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THE DESERTER.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER X.

"I wish you would play, Mr. Hayne."

Miss Travers had other reasons for wanting to be alone. That very afternoon, just after stable call, she found herself unoccupied for the time being, and decided to go over and see Mrs. Waldron a few moments. The servant admitted her to the little army parlor, and informed her that Mrs. Waldron had stepped out, but would be home directly. A bright wood fire was blazing on the hearth and throwing flickering lights and shadows about the cozy room. The piano stood invitingly open, and on the rack were some waltzes of Strauss she remembered having heard the cavalry band play a night or two previous. Seating herself, she began to try them, and speedily became interested. Her back being to the door, she did not notice that another visitor was soon ushered in—a man. She continued slowly "picking out" the melody, for the light was growing dim and it was with difficulty that she could distinguish the notes. Twice she essayed a somewhat complicated passage, became entangled, bent down and closely scanned the music, began again, once more became involved, exclaimed impatiently, "How absurd!" and whirled about on the piano stool, to find herself facing Mr. Hayne.

Now that the bandage was removed from his eyes it was no such easy matter to meet him. Her sweet face flushed instantly as he bent low and spoke her name.

"I had no idea any one was here. It quite startled me," she said, as she withdrew from his the hand she had mechanically extended to him.

"It was my hope not to interrupt you," he answered, in the low, gentle voice she had marked before. "You helped me when my music was all adrift the other night. May I not help you find some of this?"

"I wish you would play, Mr. Hayne."

"I will play for you gladly, Miss Travers, but waltz music is not my forte. Let me see what else there is here," and he began turning over the sheets on the stand.

"Are your eyes well enough to read music—especially in such a dim light?" she asked, with evident sympathy.

"My eyes are doing very well—better than my fingers, in fact, and, as I rarely play by note after I once learn a piece, the eyes make no difference. What music do you like? I merely looked at this collection thinking you might see something that pleased you."

"Mrs. Ray told me you played Rubinstein so well—that melody in F, for one."

"Did Mrs. Ray speak of that?"—his face brightening. "I'm glad they found anything to enjoy in my music."

"They found a great deal, Mr. Hayne, and there are a number who are envious of their good fortune—I, for one," she answered, blithely. "Now play for me. Mrs. Waldron will be here in a minute."

And when Mrs. Waldron came in a little later Miss Travers, seated in an easy chair and looking intently into the blaze, was listening as intently to the soft, rich melodies that Mr. Hayne was playing. The firelight was flickering on her shining hair; one slender, white hand was toying with the locket that hung at her throat, the other gently tapping on the arm of the chair in unison with the music. And Mr. Hayne, seated in the shadow, bent slightly over the keyboard, absorbed in his pleasant task and playing as though all his soul were thrilling in his finger tips. Mrs. Waldron stood in silence at the doorway, watching the unconscious pair with an odd yet comforted expression in her eyes. At last, in one long, sweet, sighing chord, the melody softly died away, and Mr. Hayne slowly turned and looked upon the girl. She seemed to have wandered off into dreamland. For a moment there was no sound; then, with a little shivering sigh, she roused herself.

"It is simply exquisite," she said. "You have given me such a treat!"

"I'm glad. I owe you a great deal more pleasure, Miss Travers."

Mrs. Waldron hereat elevated her eyebrows. She would have slipped away if she could, but she was a woman of substance, and as solid in flesh as she was warm of heart. She did the only thing left to her—came cordially forward to welcome her two visitors and express her delight that Miss Travers could have an opportunity of hearing Mr. Hayne play. She soon succeeded in starting him again, and shortly thereafter managed to slip out unnoticed. When he turned around a few minutes afterwards she had vanished.

"Why, I had no idea she was gone!" exclaimed Miss Travers; and then the color mounted to her brow. He must think her extremely absorbed in his playing; and so indeed she was.

"You are very fond of music, I see," he said, at a venture.

"Yes, very; but I play very little and very badly. Pardon me, Mr. Hayne, but you have played many years, have you not?"

"Not so very many; but—there have been many in which I had little else to do but practice."

She reddened again. It was so unlike him, she thought, to refer to that matter in speaking to her. He seemed to read her:

"I speak of it only that I may say to you again what I began just before Mrs. Waldron came. You gave me no opportunity to thank you the other night, and I may not have another. You do not know what an event in my life that meeting with you was; and you cannot know how I have gone over your words again and again. Forgive me the embarrassment I see I cause you, Miss Travers. We are so unlikely to meet at all that you can afford to indulge me this once." He was smiling so gravely, sadly, now, and had risen and was standing by her as she sat there in the big easy chair, still gazing into the fire, but listening for his every word. "In five long years I have heard no words from a woman's lips that gave me such joy and comfort as those you spoke so hurriedly and without premeditation. Only those who know anything of what my past has been could form any idea of the emotion with which I heard you. If I could not have seen you to say how—how I thanked you, I would have had to write. This explains what I said a while ago: I owe you more pleasure than I can ever give. But one thing was certain: I could not bear the idea that you should not be told, and by me, how grateful your words were to me—how grateful I was to you. Again, may God bless you!"

And now he turned abruptly away, awaiting no answer, resented himself at the piano and retouched the keys. But, though she sat motionless and speechless, she knew that he had been trembling so violently and that his hands were still so tremulous he could play no more. It was some minutes that they sat thus, neither speaking; and as he regained his self control and began to attempt some simple little melodies, Mrs. Waldron returned:

"How very domestic you look, young people! Shall we light the lamps?"

"I've stayed too long already," said Miss Travers, springing to her feet. "Kate does not know I'm out, and will be wondering what has become of her sister." She laughed nervously. "Thank you so much for the music, Mr. Hayne! Forgive my running off so suddenly, won't you, Mrs. Waldron?" she asked, pleadingly, as she put her hand in hers; and as her hostess reassured her she bent and kissed the girl's flushed cheek. Mr. Hayne was still standing patiently by the center table. Once more she turned, and caught his eye, flushed, half hesitated, then held out her hand with quick impulse:

"Good evening, Mr. Hayne. I shall hope to hear you play again."

And, with pulses throbbing and cheeks that still burned, she ran quickly down the line to Capt. Rayner's quarters, and was upstairs and in her room in another minute.

This was an interview she would find it hard to tell to Kate. But told it was, partially, and she was sitting now, late at night, hearing through her closed door her sister's unmusical lamentations—hearing still ringing in her ears the reproaches heaped upon her when that sister was quietly told that she and Mr. Hayne had met twice. And now she was sitting there, true to herself and her resolution, telling Mr. Van Antwerp all about it. Can one conjecture the sensations with which he received and read that letter?

Mr. Hayne, too, was having a wakeful night. He had gone to Mrs. Waldron's to pay a dinner call, with the result just told. He had one or two other visits to make among the cavalry households in garrison, but, after a few moments' chat with Mrs. Waldron, he decided that he preferred going home. Sam had to call three times before Mr. Hayne obeyed the summons to dinner that evening. The sun was going down behind the great range to the southwest, and the trumpets were pealing "retreat" on the frosty air, but Hayne's curtains were drawn, and he was sitting before his fire, deep in thought, hearing nothing. The doctor came in soon after he finished his solitary dinner, chatted with him awhile, and smoked away at his pipe. He wanted to talk with Hayne about some especial matter, and he found it hard work to begin. The more he saw of his patient the better he liked him; he was interested in him, and had been making inquiries. Without his pipe he found himself uninspired.

"Mr. Hayne, if you will permit, I'll fill up and blow another cloud. Didn't you ever smoke?"

"Yes. I was very fond of my cigar six or seven years ago."

"And you gave it up?" asked the doctor, tugging away at the strings of his little tobacco pouch.

"I gave up everything that was not an absolute necessity," said Hayne, calmly. "Until I could get free of a big load there was no comfort in anything. After that was gone I had no more use for such old friends than certain other old friends seemed to have for me. It was a mutual cut."

"To the best of my belief you were the gainer in both cases," said the doctor, gruffly. "The longer I live the more I agree with Carlyle: the men we live and move with are mostly fools."

Hayne's face was as grave and quiet as ever.

"These are hard lessons to learn, doctor. I presume few young fellows thought more of human friendship than I did the first two years I was in service."

"Hayne," said the doctor, "sometimes I have thought you did not want to talk about this matter to any soul on earth; but I am speaking from no empty curiosity now. If you forbid it, I shall not intrude; but there are some questions that, since knowing you, and believing in you as I unquestionably do, I won't like to ask. You seem bent on returning to duty here to-morrow, though you might stay on sick report ten days yet; and I want to stand between you and the possibility of annoyance and trouble if I can."

"You are kind, and I appreciate it, doctor; but do you think that the colonel is a man who will be apt to let me suffer injustice at the hands of any one here?"

"I don't, indeed. He is full of sympathy for you, and I know he means you shall have fair play; but a company commander has as many and as intangible ways of making a man suffer as has a woman. How do you stand with Rayner?"

"Precisely where I stood five years ago. He is the most determined enemy I have in the service, and will down me if he can; but I have learned a good deal in my time. There is a grim sort of comfort now in knowing that while he would gladly trip me I can make him miserable by being too strong for him."

"You still hold the same theory as to his evidence you did at the time of the court? Of course I have heard what you said to and of him."

"I have never changed in that respect."

"But supposing that—mind you, I believe he was utterly mistaken in what he thought he heard and saw—supposing that all that was testified to by him actually occurred, have you any theory that would point out the real criminal?"

"Only one. If that money was ever handed me that day at Battle Butte, only one man could have made away with it; and it is useless to charge it to him."

"You mean Rayner?"

"I have to mean Rayner."

"But you claim it never reached you?"

"Certainly."

"Yet every other package, memoranda and all, was handed you?"

"Not only that, but Capt. Hull handed me the money packet with the others—took them all from his saddle bags just before the charge. The packet was sealed when he gave it to me, and when I broke the seal it was stuffed with worthless blanks."

"And you have never suspected a soldier—a single messenger or servant?"

"Not one. Whom could I?"

"Hayne, had you any knowledge of this man Clancy before?"

"Clancy! The drunken fellow we pulled out of the fire?"

"The same."

"No; never to my knowledge saw or heard of him, except when he appeared as witness at the court."

"Yet he was with the —th cavalry at that very fight at Battle Butte. He was a sergeant then, though not in Hull's troop."

"Does he say he knew me? or does he talk of that affair?" asked the lieutenant, with sudden interest.

"Not that. He cannot be said to say anything; but he was wonderfully affected over your rescuing him—strangely so, one of the nurses persists in telling me, though the steward and Mrs. Clancy declare it was just drink and excitement. Still, I have drawn from him that he knew you well by sight during that campaign; but he says he was not by when Hull was killed."

"Does he act as though he knew anything that could throw any light on the matter?"

"I cannot say. His wife declares he has been queer all winter—hard drinking—and of course that is possible."

"Sam told me there was a soldier here two nights ago who wanted to talk with me, but the man was drunk, and he would not let him in or tell me. He thought he wanted to borrow money."

"I declare, I believe it was Clancy!" said the doctor. "If he wants to see you and talk, let him. There's no telling but what even a drink racked brain may bring the matter to light."

And long that night Mr. Hayne sat there thinking, partly of what the doctor had said, but more of what had occurred during the late afternoon. Midnight was called by the sentries. He went to his door and looked out on the broad, bleak prairie, the moonlight glinting on the tin roofing of the patch of buildings over at the station far across the dreary level and glistening on the patches of snow that here and there streaked the surface. It was all so cold and calm and still. His blood was hot and fevered. Something invited him into the peace and purity of the night. He threw on his overcoat and furs and strolled up to the gateway, past the silent and deserted store, whose lighted bar and billiard room was generally the last thing to close along Prairie avenue. There was not a glimmer of light about the quarters of the trader or the surgeon's beyond. One or two faint gleams stole through the blinds at the big hospital, and told of the night watch by some fevered bedside. He passed on around the fence and took a path that led to the target ranges north of the post and back of officers' row, thinking deeply all the while; and finally, re-entering the garrison by the west gate, he came down along the hard graveled walk that passed in circular sweeps the offices and and the big house of the colonel commanding, and then bore straight away in front of the entire line.

All was darkness and quiet. He passed in succession the houses of the field officers of the cavalry, looked longingly at the darkened front of Maj. Waldron's cottage, where he had lived so sweet an hour before the setting of the last sun, then went on again and paused surprised in front of Capt. Rayner's. A bright light was still burning in the front room on the second floor. Was she, too, awake and thinking of that interview? He looked wistfully at the lace curtains that shrouded the interior, and then the clank of a cavalry saber sounded in his ears, and a tall officer came springily across the road.

"Who the devil's that?" was the blunt military greeting.

"Mr. Hayne," was the quiet reply.

"What? Mr. Hayne? Oh! Beg your pardon, man—couldn't imagine who it was mooning around out here after midnight."

"I don't wonder," answered Hayne. "I am rather given to late hours, and after reading a long time I often take a stroll before turning in."

"Ah, yes; I see. Well, won't you drop in and chat awhile? I'm officer of the day, and have to owl to-night."

"Thanks, no, not this time; I must go to bed. Good night, Mr. Blake."

"Good night to you, Mr. Hayne," said Blake, then stood gazing perplexedly after him. "Now, my fine fellow," was his dissatisfied query, "what on earth do you mean by prowling around Rayner's at this hour of the night?"

CHAPTER XI.

Private Clancy struggling in the grasp of two or three soldiers.

It was very generally known throughout Fort Warrener by 10 o'clock on the following morning that Mr. Hayne had returned to duty and was one of the first officers to appear at the matinee. Once more the colonel had risen from his chair, taken him by the hand and welcomed him. This time he expressed the hope that nothing would now occur to prevent their seeing him daily.

"Won't you come into the club room?" asked Capt. Gregg, afterwards. "We will be pleased to have you."

"Excuse me, captain, I shall be engaged all morning," answered Mr Hayne, and walked on down the row. Nearly all the officers were strolling away in groups of three or four. Hayne walked past them all with quick, soldierly step and almost aggressive manner, and was soon far ahead, all by himself. Finding it an unprofitable subject, there had been little talk between the two regiments as to what Mr Hayne's status should be on his reappearance. Everybody heard that he had somewhat rudely spurned the advances of Ross and his companions. Indeed Ross had told the story with strong coloring to more than half the denizens of officers' row.

Evidently he desired no further friendship or intercourse with his brother blue straps, and only a few of the cavalry officers found his society attractive. He played delightfully; he was well read but in general talk he was not entertaining. "Altogether too sepulchral—or at least funereal," explained the cavalry. "He never laughs, and rarely smiles and he's as glum as a Quaker meeting," was another complaint. So a social success was hardly to be predicted for Mr Hayne.

While he could not be invited where just a few infantry people were the other guests, from a big general gathering or party he, of course, could not be omitted; but there he would have his cavalry and medical friends to talk to, and then there was Maj. Waldron. It was a grievous pity that there should be such an element of embarrassment, but it couldn't be helped. As the regimental adjutant had said, Hayne himself was the main obstacle to his restoration to regimental friendship. No man who piques himself on the belief that he is about to do a virtuous and praiseworthy act will be apt to persevere when the object of his benevolence treats him with cold contempt. If Mr. Hayne saw fit to repudiate the civilities a few officers essayed to extend to him, no others would subject themselves to similar rebuffs; and if he could stand the status quo, why, the regiment could; and that, said the Riflers, was the end of the matter.

But it was not the end, by a good deal. Some few of the ladies of the infantry, actuated by Mrs. Rayner's vehement exposition of the case, had aligned themselves on her side as against the post commander, and by their general conduct sought to convey to the colonel and to the ladies who were present at the first dinner given Mr. Hayne thorough disapproval of their course. This put the cavalry people on their mettle and led to a division in the garrison; and as Maj Waldron was, in Mrs. Rayner's eyes, equally culpable with the colonel, it so resulted that two or three infantry households, together with some unmarried subalterns, were arrayed socially against their own battalion commander as well as against the grand panjandrum at post headquarters. If it had not been for the determined attitude of Mr. Hayne himself, the garrison might speedily have been resolved into two parties—Hayne and anti-Hayne sympathizers; but the whole bearing of that young man was fiercely repellent of sympathy; he would have none of it. "Hayne's position," said Maj. Waldron, "is practically this: he holds that no man who has borne himself as he has during these five years—denied himself everything that he might make up every cent that was lost, though he was in no wise responsible for the loss—could by any possibility have been guilty of the charges on which he was tried. From this he will not abate one jot or tittle; and he refuses now to restore to his friendship the men who repudiated him in his years of trouble, except on their profession of faith in his entire innocence."

Now, this was something the cavalry could not do without some impeachment of the evidence which was heaped up against the poor fellow at the time of the trial, and it was something the infantry would not do, because thereby they would virtually pronounce one, at least, of their own officers to have repeatedly and persistently given false testimony. In the case of Waldron and the cavalry, however, it was possible for Hayne to return their calls of courtesy, because they, having never "sent him to Coventry," received him precisely as they would receive any other officer. With the Riflers it was different. Having once "cut" him as though by unanimous accord, and having taught the young officers joining year after year to regard him as a criminal, they could be restored to Mr. Hayne's friendship, as has been said before, only "on confession of error." Buxton and two or three of his stamp called or left their cards on Mr. Hayne because their colonel had so done; but precisely as the ceremony was performed, just so was it returned.

Buxton was red with wrath over what he termed Hayne's conceited and supercilious manner when returning his call: "I called upon him like a gentleman, by thunder, just to let him understand I wanted to help him out of the mire, and told him if there was anything I could do for him that a gentleman could do, not to hesitate about letting me know; and when he came to my house today, damned if he didn't patronize me!—talked to me about the Plevna siege, and wanted to discuss Gourko and the Balkans or some other fool thing; what in thunder have I to do with campaigns in Turkey?—and I thought he meant those nigger soldiers the British have in India—Goorkhas, I know now—and I did tell him it was an awful blunder, that only a Russian would make, to take those Sepoy fellows and put 'em into a winter campaign. Of course I hadn't been booking up the subject, and he had, and sprung it on me; and then, by gad, as he was going, he said he had books and maps he would lend me, and if there was anything he could do for me that a gentleman could do, not to hesitate about asking. Damn his impudence!"

Poor Buxton! One of his idiosyncrasies was to talk wisely to the juniors on the subject of European campaigns and to criticise the moves of generals whose very names and centuries were entangling snares. His own subalterns were, unfortunately for him, at the house when Hayne called, and when he, as was his wont, began to expound on current military topics. "A little learning" even he had not, and the dangerous thing that that would have been was supplanted by something quite as bad, if not worse. He was trapped and thrown by the quiet mannered infantry subaltern, and it was all Messrs. Freeman and Royce could do to restrain their impulse to rush after Hayne and embrace him. Buxton was cordially detested by his "subs," and well knew they would tell the story of his defeat, so he made a virtue of necessity and came out with his own version. Theirs was far more ludicrous, and, while it made Mr. Hayne famous, he gained another enemy. The —th could not fail to notice how soon after that all social recognition ceased between their bulky captain and the pale, slender subaltern; and Mrs. Buxton and Mrs. Rayner became suddenly infatuated with each other, while their lords were seldom seen except together.

All this time, however, Miss Travers was making friends throughout the garrison. No one ever presumed to discuss the Hayne affair in her presence, because of her relationship to the Rayners, and yet Mrs. Waldron had told several people how delightfully she and Mr. Hayne had spent an afternoon together. Did not Mrs. Rayner declare that Mrs. Waldron was a woman who told everything she knew, or words to that effect? It is safe to say that the garrison was greatly interested in the story. How strange it was that he should have had a tete-a-tete with the sister of his bitterest foe! When did they meet? Had they met since? Would they meet again? All these were questions eagerly discussed, yet never asked of the parties themselves. Mr. Hayne's reputation for snubbing people standing him in excellent stead, and Miss Travers' quiet dignity and reserve of manner being too much for those who would have given a good deal to gain her confidence. But there was Mrs. Rayner.

She, at least, with all her high and mighty ways, was no unapproachable creature when it came to finding out what she thought of other people's conduct. So half a dozen, at least, had more or less confidentially asked if she knew of Mr. Hayne and Miss Travers' meeting. Indeed she did; and she had given Nellie her opinion of her conduct very decidedly. It was Capt. Rayner himself who interposed, she said, and forbade her upbraiding Nellie any further: Nellie being either in an adjoining room or up in her own on several occasions when these queries were propounded to her sister, it goes without saying that that estimable woman, after the manner of her sex, had elevated her voice in responding, so that there was no possibility of the wicked girl's failing to get the full benefit of the scourging she deserved. Rayner had indeed positively forbidden her further rebuking Nellie; but the man does not live who can prevent one woman's punishing another so long as she can get within earshot, and Miss Travers was paying dearly for her independence.

It cannot be estimated just how great a disappointment her visit to the frontier was proving to that young lady, simply because she kept her own counsel. There were women in the garrison who longed to take her to their hearts and homes, she was so fresh and pure and sweet and winning, they said; but how could they when her sister would recognize them only by the coldest possible nod? Nellie was not happy, that was certain, though she made no complaint, and though the young officers who were daily her devotees declared she was bright and attractive as she could be. There were still frequent dances and parties in the garrison; but March was nearly spent, and the weather had been so vile and blustering that they could not move beyond the limits of the post. April might bring a change for the better in the weather, but Miss Travers wondered how it could better her position.

It is hard for a woman of spirit to be materially dependent on any one, and Miss Travers was virtually dependent on her brother-in-law. The little share of her father's hard savings was spent on her education. Once free from school, she was bound to another apprenticeship, and sister Kate, though indulgent, fond, and proud, lost no opportunity of telling her how much she owed to Capt. Rayner. It got to be a fearful weight before the first summer was well over. It was the main secret of her acceptance of Mr. Van Antwerp. And now, until she would consent to name the day that should bind her for life to him, she had no home but such as Kate Rayner could offer her; and Kate was bitterly offended at her. There was just one chance to end it now and forever, and to relieve her sister and the captain of the burden of her support. Could she make up her mind to do it? And Mr. Van Antwerp offered the opportunity.

So far from breaking with her, as she half expected—so far from being even angry and reproachful on receiving the letter she had written telling him all about her meetings with Mr. Hayne—he had written again and again, reproaching himself for his doubts and fears, begging her forgiveness for having written and telegraphed to Kate, humbling himself before her in the most abject way, and imploring her to reconsider her determination and to let him write to Capt. and Mrs Rayner to return to their eastern home at once, that the marriage might take place forthwith and he could bear her away to Europe in May. Letter after letter came, eager, imploring, full of tenderest love and devotion, full of the saddest apprehension, never reproaching, never doubting, never commanding or restraining. The man had found the way to touch a woman of her generous nature: he had left all to her; he was at her mercy, and she knew well that he loved her fervently and that to lose her would well nigh break his heart. Could she say the word and be free? Surely, as this man's wife there would be no serfdom; and, yet, could she wed a man for whom she felt no spark of love?

They went down to the creek one fine morning early in April. There had been a sudden thaw of the snows up the gorges of the Rockies, and the stream had overleaped its banks, spread over the low lands and flooded some broad depressions in the prairie. Then, capricious as a woman's moods, the wind whistled around from the north one night and bound the lakelets in a band of ice. The skating was gorgeous, and all the pretty ankles on the post were rejoicing in the opportunity before the setting of another sun. Coming homeward at luncheon time Mrs. Rayner, Mrs. Buxton, Miss Travers and one or two others, escorted by a squad of bachelors, strolled somewhat slowly along Prairie avenue towards the gate. It so happened that the married ladies were foremost in the little party, when who should meet them but Mr. Hayne, coming from the east gate! Mrs. Rayner and Mrs. Buxton, though passing him almost elbow to elbow, looked straight ahead or otherwise avoided his eye. He raised his forage cap in general acknowledgment of the presence of ladies with the officers, but glanced coldly from one to the other until his blue eyes lighted on Miss Travers.

No woman in that group could fail to note the leap of sunshine and gladness to his face, the instant flush that rose to his cheek. Miss Travers herself saw it quickly, as did the maiden walking just behind her, and her heart bounded at the sight. She bowed as their eyes met, spoke his name in low tone, and strove to hide her face from Mr. Blake, who turned completely around and stole a sudden glance at her. She could no more account for than she could control it, but her face was burning. Mrs. Rayner, too, looked around and stared at her, but this she met firmly, her dark eyes never quailing before the angry glare in her sister's. Blake was beginning to like Hayne and to dislike Mrs. Rayner, and he always did like mischief.

"You owe me a grudge, Miss Travers, if you did but know it," he said, so that all could hear.

"You, Mr. Blake! How can that be possible?"

"I spoiled a serenade for you a few nights ago. I was officer of the day and caught sight of a man gazing up at your window after midnight. I felt sure he was going to sing; so, like a good fellow, I ran over to play an accompaniment, and then—would you believe it?—he wouldn't sing, after all."

She was white now. Her eyes were gazing almost imploringly at him. Something warned him to hold his peace, and he broke off short.

"Who was it? Oh, do tell us, Mr. Blake!" were the exclamations, Mrs. Rayner being most impetuous in her demands. Again Blake caught the appeal in Miss Travers' eyes.

"That's what I want to know," he responded, mendaciously. "When I woke up next morning, the whole thing was a dream, and I couldn't fix the fellow at all."

There was a chorus of disappointment and indignation. The idea of spoiling such a gem of a sensation! But Blake took it all complacently until he got home. Then it began to worry him.

Was it possible that she knew he was there?

That night there was a disturbance in the garrison. Just after 10 o'clock, and while the sentries were calling off the hour, a woman's shrieks and cries were heard over behind the quarters of Company B and close to the cottage occupied by Lieut. Hayne. The officers of the guard ran to the spot with several men, and found Private Clancy struggling and swearing in the grasp of two or three soldiers, while Mrs. Clancy was imploring them not to let him go—he was wild like again; it was drink; he had the horrors, and was batin' her while she was tryin' to get him home. And Clancy's appearance bore out her words. He was wild and drunken, but he swore he meant no harm; he struggled hard for freedom; he sowed he only wanted to see the lieutenant at his quarters; and Mr. Hayne, lamp in hand, had come upon the scene and was striving to quiet the woman, who only screamed and protested the louder. At his quiet order the soldiers released Clancy, and the man stood patient and subordinate.

"I want to see me, Clancy?" asked Mr. Hayne.

"Askin' yer pardon sir, I did," began the man, unsteadily, and evidently struggling with the fumes of the liquor he had been drinking; but before he could speak again, Mrs. Clancy's shrieks rang out on the still air:

"Oh, for the love of God, howld him, some o' ye's! He'll kill him! He's mad, I say! Shure 'tis I that know him best. Oh, blessed Vargin, save us! Don't let him loose, Misther Foster!" she screamed to the officer of the guard, who at that moment appeared on the full run.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Clancy seems to have been drinking, and wants to talk with me about something, Mr. Foster," said Hayne, quietly. "He belongs to my company, and I will be responsible that he goes home. It is really Mrs. Clancy that is making all the trouble."

"Oh, for the love of God, hear him, now, whin the man was tearin' the hair o' me this minute! Oh, howld him, men! Shure 'tis Capt. Rayner wud niver let him go."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Clancy?" spoke a quick, stern voice, and Rayner, with face white as a sheet, suddenly stood in their midst.

"Oh, God be praised, it's here ye are, captin! Shure it's Clancy, sir, dhrunk, sir, and runnin' round the garrison, and batin' me, sir."

"Take him to the guard house, Mr. Foster," was the stern, sudden order. "Not a word, Clancy," as the man strove to speak. "Off with him, and if he gives you any trouble, send for me."

And as the poor fellow was led away, silence fell upon the group. Mrs. Clancy began a wail of mingled relief and misery, which the captain ordered her to cease and go home. More men came hurrying to the spot, and presently the officer of the day. "It is all right now," said Rayner to the latter. "One of my men—Clancy—was out here drunk and raising a row. I have sent him to the guard house. Go back to your quarters, men. Come, captain, will you walk over home with me?"

"Was Mr. Hayne here when the row occurred?" asked the cavalryman, looking as though he wanted to hear something from the young officer who stood a silent witness.

"I don't know," replied Rayner. "It makes no difference, captain. It is not a case of witnesses. I shan't prefer charges against the man. Come!" And he drew him hastily away.

Hayne stood watching them as they disappeared beyond the glimmer of his lamp. Then a hand was placed on his arm:

"Did you notice Capt. Rayner's face—his lips? He was ashen as death."

"Come in here with me," was the reply; and, turning, Hayne led the post surgeon into the house.

CHAOS IN THE ORCHESTRA.

A Little Devil with the Face of a Saint Was the Cause of It All.

The prettiest girl in a whole nest of beauties that sat in a box at the comic opera the other night was one of those irrepressible creatures that famine or death could not control. She looked gentle and good. Beside the roseate flush that beamed over her cheeks there was a deviltry of manner about her that could not have been absolutely innate. It so chanced that the stout and bald gentleman playing upon the base viol stood immediately beneath the box wherein the pretty girl was sitting, so close to her, in fact, that the long handle of his viol extended upward almost to her perfect nose. For some moments after the opera began the girl gazed interestedly at the instrument without apparently listening to the music that progressed on the stage. Then, while no one but herself was watching, she leaned forward and, extending a gloved hand, twirled one of the keys out of place. There was, a moment later a severe discord that caused the leader of the orchestra to glance sharply round, and then the prima donna was thrown out of tune by the false notes that continued to come from the big fiddle. The fat player reached excitedly up to the keys of his instrument and placed it into tune again, but no sooner had he done so than the wicked girl in the box reached forward and unscrewed several of the keys at once.

It was an important point during a solo, while the viol was being utilized as the principal accompaniment, and the horrible discords that poured forth were more than the audience could bear. The prima donna stopped short in her song, the orchestra conductor banged his baton madly against his music rack, and every player in the band lost his head, the result being chaos of the worst kind. And while this insanity reigned the cause of it all, the pretty girl in the box, sat calmly back in her chair, making faces of sorrow at the misfortune that prevailed around her. When the player of the bass viol got his instrument back into condition again and the opera was progressing smoothly the mischievous beauty looked fully as innocent as the best scholar in a convent school, and no one but she and I was conscious that she was a little devil with the face of a saint.—New York Letter.

The Smell of Books.

One of the assistants at the British museum tells me that visitors to that institution frequently have a hard time getting "acclimated" to the place. An hour spent in the rooms invariably gives the visitor (for the first time) a headache. Sometimes it is only after repeated visits that one is able to indulge his researches without carrying away a headache with him. Women seem to be particularly sensitive to this curious malady, which is said to arise from the peculiar odor created by the storage of so many books. You can get some idea of what this odor is by going to your book case, that has been closed for twenty-four hours, and opening one of the doors; immediately your olfactories will be greeted by the mustiest fragrance imaginable.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

The Independent.

JAMES KIBBEE, Ed. and Pub.

INDEPENDENT IN NAME and IN FACT.

Published at Lincoln, Lincoln County, New Mexico, every Friday.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE YEAR.....$2.00
SIX MONTHS.....1.00

Advertising rates made known by addressing James Kibbee, Lincoln, New Mexico.

Subscribers failing to receive their paper on time will confer a favor by promptly notifying this office.

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

RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

THE first lot of cuts for our special Pecos Valley Edition have only just arrived. But they are beauties, and the delay is caused principally by waiting for first-class work.

OWING to the difficulty in securing all the necessary photographs and having the engravings made, it is necessary to again postpone the issue of the special Pecos Valley edition of THE INDEPENDENT. The delay will not be very great, however, and the edition will be all the better when it does come. It will be strictly first-class, and it takes time and patience to do first-class work of this kind.

Maud S's time has been beaten by Salvator, who recently made a mile in 2:06 4-5.—Eddy *Argus.*

BRO. HOWE, *how* could you make such a bull out of a horse race? Maud S. is a trotter. Salvator is a running horse, and the race was a mile and a quarter, the time 2:05. At the mile post Ten Broeck's record, 1.39¾, was equalled.

California will give a 37,000,000 bushel wheat crop this year.

Last year's silver yield in this country was 50,000,000 ounces.

Let us have peace. Triplets were born in Georgia and named Red, White and Blue.

A train leaves Chicago every morning at 3 o'clock which reaches New Orleans in 30 hours.

Last week 1,900 bales of New England cotton goods were started for China, via the Canadian Pacific.

Mrs. Houghton, a real estate dealer at Spokane Falls, Washington, is said to have made $250,000 in four years.

Chicago, according to the present census, is the second city in the United States, having a population of about 1,300,000.

A cowboy named Morris was bitten by a skunk a few weeks ago near Prescott, and died the other day in great agony, of hydrophobia

Why should beans and potatoes be imported into New Mexico? Start in, farmers of New Mexico, and raise sufficient of these valuable crops for home consumption; you can, if you will.—*New Mexican.*

Grass all over Texas, excepting only that portion west of the Pecos river, is better than it has been for years; consequently cattle will, if given time and a fair opportunity, get very fat, and even on a low market bring fair prices.

The Senate agricultural college aid bill, which passed the Senate last week, appropriates to each state and Territory $15,000 in aid of agricultural colleges. The appropriation begins July 1st, 1890. The amount required will be $720,000, with the annual increase of the amount of such appropriation thereafter for an additional sum of $1,000 over the preceeding year, and the annual amount to be paid thereafter to each state and Territory shall be $25,000.

The retirement of Gen. Grierson will leave a vacancy in the line of brigadier generals. As to whom will be appointed the opinion prevails that it will rest between Col. Kautz of the 8th Infantry and Col. McCrook of the 6th, with Colonel Wheaton of the 2nd and Col. Morrow of the 23rd following close after. If the president were to be guided by the wishes of the people or New Mexico, Col. Morrow would receive his appointment as brigadier general without further ado.—Silver City *Enterprise.*

Raise Fruit in New Mexico.

Experience in agriculture has demonstrated that a mixed husbandry is the best. In New Mexico especially where the products of the farm and orchard have a stable market, and the agricultural area is comparatively limited, variety in crops should be the rule. The day of the vast stock ranges is fast drawing to a close, and these are being surplanted by the cultivation of the soil. To such an extent is this true, that where a few years ago there were to be seen only droves of stock and the range riders, to-day there are miles of fences, water storage reservoirs, canals and growing fields of alfalfa or grain. While the cultivation of forage is of the utmost moment under these changing conditions of the stock business, yet would it not be well to go still further and provide also each farm and even the stock ranches themselves with orchards and vineyards?

There is nothing more conducive to human health than an abundance of fresh fruit, besides, in this country it is a highly profitable crop. Now that the adaptibility of New Mexico to the production of all fruits indigenous to the temperate zone particularly has been so thoroughly tested, even the semi-tropic varieties doing well in many localities, it ought to encourage every man who owns a bit of irrigable land to plant a liberal share of it to fruit. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, apricots and the small fruits, notably raspberries, strawberries and currants ought to find an habitation on every farm and ranch in the Territory.—*New Mexican.*

A Last Look.

With last week closed an era in the history of the great west, even of the nation itself. In the middle of May there began in the Indian Territory the final round-up of cattle which are grazing in that broad domain. This round-up ended Saturday night and the reign of the cowboy is over for years. The staked prairies of the Cherokee strip and leased lands of Indians in the Territory have been the grazing grounds of over 1,000,000 head of cattle, but by the 1st of October not one will be left to mark the great industry. At that time there will go out of existence the greatest organization that has ever existed for the raising of cattle. The Cherokee Live Stock Association will dissolve and its vast hords will be thrown on the market. The present round-up is of importance from another point of view. Heretofore when the annual round-ups were called it was of little importance whether each owner succeeded in getting sight of every head of his cattle, for he well knew that those which missed would be found at the next gathering. This year those that are missed will become food for boomers and Indians within a month after the round up is over. It is estimpted that there are now in the Territory about 500,000 head of cattle. There have been as high as 2,000,000 there at one time. With the close of the round-up the ranchmen will be banished from the Territory and from Kansas. All stock that is held in that part of the west will be closely herded and under fence. All the cow men from all parts of the west congregated in the strip last week, and appeared to look upon this round-up as the last.—Trinidad *Advertiser.*

Why Can't New Mexico Get There?

An exchange says the egg industry of Kansas is one that is worth more to that state than the iron industry is to many of the mineral producing states. The value of eggs shipped from Kansas reaches far into the millions. Many small towns in that state last month paid out from $1,000 to $10,000 a week for eggs. A single merchant at Marion last year paid out $27,000 for eggs, to the farmers in the surrounding country. New Mexco is wasting its substance in the importation of eggs, poultry, etc.

A Cow Ranch Killing.

Special Correspondence of the New Mexican.

Chloride, N. M., June 30, 1890.—James M. Moore was shot and instantly killed by David C. Cantwell of Fairview, N. M., Saturday, June 28. The shooting took place at the home ranch of the Black Range Land & Cattle company, in western Socorro county, forty miles west of this place. The remains of Moore arrived in Chloride Sunday afternoon and an inquest was held. The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide. The remains were buried in the cemetery here Sunday evening.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS.

Whispered to us by the Interpreter, July 4.

Wm. Lane lost one of his best horses at San Antonio.

The new road adopted by the new mail people to Carthage, is reported much better than the old line; the distance is shortened and the bad crossing of the Mal Pais avoided.

Lee Kelly was committed to the county jail by Justice T. B. McCourt, June 28th, to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of court. He is charged with the larceny of a mule, the property of Sam Wells, Sr.

The rain has at last come and the benefits are not to be computed. Everyone wears a more contented look. The farmers of Texas Park, while greatly benefitted, were somewhat injured by washout of fences and at Nogal the hail did some little damage.

It is with pleasure that we chronicle the wedding of Mr. George Fitzpatrick, who on last Friday evening was married to Miss Forsyth. The bride is a late arrival from Ireland, having arrived one week previous to her marriage. The lady is a sister of John and Robt. Forsyth of this place.

CRUCES CLATTER.

LAS CRUCES, N. M. June 26, 1890.

Yesterday was commencement day at the Academy of the Visitation here, and to-day as the time for the arrival of the north bound train approached vehicles were rolling by loaded with brightly clad, sweet faced vivacious girls, making the world about them glad with their chatter and their glee. They were homeward bound after a long period of study and recitation, filled with delight at the promised freedom, and yet not devoid a tinge of sadness at the separation from friends never to be forgotten. And who of us has not experienced these same emotions? Why, surely, it was but yesterday that, in bright tie and best Sunday suit, I was delivered from the bondage of that grim, Napoleonic old pedagogue whose frown was a storm-crest, and whose warlike tread, whether on the play ground or in the recitation room, struck terror to the juvenile heart. He had been a captain of artillery and had fought in the Wilderness, and his martial training clung to him still. I always imagined him planning an assault, and, therefore, was continually reconnoitering myself. The old man was something of a genius in his own little way, and while he might not always succeed, in his attacks on the enemy's front, he was a strategist to the core, and when by tactics of which he was painfully the master, he suprised him from the rear, the onslaught was pitiful. It is by reason of this eccentricity that I am enabled to remember much more of his prowess than his algebra. And now as I think the matter over I believe I can truthfully say, that during the long years of my tutelage I never saw the old man's time-wrinkled and care-furrowed features relax into the faintest resemblance of a smile. For days and months and years he wore the same immutable, forbidding countenance. But the old man had a wife, and such a beautiful, tender, motherly woman she was.—Not a boy but loved her. She conducted a department of the institution, and sometimes she would steal into the recitation room where her husband sat gloomy and bear-like, and smile at us right out of her heart with a face like a sun burst against the cold winter sky. "Old Four Eyes," as we tritely nick-named our professor, was still alive a few years ago, but his blessed help-meet, just as the silver came into the waves at her temples, journeyed fearlessly out into the mysteries of God-land.

* * * *

A couple of caballeros up in the northern part of the Territory, are just now engaged in a rather warm dispute concerning certain features of the battle of Valverde. It seems that one of the gentlemen in an article descriptive of this somewhat noted engagement, worked in a large amount of a meteoric brand of rhetoric, together with a right smart chance of a pine forest and other shrubbery, the shades of the latter affording both comfort and concealment to the Confederates who took part in that skirmish—all of which is controverted by the other disputant, whose tone would even indicate that as to a forest of bristling rocking pines, casting their dark shadows across this, same battle ground, a man who could view the scene and describe it as aforesaid would necessarily be possessad of an imagination that would make a dime museum freak. But, on the contrary, he avers the fact to be, that this same section is as barren of forest as his opponent's article is devoid of facts.

If this state of things continues, it may yet be necessary for ex-Gov. Ross to sally forth in his fitting *role* of peace maker and terminate hostilities.

* * * *

There was a very peculiar explosion or upheaval in the streets of this town a few days ago. About eight o'clock in the morning at the intersection of Main and Lee streets a veritable miniature Vesuvius was presented. After the eruption a careful examination failed to reveal any cause for the singular occurrence. The ground on the spot, with the exception of perhaps two inches of sand on the surface, was dry and extremely hard, and was torn up as if by dynamite. At the time of the upheaval no one was near the place, but several persons who witnessed the phenomenon from a distance say that a cloud of dust shot up into the air; and certainly the spot showed that no mean force had shattered the thick crust of earth.

We are waiting for the ground-swell.

DAN.

"R. S. V. P."

A well known lawyer, when a young man, received an invitation to a swell ball. In the left hand corner of the invitation were the letters, "R. S. V. P," and they were too much for him. He puzzled over them for a while and then went and asked a friend. "What does 'R. S. V. P.' stand for?" he asked. "Respondez s'il vous plait," replied the friend. "Responde silver plate!" "What does that mean? Have I got to send my regrets on a salver?" "No; it means 'Respond if you please?' The hostess wants an answer." "All right I'll send one." He went out and bought some cream colored note paper, and then penned his regrets. They read: "Mr. —— regrets his inability to accept Mrs. Blank's kind invitation.—T. H. N. C." Of course the hostess was puzzled. She couldn't make head or tail out of T. H. N. C., and so submitted the strange missive to her husband. He promptly gave it up and resolved to secure an explanation. He met the young man and asked him about it. "Oh, I like to be in style," said he. "Proper thing to put letters down in the corner, you know." "But don't they mean anything?" "Of course they do. T. H. N. C. means, Tom Has No Clothes."

Serious losses continue to be reported among stockmen owing to the dry weather. Enough has been lost during the present summer to have pierced every range affected with tubular wells. If experience is worth anything, water in this country is where you find it, and that is wherever it is sought for.—*New Mexican.*

FORT WORTH, Tex., June 30.—Walter Huffman died in Chicago this morning, after an illness of about seven months. In his death Texas loses one of her most progressive and public spirited citizens. He was president of the Democrat publishing company and chief owner of the Fort Worth *Gazette.* He leaves an estate estimated at $1,000,000. His remains will be brought to Fort Worth for interment.

Seven thousand cars of steer will be handled by the Santa Fe route from New Mexico and Arizona this year. One hundred and ten thousand steers will go out of New Mexico on this line alone.

Washington, July 1.—Supt. Porter, in an interview in the Post tomorrow will state that the population of the United States is 65,500,000. The complete official returns will be in within thirty days. The population of the United States by the census of 1880 was 50,055,783.

The Senate has passed the house bill providing for an additional justice of the supreme court of New Mexico.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by A. J. Ballard, Roswell, N. M., and posted before Wm. M. Atkinson, a J. P., Precinct No. 7, Lincoln Co., N. M., on the 14th day of May, 1890; one light brown mare mule about 13 years old, gentle to work, branded [illegible] on right shoulder and O on left shoulder.

June 7, 1890.

FOR SALE.—Captain Overton's handsome and gentle bay team and White Oaks built wagon. Splendid turnout. Also a pretty riding pony. Address, Lieut Pershing, Fort Stanton.

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M. June 14, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Las Cruces, N. M., on July 22, 1890, viz:

Nicolas Sais,

of Tularosa, N. M., who made Hd. application No 844 for lots 3 & 4 Sec. 30, Tp. 14 S of R 10 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Victor Duran, Tilano Gallegos, Juan Barrio, Rosalio Lopez, all of Tularosa, N. M.

SAMUEL P. MCCREA, Register.

Notice For Publication

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M. June 14, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Las Cruces, N. M., on July 25, 1890, viz

John Mahill,

of Upper Penasco, N. M., who made Homestead application No. 1557, for the NE ¼ of SE ¼ of NW ¼ & S ½ of NE ¼, Sec. 26 Tp. 13 S of R 14 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Robert McGee, Andrew J. Lewis, Albert M. Coe, of Upper Penasco, N. M., and Thos. C. Tillotson, of Lower Penasco, N. M.

SAMUEL P. MCCREA, Register.

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. 2467, for the n ½ se¼, ne¼ sw¼, se ¼ nw ¼, Sec. 27 tp. 16 s range 17 east.

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

WINFIELD S. COREAN, Register.

Estray Notice.

On the 1st day of February, 1890, the undersigned did take into his possession at his home, seven miles west of the town of Nogal, N. M., one estray chesnut sorrel horse, branded T71 on left hip. The owner of said horse can have him by proving property and paying charges in accordance with the provisions of the statute.

June 10, 1890. ANDREW MAYS. jun20-6t.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by the undersigned, a resident of Lincoln county, New Mexico, and posted before T. B. McCourt, J. P., precinct No. 8, Lincoln Co., New Mexico, according to law, one bay mare, five years old, branded OMC (connected) on the right hip; untamed, and one black colt, 10 months old, branded OMC (connected) on right hip.

D. B. HIGHTOWER, White Oaks, N. M.

May 27, 1890.

B. B. ADAMS,
Contractor, Architect and Builder.

Plans and Specifications furnished for Buildings.
All kinds of Mill Work, Mining Machinery, and Heavy Framing a speciality.
WHITE OAKS, N. M.

San Antonio and Lincoln STAGE LINE.
LANE & Co., Prop's.

Runs daily from San Antonio to White Oaks, Nogal, Ft. Stanton and Lincoln, in connection with railroad trains.

LINCOLN & ROSWELL STAGE LINE.

Runs Daily Each Way.
Good Teams, Comfortable Hacks, Fast Time.
KIMBRELL & ROMERO,
LINCOLN, : : NEW MEXICO.

O. L. HOUGHTON
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE!

A COMPLETE LINE OF
STOVES, FIREARMS and AMMUNITION.

Largest stock in New Mexico in the hardware line. Barb fence wire at manufacturers prices with freight added. Manufacturers of all kinds of *TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON.*

East Las Vegas, N. M.

We will be pleased to correspond with intending purchasers.

If you Want

To advertise your brands in a paper that every cattle man and cowboy in the country reads every week, put them in *The Lincoln Independent.*

MANDELL BROS. & CO.,
THE LEADING
HARDWARE HOUSE
Of the Southwest.

AGENT FOR
DUPONT AND CALIFORNIA GIANT POWDER.

Special attention given to Roofing and Galvanized Ironware. Full line of Agricultural Implements, Windmills, Horsepowers, etc. Write for prices.
21, 23 and 25 Front Street, Albuquerque New Mexico.

W. H. BAKER,
OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER,
3rd Judicial District,
LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.
Typewriter ribbons for all machines, paper, carbon etc., for sale.

ROSENTHAL & CO.
DEALERS IN
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,
THE **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.

STANTON HOUSE,
LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO,
JAMES KIBBEE, Proprietor.
Strictly First-Class.
Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished.
$2 PER DAY, AND THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.
First-Class Feed Stable and Corral in Connection.

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 al 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. WHEELOCK, General Agent for New Mexico.
E. S. MCPHERSON, Special Agent, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

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 Independent.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms for announcement 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.

Commissioners' court has been in session this week, regular term. Col. Cronin, chairman, and Messrs Green and Henley in attendance.

Go and see Rosenthal's new goods.

A terrible water spout fell on the Agua Chiquita the first of last week, washing away two houses, killing a number of cattle and doing a great deal of damage to growing crops. Fortunately no lives were lost. On Lower Penasco a great deal of damage was also done, many entire fields of corn and other crops being completely ruined.

New Challies and Ginghams at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

The many friends of Mr. Wise, the fruit tree man who was here last spring, will be sorry to learn of his recent death in Chihuahua, Mexico, of small pox.

Special Sunday dinner at the Stanton House (Lincoln) every Sunday. If you like good things to eat "take it in." Spring chicken, new green peas, new string beans, new potatoes, etc. Yum! Yum!

Our county jail has two recent additions to the number of its inmates. Lee Kelly was brought in from Puerto de Luna by Deputy Langston, charged with stealing a mule, and Ernest Pettier was sent in from Roswell by Deputy Perry, charged with stealing a horse from J. P. White. The J. P. at "The Farms" tried Pettier and fined him $10 and costs, in all amounting to about $100. Pettier could not pay the fine so he was brought up to serve it out in jail. The grand jury, however, will have something to do with his case.

Don't forget that Rosenthal & Co. always keep the largest and best stock of general merchandise.

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

When you go to Roswell, stop with Mrs. O'Neil, at the Stanton House, if you enjoy first-class fare.

Bro. Blanchard, our census man, could not complete the work assigned him by June 30, so he had special authority given him to continue until all was finished. He had an extra district to attend, owing to Bona Baca's resignation of the Lincoln and Las Tablas district.

Pique and checked and striped Swiss for Ladies' dresses at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

It has been discovered at White Oaks by an enthusiastic Republican orator that Christopher Columbus, (he that discovered this blessed country) was a Mexican and a Republican. Three cheers and a tiger for Chris!

Twenty wagon loads of new goods now arriving at Rosenthal & Co's.

A. C. McDonald, of Penasco, one of Sheriff Barela's present deputies, says he intends to be a candidate on the Democratic ticket this fall for sheriff of Dona Ana county.—Las Cruces *Democrat.*

Agate Coffee Pots, Tea Kettles, Sauce Pans, etc., at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

New Goods!
New Goods!
New Goods!
Coming in every day at Rosenthal & Co's.

John W. Light and wife, A. C. Stewart and John Beasley, of Seven Rivers, came in last night and will remain in Las Cruces for a few days. They say the loss of cattle between the Pecos and Penasco has been underrated and that twenty per cent of the cattle of that country have died for want of grass and water.—Las Cruces *Democrat.*

Ladies' Russet Oxford Shoes at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

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

Two weeks ago D. A. Davis received a telegram announcing that his partner, James R. Wise, was seriously ill of small pox at Chihuahua, Mexico. Mr. Davis at once came to Las Cruces to make arrangements for sending down a nurse and to have everything possible done for Mr. Wise, till he himself should be able to go down to take care of him. On Tuesday last Mr. Davis was on the point of starting for his friend's bedside when he received a telegram announcing Mr. Wise's death.—Las Cruces *Democrat.*

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Joe Levins, of Nogal, had business in Lincoln Monday.

Grandpa Henley, of Nogal, was among our visitors this week.

Capt. Pat Garrett was up from Roswell Monday and Tuesday.

Jno. Y. Hewitt was among our visitors from White Oaks this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ballard were in the city yesterday from the ranch.

Mr. Thomson, a miner and prospector from Nogal district, was here Monday.

Capt. Kirby and Peter Burleson, of the V V ranch, were in town Wednesday.

J. J. Dolan and family, it is reported, left Las Cruces for Lincoln on the 8th inst.

H. L. White arrived from Roswell yesterday, to spend a few days with his Lincoln friends.

Register Cobean returned to Roswell Tuesday morning. M. L. Pierce was here and took him back.

Arthur Robertson, representing the Browne & Manzanares Co., Las Vegas, was here the first of the week.

Wallace Brockway, of Picacho, is now daddy of a fine daughter, which arrived at his house day before yesterday.

County Treasurer G. R. Young came over on Wednesday to attend Commissioner's court and ease off the boys.

When last heard from Col. Milne, of Roswell, was improving slowly. For several days he was dangerously ill.

Uncle John Newcomb was in from his Ruidoso farm yesterday. He reports fine rains all over his section of country.

H. G. Smith, of Trinidad, Colorado, stopped in our town several days this week, and returned yestesday to the railroad.

G. A. Richardson, of Roswell, had business with our Commissioners and probate court Monday and Tuesday and left Wednesday for home.

W. C. McDonald, the new manager of the Carrizozo ranch, came in Sunday and stayed till Tuesday, on business with the county dads.

Capt. D. W. Roberts returned last Saturday from a long trip in the eastern part of the county, where has been punching up delinquent tax payers.

Mrs. A. O'Neil arrived Sunday from Roswell on a short business trip, and returned Tuesday morning. Andy Richardson accompanied her.

Will Taliaferro got back Sunday from White Oaks. His trip did him good, and he is again delving deep into the mysteries of the Clerk's office.

Richard Mansfield White, special agent for the U. S. census, appointed to gather statistics in regard to New Mexico's cattle interests, is expected in Lincoln soon.

Emil Fritz was in town this week from the Felix ranch. He recently returned from Clayton, where he went to ship the steers sold by the Felix and Champion Co's.

J. P. C. Langston, the big, good-natured deputy sheriff and constable at White Oaks, was here the first of the week, to see the Commissioners and attend to other business.

Mrs. F. M. Goodin and Mrs. S. W. Lloyd were in Lincoln from their ranches this week. Also Mrs. P. G. Peters, of Nogal. All were guests of Capt. and Mrs. D. W. Roberts.

Billy Mathews and J. F. Hinkle came up to see about proving up on this "infernal assessment business." They behaved themselves reasonably well, got what they wanted and rolled out again Tuesday morning.

Mr. Collins, who has a ranch near Nogal, passed through town yesterday with a small bunch of cattle which he has been ranching on the Pecos. Considering the dry season we have been having, the cattle looked remarkably well.

J. H. Morrison and Charlie Perry came over from Roswell Monday, and left for home again Tuesday. One result of the trip is that Mr. Morrison is now J. P. at Roswell, Mr. Atkinson having resigned. Squire Morrison will fill the bill to a T.

W. T. Peacock and Joe N. Rial, representing the live stock commission house of White & Rial, of Kansas City, were in town the first of the week. They have been interviewing the stockmen of Lincoln county in regard to cattle shipments, etc.

T. B. Wilson stopped in Lincoln Monday and Tuesday, on his return from Nogal to Eddy. Mr. Wilson thinks of returning soon to his old home, San Angelo, Texas. He has lots of good friends out here who would like to see him stay in this country.

E. W. Parker was here from White Oaks the first of the week, accompanied by Col. Wilcox, of Beloit, Wis. The latter gentleman is interested in our new mail contract, and came to look over the line and the situation. The new coaches for the line are now on the road, and all will be running smoothly, with first-class service throughout, in two or three weeks. In the mean time the mails and express matter come through promptly, and everything possible is done for the comfort of passengers.

J. B. Mathews, J. F. Hinkle, Penasco; H. G. Smith, Trinidad, Colo.; T. B. Wilson, Eddy, N. M.; Joe Levens, Nogal; W. C. McDonald, J. P. C. Langston, E. W. Parker, White Oaks; G. A. Richardson, Mrs. A. O'Neil, Roswell, Col. Wilcox, Beloit, Wis.; J. H. Morrison, W. S. Cobean Roswell; J. T. Eubank, Mr. Weir, ranch; W. T. Peacock, Joe N. Rial, Kansas City; Chas. Ballard, ranch, were among the the guests at the Stanton House, during the past week.

Estrayed.

From my ranch, on Ruidoso, July 3, one brown mare, 3 years old, star in fore head, branded H on right hip. Any information leading to recovery will be suitably rewarded.

J. N. COX.

EVERYBODY SAYS.

That they feel good since the rain.

That the Fourth passed quietly at Lincoln.

That some of the boys wasted a lot of good beer on the 4th.

That there has been a terrible lot of kickers in town this week, and everybody said it was a bully time to kick.

That the Lincoln boys ought to play the Eddy team. 16 to 2 was the score by which the Stanton boys downed them on the 4th.

That the Italian was the most patriotic citizen of Lincoln on the 4th. He fired anvils and flung to the breeze the stars and stripes.

That Blanchard didn't ask any more questions than he had to. For instance: He didn't ask every man whether he was white or black and what his sex was.

That every good and patriotic citizen should pay his poll tax promptly and without kicking. It's only one dollar per head but if every man pays, the total will swell the school fund considerably in this county.

Assessment for 1890.

The following are the figures as to what the assessment for 1890 in Lincoln, Chaves and Eddy counties will amount to:

Lincoln Co.	$1,712,154.
Chaves Co.	$1,285,157.
Eddy Co.	$1,055,444.
Total	$4,052,755.

For Sale.

My team of buggy ponies—the best in Lincoln county. Apply at once.

W. S. BLOCK,
Fort Stanton, N. M.

Notice of Receipt of Plat.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
LAS CRUCES N. M., July 5, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the approved plat of township 17 s of range 14 east, has this day been received from the Surveyor-General and will be duly filed in this office on August 5, 1890, in accordance with instructions from the General Land Office, after which date filings will be received therefor. This township lies directly west of Weed, and contains the ranches of McDonald, Hancock, Fletcher, and others.

SAMUEL P. MCCREA,
Register.

For Sale.

A matched bay carriage team of horses, with Carriage and Harness. Also a saddle pony—all belonging to Captain Overton. Apply to J. J. PERSHING,
Fort Stanton, N. M.

For Sale Cheap.

One first-rate Racine Carriage; four springs; canopy top.

JOHN H. CANNING,
Fort Stanton, N. M.

On Saturday night, July 12th, and Sunday, July 13th, morning and night, there will be religious services, in Spanish and English, at the school house in Lincoln. Rev. Mr. Kilgore, presiding elder of the Durango, (Mex.) Mexican Mission, will preside, assisted by Rev. Scoggins.

When you come to Lincoln and want a good, substantial meal of victuals, or want to rest your weary bones in a clean, comfortable bed, go to the Stanton House.

New Goods!
New Goods!
New Goods!
Coming in every day at Rosenthal & Co's.

BONITO, N. M., June 15, 1890.

Ed. *Banner:*—The Bonito Camp meeting will begin Friday eve, July 18—Friday before the third Sunday. Every one is invited and requested to bring wagons and baskets and spend the week. Plenty of cool shade and pure water. Ministers expected are J. C. Gage, S. W. Thomas, W. F. Gibbons and J. D. Scoggins. Ministerial help will be cared for Other papers please copy.

Respectfully, B. B. SCOGGINS,
Bonito Mission, N. M.

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

Walter C. Hadley, wife, child and servant, returned from Coronado Beach, California, last Tuesday. Walter had quite a severe attack of pleurisy upon his arrival there, but is now much improved in health.—*Headlight.*

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 following new corporation has been filed in the office of the Territorial secretary: The Agua Chiquito Reservoir & Irrigation company—Incorporators, John E. Prather, Virgil H. Lusk, Thos. J. Watts, Samuel U. Prather, James C. Cady. Capital stock $100,000. Principal place of business, Weed, Lincoln county, N. M.

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

The Chicago Masons will erect an 18-story building, to cost $2,000,000.

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

Kilrain has challenged Sullivan to fight to a finish either with bare knuckles or light gloves, London prize ring rules. The fight to come off in Fort Worth, Texas, for the prize offered by the Fort Worth athletic club.

NOGAL NUBBINS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT

NOGAL, N. M., July 8, 1890.

The celebration at Nogal was a complete success in every respect. The day was clear and not too hot. The dinner was ample for all and enought left for the next Fourth. There was no hitch in any way. There were no drunken or disorderly persons on the grounds.

Dancing began about 9 p. m. on the grounds and ended up in the old *Nugget* office about 6 a. m. the morning of the 5th.

There were seven contestants in the tournament ring at $1 each. Charley Zilner took the first prize. Billy Henley the second. Everybody thanks the committee for the well arranged plans and a rousing good time.

C. B. Ayres, who has been at the hospital on account of his eye, is at home again. His eye is getting better, but the Post surgeon thinks it will have to be taken out as soon as it is safe to do so.

E. T. Gallatin is predicting to go back to Texas with his children. This will be sad news to his many friends here.

We are having fine rains.

NOGAL.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, July 4.

Mr. John Aaron has his hoister in place on the Mary Ann, and Mr. A. N. Price has contracted to do considerable development work.

A good rain, the first in several months, fell here Tuesday. A few showers before, but this was the first to do any good. The indications are good both for grass and crops as rains from now on will produce plenty of both.

Nogal is all right. Three arrivals in one week, and they have come to stay. Two girls and one boy is about the right proportion, as young ladies are in demand hereabouts. The girls can be seen at the domiciles of Mrs. Littleton and Jose Torres, and the youngster at Thos. Brown's, on Tortolita.

The people of this vicinity who know Harry Williams best, express satisfaction that he has been pardoned. They think his conviction was wrong in the first place and that he was not guilty as charged. He has always borne a good reputation here and was sober and industrious.

WEED, N. M., June 16.

Ed. *Banner:*—Mrs. Julia Tulk, wife of James Tulk, died near Weed, June 13, of typhoid pneumonia. She leaves a husband and five small children, the youngest only four months old. She was a loving wife, a devoted mother and a kind, true friend. The bereaved family has the sympathy of all in their sad affliction.

A FRIEND.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, July 3.

Lincolnites have been numerous on our streets this week.

E. W. Dow, contractor and builder, of Lincoln, was taking in the sights of the city.

George White, a prominent young man of Lincoln, was in town last week on business.

We are informed by the contractors that the hotel building will be turned over about August 1st.

Garrett & Hill are making arrangements to build a two story adobe building on their lot on Overton Avenue.

George Sena has returned to Lincoln. Before leaving Roswell he received his appointment as deputy U. S. marshal of Lincoln county.

Judge E. T. Stone has his clip in the warehouse at Las Vegas, holding for a better offer than 14¾ cents, the best he has had yet. His clip is partly improved.—*Stockgrower.*

Scott Truxton has rented the residence of W. M. Atkinson, and as soon as Mrs. Truxton returns from Fort Stanton will move in town and become city folks.

We regret to announce the dangerous illness of Col. H. Milne. His kidneys are diseased and there is but slight hopes of his recovery. Dr. Skipwith with Dr. Sutherland are tending him.

A fine rain fell on last Sunday evening, doing an immense amount of good. This section of the country has been needing rain badly, and we rejoice with the farmers that it has at last come.

Charley Perry on Saturday arrested two young fellows for horse stealing on a warrant swore out by the Littlefield Cattle company. It seems that the young men had been working for the company and near Mescalero were given the bounce. They wished to come to town and objected to footing it in. One of the young men had a horse and the other one took one of the company's horses and rode it through the sand hills and turned it loose. The company missing the horse and supposing it was stolen swore out a warrant for their arrest. Their trial was held before Justice Miller in the farms Monday, and resulted in one of the boys being discharged and the other being fined fifteen dollars.

On Sunday afternoon last Robert Littell, in company with several friends went down to North Spring River to take a bath. There is one particular place in the river where the water is very deep and the banks straight, that is used as a bathing place, and it is the custom of the boys to dive from the bank head first into the water. Littell was the last of the party to enter the water, and, strange to say, not one of his companions saw him when he did go in, but the supposition is that he jumped headfirst from the bank. He only came up once and at that time one of the boys saw him, but thought nothing of the fact, supposing he could swim. When they were ready to dress Bob was missed and search was at once made for his whereabouts. His companions were certain he was under the water, and word was at once sent to town that "Bob Littell was drowned in the swimming hole. The word went like a shock all over town, and it could hardly be believed that a strong man could be drowned in a little stream like that. It was but a short time until the banks of the river were crowded with friends to assist in the search that had been going on for the body from the time he was first missed. After an hour's search the body was found in the deepest water, and R. M. Parsons dived down and brought it to the surface, where many willing hands took and placed it on the bank. Dr's. Sutherland, McKinney and Bearup and many others worked faithfully to resuscitate him, but the doctors in making an examination discovered that his neck was broken It is supposed that in jumping from the bank he hit his head against a mound of rock and dirt in the river and broke his neck. As soon as this discovery was made the sorrowful crowd dispersed and the body was brought to the city. An inquest was held and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts. His remains were interred in South Park cemetery Monday morning, being followed thither by a concourse of friends. The burial services were conducted by Revs. Maule and Scroggins. Robt. Littell was a recent comer to Roswell. He came here from White Oaks, where his parents and relatives, with the exception of one relative who is here, live, about one month ago to assist his brother, W. J. Littell, in making brick. Although a comparative stranger he was well known and had made many warm personal friends, who sadly grieve at his shocking and sudden death.

EDDY ECHOES.

Caught from the Argus, June 28.

Welden & Sons are burning an immense kiln of brick at their yard northwest of town.

The contract for the foundation of the Methodist church has been let to Caples & Hammer.

Jim Brent has moved into the Tom Gray house and will occupy it until Mrs. Gray returns in September.

The indications are that Mr. Hart, as manager of the new hotel, is eminently the right man in the right place.

In raising the assessment of town lots in Eddy, the county commissioners doubtless thought they were perpetrating a joke.

W. W. Paul was in town this week. He came on a partly pleasure trip and brought his wife and a couple of his children with him. He is as enthusiastic over the prospects of Eddy as any of our citizens.

We intended to publish this week the score of the late baseball match, but the scorer lost it. He thinks it was in a pocket of a coat he gave to a tramp the day after the game. The tramp started south and as soon as the loss was discovered a courier was sent after him, but he could not be found. We are very sorry, but it cannot be helped. The Roswell *Register* will publish the score next week, and we could copy it were we not bound by a vow not to publish Eddy news second-handed.

J. W. Braddock came to the Lower Penasco a year ago last winter. The following spring he broke his land and put in crops and in the fall he sold $1,100 worth of produce. And yet he was a farmer who did not understand irrigation. What he did last year can be done in the Pecos Valley by any farmer of energy and intelligence. In this connection it may be well to say that Mr. Braddock raised all his $1,100 worth of produce on less than fifty acres.

John Arthur Eddy, brother, partner and friend of C. B. Eddy, is in town and will remain until sometime next week. He resides at Salida, where he has charge of the famous Eddy-Bissel cattle company's interests. Like his brother, he is a splendid business man. We wish it were possible for him to come down here and live, for, besides being a hustler, he is a very companionable gentleman. No wonder his brother Charles is proud of him.

There are four real estate firms in Eddy, and another in prospective.

If we had an alfalfa farm near Eddy we would take a tour to Europe next summer.

Sam Brown, the self-constituted officer who ordered the shooting of Coffelt, was turned loose by Sheriff Nowlin. The sheriff says that if he had been at home Brown would not have been put in jail, as the commitment was absurd.

Here is a pointer for those people who hesitate to invest in Eddy: Alonzo Lucky came here about a year ago, and as fast as his salary became due he invested what he could spare of it in town lots. To-day he wears silk shirts.

Man proposes but W. C. Bradbury disposes. Captain Clark and Jim Warren proposed to stay in cool Colorado this summer, but Mr. Bradbury was compelled to transfer them to Pecos City. We are glad of it for it brings them nearer Eddy and we can see them occasionally.

T. R. Sandridge, teller for the First National Bank of Fort Worth, was in town this week. After looking at the reservoir, the flume, the dam and the great canal, he declared that the Pecos Valley surely had a great future before it. As for Eddy, he predicted it would have a population of 6,000 in less than three years. He invested liberally in real estate.

Deputy Sheriff Goodlett declares that he has volumes of evidence to prove that the man killed at the Kimmel Bros. ranch was Tom Coffelt and he will produce the evidence if the proper authorities want it.

The father of Tom Coffelt came to town Saturday to find out all he could about the killing of his son. After looking at the effects taken from the slain man, he declared that they did not belong to his son Tom but to his son Martin, who was an honest and law abiding man. He said that the shoes were too small for Tom, and that the "slicker" was one that he had given Martin before he left home. We understand he afterwards expressed the belief that the shoes might have been worn by Tom; and a re-examination of the "slicker" perplexed him. He is a much respected citizen of Dona Ana county.

The leaks of the dam have at last been entirely closed. In a few days the scourgate will be closed, when the water will rapidly rise to the reservoir and flow into the main canal. Of course it will have to be let in slowly and a little at a time. It has been estimated that it will take 45 days for the water to reach the canal bridge west of town. The town will get its supply of water from the great canal and the small ditch being connected with it a short distance below the dam.

Chief Engineer, H. H. Cloud, under date of June 23, sends the following from Pecos City: "To-day at 2 p. m. the first rail was laid and spike driven on the Pecos Valley railroad. Grading and tracklaying forces are arriving and work will be pushed without delay. Eddyites will in the near future hear the sound of the locomotive whistle which will announce connection with the outside world."

Plans for the addition to the new hotel arrived this week. The addition will extend from the main building on Mermod street to the alley west. This will make the north front of the hotel the longest and most attractive. The addition will contain 32 rooms, and will be commenced as soon as the new bank is finished.

Men and Teams Wanted for the Pecos Valley Railroad.

Denver, June 11, 1890.

Publisher Independent, Lincoln, New Mexico.

Having taken the contract to construct the R. R. from Pecos to Eddy, we have an abundance of work for all the men and teams that can apply at once.

They can get work by contract, at hauling ties, timber, supplies, and at grading, grubbing, &c.; and by the day with the sub contractors. Grading and construction outfits are already arriving there, and actual work commenced to-day. Our headquarters are at Pecos.

W. C. BRADBURY & Co.

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

D. J. M. A. JEWETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

Wm. Watson. Robert E. Lund.
WATSON & LUND,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.
WHITE OAKS, N. M

J. J. COCKRELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.
Will practice in Lincoln and adjoining counties.

B. L. Young. A. B. Fall.
FALL & YOUNG,
LAWYERS,
LAS CRUCES, - - N. M.
Will attend District Court at Lincoln regularly.

PINITO PINO,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.
Will practice in all the courts of the territory and the United States Land Office.

W. S. RYAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.

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.

A. H. WHETSTONE,
SURVEYOR AND LAND AGENT,
ROSWELL, LINCOLN CO., N. M.
Complete abstract of all lands on the Pecos.

W. C. McDONALD,
DEPUTY U. S
MINERAL SURVEYOR AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

FRED H. PEITZ,
U. S. Deputy Mineral and Land Surveyor,
Land Attorney and Real Estate Agent,
Notary Public. Surveyor of the Hagerman Irrigation and Land Co. Complete abstract of all lands in Eddy county. Local Agent for Texas and Pacific Railroad Company. Taxes paid for non-residents. Lands surveyed and subdivided. Reports made as to value, quality, and occupancy of lands. Titles adjusted.
P. O.: LOOKOUT, EDDY COUNTY, N. M.

R. MICHAELIS & CO.,
LINCOLN, N. M.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.
The Only House in Lincoln Co. that is Selling
Strictly for CASH!
Our Motto is:
"Small Profits and Quick Returns."

DO YOU HIRE A PIANO?

If So Your Music Is Very Costly, at Least So Says a Dealer in Pianos.

"The business of renting pianos is the most profitable one I know of," said a Washington dealer in that line very frankly.

"In the first place, no really expensive piano is ever rented; the risk would be too great for one thing. One could not afford to intrust to a stranger an instrument worth from $800 to $1,800, which is about the range for the finest makes. The pianos hired out are of a lower grade, worth from $300 to $500."

"But what is the charge?"

"Usually about $8 a month."

"That is nearly $100 a year. Pretty good interest, I should say, on a $300 piano."

"Decidedly so. That is just the point of my remark. I don't know any other investment that pays from 25 to 30 per cent. per annum. We have twenty pianos let all the time, and you can perceive that they must bring about $2,000 a year."

"What is the life of a piano?"

"Fifteen years, with fair usage. At the end of that time the instrument is not apt to be capable of further service, but in the meantime we have cleared $1,000 or $1,100 on it, so we are satisfied."

"Some people, though, probably give a piano very unfair usage?"

"Often that occurs. It is a source of loss to us unavoidably, but we can afford to endure it. You see, persons who rent pianos are not likely to be so careful of them as if they were their own property. They let their children bang upon them, and that is always very injurious. The keys are so carefully pivoted that if they are struck sideways instead of perpendicular they are apt to be thrown out of gear. An active infant in this way and by pounding can do a good deal of hurt to a piano in a comparatively short time. And maybe the $8 a month won't pay for it. Or the action, which includes the keys and all those complicated inside works which make the communication between the keys and hammers, may be loosened, and then there is nothing to do but to send the piano back to the factory and have a new action put in, which costs from $40 to $50. People have other ways besides this of injuring an instrument."

"Such as what, pray?"

"Why, they will subject a piano to extremes of heat and cold. That is always destructive. For example, on a cold winter day the servant will throw open the windows of the overheated parlor and let the freezing air come in, and no member of the family will probably know any better than to do such a thing. As a consequence, the sounding board is warped and cracked, and the wires are rusted and other damage done. It would be a great deal less injurious if the domestic had poured several pailfuls of cold water into the instrument. There is a piano over in that corner which was in a house that caught fire, and afterward we pumped fourteen gallons of water out of it. Yet it has served very well ever since and has retained a remarkably good tone. Sometimes the case of the instrument is marred and scratched, but that does not amount to so much."

"Do people ever steal the pianos they rent from you and run away with them?"

"It has never happened to us, though such things are sometimes done. We have been very lucky in that way. The people we have more trouble with than those to whom we rent pianos are the buyers on installments. Profit is ordinarily found in selling pianos that way, because necessarily a greater price is charged in such cases than if cash were paid. But often it happens that pianos so purchased come back on our hands after three or four months with a loosened action and other damage done that costs more to repair than we have received for the piano, the usual method being to pay something like $25 down and to give notes of hand for $10 each, falling due monthly, for the balance. It goes without saying that installment customers often default in their payments, and then we simply grab the pianos. People who purchase in that way never seem to be aware that in law an article so bought remains the property of the seller until the last cent due has been paid. So, in order to have that little fact thoroughly comprehended, we introduce it as a part of the contract which the customer is obliged to sign before he gets the instrument.—Washington Star.

E. G. MURPHEY & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY and
TOILET GOODS.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
We pay special attention to mail orders, and guarantee satisfaction to all customers.
Las Vegas, New Mexico.

A. CORTESY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
SOCORRO, N. M.

CARIZO HOTEL.
White Oaks, New Mexico,
WM. GALLAGHER, Proprietor.
CHARGES REASONABLE.
This hotel is a new brick structure and is furnished throughout with new furniture. Sleeping rooms are well supplied with clean and comfortable beds, and provided with light and ventilation. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Every care taken of, and attention paid to wants of transient guests.

MARTIN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS,
Las Vegas, New Mexico.
We carry the largest and choicest stock of such goods to be found in the territory and offer the same at
REASONABLE PRICES.
We will be pleased to answer mail orders and quote prices.

OTHERS MAY PREACH
—ABOUT—
Low Prices and Square Dealing
—BUT—
WE PRACTICE
A fair article of Gun Powder Tea at 50c a pound.
A 3-pound can of Tomatoes 20c.
Boston Baked Beans 25c a can.
Heating Stoves at greatly reduced prices.
YONUG & TALIAFERRO
White Oaks, N. M.
Call on us and satisfy yourself.

ECLIPSE WINDMILLS
POWER AND HAND
STEAM PUMPS,
RANCH MACHINERY,
Iron, Pipe, Hose and Belting.
Solon E. Rose & Bro.
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

FRIEDRICH & NEEDHAM,
—DEALERS IN—
CHOICE LIQUORS, CIGARS
Lincoln, New Mexico.

MARLIN
REPEATING RIFLES
MODEL '81 REPEATERS.
MODEL '89 REPEATERS.
THE LATEST. MODEL 1889.
MARLIN SAFETY REPEATING RIFLE
using the 32, 38, and 44 Winchester cartridges, having a
SOLID TOP RECEIVER,
Excluding all dirt or moisture from the lock.
LOADING & EJECTING
from the side, away from the face of the shooter.
Weighing but
6¼ POUNDS,
and a model of symmetry and beauty. Shoots with greater
ACCURACY
than any other. Don't buy until you see the
MARLIN SAFETY MODEL, 1889.
MODEL '81 REPEATERS
40-40 and 45-70 calibres.
LOW TRAJECTORY STRONG SHOOTING.
THE BALLARD
still remains the best shooting rifle in the world.
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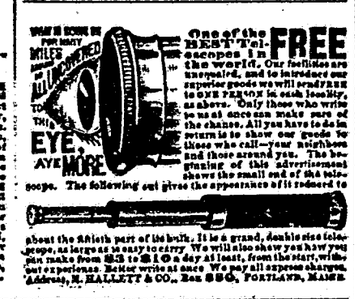

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