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100 Good Reasons WHY YOU SHOULD TAKE THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

- 1 Because** It is published at the county seat of the largest county in the world, and is the only paper published at said county seat.
 - 2 Because** It is the official paper of the county, and to keep posted in everything pertaining to county matters you must take it.
 - 3 Because** It is the largest paper in the county, and publishes more news from a wider range of matter than any other papers in the county combined.
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 - 8 Because** It is a wide-awake, progressive, independent county newspaper, and will be worth many times its price every year you take it.
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 - 10 Because** There are 99 other good reasons, which every paid up subscriber can easily discover for himself. Subscribers and you will know them, and never regret it, and don't you forget it!
- Address: "The Independent," Lincoln, N. M.

I GO MY GAIT.

I go my gait, with never a whine
Or murmurous tone at that or this,
Deep down in the heart of mine,
Regret for joys that I may miss.
Whether in paths of woe or bliss
I go my gait.

I go my gait, be still or frown
My lips are on life's thoroughfare,
Upward and downward, never down,
A smiling face I choose to wear.
As hand in hand, sometimes with care,
I go my gait.

I go my gait, all sure of this—
Who pushes steadily ahead,
Must gain at last some goal of bliss,
If hungry will at last to feed,
With dauntless heart and dauntless tread
I go my gait.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A STUDY IN BLACK.

While on a horseback journey through a secluded and somewhat watery nook of southern Louisiana I lost my way and wandered for the whole of a bright and breezy afternoon through a region at once the wildest and most funeral in aspect that ever met my eyes.

No houses, no plantations, no sign of human life, save what an occasional herd of thin, very domestic cattle might suggest, as breaking forth from some fringe of reeds, or scampering across a verdurous opening in the gloomy woods, the half wild little animals fled from me with deer like agility, and, what made the solitude most bleak, the booming of alligators came from certain bays and ponds near which I passed.

The sun was low in the west, almost down to the horizon in fact, when, after breaking through a dense tangle of bay bushes and making my way for some distance under mossy, low hanging vines, I came upon a considerable bluff overlooking a beautiful, lake-like expansion of one of the bays. Here my tired horse stopped of his own accord, and, lifting his head, neighed shrilly.

No scene could be more lovely than the one before me. The water was as blue as the wings of a jay and as still as the sky over one half of it, while over the other half the breeze was leaping gleefully, bearing bright waveslets before it. The sunlight, reddened by a slight fog that was beginning to rise beyond the lake, fell level across a vast grassy marsh like a sheet of flame and struck the water with long blades of crimson and gold. Southward lay a dark, solemn swamp, northward the lagoon swung round the live oak wood and was lost. I was not very near the gulf coast, but the unmistakable salt fragrance was in the air.

It was May and the magnolias were beginning to bloom; my horse's feet were in the mud, and the air was full of wild violets. Everywhere the colors of the rainbow flashed, and on every breath I drew in a bewildering sense of perfume.

I thought the spot a good one on which to pass the night, and was preparing to dismount when a dog began to bark and a thick fog of noise. It was a deep voiced hound barking as if for sheer idleness. The sound was as welcome as it was musical, for it told me that a cabin must be near.

Setting myself at ease in my saddle I listened. A noise of row locks or of a paddle touching a skiff's side now reached my ears, and I wondered why I had not before noticed the piroguo and the person that propelled it. Scarcely 800 yards away, and skimming swiftly over the water, the graceful little vessel came shoreward. Its occupant, a slender girl apparently not more than the stern and wielded the paddle with vigor and ease.

Evidently the dog was baying her welcome as she returned from some voyage across the now rapidly darkening horizon. The sun had fallen below the horizon, the fog was turning from rose purple to silver gray; and I noticed that the nearly full moon was beyond the cedar thicket.

"Ho-o-lal hoo-lal hoo-ee!" quivered a loud, sweet voice from the piroguo.

"Ho-o-lal hoo, la-hoo-hoo-ee!" answered a baritone from the shore just beyond the cedar thicket.

"The girl waved her paddle in the air and replied with a yodel that sent its silvery ripples to every dreamy nook of the bayou.

I know not how to suggest the feeling that came over me; it was as if I had a glimpse of old Arcadia, as if a waft of perfect peace and quiet joy had reached me from some land of eternal apple blossoms.

Overhead some wild fowl were blowing their clanging pipes; and although I did not look up I knew that their wings were shining against the sapphiry sky. In my mind flocks of positive birds singing and rustling their silken phrases and flooded me with unutterable melody.

Very soon the piroguo touched shore at some distance from me, and I saw the tall girl spring out and loop the little painter around a stake; then, springing up the bluff, she was lost to my view. I could not clearly make out her features, but I felt that she was not ill looking; her form was lissness itself and the very embodiment of wild grace.

Quite sure of finding a house on the other side of the cedar thicket, I turned my horse's head that way and rode through. To my surprise I came upon an orange orchard of perhaps 500 large trees, beyond which the low, broad roof of a vine covered cottage showed dim and gray under the wide boughs of an enormous live oak. The picture struck me as one of remarkable expression—a sort of vignette from some old romance.

Riding around the angle of the orchard I came in front of the house and halted. A clump of pear trees grew at one side and a great bow of scuppernon vines flanked a little rose garden. In front of a wide veranda a magnificent oleander spread its glossy greenery. A Spanish open hall ran through the house, apparently almost rotten, building giving me a glimpse of luxuriant tiffs of flag like plants bearing great red and gold

flowers growing in a sort of rude back court. The place had a very ancient look, as if the house had been there so long that it was sinking in the ground, while the grass and vines and moss were enveloping it. The boards of the roof were warped, spongy and covered with lichens, while the walls, made of pine logs, were every where the seat of the foundation, and the rude posts of the veranda were weather beaten and far from perpendicular.

The girl and a man who had met her at the landing turned at the threshold to look back at me when they heard my horse's feet. I saw that they were father and daughter; their attitude of appearance told this.

Immediately the man came toward me and spoke to me in French, which was midway between that of New Orleans and the patois of the negroes. He was very dark, almost black, with very dark hair and beard, but his features showed little, if any, African peculiarity. Looking over his head at his daughter, I saw that she was a shade darker than he, and the negro dash appeared to have come into her face with some emphasis, but not disagreeably.

In a moment I was a guest. My horse was cared for by a lad, and I was welcomed into the scrub but spacious house, where the first thing that attracted my eyes was a rack of antlers, upon which lay three long, heavy flint look guns, one of which was magnificently mounted with silver. Skins hung about the walls of the hall or were spread upon the floor, two of them occupied by a long, long eared, snoring hound.

An air of rude cleanliness that was almost luxury pervaded the place, and the voices coming from the adjoining rooms were hauntingly sweet and rich. I noticed that the doors, one on either side of the passageway, were very wide and stood open, giving into large, low rooms, in one of which I was conducted by my dusky host.

"Sit down," he said, and left me, returning a few minutes later with a bottle of wine and a cup of coffee.

While he was out I glanced over the room. In one corner a magnificent mahogany four post bedstead, exquisitely carved, and furnished with red brocade, curious and old in another, a low sofa of the same rich stuff, much worn but still beautiful, and over the roof mantel a grimy, smoke dimmed painting of the Virgin, were strangely in contrast with the rough walls and uneven board floor, to say nothing of the white painted chairs and the little table on which stood a lamp that burned an antiquated iron lamp.

At the one square window some tattered but carefully darned heavy silk curtains rustled in the air that flowed through.

"How long have you lived here?" I inquired, involuntarily, as I took the chair he offered.

"I bahn yah wen I's bo'n sah," he answered, politely striving to mate his English with mine.

"You were born here?"

"An' my father'n gran'father, bo'n yah, yah, sah, all bo'n yah."

His story was a simple one when presented to me. An ancestor, he was not sure of the generation back, had come from San Domingo, fleeing from the awful insurrections, and had settled here on this very spot with his slaves. Doubtless he had history sadly mixed, but there was internal evidence that the larger fact of the tradition were well preserved and authentic.

Some one of the forefathers, probably not the original Colon from San Domingo, had been a great scholar, so my host said, and had collected many books and a few pictures during his annual visits to Paris and Avignon, the real seat of the family.

"His was vraye appoyee man, zat an-caystoy. Yah, sah, yah, vraye appoyee."

He led me across the hall into another room; and sure enough, there were shelves of books, none of them especially valuable, unless an old edition of Voltaire or of Rousseau or of Fenelon could be so called; and there hung a picture, one beautiful, but now so blacked with pine smoke that they were worthless. On a peg in the wall, above the fireplace but below the high mantel, hung two long flint lock pistols, the barrels of brass with bell muzzles, and each having the flashpan on top of the breech, where the vent was worked with a small quill from a woodpecker's wing.

When dinner was announced I was shown into a rear bedroom, only half of which was floored. This was both kitchen and dining room, the floored part serving as the latter, the earthen part as the former; while through a low window I could from my seat at the immaculately tidy board look right into a very dirty stable.

My host sat at the table with me; but no other member of the household joined us. We were served by a large, stout, jet black negro woman, who scarcely spoke during the meal, which was homely, well cooked, savory, delicious.

We ate by the light of a curious iron lamp, whose oil had the singular fragrance of candle berries. During the meal two sweet and powerful voices sang a song, the words of which I could not catch, some one playing the fiddle, and a dancer that I had seen in the library (as I may call it) and another joining in with a flute.

"Dem's ma negres singin' zat song, Yah, sah, my negres," said my host. I gave his pronunciation of English but imperfectly, as the spelling loses the indefinable sweetness of the intonation.

"He call he shirrain he negres," lisped the fat negress, with a low chuckle, winking at me.

"Me shirrain evair one at zee school in Paris; yah, sah, in Paris, za been fo' years zere," quickly spoke up the man.

"Dem's me negres in zere singin'."

The negress chuckled again, but said no more.

"Me ouffe, sah, she in Paris, too," the man added; "she come back too, yah—mebbe so."

"He know vraye true oo's 'is ouffe," murmured the woman with a knowing smile and a shrug of her heavy shoulders.

"I wan me ouffe toms, yom sah, Paris. I bill a new 'oume, yah, sah, vraye large manseon," continued my

host, as we arose from the table; "a chateau—mebbe so."

The singing and playing stopped short as our host's attention was attracted by the approach of the musicians who had gathered. I heard a stamping of the feet as they ran out through a side door with rough giggling and suppressed chattering.

"My host sat with me until late, telling me much about his wife and children in Paris and about the mansion he intended to build for them when they returned.

"My wife is vraye fair, vraye blonde; yah, sah, she vraye pale," he insisted; "an' zem shirrain, too, za vraye fair—yah, sah, ouffe as snow!"

My bed that night was soft and sweet, faintly fragrant, as if perfumed with some rare herb or dried flower.

Next morning I looked out of my window I saw five young persons of different and regularly graduated ages get into a small smack and sail off down the bayou. They had fishnets and other paraphernalia of well equipped fishing folk. One of them I recognized as the girl I had seen in the piroguo the evening before.

At breakfast my host was not so gay as he had been at dinner, and his face wore a look, as I thought, of vexation. The fat negress was very attentive to us, but not much was said.

When I was ready to resume my journey the man went to fetch my horse while I arranged some things in my saddle pack. As I came out of my room I was confronted by the negress. "That man is my husband," she said in patois. "He's ashamed of me and of his children because you are here. He wishes you to consider him a white man; but he's a negro, just as much as I and the children are negroes. He's a fool."

She spoke very gently, without the least show of feeling, smiling meantime and rubbing her head black, closely linked hair with her left hand.

Her husband's foot sounded on the veranda, and she hurried away.

The man had brought out his own pony, and he rode with me to put him in the carriage and to help me on my way. All along he talked of his absent wife and children, and sighed as he remarked that it would be a long while to wait for them to return from Paris.

I offered him money when we were parting; but he refused it with a great show of polite contempt for the offer. He could not insist, and so, bidding him good-by with many thanks, turned my horse to go.

"Dem negres," he ventured to murmur; "yah, sah, dem negres be vraye please eef you gif 'em two dollaire. I couvey eef to 'em vraye easy—yah, sah."

He looked deep into his mild dark eyes as I handed him the coins for the negroes, and wondered how the man could bear my scrutiny. There was not a flicker in his countenance.—Maurice Thompson in "The Independent."

A MAN'S IDEA OF A GOOD WIFE.

Not a Mere Business Partnership, but a Union of Mutual Interests.

I am very much in the exception of what is called my "current" incidental expenses. All money read, checks, the latter, indeed, to my wife, with the certain knowledge that the money is handed and disposed of in the most careful and judicious manner. My wife, although intellectual, is regard domestic ability as one sign of intellectual—care entirely for her home and do not keep a girl. Ergo, our home is always just as it should be cared for—by a wife's hands. She has the entire charge of all the expenditures of our domestic economy. Not a cent is wasted, nor is a dollar injudiciously spent.

My wife acquiesces with all the details necessary, and free from actual buying and paying out, I am left to devote my mind to my work without interruption, and thus to produce the best results. I keep my wife informed as to the progress and character of my work, as well as of the future financial prospects resulting from it. I talk her of all and keep her informed for what concerns me—concerns her, and she has as much right to know of it as I have. She tells me how the state of our finances is, and thus we are each able to gauge our actions by the other; and so our income is kept up to a point that causes no worry on our part, while our expenditures never equal or exceed our income.

But let none of my readers suppose for a moment that our union is a mere partnership formed for business purposes only.

Let me take one day for example—on one day I am much like any other in our home. I have never yet left the house in the morning without kissing my wife. We have never yet parted for the day with a cross word or angry feelings. My wife follows me to the door every morning, and watches me out of sight. At night she watches at the window for my return, and in the summer usually meets me at the station. I have never yet returned from a busy day's work and been greeted with anything but a kiss and a smile from my wife. She is never fretful, never downcast, never anything but womanly and helpful.

I find the table set for tea, always just so, neatly and carefully. While I do not lay such great stress on having my meals at a certain time as some men do, my wife is seldom late with either breakfast or tea. She has one or two dishes, and what called me away, and I never miss an evening at home unless compelled to do so on account of urgent and pressing business. I never speak a cross or fretful word to my wife without afterward telling her I am sorry.

Nightly after tea she has our little daily talk, and she tells me of her day in the city, the people I have seen and talked with, the latest news and so on. Often, we go out for a walk after tea, and sometimes go to the public library. Often also, we go to an evening concert or other entertainment.—Allan Eric in "Ladies' Home Journal."

Shaved by a Convict.

They were speaking of shaving. "It was up at Folson, and Judge Murphy had gone up there at Gen. McComb's invitation to see how the prison was run," said a newspaper man. "He arrived on Saturday night, and next morning, before breakfast, the warden asked him if he didn't want to be shaved, adding that there was an excellent barber connected with the establishment. The judge said that was just exactly what he did want, and he was shown the way to the shop. A very quiet young negro was there, with a white coat over a convict shirt, and the judge knew before he had been in the chair a minute that he was in the hands of an expert. The 'first time over' was through, and the judge came out of the nice little doze and lay watching the fellow. Pretty soon the judge said: " 'Haven't I seen you before?' " "I guess so," said the fellow, winking the judge's face for the second time. "Where was it?" "In your court, judge." "Is that so? What—what was it about?" "Well, judge, I'll tell you," said the fellow. "He was there coming down over the judge's chin and was sweeping down toward his throat. 'My name is Williams, and you sent me up here for life for killing my woman on Bush street.' " "As he said that the fellow laid the cold edge of the razor against the judge's Adam's apple, and the judge closed his eyes. He knew there wasn't another person but themselves in the room, and for an instant he had the wild inclination to jump up and yell out for help. Then he thought better of it, and said as placidly as he could: " 'Ah, yes, I remember now, your case. Well, I hope you're rolling up your credits, Williams.' " " 'Pretty good,' replied the convict barber, and the razor slid softly up from the judge's throat and was put back in its case. A few more minutes and the judge had quitted the chair and left the room smiling and cheerful, but when he rejoined the warden and party they told him he looked as though he had seen a ghost."—San Francisco Chronicle.

NOT BORN TO BE KILLED.

The Luck of a Man Who Was Missed Up in the Kentucky Cyclone.

Under a lucky star Lawrence Long, a little Jeffersonville boy, must have been born. "Three times has he faced what seemed in each instance certain death; but almost miraculously he has gone through every ordeal and come out not only alive, but uninjured.

About five years ago Lawrence went up on the Louisville bridge, carrying dinner to his father, who is the toll gate keeper. The day was warm and sultry, and the river being low, the gleaming rocks far beneath attracted the attention of the little urchin. In order to obtain a better view of the scene, he placed his basket on the footway and clambered upon the gully wall to look down. The gully height made his senses reel, and before he could save himself he had tumbled headlong upon the jagged rocks below.

From a distance his father had witnessed the incident, and he hurried from the bridge, expecting to find the mangled body of his son stretched upon the shore. But, to his surprise, his little boy met him half way and laughingly related the particulars of his tremendous fall as if it were a huge joke. By some mysterious providence, he was not even bruised.

Later on, when Lawrence was 17 years old, like most of the young fellows of that age, he fell in love with the handsome little daughter of a neighbor. With the assistance of a friend he succeeded in procuring a marriage license, and one evening he eloped with his sweetheart. Although he enjoyed the clerk to keep the matter secret, the affair appeared in the Courier-Journal the following morning. In this manner the father of the girl learned of the marriage, and he became so angry that he loaded his shotgun and started on a hunt for his new son-in-law, with the avowed determination of annihilating him. They met about afterward, and the young man, who had been among the crowd of the tumbling walls he was as cool as an icicle. The floors fell in, and he went with them, but his guardian angel was promptly on hand with the needed assistance, and when Lawrence crawled out of the ruins he found upon examination that the only injury he had sustained was a small scratch upon one of his ears.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why 1900 Will Not Be a Leap Year.

The question is often asked "Will the year 1900 be a leap year?" It will not. When Julius Caesar revised the calendar he appointed an extra day every four years, and his calendar lasted until A. D. 1582. Now the ordinary year is 365 days and 11 seconds short of being 365 1/4 days in length, so that there isn't really a full sized extra day to be added to February every four years. Caesar didn't know this, or didn't care about it, and these little things help to keep a man good natured. In short, my home is always cheerful, and never did I see a woman try to hard, in every way, in order to please me, and she is so devoted wife, as mine does. I am not writing this article for the sole purpose of eulogizing my wife, but to show what makes home truly happy.

Our little parlor is always neat and cheerful, and the dining room is carefully arranged. In his answers, my wife writes me the best magazines, are always welcome and not unused in our home. I never neglect to bring my wife each evening such daily and other papers I think she will like. I never remain out beyond my usual hours of coming home without sending my wife word where I have gone, and what called me away, and I never miss an evening at home unless compelled to do so on account of urgent and pressing business. I never speak a cross or fretful word to my wife without afterward telling her I am sorry.

Nightly after tea she has our little daily talk, and she tells me of her day in the city, the people I have seen and talked with, the latest news and so on. Often, we go out for a walk after tea, and sometimes go to the public library. Often also, we go to an evening concert or other entertainment.—Allan Eric in "Ladies' Home Journal."

Wrinkles Across the Forehead.

Wrinkles across the forehead are found in children who are "rickety" or "lithic" string, and a chinking of the eyes is efficiently covered, but will also cause them, but in all cases they are normal at 40, or even at an earlier age. Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come prematurely in men and women who study much or worry themselves. This can readily be imagined.

The eyebrows contract naturally when in deep thought; grief or worry produces the same effect; the action being frequently repeated produces a fold in the skin. It was said as one of the standing rules of the Jesuits to never contract the eyebrows while studying.

The straight lines extending upward from the root of the nose are supposed to tell of long and cruel physical suffering, or still more painful mental tortures. The crow's feet, the wrinkles so detested by ladies of rank and pride, always come to mark the passing of the fortieth mile post, if not before. They are characterized by furrows, which diverge from the external angles of the eyes in all directions like the claws of the bird from which they are named. Wrinkles of the cheeks and chin are caused by the diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which causes the chin to fall into folds.

The same wrinkles near the eye have the same origin, and only appear in old age. These across the upper eyelids, which give the eye an air of fatigue, are the result of hard living, grief and worry.—New York Journal.

Can Count 180 Descendants.

The Marietta (O.) Register tells of a somewhat remarkable family in that vicinity. Joseph Burke, a freeman from Prince William county, Va., came with his family in 1834 to Newport, where he died three weeks afterward, leaving a wife and twelve children. The widow still survives, and most of her children. A recent census of the family, including children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, gives an aggregate of 180 souls. Mrs. Hannah Burke, now aged 107, is probably the most motherly woman in Ohio.

Effect of High Heels.

The effect of high heels was spoken of and demonstrated from a specimen of fashionable shoe, with the heel nearly in the middle of the foot. This, the lecturer said, had the effect of throwing the foot forward upon the toes and this not only is the foot deformed, but the gait is to a greater or less extent stilted. The practice of making children wear tight shoes in order to keep the feet small can only be compared to the Chinese method of deforming the feet.—Herald of Health.

The Wrong Ingredient.

In reading a country paper I came across a recipe for a "Marlbrough pudding," in which the first named ingredients are "five eggs, five ounces of castor oil." Doubtless castor sugar is meant, but fancy the effects upon the family if some inexperienced young housewife makes that pudding according to instructions.—Madge in London Truth.

Effect of a Cobra's Bite.

The taxidermist of the Victoria museum, London, was bitten in the hand by a cobra, from which the poison bag had been extracted, while feeding it. Supposing the bite to be harmless, he took no notice of it, all pain and numbness went off, and he was able to continue his work. He was, however, very much surprised when he was unable to move his hand, and he was taken to a hospital. He was paralyzed in his muscular system and ceased to breathe. Artificial respiration was applied for eight hours, after which he began to breathe again and gradually regained consciousness.

Slow Drying Glue.

Slow drying glue is stronger than quick drying, and for general use no method gives such good results as the following: Break the glue small and cover it with water in an iron kettle and let it soak twelve hours; after soaking, boil till done, then pour it into an air tight box, and when cold cover it tight. As it is required, cut out a portion and melt in the usual way, exposing no more of the mottle glue to the atmosphere than is necessary, as the atmosphere is injurious to mottle glue. Of course it never should be subjected to direct heat. It is better to use glue quite thin, working it into the wood, rather than too thick. Excepting veneering, glue both surfaces and never have the wood heated.—New York Telegram.

Fighting the Strikers.

A Scotch baker named Cameron, in Melbourne, had a strike in his shop, and when his delivery wagon went out it was followed by a buggy containing pickets of the strikers, who endeavored to induce the men in the wagon to quit work. Cameron hired another buggy and drove along behind the pickets with a gun across his knees. Whenever the pickets attempted to talk to his men on the delivery wagon he jumped down and threatened to shoot. He succeeded in making the pickets abandon their work, but he was summoned to appear in court for intimidation with armed weapons.—Exchange.

Lost His Best Cow.

A certain milkman not far from here recently lost a good cow. Shortly afterward his well cared in, and a neighbor, remarking on the latter circumstance, asked if he had not met with a "lost cow" label. The reply, though innocently made, was a little suspicious. "Yes, yes; lost the best cow I had."—Fitzell Advertiser.

At the Boarding House.

Miss Bettedates—Mamma, I wish Mr. Mangia would not help himself with the fork.

Mrs. Bettedates (consoling)—Don't mind it, dear; he never eats with it.

Delois Free Press.

There Are Many Ways.

Ed—So Al insulted you.

Bob—Yes.

Ed—Why not challenge him to a duel?

Bob—'Tis his doctor.

Ed—What of it?

Bob—Oh, I can kill him easier at home.—Ed.

Testing Fast Colors.

It is stated that if a piece of dyed cloth is damped and rubbed on clean white paper it will leave no stain if it is dyed a "fast" one. Another test is to lay the cloth between two sheets of paper and iron it. There should be no mark in this case either. Again, if the cloth is covered with a perforated sheet of this paper, and exposed for some days to direct sunlight, the color of the exposed parts should not fade.—New York Journal.

Safety of Letters.

Not long ago I sent a letter inclosing \$5 to a relative and it was purloined. So I wrote a second note, also inclosing \$5, and on the upper left hand corner I printed in bold characters: "Notice to postoffice agents and road agents, this contains \$5. The last one to the same place contained the same sum and was stolen by one of the above." The letter went through in doubtless quick time in perfect safety.—New York Letter.

Difference Between Yarn and Thread.

When thread is spun for weaving it is termed yarn; when two or more of these are twisted together it is called sewing thread. The latter may be divided into the following: Spool cotton, and spool silk, machine silk, linen or flax thread, etc.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Advertising rates made known by addressing James Kibbee, Lincoln, New Mexico.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lincoln, N. M., as second-class mail matter.

RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1890.

The town of Roswell needs a newspaper.

The readers of THE INDEPENDENT will this week observe that the paper is much better than usual. The editor is out of town.

"The smile is the same in all languages." It varies in our land, however, in the matter of size, from half a finger in New Orleans to four fingers in Boston.—Argus. Not in Eddy.

When the Pecos Valley settles up we may expect the nastiness of the other sections to vent itself in envy of our success. We apprehend only for the purpose of letting the nasty ones know that we are laying for them.

SENATORIAL SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS, of Kansas, has been accused of plagiarism. His speech on the death of Burns has been traced presumably by Judge Carleton, of Indiana, to the sermon of the French priest, Massillon, on the subject of immortality.

JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE has succeeded the late James Birney Beck in the United States Senate. Kentucky is to be congratulated that she has such material to supply the vacancy caused by the death of so pure, able and courageous a man as was Senator Beck.

The late Senator James B. Beck of Kentucky was typical of the American character though foreign born. Probably there never was a citizen of this country who was more identically in touch with the spirit of our institutions or had a more comprehensive understanding of our autonomy.

The New York World, grown insolent with pecuniary success, is endeavoring to regulate about everything and everybody. Some editors on that paper need killing very much. Prison is no disgrace to such people and their boast is that they don't care for expenses. Hence, we say, some of them need killing.

The other day on our return from sup burnt and rock bound Lincoln, the sight of the trees and green grass, straight streets and shingle roofs was a most pleasing contrast to the crooked streets, lined with low broken down adobe houses, that gives one a pain to look at.—Register. Come again, sir, and accept of our hospitality. The latch-string is always on the outside, and it is our happiness to entertain friends who go away and speak so kindly of our little town. Come again.

The prospect for an additional district court in New Mexico is excellent—thanks to Delegate Joseph.—Headlight.

Delegate Joseph had about as much to do with this matter, as Ash had himself. We owe the new judicial district, which we shall probably get to the exertions of Geo. F. Edmunds.—Leader.

Mr Edmunds work was to secure the passage of the bill introduced by Mr. Joseph. We have the bill before us as we write, and it was introduced by "the gentleman from New Mexico".

Through the kindness of Post Quartermaster, Charles Harvey, we give in this issue a list of the successful bidders for military supplies at Fort Stanton for the ensuing year.

To Roswell and Eddy: A determination of your people to prosecute vagrants and loafers to the full extent of the law, may help you to handle the bad element that will come to you with the railroad. You had better put your irons in the fire now.

STATEHOOD. The discussion respecting our admission to statehood has developed more published ignorance than is good for the country, either as a State or Territory.

Neither pros nor antis see any arguments against them, hence we are the losers, both ways. The anti-State man has printed his scream of chicanery, fraud, trickery, etc, until we have grown restless, whilst the protestations of disinterestedness and counter accusations of the greatest scoundrels in the Territory, have disgusted us. Indeed it has come to that condition, that the opinion of an eastern man, based upon the testimony we have given him, must be to our prejudice.

If we cannot protect ourselves against the machinations of scoundrels, we are a weak people.

If we are governed and controlled by all bad men and submissive to that control, we are a bad people.

Now, that is what those who have been discussing the statehood question have said, on one side or the other; we would like to know where any benefit is likely to accrue to New Mexico, growing out of a discussion in which the arguments we use with each other are as evidence against us to the rest of the country? Our position on this question is not in point here; we simply desire to call attention to the idiotic fact that we have been dancing at our own funeral.

TERRITORIAL TALK.

The Carthage coal mines produce about sixteen cars of coal daily.

Statehood, we are for it, but let's first settle the land titles.—Danner. Albuquerque proposes to organize a \$50,000 commercial club. Proposes.

Some lawless scoundrels are killing horses in the neighborhood of Las Vegas.

New Mexico wool will open at about 13 1/2 cents with higher prices for finer grades.

Roswell and Eddy are going to play baseball for the big ditch championship and \$200 a side.

Col. J. O. Broadhead, of St. Louis, president of the American Bar Association, is attending court at Las Vegas.

The Hugo Zuber property near Puerto de Luna is for sale. He has sold all his sheep, to retire to a well earned rest.

The state of New Mexico can and will make a fine exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago. In 1891!

John Murphy died of starvation in the Albuquerque jail on the night of May 9th. He had been arrested for vagrancy.

Hon. A. L. Morrison is the president and Hon. W. M. Berger is the secretary of Republican Territorial league; postoffice address, Santa Fe. President Mills, of the Albuquerque college has resigned his position as president of the college. He declines to have anything to do with it the coming year.

The United States pays all court expenses in New Mexico now, hence the haste to bring Territorial cases to trial before all government business has been dispatched.

J. W. Baker, J. B. Ames and H. Cuthbert from Abilene, Kansas, were in Nogal, Lincoln county, this week wanting steers. They want about 2,000 from two's up.

The arrest of Lee White and Frank Cody, who have been robbing in and about Santa Fe, winds up a series of lawless acts that have escaped the law for two years.

R. M. Johnson, of Las Vegas, has been making abstracts to titles to about 11,000 acres of land for the Pecos Irrigation & Investment company.

William F. Crane, a lawyer of Albuquerque, N. M., on his way to Chicago, solicited at Kansas City on May 13th, while temporarily insane. He was crooked.

In no other portion of the United States outside of New Mexico can be found a faction of the inhabitants organized to slander and vilify the community in which they live.—Tom Hughes.

Col. Heman returned home on Friday morning, too late, however, to be interviewed. We learn that he expresses confidence that dirt will fly on our railroad in '90 days.—Leader.

Rats! Santa Fe, the oldest city in the United States, is not incorporated. Perhaps this is the only Capitol city in the country that legally enjoys no advantage over the smallest country village.—Danner.

John Gray, Santa Fe's pioneer real estate dealer, says that inquiries concerning both ranch and city property are more numerous than for years and that the general indications point to a prosperous year for the city.—New Mexican.

Should Judge Whiteman not be confirmed the New Mexican is informed that Mr. I. F. Tiffany, the well known Socorro lawyer, has some strong backing for the place, although there are several other candidates.—New Mexican.

Sealed proposals will be received by the board of regents of the Territorial agricultural college at Las Cruces, N. M., until 2 o'clock p. m. on the 28th day of May, 1890, for all labor and materials required in the erection of the Territorial agricultural college building to be erected at Las Cruces, N. M.

Don Hilario Romero has been sowing 100 acres of land with alfalfa on the ranch near Los Alamos, owned by himself and brother. This kind of agriculture has proven the salvation of Colorado ranchmen, and more of it would help New Mexico. Producers of such commodities save for the Territory that which goes on the outside.—Optic.

The railroad news is pretty good now, writes Mr. Eddy from New York that all arrangements are completed for the building of the Pecos Valley railroad, and the contract will be let for building as far as Roswell on the first day of May. The Pecos Valley will be the first road in. Hurrah!—Register.

There you go!

Judge Trimble says that while in Washington he talked with C. H. Gildersleeve, who had come from Boston, where the company have been perfecting arrangements for the past few weeks, said the attorneys of the company had passed on the titles of lands and the project was now a surety.—Democrat.

Pete! Boston!! Holy Mackerel!!

Col. G. W. Thompson, a horse fancier and owner of Trinidad, was on route through town to-day, for Gentlemen's driving association, whose spring meeting begins at Albuquerque on Thursday, continuing until Saturday. His horses, "Farrow" "Speculation," thoroughbred filly, "Lillian" by "Revenue, Jr." and "Ethan Allen, Jr." went down the road yesterday.—Optic.

Thoroughbred what?

The Wickham bill for the settlement of land titles in the regions of the southwest obtained from Mexico, or the bill reported by Senator Ransom for the same purpose in the Senate, if early enough passed in either house, stands an excellent chance of becoming a law. The general tenor of both are alike, and either would suit very well.—Optic.

The Denver News is paying more attention to New Mexico matters since Col. J. N. Smithes, a pugnacious paragrapher and an editorial writer of no mean calibre, has been assigned to a position on its staff.—Optic. Guess we know him. His report as a special agent of the land office has some peculiarities.

The executive committee of the Territorial Republican league consists of the following: Santa Fe, Jose Segura; Bernalillo, Jesus S. Garcia; Lincoln, Frank Lesnet; Dona Ana, Eugenio Van Patton; San Juan, S. D. Webster; Sierra, R. M. White; Grant, J. A. Anchetta; Socorro, Mora, Rafael Ortiz; Rio Arriba, T. D. Burns; Taos, Pedro Sanchez; Valencia, Col. J. S. Chavez.—New Mexican.

Delegate Joseph of New Mexico has introduced a bill for the repayment of purchase money in certain cases. It provides that in all cases where parties have paid double the minimum price for land on account of any grant of land to aid in the construction, and such grant has been forfeited because of failure to construct such railroad, the excess of \$1.25 per acre shall be paid to the purchaser thereof, or to the heirs or assigns. The secretary of the interior is authorized to make the payments.

The action of the Governor of Nebraska, in placing a quarantine against cattle from New Mexico is severely condemned, not only by the stockmen New Mexico, but those of the state of Texas. Since the territorial quarantine law four years ago, there has been no contagious diseases among New Mexico cattle. Petitions will be sent from New Mexico to Nebraska, and it is believed that when the governor of that state fully understands the situation, the quarantine will be revoked.

Messrs. Irving Howbert, Chas. E. Noble and J. T. Humphrey, of Colorado Springs have filed articles of incorporation of the Pecos Construction and Land company to build and operate the Pecos Valley railroad from a point on the Texas & Pacific railroad in Texas to the boundary line of Reeves county; also, for a road to Roswell N. M., south through Eddy county to a point on the southern boundary of this county and New Mexico. The capital stock is \$500,000, and the principal offices will be in the city of New York.

Deeds have been filed for record from the Atlantic & Pacific railroad company to Jacob Seligman for 925,632.31 acres of land, for \$894,261.66. Also a deed of trust from Jacob Seligman to a New York trust company, the object being to secure a loan of \$2,000,000 on mortgage bonds. Three deeds of trust issued in 1884 by the company for the same purpose, has also been released. The recorder's fees for recording the former instruments amount to \$193.80, from which an idea of their contents may be obtained.—Journal-Miner.

Surveyor General Hobart has received notice from the commissioner of the general land office that the following surveys have been examined, found correct and approved. The lands contained in the townships are therefore open to entry: Townships 7 south, range 2 and 3 west and 8 south, ranges 2 and 3 west; township 8 south, range 17 east; townships 9 and 10 south, range 13 east; township 20 south, range 8 west. Fractional townships 10, 17, 18 and 19 south, range 7 1/2 west. These townships are located within the Las Cruces land district. The commissioner of the general land office has authorized the survey of townships 2 north, range 21 east, 19 north, range 6 east and 9 south, range 6 east.—New Mexican.

Subscribe for THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

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.

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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.

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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

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

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

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THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Terms for advertisement in THE INDEPENDENT: \$5, payable in advance.

COUNTY ASSESSOR. 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.

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

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

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

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.

Corn and Oats. 500,000 pounds of choice oats, and about same amount of corn, for sale by Rosenthal & Co, Lincoln, N. M. Special prices in large lots.

A Card. It being my intention to leave Fort Stanton about June 10th next, I request all persons indebted to me for professional services to adjust their accounts before that time. W. S. BLOCK, May 21st, 1890.

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.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat is of the opinion that, if the next census shows the necessary population and a small amount of illiteracy in New Mexico, the Territory will be admitted next winter, regardless of political affiliations.

There may be something in that view, and if there is, the Territory will surely be admitted. Calculations, and careful ones at that show that the population will at the very lowest estimate foot up 165,000, and the percentage of illiteracy will be found greatly and materially reduced since 1880 and will compare more than favorably with some of the states.

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 or 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. COE, Road Supervisor

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

The Lincoln Independent.

If You Want The only paper published at the County seat of Lincoln, and the official paper of the grandest county of New Mexico, take The Lincoln Independent.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

H. L. White, the Roswell barber, is in town.

Mrs. Sam Corbet has been seriously ill for several days.

Mrs. J. N. Coe and Miss Brown were in town on Tuesday.

Thomas Kayse was in town this week attending to some divorce business.

M. L. Pierce of Roswell came up, on his way to the Goodin ranch, Wednesday.

George Ovard of Roswell was up last week for perfecting abstracts on Pecos lands.

F. P. Banta has finished the new porch in front of the court house. It is an improvement.

Mrs. Fritz, we are informed, has concluded to abandon Lincoln. She will go to Eddy.

We learn with deep regret of the death of the wife of Jose de Vega, who lives near Nogal.

U. Ozanne passed down the river Monday for a load of human freight from Roswell to the Ralideso.

Jake Zeigler and Ikey Smith, of White Oaks, rolled in yesterday on their way down the river.

Uncle John Walters, just in from the coal mines on the Salado reports prospects better with each inch of development.

Hon. C. B. Eddy has placed in New York all the bonds to build the Pecos valley railroad from the Texas & Pacific to Roswell.

B. J. Bagg has received the appointment as U. S. census enumerator for this district. This partially accounts for some of the milk in the cocoanut.

Scott Jordan came up from Roswell a few days ago and manipulated the delivery of a bunch of goats. They tell a good goat story on Scott, but we don't believe it to be true.

Word comes to us that the ex-Justice of the Peace at Roswell, Fred Joyce, spraddled himself out upon the editor of the Register.

It is now in order for the County Commissioners to repair the fence around the court house park, have the trees cut properly and grade the ground in front of the court house.

Word comes from Jimmy Dolan that he will be in Lincoln as soon as possible after he leaves Cruces, and he don't know when he will be able to leave there. Now you know when he'll be here.

Mr. Manuel, representing the "Salvation-Oil" firm of Westheimer & Co., of St. Joseph, Mo., pulled into town last week from the lower country. He took orders for several barrels of essence of corn.

A cow-boy was bucked off by a bronco on the Fort Stanton military reservation, a few days ago, and has sent his application for a pension to Com. missioner Baum. This is a claim which is just and should be allowed.

Stanley M. Talliferro, late of the Golden Era, and later of Lincoln, came in from his Illinois home this week and is visiting his many friends here. He was always a favorite with our people.—Leader.

Paymaster Maynadler was adjusting with the boys at Stanton on Tuesday. The "no liquor" law, that has virtually gone into effect before its passage, will oblige the soldiers to come to Lincoln for something moist.

We are glad to learn that the sub-foundation of concrete of the new Chavez County court house at Roswell is finished and that work has begun on the main foundation. If Roswell will not lag she is bound to succeed.

The fact that M. I. Gorton is to furnish 338,000 pounds of coal to Fort Stanton, from his lately discovered coal property is indication enough of the quantity of coal on the Salado to warrant the expectation of rich results.

Mr. Chas. H. Sparks, representing the Panly Jail company of St. Louis and residing at Roswell, speaks encouragingly of the prospects, near and remote, of the Pecos Valley. Mr. Sparks is a valuable accession to Roswell.

W. B. Johnson, of this place, has gone largely into the goat business. He has an extension herd of pure blooded Augustus Shoutdown Percherons out on the old Buca ranch, and proposes to breed Angus, Guernseys and Neversheds. We wish him luck.

Last Saturday we received a very pleasant call from J. M. Sigafus. He informed us that on the 1st proximo he would shut down the North Homestead mill. His purpose is to sink his mine from its present 700 foot level to 1,000 feet.—Leader.

County Commissioners are the most important officers in a county, and the voters should see to it that only sensible men are elected to that office. Penny wisdom and pound foolishness is a poor policy either in private or public business.

Mr. U. Ozanne passed down the river to Roswell Monday and returned Wednesday, bringing with him W. S. Prager, Chas. H. Sparks and Engineer Stanford of the Reservoir company. They are bound for St. Louis to attend a meeting of the Company preparatory to the commencing of work on the big reservoir.

Dr. W. S. Block, who has been stationed at Fort Stanton for nearly three years as Hospital Stewart, leaves for Illinois about June 10th. We have much to thank Dr. Block for in his attention to our sick and we extend him our sincerest wishes for prosperity and happiness in his new field.

FORT STANTON FACTS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. FORT STANTON, N. M., May 21, '90.

Target season opened on Thursday, the 15th inst., under the direction of the Troop Commanders. Quite an interest is being evinced in the result.

W. E. DeLany and wife arrived here from Las Cruces on the 14th. Mr. DeLany is in very poor health, and has come away from the hot sands of the Mesilla Valley to recuperate in our glorious mountain climate. We hope to see him enjoying his old time vigor ere long.

The many friends of Dr. M. E. Taylor will be glad to learn of his recovery at Hot Springs, Ark. He is now at San Diego, Cal., enjoying the balmy breeze of the Pacific coast.

Dr. W. S. Block, Hospital Stewart, has made application for his discharge, and hopes to leave here early in June. He goes to locate at Sterling, Ill.

Lieutenant Kirby, 10th Infantry, received a telegram on Friday evening summoning him to appear before the U. S. court at Phoenix, A. T. He left this morning by stage. Lt. Kirby does not allow the grass to grow under his feet, and generally "gets there" when he undertakes to do anything.

Maj. W. M. Maynadler, Paymaster, arrived on Monday evening and spent the forenoon on Tuesday distributing "the dust" among the boys. The Canteen was gloriously patronized all day Tuesday.

The Commanding officer has recommended A. Von Nelsenheim as special enumerator of the census at this Post. We feel confident that Mr. Von N. will perform his duties in a thorough and efficient manner, and give perfect satisfaction to all concerned.

Lt. J. J. Pershing has taken charge of the Canteen during the absence of Lt. Kirby.

Lt. A. W. Browster and party arrived from Sierra Blanca on Saturday, where they established a heliograph station, some three weeks ago. Lt. Padock and his party from the San Antonio are expected in a few days.

Married. Manuel A. Sisoros to Rebecca, only daughter of Sipro and Martina Salazar, at Lincoln, Thursday, May 22nd, 1890.

Our young townspeople are by the ears to-day over the marriage of two of their number as given.

Both bride and groom are well known to the entire community and are general favorites the entire length of the Bonito river.

That we feel an especial interest in these young people, whom we have seen grow from earliest childhood, at their embarking upon the sea of married life, is but the natural outgrowth of our sincere and earnest wish for their prosperity and fullest happiness.

Military Supplies. For the ensuing year the contracts for military supplies at Fort Stanton are as follows:

R. Michaels, 1000 cords of wood at \$2.00.

S. R. Corbet, 125,000 pounds of corn at \$1.67 1/2.

J. H. Canning, 150,000 pounds of corn at \$1.60.

J. H. Canning, 200,000 lbs. of oats at \$1.88.

R. Michaels, 70,000 pounds of oats at \$2.05.

S. R. Corbet, 20,000 pounds of bran at \$1.79.

A. Stabb, 45,000 pounds of bran at \$1.27.

J. H. Canning, 400,000 pounds alfalfa at \$1.22 1/2.

Frank Coe, 600,000 pounds alfalfa at \$1.24.

J. H. Canning, 100,000 pounds straw at 96c.

J. H. Canning, 50,000 pounds straw at 85c.

Frank Coe, 90,000 pounds straw at 98c.

S. R. Corbet, 4,000 pounds blacksmiths coal at 85c.

Joseph Storms, 1000 bushels charcoal at 24 1/2c.

M. L. Gorton, 338,000 pounds coal at 17 1/2c.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 12th, 1890.

REGISTER AND RECEIPTS, LAS CRUCES, N. M.

GENTLEMEN:—Referring to the Register's letter of April 14, 1890, in which it is stated that the township plats for townships 16, 17, 18 and 19 south of range 14 east had been sent to the Land Office at Roswell by directions of Inspector Harlan, I have to inform you that the said township plats appear to be within the limits of your district as the same is defined by the act of March 1, 1889, in Public Notice No. 928, and you will notify the officers at Roswell to return said plats to your office. Township 16 S of R 14 E contains Pecosco. Township 17 S of R 14 E contains Weed. People can readily tell their location by this. All these lands will be entered hereafter at the Las Cruces Land Office. Very Respectfully, LEWIS A. GROVE, Com.

PERSONAL PERSONALS.

Bob Vint got mixed up with his feet on Tuesday, and if the boys hadn't untied him, he'd choked to death.

George Benders wanted to call on us Wednesday, but we promised to kill him if he came in. He went away.

Arthur Ditson forgot to eat his dinner the other day, and sat for six hours trying to think what he had forgotten.

Nat Turpin hit the town Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, got drunk, had two small fights, and was in jail before 4.

Joe Feathergill, with his usual luck, got hit in the eye with a stove shovel, while trying to stop a fight last Tuesday.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, May 19. Mr. Leno's little girl baby came near being seriously burned Monday. She was out in the yard where their Chinaman was washing and fell down on the fire, but escaped with a slight burn on the arm.

H. L. White, our popular tensorial caterer took a trip to Eddy with Mrs. Fritz, of Lincoln. Mrs. Fritz is looking up a location to open a millinery and fancy goods store, and is examining the advantages of Roswell and Eddy, one of the two in which she will locate. We hope she will decide to stop in Roswell, and we hope there is a good business awaiting her if she does. Roswell is growing rapidly and a good dress maker is needed.

The hotel walls will be finished by next week.

Capt. Lea and wife returned from their eastern trip Saturday. The Capt. is as full of enthusiasm for Roswell as ever and at work every day in the interests of the town.

The round up reached Roswell Tuesday. Mr. Sutherland worked down the Hondo and Mr. Hinkle worked the Felix country. Both men say the cattle are in better shape than they expected to find them; they have gathered large steer herds to drive and they are strong and all right. Now that the rains have begun and grass is growing nicely the prospect is much brighter for cattlemen. The last week has made the prairies look quite green.

LATEST NEWS AND NOTES.

Richard Vaux has been nominated by the Democrats for Congress in Randall's district.

California is the first state to apply for space in the Chicago World's Fair of 1892.

The meeting of the National Republican Committee which was to have met May 12th, was indefinitely postponed.

Transportation is the devouring element in every direction. Down in Florida they complain that it takes three quarts of strawberries to get one to market.

The Houston commercial club has a capital of \$30,000. The club has drawn to Houston a large amount of foreign capital for investment during the last two months. That shows what can be done by united harmonious work.—Tribune.

Chas. A. Phillipsbury, the great Minneapolis miller, states that the outlook for wheat this year is excellent. A large output from Indiana is not expected this year, and the surplus is low the world over. The prospect is bright for a large American crop at first-class prices.

The governor of California has telegraphed to the World's Fair executive committee at Chicago, asking that ten acres of ground be reserved for California's exhibit, and promising that if the request is granted the exhibit of the golden state will be one of the features of the fair.

It appears that the Republican Senators in general favor direct action by the government for irrigation of arid lands in the west, while Democratic Senators are opposed to this, and wish to have the matter left entirely to the states respectively, save in regard to surveys and maps, to be furnished by the general government.

The contest for the seat of the late Senator Beck was warm. The list of candidates contained the names of John G. Carlile, ex-Gov. J. B. McCrery, Judge Wm. Lindsay, Judge Willis Reeves, ex-Congressman W. J. Stone, Gov. Buckner and ex-Governor Proctor Knot.

The number of cattle in the country proportionate to the population reached its highest mark since 1860 in 1885. In 1886 it fell off slightly; in 1887 largely; in 1888 more largely still and last year in a still greater degree, it is now being lower than any year since 1852. It will be remembered, by the way, that from 1880 until a few years ago the cattle business was enormously profitable. It looks as though it might be so again.—Citizen.

A corner in silver has been consummated in New York. The uncertainty in regard to silver legislation has helped the manipulators greatly. The government is now compelled to bring silver from England. The amount of silver held by New Yorkers is estimated by some \$40,000,000 in bullion and certificates, but conservative accounts place the total bullion at \$4,000,000. While these figures would cover the bullion it may be increased several million dollars by silver certificates. It is a fact that the government has been compelled to buy silver in London. To complete the deal the people have been keeping even with the government in purchases abroad until they have almost covered the market in London. It is also a fact that the silver offered by the government at its assay office in New York has been at a premium of from 2 to 3 per cent.

Rail Road.

The following is clipped from a communication to the El Paso Times of the 13th inst: Much has been said of the

PECOS VALLEY RAILROAD to be built from some point on the Texas & Pacific near Pecos City to Eddy, New Mexico. Will the building of this road secure the trade of the Pecos Valley to El Paso, with it be to the interest of the Texas & Pacific road to bring that trade to us? The distance from Pecos City to Dallas is 434 miles—the distance to El Paso is 219 miles—the long haul for the Texas & Pacific railway company being to Dallas, and a long haul means to a railroad company increased revenue and, it is a simple business proposition to suppose that the Texas & Pacific will use every possible effort to increase its revenue.

Men put their money in railroads on precisely the same principle that others put their money into merchandise. In this instance the greater profit will be in the long haul to Dallas, whose wide awake and enterprising merchants have their eyes on the rich Pecos Valley, and will make every effort to secure that trade.

There is one way, and but one, to avert such a disaster as losing the trade of this country, and by all geographical rights belongs to El Paso, and that is by our people securing the certain and early completion of the White Oaks road, a branch line, (from some proper junction point) to the Pecos Valley country, that will secure to our merchants a trade that belongs to them, but which, if the proper effort is not made, will go to Dallas. It matters not who builds the road from here to White Oaks; it matters not what individual or syndicate completes the road and builds the Pecos Valley branch. The one thing El Paso wants, and must have, in that direction is the building of the road and the holding within her grasp the trade of that vast country, which otherwise will pay tribute to the Dallas merchant.

This is a matter that our people should consider at once. Every effort should be put forth to secure the completion of this road before the Pecos Valley road can be built and thus put us first into the Territory that is naturally ours.

Our people should be alert and active. The Pecos Valley road is not only dangerous to our trade, but the Dallas wholesale man is on his way west and nothing escapes his eager grasp. Let us show such enterprise as has built up their towns; use the resources and facilities at hand; work unitedly and all together for El Paso, and concede to our rights which we will have secured by our energy, wit, and the united efforts of all our people.

The White Oaks road will bring to us not only the COAL AND LUMBER but the valuable trade of the Pecos Valley.

All the appointees of the Cleveland administration, from outside of this Territory, with the exception of one and possibly two, have left the Territory. Judge Brinker is in the state of Washington in the real estate business; Judge Henderson is there also practicing law; Reeves went to his home in Texas; Judge Long has opened a law office in this Territory; R. P. Walker the Special Agent of the interior department, is back in Mississippi; Geo. W. Lane is in Denver, Colorado; Col. Tom Smith is coquetting between New Mexico and Virginia and Col. Cowart, the Mesalero Indian Agent, has gone back to Alabama.—Chiefcain.

A sad case of suicide occurred at Las Vegas last Wednesday morning when Annie Videlle shot herself through the breast with a revolver. The girl was only 17 years old, was very pretty, and at one time was a favorite in the Las Vegas academy. Being an orphan her childish innocence was taken advantage of by those who should have been her protectors, and the little maiden was dragged to the depths of ruin. She remained up until late Wednesday morning and about 4:30 stepped to the window of her room, which was in a house of questionable character, and remarking that she would never bother anybody else in this world, fired the fatal shot and expired in two minutes. A coroner's jury was empaneled and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.—Optic.

Subscribe for the LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

A Go-as-You-Please to 'Frisco.

A rather spare but well built man, perhaps five feet ten and a half or eleven inches in height, weight about 100 pounds, wearing a full suit of buttoned jacket, soft slouch hat and walking shoes, was noted strolling about town to-day. He has blue eyes, light mustache and his complexion is much tanned. He conclusively proved to the Optic perambulator that he could beat that mendacious individual as a heel and-toe artist. He convinced that erratic provocator without a struggle, simply giving his name as J. S. Harriman, pedestrian.

Mr. Harriman is now on his way from Wabash Indiana, to San Francisco, making every inch of the way afoot for an original wage of \$3,000, the walk to be completed in sixty-five days. As Mr. Harriman is only twenty-seven days out he is some 322 miles ahead of time, and ahead of his four mounted guards whose horses broke down a little this side of Raton. Mr. Harriman's walk, as is very well known, is for a wage of \$3,000, but as there is a number of side bets amounting to \$20,000 or more in all, there is considerable interest taken in the event all over the country.

In conversation with the Optic representative the famous pedestrian said: "O, yes, I am getting along very well and feel just as fresh as the day I started. Of course the walk is somewhat tiresome, and in many places through which I passed the accommodations are poor and the roads bad, but thus far I have encountered no actual hardship. My companion, Mr. George Zellikoff, is a Russian pedestrian, and although only a boy of twenty-one years, will in time make a great walker. We came through the tunnel at Raton, mountain and had a narrow escape from being run down by a freight train, barely getting out of the tunnel in time."

"How many miles do you make in a day?" asked the sporting editor of the Optic.

"Anywhere from fifty to sixty-five," was the reply, "although I went without a stop from Boonville, Mo., to Kansas City, a distance of 137 miles. My four mounted guards whose horses gave out at Wagon Mound will be in Las Vegas this evening. I think I am following the lines of railroad and telegraph, and although, I have yet to go through the hardest and most arduous part of my journey, I hope to reach San Francisco at least five days ahead of time."

Mr. Harriman was last seen in Dr. Gorman's office where that genial physician, assisted by Page Otero, was entertaining the two pedestrians. Mr. Harriman added, as the Optician retired, that "Dr. Gorman is the best posted on athletics of all the physicians I have encountered on my journey." The two pedestrians will probably give an exhibition in Las Vegas before their departure. He wears in red letters on his back the legend, "I wear the Owen's Electric Belt, Chicago, Ill." He will leave for the west to-morrow at midnight.—Optic.

Notice of Publication. LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M. May 21st, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make and 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. Heaster, Decedent's Statement No. 2167, for the N 1/4 Sec. 4, T. 24 N. 34 E., R. 10 E., Sec. 27 1/2 of 16 1/2 range 17 east.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Jose M. Medina, John Mackey, James Y. Walters, Melburn Mackey, all of Lower Penasco, N. M.

WENFELD S. COBURN, Register.

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GEORGE B. BARBER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO. Will practice in all the courts of the territory and the United States Land Office.

JOHN Y. HEWITT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN CO., N. M.

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