. m., in a little back room: "Nobody knows what troubles I've seen, nobody knows but Jesus—I'll stay, gimme three cards—pass."

There is a watch tinkler floating through the country, and we are of the opinion his real trade is blacksmithing. He thinks a watch is a pump or a grindstone.

Chas. A. Rathbun, representing M. D. Wails & Co's. Chicago shoe house, slammed himself down on the town a few days ago and took orders for some fine toys.

Lincola Carr, representing an "oil-of-life" man or two, was in town yesterday, taking orders for our extra supply of snake poison. We're fixed, now, till snow flies.

Joe Storms was in town Saturday, circulating among his friends and working up a par for him for the Republican nomination for Superintendent of Schools. You must call on THE INDEPENDENT, Joe.

Da! Nowlin returned from the Penitentiary yesterday. He was sent there for the purpose of taking five delegates, from this county, who will remain in the service of the territory for some time to come.

Walt Benjamin, representing the Pichard & Conover hardware company, of Kansas City, rolled into town Sunday and out on Monday. He carries a fine sample line of pig iron and burglar-proof cooking stoves.

The Guadalupe Valley Reservoir, Irrigating and Manufacturing Co., has completed its organization, with a capital of \$500,000, one-fifth of which is reserved for specific purposes. This is the promise of a big land boom for Lincoln Co.

Henry Essinger, the ubiquitous gentleman who wears gip-lamps and sells wet goods, wobbled in on us a few days ago and made arrangements for our summer supply of tarantula juice and liver regulator. The new firm is Essinger & Judoll, of Vegas.

When hot weather comes we want the people of Roswell to come up in big bunches to see us. It's too hot down here in July and August to breathe—and we'd like to see as many of you as can come, anyhow. The latch string is on the outside. Come up and stop a while.

Joe Lea, while playing with a ripe baseball—which is ninety-seven degrees harder than a brick—had one of the fingers of his right hand broken. Next time, Joe, pick it up with a pair of tongs; when you see it coming, crawl in a hole and pray. A baseball is liable to create a riot.

Notice of the letting of the contract at Fort Stanton has not been received as yet, with the exception of the meat and transportation contracts. The letter was let to A. H. Hilton, of San Antonio. His bid was 73 cents per hundred from San Antonio to Fort Stanton. Mr. Hilton also secured the contract for hauling government freight from Wingate Station, Ariz. to Fort Wingate. D. H. Reinkin, well known here, got the contract for hauling from Watrous to Ft. Union.

Ed. McPherson has left town. He tried to convince us that if we would take part of our four hundred thousand dollars and invest it in insurance, we'd be better off. He convinced lots of people that they had a sure thing on death, and that when they cashed in they'd be ahead of the dealer. He can talk a rain cloud to a standstill. And yet he plays second to Jesse Wheelock, of Albuquerque. Jess must be a bird.

PERSONAL PERSONALS.

Hank Peters was in town, lying as usual, Tuesday.

Joe Connington is in town. Look out for your blankets, boys.

Cole Williams, drunk and cross as usual, growled himself out of town yesterday.

Bud Arpason made one of his usual bluffs on Tuesday, and nearly had his head pulled off.

Al Rutledge is getting more cross-eyed every day. He's getting so he sees-eyed through a tunnel.

Joe Norton—Monday—as usual, beating his wife. Fined \$10 or ten days. Ten days, of course.

The Jng-Ling boys came in Saturday, midday full, had a good time, and decently left early Monday.

Dan Brothier, smelling like a glue factory, wandered through town Sunday and made everybody sick.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. WHITE OAKS, N. M., May 12, 1890. Oh! Lordy, but don't the wind blow? Yes, my love and it forgets to stop. It is now patent to all, that the scientific method is to wear glass eyes—the same as store teeth—and when you go out, leave the eyes at home.

A camp-fire, at the residence of our neighbor, L. E. Rudisille, last Monday night, was a pleasant affair; the coffee was good, hard tack and beans, ditto; and the way they disappeared would cause a capitalist to weep. But everything went right merrily, and the old chestnuts and jokes and army tales and riazing g. laughter of the young, made the hours fly on with rapid wings, until the hour for going home was reached, when three good cheers for our kind entertainers made a fitting benediction for the close.

The arrival of Mr. Sigafus, the manager and principal owner of the North Homestake mine, from his home, Tarrytown, N. Y., was one of the events of the week. Mr. S. is one of the most thorough and successful mining men in the country, and, atidax-like, all he touches, in his line, turns to gold. The history of the North Homestake is not a long one, but most eventful and very successful. Less than six months from the day of the purchase had elapsed until the total cost of purchase, \$50,000, the cost of the mills and working, had been realized, and ever since a golden stream, sometimes less and sometimes greater, has been flowing from the property each month. If ever there be a golden daisy, surely its name is North Homestake.

Hon. E. W. Wells the father of Rolla Wells, the mine owner who has just paid us a visit, has recovered from his temporary illness and will return to his home in St. Louis. His many friends will be glad to welcome him there again.

Gradually those who formerly lived in White Oaks but who left for apparently more promising fields, are returning to their "first love," "the Oaks."

Political whippers are beginning to be heard, and the human plant, known as the politician, is commencing to vegetate. Ah, but won't the pot boil by and bye? And we will just stand by and stir it up, just to see if spatter! Will the flittes survive? Well, Darwin did not write about this class of animals, hence his testimony must be taken with a grain of allowance. The closing exercises of our public school took place Friday last, and a most creditable affair it was. It was one of the chronic bickers about our public schools, in this Territory, had been present, they would have retired with something more than a flea in their ear.

OCCASIONAL.

Notice to Road Supervisors. All Road Supervisors should see that the public roads of their respective precincts are not changed or removed except in strict accordance with law, unless the change desired is of little consequence and as good for a better road is made and accepted by Supervisor before the old one can be abandoned.

The order of County Commissioners fixing time for working roads as March and October, or as soon after as expedient, does not mean that the Supervisor should consult his own convenience, as some are doing, but to work the roads when the public convenience demands it. J. N. Cox, Road Supervisor.

Warning.

To Roswell and community: We desire to give warning that on Wednesday, the 14th inst., there left here a man who was bound for Roswell, for some purpose that may bear watching. In size he is about two by five, has a gingerbread-colored mustache, wears clothes, has a dark brown breath and has an insinuating method of approaching people. He has seven long hairs growing in the middle of the bottom of his left foot and asks a great many questions. He can't come nearer a blue than a snowball, and his call starts under his arm and runs to his ankle. He's among you, my friends, and you'd better keep your eye on him.

Married a Mohawk.

Philadelphia, May 10.—There is no accounting for a woman's taste in the selection of a husband. The marriage of Miss Sensabaugh, one of the teachers at the education home in West Philadelphia to one of the Indian pupils has just come to light. The name of the groom is Alexander Ransome, a full blooded Mohawk, who has been in the institution about five years, where he learned the trade of harness maker.

The wedding took place some months ago, but the fact of the union was kept a profound secret until May 1, when the bride, who is somewhat older than her husband, went to Superintendent Lewis and some of the managers of the institution and announced their marriage, and presented her resignation. The resignation was accepted and, at the same time, the bridegroom received a government permission to leave the home.

He has been employed in a harness shop on Market street, and Assistant Superintendent Hill says he is fully equipped to earn enough at his trade to maintain his new home—New Mexican.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, May 8. Round-up wagons are numerous in the country now.

Mrs. Wm. Fountain is building an addition to her hotel. Mr. McGroove, wife and two daughters, also Miss Maggie Pierce, of Tulsa, were in Roswell this week visiting their old friends and Texas neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fountain. They left for home Wednesday.

The Eddy base ball club has accepted the challenge sent by our boys, with the provision that they play three games at Eddy about the 15th of June for \$200 a side. The club here will agree to that arrangement provided the Eddy club will agree to play three return games here on the 4th of July.

At last the machinery of the land office is in motion. Hon. Cobean received his commission last Friday evening, and is now regularly installed in his office. A large amount of business has accumulated during the past three months, and it will take a few days to get things straightened out.

W. A. Hawkins, attorney for the P. I. & L. Co., Mr. Tracy and Mr. Reed, engineer, have been busy about Roswell for the past week or more surveying the various ditches out of Spring rivers and the Hondo to determine the amount of water appropriated.

Our old friend Judge Stone, of Roswell-on-the-Pecos, is the heaviest orchardist in New Mexico. He has just finished planting seventy acres of apple trees. We are told that Judge Stone intends to continue until he has 820 acres in orchard. He is the pioneer fruit planter in the Pecos Valley.—Field and Farm.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, May 8. Mr. John Y. Howitt and Deputy Sheriff Langston accompanied by their wives, visited the American mine last week.

The Hyde boys from Three Rivers took fifteen head of steers to Fort Stanton last week. They spent a couple of days in Nogal on their return.

Mr. S. J. Slane informs us that work is expected to begin on the range in this section in about two weeks if the grass is sufficient.

Mr. B. Scott from the Carlizzo is expected home with 100 head of cow ponies bought in Mexico.

W. M. Wharton closed a six months term of school at Piencho last week, and is now resting in Nogal a few days before going to the Park, where he is to begin school the last of this month.

A Query.

LINCOLN, N. M., May 10, 1890. EDITOR INDEPENDENT.

SIR.—Can you inform me whose duty it is to see that the game laws of the Territory are enforced? I understand that a party of soldiers from Fort Stanton, at present camped on the upper Pecos, are catching fish from that stream. I also understand that there is a commissioned officer in the party who ought to know better than violate the law knowingly. I hope the proper authorities will look into the affair and punish the guilty parties. SPORTSMAN.

To Pecos Cattle Men.

If you are not ashamed to talk about your section at the same time that you allow your people to use condensed milk and Chicago butter, you ought to

Mules Walk up and Hide Down.

We illustrate a novelty in transportation practice taken from the railroad operated in the beautiful town of Ontario, San Bernardino, county Cal. The railroad, passes through the middle of Euclid avenue, a broad and beautiful street bordered with orange and lemon trees. The avenue is some 1/2 miles miles in length, with heavy grade as it approaches the hills. The car is drawn uphill and over the levels by a pair of mules, but in going down grade the car and mules move by gravity. A platform with folding sides is provided, which is supported on the car. When the mules are the tractive power the sides of the platform are folded down and the whole rolls back under the bottom of the car, where it remains and is drawn along the track with the car. The wheels on which the platform is carried are of small diameter, and near them is a brake bearing directly on the rail when applied by the conductor. On down grades the platform or truck is drawn out from beneath the car, the sides are raised and the guards, rails, etc., are adjusted. The mules are driven up on the platform, the gates are closed, all is ready for the decent. The mules quietly stand, well fenced in, while the car rapidly runs down the grade.—Scientific American.

The recent rains in New Mexico and especially in the northern part, in quantity have not been experienced for years. The old settlers declare that not since 1889 (a year to be remembered as one of general prosperity among stock men and sheep men) has so much rain fallen in one spring as during this. The ground is thoroughly soaked and the grass will be excellent in a short time.

EDDY ECHOES.

Caught from the Argus, May 8. There is not a colored man in Eddy at present.

Dr. Tomlinson's drug store is about ready for business.

The late rains filled all the water holes between Pecos City and the Delaware brimming full.

It is alleged that an antelope can go three weeks without water, or nearly as long as a Kentucky colonel.

B. A. Nymeyer and Bill Johnston seldom come together without indulging in a fierce religious discussion.

The justice of the peace business does not pay in this precinct. Elijah Orr has only made \$17 in fees since he has been in office.

Roswell having arrogantly adopted the sobriquet of "The Pride of the Pecos," Eddy modestly dubs itself "The Pearl of the Pecos."

"I wonder," said Tom Blackmore, in a moderate way, as he slowly rubbed some Wizard oil on his sore arm, "if the Roswell club wouldn't rather play a match game of checkers than base ball?"

When completed the canal of the Pecos Irrigation and Investment company will irrigate 300,000 acres of the productive lands of the Pecos Valley. Forty acres of this land will support a family of five persons in luxury, giving us 7,500 families, or 37,500 farmers and fruit growers, with about an equal number of mechanics, laborers, tradesmen and professional men, or a total population tributary to the town of Eddy of 75,000.

Several kickers having developed in Eddy, a purse has been made up to pay their way out of town. Mr. Lucky and Mr. Blodgett were the principal contributors, and thanks of the community are due to them. Eddy can afford to have no kickers now. We must all pull together as one man.

Tom Braeken has just completed the bridge over the big canal on the road leading west from town, and is getting the timber ready for the bridge on the Look-out road, will finish the business for the present. The bridges will be built between section lines.

We regret to announce a hen did not go on this week, owing to the nests all being full.

Eddy can boast of one of the finest and fastest race courses in the country.

E. G. Shields, manager of the magnificent Lake View farm on the other side of the river, has received from E. E. Van Deman, government pomologist at Washington, a few seeds of the giant peach of eastern Khorsuj, a Prussian province, lying next to Afghanistan, and is promised others from the coming crop of Turkestan. He is also in receipt, from the same source, of a package of cuttings of the genuine Capri fig from Smyrna, Turkey, with which he hopes to definitely and satisfactorily settle the disputed question of the caption of the fig.

OFFICE OF EDDY BASEBALL ASSOCIATION. EDDY, N. M., April 20, 1890.

Mr. W. S. Prager, Manager Roswell Baseball Club, Roswell, N. M. DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your challenge of the 16th, and hereby accept the same in behalf of the Eddy Baseball club, with the provision that as we are the challenged club, the game be played here. The date can be arranged to mutual satisfaction. I would suggest, however as the trip is a long one, that an arrangement be made for three games here, best two out of three, for \$200.00 a side. We will play your club return games at Roswell later. We expect our new hotel to be opened about the 15th of June, and would like to arrange a date about that time, when we will be glad to entertain your club and friends. Yours truly, F. G. CAMPBELL, Manager Eddy Baseball Association.

The bill authorizing and endorsing on behalf of the United States the holding of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1892-93 has finally passed both houses of congress and received the signature of the President.

Rivalry between different cities as to where the fair should be held some time ago ceased to be an element in the matter, and Chicago has been the unopposed leader in this respect, but the long delay in making the final authorization by the government had begun to lead people to think that possibly we were not to have any fair at all. Now, however, it is high time for the beginning of actual work, if we are to make it the national success it should be, and worthy representative of our position and progress in all the arts, sciences and industries. The possibility of a high degree of success in such endeavor is, moreover, greatly increased by the fact that congress has virtually given another year for preparation—that is, although there will be exercises commemorative of the landing of Columbus in October, 1892, the fair proper will not be opened until the spring of 1893.

There is also added to the bill a section directing the holding of a naval review in New York harbor in April, 1893, and foreign nations are to be invited to send ships of war to join the United States navy in rendezvous at Hampton Roads, Va., and proceed thence to take part in the review.—Scientific American.

Subscribe for THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

FORT STANTON FACTS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. FORT STANTON, N. M., May 15, '90.

Lt. G. L. Scott and Col. J. C. DeLany left on Sunday for the Hondo and Pecos country. They will be gone about eight days, and will stop over at Col. DeLany's horse ranch and see how Tommy Eubank and Col. Trousdale are managing affairs.

The ranch situated on the south side of the reservation commonly known as Carterville, was burned to the ground Thursday evening of last week. As the proprietor is at present at the railroad and as no one was living at the place at the time, the cause can only be attributed to incendiarism.

Charlie Stien says he did not go to Roswell with Tom Eubank and Andy Richardson. He says they were to hard for him to "draw to." He spent a few days at White Oaks and while there purchased a hard boiled hat. We imagine White Oaks has more attractions for Charlie than Roswell.

Miss Kate Kelly, of the Post Trader's establishment, goes to Albuquerque in a few days. A small party of Miss Kelly's friends assembled at the Post Traders on Tuesday evening to bid her farewell. Dancing was indulged in until the "small hours." The music was furnished by the Stien band and was better than usual. Every one seemed to be having an "immense" time and the only regret seemed to be that the amiable hostess would soon be numbered among our absent friends.

A very tragic ending of a pleasure party occurred on Sunday. Four soldiers of the 10th P. L. 6th Cav., obtaining mounted passes to visit Lincoln, they "took in the town," and we suppose a full supply, on their visit. Coming home one of the party, Private Hugo Troschwig, was thrown from his horse, and received such internal injuries that he died from the effects at midnight. The party got back here about 6 p. m. and Troschwig immediately reported at the hospital where he was placed under the immediate care of Dr. R. W. Johnson, the Post Surgeon, who did all that was possible to relieve him but it was quite apparent, after 9 o'clock, that his case was hopeless and he rapidly sank, and expired with much pain a few moments after midnight. A post mortem examination was held on Monday morning which developed the fact that his death was caused by ruptures of the testicles and bladder caused by the shock of falling from his horse, and that he was beyond the power of human aid from the time of his fall. He was buried in the Post cemetery on Tuesday afternoon with the usual military honors. The deceased was a very exemplary soldier, being clerk in the Quartermaster's office, and always had the reputation of being a quiet and trustworthy man. He was a German by birth having enlisted in the army about eighteen months ago.

We cannot allow this occasion to pass without expressing our condemnation of pass-mounted men. Men are allowed to take their passes away from the Post, and as a rule, come back (both men and horses) much the worse from the trip. If the Gameen officer would allow his institution to be opened for a few hours on Sunday it would do away a great deal with the mounted pass evil.

The ambulance left here for paymaster Mylander on the 14th. He is expected on the 20th, and will probably pay the troops on the 21st.

Miss Kate Kelly left with the ambulance, for Albuquerque.

Messrs Ames, Baker and Cuthbert, cattle buyers from Abilene, stopped over here Friday. They went to the Block ranch on Saturday, with Col. DeLany.

George Bodgen, the only cattle thief who seems to be prospering just now, had some new branding irons made in town last week. Owners of cattle had better look out.

Notice of Publication. LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M. May 8th, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Roswell, N. M., on Tuesday, July 15th, 1890, viz: Rachel C. Hester, Pre-emption Declaratory Statement No. 2277, for the 1/4 sec. 20 1/4 sec. 34, as 1/4 sec. 34, Sec. 27, Tp. 15 S. Range 1 East. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Jose H. Medina, John Alcock, James J. Wallace, Nelson Alcock, all of Lower Pecosco, N. M. WINFIELD S. COBURN, Register.

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