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THE DESERTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She saw Rayner grasping his hands.

There had been a scene of somewhat dramatic nature at the colonel's office but a short time before, and one that had fewer witnesses. Agitated, nervous and eventually astonished as Capt. Rayner had been when the colonel had revealed to him the nature of Clancy's confession, he was far more excited and tremulous when he returned a second time. The commanding officer had been sitting deep in thought. If was but natural that a man should show great emotion on learning that the evidence he had given, which had condemned a brother officer to years of solitary punishment, was now disproved. It was to be expected that Rayner should be tremulous and excited. He had been looking worse and worse for a long time past; and now that it was established that he must have been mistaken in what he thought he saw and heard at Battle Butte, it was to be expected that he should show the utmost consternation and an immediate desire to make amends. He had shown great emotion; he was white and rigid as the colonel told him Clancy had made a full confession; but the expression on his face when informed that the man had admitted that he and Sergt. Gower were the only ones guilty of the crime—that Clancy and Gower divided the guilt as they had the money—was a puzzle to the colonel.

Capt. Rayner seemed daft; it was a look of wild relief, half unbelief, half delight, that shot across his hagged features. It was evident that he had not heard at all what he expected. This was what puzzled the colonel. He had been pondering over it ever since the captain's hurried departure "to tell his wife."

"We—we had expected—made all preparations to take this afternoon's train for the east," he stammered. "We are all torn up, all ready to start, and the ladies ought to go; but I cannot feel like going in the face of this."

"There is no reason why you should not go, captain. I am told Mrs. Rayner should leave at once. If need be, you can return from Chicago. Everything will be attended to properly. Of course you will know what to do towards Mr. Hayne. Indeed, I think it might be best for you to go."

But Rayner seemed hardly listening; and the colonel was not a man to throw his words away.

"You might see Mrs. Rayner at once, and return by and by," he said; and Rayner gladly escaped, and went home with the wonderful news he had to tell his wife.

And now a second time he was back, and was urging upon the commanding officer the necessity of telegraphing and capturing Mrs. Clancy. In plain words he told the colonel he believed that she had escaped with the greater part of the money. The colonel smiled:

"That was attended to early this morning, captain. Hayne and the major asked that she be secured, and the moment we found her fled it confirmed their suspicions, and Billings sent dispatches in every direction. She can't get away! She was his temptress, and I mean to make her share all the punishment."

"Colonel," exclaimed Rayner, while beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, "she is worse—a thousand times worse! The woman is a fiend. She is the devil in petticoats—and ingenuity. My God! sir, I have been in torment for weeks past—my poor wife and I. I have been criminally, cowardly weak; but I did not know what to do—where to turn—how to take it—how to meet it. Let me tell you." And now great tears were standing in his eyes and beginning to trickle down his cheeks. He dashed them away. His lips were quivering, and he strode nervously up and down the matted floor. "When you refused to let Clancy re-enlist in the —th, two years after Battle Butte, he came to me and told me a story. He, too, had declared, as I did, that he had seen the money packages in Hayne's hands, and he said the real reason he was kicked out of the —th was because the officers and men took sides with Hayne and thought he had sworn his reputation away. He begged me not to 'go back on him' as his own regiment had, and I thought he was being persecuted because he told the truth. God knows I fully believed Hayne guilty for more than three years—it is only within the last year or so I began to have doubts; and so I took Clancy into B company and soon made Mrs. Clancy a laundress. But she made trouble for us all, and there was something uncanny about them. She kept throwing out mysterious hints I could not understand when rumors of them reached me; and at last came the fire that burned them out, and then the stories of what Clancy had said in his delirium; and then she came to my wife and told her a yarn that—she swore to its truth, and nearly drove Mrs. Rayner wild with anxiety. She swore that when Clancy got to drinking he imagined he had seen me take that money from Capt. Hull's saddle bags and replace the sealed package; she said he was ready to swear that he and Gower—the deserter—and two of our men, honorably discharged now and living on ranches down in Nebraska, could all swear—would all swear—to the same thing—that I was the thief. 'Sure you know it couldn't be so, ma'am; and yet he wants to go and tell Mr. Hayne,' she would say; 'there's the four of 'em would swear to it, though Gower's evidence would be no good; but the two men could hurt the captain.' Her ingenuity was devilish, for one of the men I had severely punished once in the Black Hills, and both hated me and had sworn they would get even with me yet. God help me, colonel, seeing every day the growing conviction that Hayne was innocent, that somebody else must be guilty, I thought what if this man should, in drunken gratitude to Hayne for saving his life, go to him and tell him this story, then back it up before the officials and call in these two others? I was weak, but it appalled me. I determined to get him out of the way of such a possibility. I got his discharge, and meantime strove to prevent his drinking or going near Hayne. She knew the real story he would tell. This was her devilish plan to keep me on watch against him. I never dreamed the real truth. She swore to me that $300 was all the money they had. I believed that when he confessed it would be what she declared. I never dreamed that Clancy and his confederate were the thieves; I never believed the money was taken until after Hayne received it. I saw how Hayne's guilt was believed in even in the face of contradictory evidence before the court. What would be the tendency if three men together were to swear against me, now that everybody thought him wronged? I know very well what you will think of my cowardice. I know you and your officers will say I should have given him every chance—should have courted investigation; and I meant to do so, but first I wanted to hear from those discharged men in Nebraska. The whole scheme would have been exploded two months ago had I not been a coward; but night after night something kept whispering to me, 'You have wrecked and ruined a friendless young soldier's life. You shall be brought as low.'"

The colonel was, as he afterwards remarked, hardly equal to the occasion. He had as much contempt for moral weakness in a soldier as he had for physical cowardice; but Rayner's almost abject recital of his months of misery really left him nothing to say. Had the captain sought to defend or justify any detail of his conduct, he would have pounced on him like a panther. Twice the adjutant, sitting an absorbed and silent listener, thought the chief on the verge of an outbreak; but it never came. For some minutes after Rayner ceased the colonel sat steadily regarding him. At last he spoke:

"You have been so frank in your statement, captain, that I feel you fully appreciate how such deplorable weakness must be regarded in an officer. It is unnecessary for me to speak of that. The full particulars of Clancy's confession are not yet with me. Maj. Waldron has it all in writing, and Mr. Billings has merely told me the general features. Of course you shall have a copy of it in good time. As you go east today and have your wife and household to think for, it may be as well that you do not attempt to see Mr. Hayne before starting. And this matter will not be discussed."

And so it happened that when the Rayners drove to the station that bright afternoon and a throng of ladies and officers gathered to see them off, some of the youngsters going with them into town to await the coming of the train, Nellie Travers had been surrounded by chattering friends of both sexes, constantly occupied and yet constantly looking for the face of one who came not. For an hour before their departure every tongue in garrison that wagged at all—and few there were that wagged not—were discoursing on the exciting events of the morning—Hayne's emancipation from the last vestige of suspicion, Clancy's capture, confession and tragic death, Mrs. Clancy's flight and probable future. At Rayner's people spoke of these things very guardedly, because every one saw that the captain was moved to the depths of his nature. He was solemnity itself, and Mrs. Rayner watched him with deep anxiety, fearful that he might be exposed to some thoughtless or malicious questioning. Her surveillance was needless, however; even Ross made no allusion to the events of the morning, though he communicated to his fellows in the subsequent confidences of the club room that Midas looked as though he'd been pulled through a series of knot holes. "Looks more's though he were going to his own funeral than on leave," he added.

As for Hayne, he had been closeted with the colonel and Maj. Waldron for some time after his return—a conference that was broken in upon by the startling news of Clancy's death. Then he had joined his friend, the doctor, at the hospital, and was still there, striving to comfort little Kate, who could not be induced to leave her father's rapidly stiffening form, when Mrs. Waldron re-entered the room. Drawing the child to her side and folding her motherly arms about her, she looked up in Hayne's pale face:

"They are going in five minutes. Don't you mean to see her?"

"Not there—not under his roof or in that crowd. I will go to the station."

"I must run over and say good-by in a moment—when the carriage goes around. Shall—shall I say you will come?"

There was a light in his blue eyes she was just beginning to notice now as she studied his face. A smile flickered one instant about the corners of his mouth, and then he held out his hand:

"She knows by this time, Mrs. Waldron."

An hour later Mrs. Rayner was standing on the platform at the station, Ross and others of her satellites hanging about her; Capt. Rayner was talking in subdued tones with one or two of the senior officers; Miss Travers, looking feverishly pretty, was chatting busily with Royce and Foster, though a close observer could have noted that her dark eyes often sought the westward prairie over which wound the road to the distant post. It was nearly train time, and three or four horsemen could be seen at various distances, while, far out towards the fort, long skirmish lines and fluttering guidons were sweeping over the slopes in mimic war array.

"I have missed all this," she said, pointing to the scene; "and I do love it so that it seems hard to go just as all the real soldier life is beginning."

"Goodness knows you've had offers enough to keep you here," said Foster, with not the blithest laugh in the world. "Any girl who will go east and marry a cit and leave six or seven penniless subs sighing behind her, I have my opinion of; she's eminently level headed," he added, with rueful and unexpected candor.

"I have hopes of Miss Travers yet," boomed Royce, in his ponderous basso; "not personal hopes, Foster—you needn't feel for your pistol—but I believe that her heart is with the army, like the soldier's daughter she is." And, audacious as was the speech and deserving of instant rebuke, Mr. Royce was startled to see her reddening vividly. He would have plunged into hasty apology, but Foster plucked his sleeve:

"Look who's coming, you galoot! She hasn't heard a word either of us has said."

And through Nellie Travers, noting the sudden silence, burst into an immediate and utterly irrelevant lament over the loss of the Maltese kitten—which had not been seen all that day and was not to be found when they came away—it was useless. The effort was gallant, but the flame in her cheeks betrayed her as, throwing his reins to the orderly who followed him, Mr. Hayne dismounted at the platform and came directly towards her. To Mrs. Rayner's unspeakable dismay, he walked up to the trio, bowed low over the little gloved hand that was extended in answer to the proffer of his own, and next she saw that Royce and Foster had, as though by tacit consent, fallen back, and, coram publico, Mr. Hayne was sole claimant of the regards of her baby sister. There was but one comfort in the situation: the train was in sight. Forgetful, reckless for the moment, of what was going on around her, she stood gazing at the pair.

No woman could fail to read the story; no woman could see his face, his eyes, his whole attitude and expression, and not read therein that old, old story that grows sweeter with every century of its life. That he should be inspired with sudden, vehement love for her exquisite Nell was something she could readily understand; but what—what meant her downcast eyes, the flutter of color on her soft and rounded cheek, the shy uplifting of the fringed lids from time to time as though in response to eager question or appeal? Heavens! would that train never come? The whistle was sounding in the distance, but it would take ages to drag those heavy Pullmans up the grade from the bridge where they had yet to stop. She could almost have darted forward, seized her sister by the wrist, and whispered again the baleful reminder that of late had had no mention between them—"Thou art another's;" but in her distress her weak blue eyes sought her husband's face. He saw it all, and shook his head. Then there was nothing to be done.

As the train came rumbling finally into the station she saw him once more clasp her sister's hand; then, with one long look into the sweet face that was hidden from her jealous eyes, he raised his forage cap and stepped quickly back to where his horse was held. Her husband hastened to her side:

"Kate, I must speak to him. I don't care how he may take it. I cannot go without it."

They all watched the tall captain as he strode across the platform. Every man in uniform seemed to know instinctively that Rayner at last was seeking to make open reparation for the bitter wrong he had done. One or two strove to begin a general chat and affect an interest in something else for Mrs. Rayner's benefit, but she, with trembling lips, stood gazing after her husband and seemed to beg for silence. Then all abandoned other occupation, and every man stood still and watched them. Hayne had quickly swung into saddle, and had turned for one more look, when he saw his captain with ashen face striding towards him, and heard him call his name.

"By Jove!" muttered Ross, "what command that fellow has over himself!" for, scrupulously observant of military etiquette, Mr. Hayne on being addressed by his superior officer had instantly dismounted, and now stood silently facing him. Even at the distance, there were some who thought they could see his features twitching; but his blue eyes were calm and steady—far clearer than they had been but a moment agone when gazing good-by into the sweet face they worshiped. None could hear what passed between them. The talk was very brief; but Ross almost gasped with amaze, other officers looked at one another in utter astonishment, and Mrs. Rayner fairly sobbed with excitement and emotion, when Mr. Hayne was seen to hold forth his hand, and Rayner, grasping it eagerly in both of his own, shook it once, then strode hastily away towards the rear of the train. His eyes were filled with tears he could not repress and could not bear to show.

That evening as the train wound steadily eastward into the shadows of the night, and they looked out in farewell upon the slopes they had last seen when a wintry gale swept fiercely over the frozen surface and the shallow ravines were streaked with snow, Kate Rayner, after a long talk with her husband, and abandoning her boy to the sole guardianship of his nurse, settled herself by Nellie's side, and Nellie knew that she either sought confidences or had them to impart. Something of the old, quizzical look was playing about the corner of her pretty mouth as her elder sister, with feminine indirectness, began her verbal skirmishing with the subject. It was some time before the question was reached which led to her real objective:

"Did he—did Mr. Hayne tell you much about Clancy?"

"Not much. There was no time."

"You had fully ten minutes, I'm sure. It seemed even longer."

"Four by the clock, Kate."

"Well, four, then. He must have had something of greater interest."

No answer. Cheeks reddening, though.

"Didn't he?"—persistently.

"I will tell you what he told me of Clancy, Kate. Mrs. Clancy had utterly deceived you as to what he had to tell, had she not?"

"Utterly." And now it was Mrs. Rayner's turn to color painfully.

"Mr. Hayne tells me that Clancy's confession really explained how Capt. Rayner was mistaken. It was not so much the captain's fault, after all."

"So Mr. Hayne told him. You knew they—you saw Mr. Hayne offer him his hand, didn't you?"

"I did not see! I knew he would." More vivid color, and much hesitation now.

"Knew he would! Why, Nellie, what do you mean? He didn't tell you that he was to see Capt. Rayner. He couldn't have known."

"But I knew, Kate; and I told him how the captain had suffered."

"But how could you know, that he would shake hands with him?"

"He promised me."

The silence was unbroken for a moment. Nellie Travers could hear the beating of her own heart as she nestled closer to her sister and stole a hand into hers. Mrs. Rayner was trying hard to be dutiful, stern, unbending, to keep her faith with the distant lover in the east, whether Nell was true or no; but she had been so humbled, so changed, so shaken, by the events of the past few weeks, that she felt all her old spirit of guardianship ebbing away. "Must I give you up, Nell? and must he, too?—Mr. Van Antwerp?"

"He has not answered my last letter, Kate. It is nearly a week since I have heard from him."

"What did you write, Nellie?"

"What I had done twice before—that he ought to release me."

"And—is Clancy's the only confession you have heard today?"

"The only one." A pause, then: "I know what you mean, Kate; but he is not the man to—to offer his love to a girl he knows is pledged to another."

"But if you were free, Nellie? Tell me."

"I have no right to say, Kate; but"—and two big tears were welling up into her brave eyes, as she clasped her hands and stretched them yearningly before her—"shall I tell you what I think a girl would say if she were free and had won his love?"

"What, Nellie?"

"She would say 'Ay.' No woman with a heart could leave a man who has borne so much and come through it all so bravely."

Poor Mrs. Rayner! Humbled and chastened as she was, what refuge had she but tears, and then prayer?

CHAPTER XIX.

He sprang up and went right out with me.

Within the week succeeding the departure of the Rayners and Miss Travers, Lieut. Hayne's brother-in-law and his remarkably attractive sister were with him in garrison and helping him fit up the new quarters which the colonel had rather insisted on his moving into and occupying, even though two unmarried subalterns had to move out and make way for him. This they seemed rather delighted to do. There was a prevailing sentiment at Warrener that nothing was too good for Hayne nowadays; and he took all his adulation so quietly and modestly that there was difficulty in telling just how it affected him. Towards those who had known him well in the days of his early service he still maintained a dignity and reserve of manner that kept them at some distance. To others, especially to the youngsters in the —th as well as to those in the Riflers, he unbent entirely, and was frank, unaffected and warm hearted. He seemed to bask in the sunshine of the respect and consideration accorded him on every side. Yet no one could say he seemed happy. Courteous, grave far beyond his years, silent and thoughtful, he impressed them all as a man who had suffered too much ever again to be light hearted. Then it was more than believed he had fallen deeply in love with Nellie Travers; and that explained the rarity and sadness of his smile. To the women he was the center of intense and romantic interest.

Mrs. Waldron was an object of jealousy because of the priority of her claims to his regard. Mrs. Hurley—the sweet sister who so strongly resembled him—was the recipient of universal attention from both sexes. Hayne and the Hurleys, indeed, would have been invited to several places an evening could they have accepted. And yet, with it all, Mr. Hayne seemed at times greatly preoccupied. He had a great deal to think of.

To begin with, the widow Clancy had been captured in one of the mining towns, where she had sought refuge, and brought back by the civil authorities, nearly $3,000 in greenbacks having been found in her possession. She had fought like a fury and proved too much for the sheriff's posse when first arrested, and not until three days after her incarceration was the entire amount brought to light. There was no question what ought to be done with it.

Clancy's confession established the fact that almost the entire amount was stolen from Capt. Hull nearly six years before, the night previous to his tragic death at Battle Butte. Mrs. Clancy at first had furiously declared it all a lie; but Waldron's and Billings' precaution in having Clancy's entire story taken down by a notary public and sworn to before him eventually broke her down. She made her miserable, whining admissions to the sheriff's officers in town—the colonel would not have her on the post even as a prisoner—and there she was still held awaiting further disclosures, while little Kate was lovingly cared for at Mrs. Waldron's. Poor old Clancy was buried and on the way to be forgotten.

What proved the hardest problem for the garrison to solve was the fact that, while Mr. Hayne kept several of his old associates at a distance, he had openly offered his hand to Rayner. This was something the Riflers could not account for. The intensity of his feeling at the time of the court martial none could forget; the vehemence of his denunciation of the captain was still fresh in the memory of those who heard it. Then there were all those years in which Rayner had continued to crowd him to the wall; and finally there was the almost tragic episode of Buxton's midnight visitation, in which Rayner, willingly or not, had been in attendance. Was it not odd that in the face of all these considerations the first man to whom Mr. Hayne should have offered his hand was Capt. Rayner? Odd indeed! But then only one or two were made acquainted with the full particulars of Clancy's confession, and none had heard Nellie Travers' request. Touched as he was by the sight of Rayner's haggard and trouble-worn face, relieved as he was by Clancy's revelation of the web that had been woven to cover the tracks of the thieves and ensnare the feet of the pursuers, Hayne could not have found it possible to offer his hand; but when he bent over the tiny glove and looked into her soft and brimming eyes at the moment of their parting he could not say no to the one thing she asked of him: it was that if Rayner came to say, "Forgive me," before they left, he would not repel him.

There was one man in garrison whom Hayne cut entirely, and for whom no one felt the faintest sympathy; and that, of course, was Buxton. With Rayner gone, he hardly had an associate, though the esprit de corps of the —th prompted the cavalry officers to be civil to him when he appeared at the billiard room. As Mr. Hurley was fond of the game, an element of awkwardness was manifest the first time the young officers appeared with their engineer friend. Hayne had not set foot in such a place for five years, and quietly declined all invitations to take a cue again. It was remembered of him that he played the prettiest game of French carroms of all the officers at the station when he joined the Riflers as a boy. Hurley could only stay a very short time, and the subalterns were doing their best to make it lively for him. Some, indeed, showed strong inclination to devote themselves to Mrs. Hurley; but she was too busy with her brother's household affairs to detect their projects. Hurley had turned very red and glared at Buxton the first time the two met at the club room, but the bulky captain speedily found cover under which to retire, and never again showed himself in general society until the engineer with the scientific attainments as a boxer as well as road builder was safely out of the post.

And yet there came a day very soon when Mr. Hayne wished that he could go to Buxton's quarters. He had in no wise changed his opinion of the man himself, but the Rayners had not been gone a fortnight before Mrs. Buxton began to tell the ladies of the charming letters she was receiving from Mrs. Rayner—all about their travels. There were many things he longed to know, yet could not ask.

There came to him a long and sorrowful letter from the captain himself, but, beyond a few matters relating to the company and the transfer of its property, it was all given up to a recapitulation of the troubles of the past few years and to renewed expressions of his deep regret. Of the ladies he made but casual mention. They were journeying down the Mississippi on one of its big steamers when he wrote, and Mrs. Rayner was able to enjoy the novelties of the trip, and was getting better, but still required careful nursing. Miss Travers was devoted to her. They would go to New Orleans, then possibly by sea around to New York, arriving there about the 5th of June; that, however, was undecided. He closed by asking Hayne to remind Maj. Waldron that his copy of Clancy's confession had not yet reached him, and he was anxious to see it in full.

"The one thing lacking to complete the chain is Gower," said the major, as he looked up over his spectacles. "It would be difficult to tell what became of him. We get tidings of most of the deserters who were as prominent among the men as he appears to have been; but I have made inquiry, and so has the colonel, and not a word has ever been heard of him since the night he appeared before Mrs. Clancy and handed over the money to her. He was a strange character, from all accounts, and must have had some conscience after all. Do you remember him at all, Hayne?"

"I remember him well. We made the march from the Big Horn over to Battle Butte together, and he was a soldier one could not help remarking. Of course I never had anything to say to him, but we heard he was an expert gambler when the troop was over there at Miners' Delight."

"Of course his testimony isn't necessary. Clancy and his wife between them have cleared you, after burying you alive five years. But nothing but his story could explain his singular conduct—planning the whole robbery, executing it with all the skill of a professional jailbird, deserting and covering several hundred miles with his plunder, then daring to go to the old fort, find Mrs. Clancy, and surrender every cent the moment he heard of your trial. What a fiend that woman was! No wonder she drove Clancy to drink!"

"Will you send copies of her admission with Clancy's affidavits?" asked Hayne.

"Here they are in full," answered the major. "The colonel talks of having them printed and strown broadcast as warnings against 'snap judgment' and too confident testimony in future."

Divested of the legal encumbrances with which such documents are usually weighted, Clancy's story ran substantially as follows:

"I was sergeant in K troop, and Gower was in F. We had been stationed together six months or so when ordered out on the Indian campaign that summer. I was dead broke. All my money was gone, and my wife kept bothering me for more. I owed a lot of money around headquarters, too, and Gower knew it, and sometimes asked me what I was going to do when we got back from the campaign. We were not good friends, him and I. There was money dealings between us, and then there was talk about Mrs. Clancy fancying him too much. The paymaster came up with a strong escort and paid off the boys late in October, just as the expedition was breaking up and going for home, and all the officers and men got four months' pay. There was Lieut. Crane and twenty men of F troop out on a scout, but the lieutenant had left his pay rolls with Capt. Hull, and the men had all signed before they started, and so the captain he drew it all for them and put each man's money in an envelope marked with his name and the lieutenant's too, and then crowded it all into some bigger envelope. I was there where I could see it all, and Gower was watching him close. 'It's a big pile the captain's got,' says he. 'I'd like to be a road agent and nab him.' When I told him it couldn't be over eleven hundred dollars, he says, 'That's only part. He has his own pay and six hundred dollars company fund, and a wad of greenbacks he's been carryin' around all summer. It's nigh on to four thousand dollars he's got in his saddle bags this day.'

"And that night, instead of Lieut. Crane's coming back, he sent word he had found the trail of a big band of Indians, and the whole crowd went in pursuit. There was four companies of infantry, under Capt. Rayner, and F and K troops—what was left of them—that were ordered to stay by the wagons and bring them safely down; and we started with them over towards Battle Butte, keeping south of the way the regiment had gone to follow Mr. Crane. And the very next day Capt. Rayner got orders to bring his battalion to the river and get on the boat, while the wagons kept on down the bank with us to guard them. And Mr. Hayne was acting quartermaster, and he stayed with us; and him and Capt. Hull was together a good deal. There was some trouble, we heard, because Capt. Rayner thought another officer should have been made quartermaster and Mr. Hayne should have stayed with his company, and they had some words; but Capt. Hull gave Mr. Hayne a horse and seemed to keep him with him; and that night, in sight of Battle Butte, the steamboat was out of sight ahead when we went into camp, and I was sergeant of the guard and had my fire near the captain's tent, and twice in the evening Gower came to me and said now was the time to lay hands on the money and skip. At last he says to me, 'You are flat broke, and they'll all be be down on you when you get back to the post. No man in America wants five hundred dollars more than you do. I'll give you five hundred in one hour from now if you'll get the captain out of his tent for half an hour.' Almost everybody was asleep then; the captain was, and so was Mr. Hayne, and he went on to tell me how he could do it. He'd been watching the captain. It made such a big bundle, did the money, in all the separate envelopes that he had done it all up different—made a memorandum of the amount due each man, and packed the greenbacks all together in one solid pile—his own money, the lieutenant's and the men's—done it up in paper and tied it firmly and put big blotches of green sealing wax on it and sealed them with the seal on his watch chain. Says Gower, 'You get the captain out, as I tell you, and I'll slip right in, get the money, stuff some other paper with a few ones and twos in the package; his seal, his watch and everything is there in the saddle bags under his head, and I can reseal and replace it in five minutes, and he'll never suspect the loss until the command all gets together again next week. By that time I'll be three hundred miles away. Everybody will say 'twas Gower that robbed him, and you with your five hundred will never be suspected.' I asked him how could he expect the captain to go and leave so much money in his bags with no one to guard it; and he said he'd bet on it if I did it right. The captain had had no luck tracking Indians that summer, and the regiment was laughing at him. He knew they were scattering every which way now, and was eager to strike them. All I had to do was to creep in excited like, wake him up sudden, and tell him I was sure I had heard an Indian drum and their scalp dance song out beyond the pickets—that they were over towards Battle Butte, and he could hear them if he would come out on the river bank. 'He'd go quick,' says Gower, 'and think of nothing.'

"And—I wouldn't believe it, but he did. He sprang up and went right out with me, just flinging his overcoat round him; and he never seemed to want to come in. The wind was blowing soft like from the southeast, and he stood there straining his ears trying to hear the sounds I told him of; but at last he gave it up, and we went back to camp, and he took his lantern and looked in his saddle bags, and I shook for fear; but he seemed to find everything all right, and in the next ten minutes he was asleep, and Gower came and whispered to me, and I went with him, and he gave me five hundred dollars, in twenties. 'Now you're bound,' says he; 'keep the sentries off while I get my horse.' And that's the last I ever saw of him. Then a strange thing happened. 'Twas hardly daylight when a courier came galloping up, and I called the captain, and he read the dispatch, and says he, 'By heaven, Clancy, you were right after all. There are Indians over there. Why didn't I trust your ears? Call up the whole command. The Riflers have treed them at Battle Butte, and Capt. Rayner has gone with his battalion. We are to escort the wagons to where the boat lies beyond the bend, and then push over with all the horsemen we can take.'

It was after daylight when we got started, but we almost ran the wagons 'cross country to the boat, and there Capt. Hull took F troop and what there was of his own, leaving only ten men back with the wagons, and not till then was Gower missed; but all were in such a hurry to get to the Indians that no one paid attention. Mr. Hayne he begged the captain to let him go, too, so the train was left with the wagon master and the captain of the boat, and away we went. You know all about the fight, and how 'twas Mr. Hayne the captain called to and gave his watch and the two packages of money when he was ordered to charge. I was right by his side, and I swore—God forgive me!—that through the crack and tear in the paper I could see the layers of greenbacks, when I knew 'twas only some ones and twos Gower had slipped in to make it look right; and Capt. Rayner stood there and saw the packet, too, and Sergt. Walshe and Bugler White; but them two were killed with him, so that 'twas only Capt. Rayner and I was left as witnesses, and never till we got to Laramie after the campaign did the trouble come. I never dreamed of anything ever coming of it but that every one would say Gower stole the money and deserted; but when the captain turned the packages over to Mr. Hayne and then got killed, and Mr. Hayne carried the packages, with the watch, seal, saddle bags and all, to Cheyenne, and never opened them till he got there—two weeks after, when we were all scattered—then they turned on him, his own officers did, and said he stole it and gambled or sent it away in Cheyenne.

"I had lost much of my money then, and Mrs. Clancy got the rest, and it made me crazy to think of that poor young gentleman accused of it all; but I was in for it, and knew it meant prison for years for me, and perhaps they couldn't prove it on him. I got to drinking then, and told Capt. Rayner that the —th was down on me for swearing away the young officer's character; and then he took me to Company B when the colonel wouldn't have me any more in the —th; and one night when Mrs. Clancy had been raising my hair and I wanted money to drink and she'd give me none, little Kate told me her mother had lots of money in a box, and that Sergt. Gower had come and given it to her while they were getting settled in the new post after the Battle Butte campaign, and he had made her promise to give it to me the moment I got back—that somebody was in trouble, and that I must save him; and I believed Kate, and charged Mrs. Clancy with it, and she beat me and Kate, and swore it was all a lie; and I never could get the money.

"And at last came the fire, and it was the lieutenant that saved my life and Kate's, and brought back to her all that pile of money through the flames. It broke my heart then, and I vowed I'd go and tell him the truth, but they wouldn't let me. She told me the captain said he would kill me if I blabbed, and she would kill Kate. I didn't dare, until they told me my discharge had come, and then I was glad when the lieutenant and the major caught me in town. When they promised to take care of little Kate I didn't care what happened to me. The money Mrs. Clancy has—except perhaps two hundred dollars—all belongs to Lieut Hayne, since he paid off every cent that was stolen from Capt. Hull."

Supplemented by Mrs. Clancy's rueful and incoherent admissions, Clancy's story did its work. Mrs. Clancy could not long persist in her various denials after her husband's confession was brought to her ears, and she was totally unable to account satisfactorily for the possession of so much money. Little Kate had been too young to grasp the full meaning of what Gower said to her mother in that hurried interview; but her reiterated statements that he came late at night, before the regiment got home, and knocked at the door until he waked them up, and her mother cried when he came in, he looked so different, and had spectacles and a patch on his cheek, and ranch clothes, and he only stayed a little while, and told her mother he must go back to the mountains, the police were on his track—she knew now he spoke of having deserted—and he gave her mother lots of money, for she opened and counted it afterwards and told her it must all go to papa to get some one out of trouble—all were so clear and circumstantial that at last the hardened woman began to break down and make reluctant admissions.

When an astute sheriff's officer finally told her that he knew where he could lay hands on Sergt. Gower, she surrendered utterly. So long as he was out of the way—could not be found—she held out; but the prospect of dragging into prison with her the man who had spurned her in years gone by and was proof against her fascinations was too alluring. She told all she could at his expense. He had ridden eastward after his desertion, and, making his way down the Missouri, had stopped at Yankton and gone thence to Kansas City, spending much of his money. He had reached Denver with the rest, and there—she knew not how—had made or received more, when he heard of the fact that Capt. Hull had turned over his property to Lieut. Hayne just before he was killed, and that the lieutenant was now to be tried for failing to account for it. He brought her enough to cover all he had taken, but—here she lied—strove to persuade her to go to San Francisco with him. She promised to think of it if he would leave the money—which he did, swearing he would come for her and it. That was why she dared not tell Mike when he got home. He was so jealous of her.

To this part of her statement Mrs. Clancy stoutly adhered; but the officers believed Kate.

One other thing she told. Kate had declared he wore a heavy patch on his right cheek and temple. Yes, Mrs. Clancy remembered it. Some scoundrels

CONTINUED ON 4TH PAGE.

The Independent.

JAMES KIBBEE, Ed. and Pub.

INDEPENDENT IN NAME and IN FACT.

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RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

New Mexican Bought Off.

Mr. C. A. Robinson, the wide awake sheriff of Socorro county, and Mr. W. S. Williams, editor of the *Chieftain*, arrived from Socorro this morning and are to-day pulling several strings for the establishment at Socorro of the headquarters of the new judicial district, over which Judge Seeds has just been appointed to preside. These gentlemen hold that Socorro commands an area two-thirds as large as Lincoln, Chaves and Eddy counties; her judicial business now is four times greater than in those counties and her people insist not only on being made a part of the new district, but claim that every consideration of convenience, econony and the greatest good to the number will also give them the court's headquarters. As the present outlook appears the bulk of judicial business will always come from along the Rio Grande valley. The Pecos valley's settlement will always be limited, because its water for irrigation purposes is limited, so they contend now, since the object of this new district is to relieve the courts as they exist at present, and since Socorro is away behind in her judicial work, it would seem, they think, improper to locate the court away down in Lincoln county. In that county, which includes Chaves and Eddy at present, there are only about 100 cases on the docket, while in Socorro there are 3 to 4 times this number. Lincoln, Chaves and Eddy would make entirely too small a district, they say and leave Socorro as far behind in its work as ever, while by combining the four counties the district would compress the Territory sufficient to make the labors of the court about equal to those of the other districts.—*New Mexican.*

It is surprising to see the *New Mexican*, (usually so fair in its statements, and so well posted as to the facts in the case at issue) give space to the above palpable misrepresentations. Socorro county may "command an area two-thirds as large as Lincoln, Chaves and Eddy counties," but its representatives forgot to state that nine-tenths of the population of that county lives in Socorro or within a distance of 25 miles of that town. Her business may at present be a little larger than that of Lincoln, Chaves and Eddy counties (we deny the figures, however) but within the next year the Pecos river section alone will discount Socorro county in legal business and *number of population.* This is no idle prediction, but on facts that are self-evident to anyone who has investigated the immense resources of the great valley, and the extensive operations now in progress there for their development. The "greatest good to the greatest number," even as the population is now divided, demands that the court headquarters shall not be located at Socorro, or Socorro county saddled onto Lincoln Chaves and Eddy covnties. If Socorro county is attached to the new district and the headquarters located at Socorro, the people of Socorro county alone will be accommodated, while the people of three other counties will be outraged by being put to endless inconvenience and expense. The people of the great Pecos valley should not be obliged to travel overland 300 miles to attend U. S. court, in order that a few people in Socorro may be pleased and accommodated.

The *New Mexican* is particularly at fault in giving utterance to the expression that "the Pecos valley's settlement will always be limited, because its water for irrigation purposes is limited." This is directly contrary to the facts as testified to numbers of times in the *New Mexican* in its editorial columns, and by the evidence of a truthful and able *New Mexican* correspondent who spent some time in the Pecos country and fully investigated and reported upon the great irrigation and other enterprises now being developed there. The truth of the matter is that the water supply of the Pecos valley is 100 times greater than that of the Rio Grande, and 1,000 times more permanent and reliable, while in the dimensions the Rio grande valley is a small garden patch when compared to the magnificent proportions of the Pecos valley. We do not say this in disparagement of the Rio Grande section. It is a fine stretch of country—fertile and prolific in resource, but its citizens must not seek to gain by misrepresentation what they are not rightfully entitled to.

Hon. E. P. Seeds.

Judging from the press comments of the *New Mexican's* Iowa exchanges, the gentleman to whom has fallen the honor of presiding over the new 5th judicial district in this Territory, is in every particular well worthy of filling the high position. Appended are a few of the press extracts showing how his appointment is received in his native state:

President Harrison has nominated State Senator E. P. Seeds, of Manchester, for the office of associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico. Considering that Mr. Seeds is but 35 years of age, this is a rare honor. It is fully deserved, however, and Iowans of all parties will rejoice that it has been so fitly bestowed. His legal knowledge, broad and general information and high character well qualify Mr. Seeds to wisely interpret and honestly apply the law. In losing him Iowa will lose a citizen it can poorly afford to spare, and the *Telegraph* a correspondent for whom it has ever entertained a high personal regard.—Debuque Daily *Telegraph.*

Senator E. P. Seeds has been appointed by the president associate justice of the supreme court in the Territory of New Mexico, and has concluded to accept the position. He will soon remove with his family to the Territory, and Manchester and country will lose one of their foremost and most useful citizens. This appointment is one well bestowed and well deserved. Mr. Seeds is in the prime of life, has had a thorough legal training, and will make an excellent judge. He is a Republican by education and from conviction, and has rendered eminent service to his party. The citizens of this county, and the northeastern part of the state generally, without regard to party differences, will commend and approve this appointment, and will extend to Mr. Seeds their hasty congratulations.—Manchester *Press.*

Ed. P. Seeds was born in Wilmington, Del., Aug. 1, 1855. He came west with his parents in 1856, locating in Dubuque. In 1861 they came to Manchester, and have resided there ever since. He attended the academy department of that state university for several years and graduated from the law department of that institution with the class of '77. He has since devoted most of his time to politics and the practice of his profession. In 1887 he resigned the office of city attorney of Manchester to accept the position of state senator from the senatorial district composed of Buchanan and Deleware counties, an office he will now resign to accept the position above mentioned. His record as a legislator is conservative and clean. He was not inclined to blindly follow and support his party right or wrong, but would acknwledge the faults of his own political organization with an independence and candor not customary among politicians. In the two sessions which he attended he earnad the reputation of being one of the best speakers on the Republican side of the senate, a reputation which we believe he justly earned and is able to maintain.

Last spring Mr. Seeds was prominently mentioned for the nomination of secretary of state on the Republican ticket, and was urged by prominent party men to accept, but long before the convention met he positively declined to allow his name to be used in connection with that office. His friends believe he could have had the nomination had he desired it.

Whatever else may be said of the appointment, the president has selected a sober, honorable man, and one not likely to bring discredit upon himself or his friends by any overt act on his part.

In common with others, the Democrat congratulates Senator Seeds and wishes him success in his new field of labor.—Manchester *Democrat.*

A Practical Joke.

Springer, N. M., July 31, 1890.

Ed. Independent:—By request of the CA— boys, of Lower Penasco, but now at Springer holding a herd of Arizona CA— cattle, I will endeavor to write a few lines which I hope will find space in your worthy colums. The people of Springer are rustlers; they are up and going all the time. The "Almighty" dollar is what they, like all other energetic people, are after.

This Chicago Land & Irrigating Ditch company, now owning the Maxwell old grant, have caused us to have some trouble with our herds.

The manager, I am told, is a very agreeable gentleman, but us boys would have liked him better if he hadn't compelled us to move around so much with our crippled "dogies" just to please him, as it seemed to me.

Grass is fine in the superlative degree, where we are now. We have a range leased, and plenty of water now, but will fail soon if we don't have more rain, and prospects bid fair for more soon.

I inclose herewith a piece of poetry, concerning Ben Miller and myself, for publication.

We had been having some rains about that time, and had to stand guard some nights until about midnight. So the morning of the 5th of July I went to sleep on herd. Ben was herding nearest me, and slipped up and unsaddled my horse, hobbled him and then run by me on his horse to awaken me from my dreams of youthful slumber.

So I got up, and of course looked "hacked." Ben and all the rest of the boys around the herd were in a fit of laughter; so I put my saddle on my horse and rode to where Ben was and said: 'Now, Bennie, you'll be crying some of these days for some trick I shall play to get even with you.' So we all laughed that day, I as well as the rest, for if there is anything I do like it is my fun, and I most generally have it.

But Ben had got the word on me, you see, and it was doing them all good to see me downed, but next day I turned the joke. He was riding a sort of a foolish horse and I was "rangeing" horses that day; so he got down, and I being near by, made a run at the horse with my whip, so away he went—running here and there and everywhere like a calf kicking at yellow jackets.

Winfield Pendergrass tried to head him but it was no use, so he followed him to town, and Bud Cleve, our boss, caught him and brought him back to Ben, who by this time had let his temper raise to such an extent that I guess he made some threats about whipping me, so he came into camp and it was my time to laugh, so I began to laugh. He says: 'What made you do that?' "Just to get even on jokes," says I, and Ben said: "That is no way to play jokes." I guess the reason was, Ben had a new saddle on the horse and some sneak thief stole it that night in Springer, and he never recovered it.

The boys, "Bud" and "Bob," managed to keep him off of me until he cooled down, then we were friends as ever. Our attempts to fighting are explained in the poetry.

When first we came to Springer,
On the A. T. & Santa Fe,
The boys were all quite devilish,
The rest as well as me.
There was Bud, the boss, and crazy Bob,
There was Sanford, Jim and Win,
That finished out our little mob,
Along with me and Ben.

July the 4th we had no fun,
The 5th we had a lot;
The 4th we had no jokes to run,
No goodies in the pot;
But the 5th, as I was going to say,
Ben got at me a peep,
When I quite sound asleeping lay,
Up to me he did creep.

So Ben he says, 'I'll have some fun,'
And on me played a joke:
He unsaddled "Bob" and by me run,
Before I ever 'woke.
"Old Bob" was hobbled when I 'woke,
And grazing there quite nice,
So I knew that Ben had played the joke
And had run by once or twice.

So I got up and looked around;
Of course it did me rattle,
And I the boys a laughing found
While riding around the cattle.
The boys all laughed a week that day—
You know they all like jokes,
But, says I, Ben, you must play
Your tricks on other folks.

Next day on Ben I played a trick—
I give the boy "the goose;"
I caught him down from off his 'stick,'
And turned his "digger" loose,
Ben's new saddle he had on,
The slicker tail hung down,
So off he bounded like a fawn
And run 'way down to town.

Then he was caught there by the "boss"
And delivered up to Win;
So Win came back, and brought the horse,
And gave him up to Ben.
Ben got tired of playing tramp,
And said he would me whip;
So he came riding into camp
As mad as the very old "rip."

So he got down and tied his "stick,"
And I began to laugh,
Says he, "young man, you've played a trick
But you're not through by half."
Says he, "what made you do that?"
Then he began to curse.
At last he taken off his hat,
And then his vest and spurs.

So Bud, the "Boss," between us got,
As nervous as a cat,
Says he, "now boys, you both are hot—
Let's don't have none of that."
He talked to us just like a child
And trembled like a leaf,
I judge he thought both of us wild
From the chatter of his teeth.

Says Ben, 'I am a sporting man—
With you I'll play the rub.'
So Ben he dealt me off a hand—
At him I led a club—
As spades were trumps of course I stood—
I could not risk a run;
So I played at him a club of wood,
But of course his spade it won.

He played the high, while I played low;
He played jack—me game.
I'm no sporting man, you know,
But I get there just the same.
So Ben has let up on his jokes;
He's taken my advice;
He doesn't monkey with grown folks—
He treats them all quite nice.

Shorty.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Seven millions of dollars is the appropriation for keeping Indians in complete laziness throughout the United States for the current year.

"There is one thing certain," says the invincible John L. Sullivan, "when I train to meet Jackson or any other newcomer I'll direct my own work. No man shall ever have the chance again to claim the credit of making me win a battle."

The report has been of frequent mention in the press of the country for some weeks that Spain has offered or is about to offer Cuba for sale, and that the United States government is the prospective purchaser.

The Territorial fair to be held at Albuquerque, September 15th, to 20th, promises to be the best exposition of New Mexico products ever collected. Unusual elaborate arrangements are being made to entertain and interest the many people who will attend.

The requirement of property is one of the evidences of civilization capacity. Here is an illustration of its civilizing capacity. An exchange says: There is one Indian in the United States worth $1,000,000. He is known as Matthias Splitlog, and is Chief of the Wyandotte tribe. His mother gave him birth in the woods near a split log, hence his name. He is now seventy years of age and can neither read nor write. For all this he is a great money getter.

Prof. Mayo says the power of the Mormons is broken in Salt Lake City and vicinity. They are in the minority and have hardly a hand in the government of the city in which they were once supreme. The entire municipal government and the schools have passed into the hands of the Gentiles. The social customs which distinguished the Mormons are fast disappearing. There is even a society of young Mormon women who pledge themselves not to marry a polygamist, all of which is very encouraging.

Mr. J. J. Hagerman, of Colorado Springs, is in Washington urging the senate amendment repealing law of 1888, concerning the segregation of arid lands, upon the house. If the matter goes to a conference committee he will urge his compromise resolution, which provides for reopening all lands reserved to homestead settlement only. Mr. Hagerman is working in the interests of the desert lands which he located in the Pecos valley before building canals to cover them.—*Field and Farm.*

Western Kansas is as dry as a powder horn and nothing will save the crops this year. Actual suffering and want will be felt there next fall and winter unless relief is furnished by charity. The country is so dry that Rooks and adjoining counties are threatened with a danger which is greater than the prairie fires which devastated it last spring. At that time there was nothing but the dry prairie grass to burn and menace the houses and barns of the farmers, but now the long-continued drouth has so dried up the vegetation that everything is like tender, and it would take but a spark to start one of the worst fires ever seen in the west. The hot dry winds and no rains for over a month have caused the corn and such standing grain as is left in the fields to become thoroughly dry, and constant watch is being kept over the country to prevent a conflagation. The crops are now entirely gone, and the people are only trying to save their homes. The whole western part is given up to the grazing of cattle, and the cattlemen want to burn up the dried grass in order to make a better growth for fall, but if this is done the prevailing winds which are from the west and southwest will sweep the country bare. In order to prevent the burning of the grass by the cattlemen the farmers have organized into squads and are patrolling the whole country looking for danger, ready to fight if necessary to prevent the loss of what the drouth has left them.—*Field and Farm.*

ELK AND BUFFALOES.

A Cattleman Who is Going to Domesticate Them.

Clarendon, Tex., July 15th.

Editor Texas Live Stock Journal.

Having heard a great deal of the fine assortment of wild animals, game, etc., now being domesticated and successfully propagated by Mr. Chas. Goodnight at his home near the railroad station bearing his name, your correspondent decided to make a visit to the premises and inspect these animals in person. This I have done and I must say that I have been more than paid for my time and trouble.

Mr. Goodnight's home is about 400 yards south of Goodnight station, in the eastern part of Armstrong county, and immediately on the eastern edge of the Staked Plains. The residence, while not extravagant or as pretentious as might be expected for one of the wealthiest and most successful cattlemen of the state, is neat, substantial and comfortable. It is handsomely furnished and is in every sense of the word, just what Mr. and Mrs. Goodnight intended to make it, "a home."

Through the kindness of Mr. Goodnight, we were shown over the premises. Visiting the park or pasture containing the wild animals domesticated, my attention was first attracted to four large male elks with their massive antlers extending several feet above their heads. A short distance from these were the same number of female elks and several young ones. Some of the smaller ones appeared to be yearlings, while others had the appearance of being only a few months old.

These animals were bought in the Rocky mountains and shipped at a heavy expense by Mr. Goodnight to their present quarters. They are perfectly gentle, so much so that they appear to have no fears whatever, but will allow you to handle and pet them, and are in every respect as docile as a kitten.

It is Mr. Goodnight's intention to breed these elks for the purpose of making trotters or light harness animals of them. It is a well known fact that they are very fleet and that their fastest gait is a trot. When well trained no other animal ever trained to harness can keep pace with an elk.

My attention was next called to the massive buffaloes found grazing in the same pasture with the elks. While there are among them all sorts, kinds and sizes, yet there are a few of the older males that are I think the largest I ever saw, and to say that I have seen hundreds of thousands at one sight would not in my opinion be an exaggeration.

The elks were in fine condition and seemed to do well, but the buffaloes were rolling fat. The grass in the pasture is rather short, proving that the buffaloes are better rustlers than cattle, or in other words that buffaloes will take on flesh and become very fat while cattle on the same pasture will hardly hold their own. The knowledge of this fact has induced Mr. Goodnight at a heavy expense to try the experiment of crossing buffalo bulls with black muley cows. The result has been very satisfactory so far, as may be seen by the half bred calves and yearlings now in Mr. Goodnight's pasture. These animals (the crosses) will, it is claimed by their owner, possess the hardiness and rustling qualities of the buffalo and the beef-producing qualities of the Polled-Angus (the black muley). I am satisfied the experiment will prove a success, and that the live-stock producing world will be indebted to Mr. Goodnight for having brought into existence the best rustling and for the range the most popular breed of cattle in the world.

Mr. Goodnight has also several species of wild deer, all thoroughly domesticated. He breeds a few thoroughbred Jersey cattle, and produces Shorthorns and Herefords by the wholesale. He owns perhaps the best bred large herd of Texas cattle in the state. There are over 30,000 cattle in this herd, and to show their superiority over other range cattle, he has always in the past, even when the market was at its lowest, been able to sell his yearlings at $12, two-year-olds at $16 and three-year-olds at $21. On the present market his steers would no doubt bring two or three dollars per head more than the above figures This ought to be sufficient argument to convince every one of the fallacy of raising scrub animals.

I may tell you something more of the Goodnight ranch in a few days. Will merely add now that it is a great pleasure to me to know that Mr. and Mrs. Goodnight are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, enough to in a measure reemburse them for the fifteen years of hardship and privation they have endured while battleing with the savages, roughs and other disadvantages of a frontier life.

Spink Askins.

A planter at Alpharette, Ga., has an acre of cotton, every stalk of which is of a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. There is a fortune in this new variety if it can be perpetuated.

A BONANZA FOR AGENTS.

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—INTRODUCED BY—

Rev. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D.

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AGENTS WANTED Everywhere, either sex, young or old, in every town, to sell this most wonderful book. Agents already in the field are simply coining money. Old experienced agents say there has been nothing like it for years. Act quick or the opportunity will be lost. You can easily make

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To save time and secure an agency at once send $1 for a complete canvassing outfit. Illustrated circulars and extra liberal terms mailed free upon application. Neither experience nor capital is required to engage in this business, as the book will sell itself if properly presented, and we give our agents 30 day's time in which to deliver and collect before paying us. Address:

THE HISTORY COMPANY,
723 Market Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

A. H. WHETSTONE,
SURVEYOR AND LAND AGENT,
Roswell, Lincoln Co., N. M.
Complete abstract of all lands on the Pecos.

San Antonio AND Lincoln
STAGE LINE.

W. M. LANE, Prop.

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

JAMES KIBBEE,
Agent at Lincoln.

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.

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, Homepowers, etc. Write for prices.

21, 23 and 25 Front Street, Albuquerque New Mexico.

W. E. 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
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THE ALBUQERQUE 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 all other Companies are

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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.

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. Piontkowsky
" 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.

L. B. Walters was in town Thursday.

Friedrich & Needham received quite a consignment of goods last Tuesday.

Mr. Nathan Jaffa accompanied by Miss Bernice Friedrich visited Fort Stanton Tuesday.

Mrs. Capt. Roberts, accompanied by Fred and Miss Lillie, went over to Nogal Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Guyse and Mrs. M. D. Minter were visitors in Lincoln Tuesday of this week.

Just as we go to press Capt. J. C. Lea and family arrived in Lincoln on their way up to the mountains.

Tommy Eubank will, in a short time, open the bar and billiard rooms of the Hotel Pauley at Roswell.

Wm. Rosenthal has received a new safety bicycle which is quite a curiosity to some of our natives, as well as others.

Joe Jaffa says he saw a whole lot of flat cars in Trinidad a few days ago loaded with ties for the Pecos Valley railroad and marked "P. V. R. Ry."

Capt. Roberts went down to the Lower Penasco last Sunday to investigate a shooting scrape which occurred there recently.

Roswell was visited by a heavy rain Monday, which lasted all the afternoon and all night, and now everybody is happy.

Fifteen or twenty loads of hay have passed through Lincoln during the last week for the government contractor at Fort Stanton.

Quite a heavy rain fell here on Monday last which filled the Bonito to such an extent that the western stage could not cross until late in the night.

Mr. D. C. Nowlin, our worthy sheriff, has returned from a three weeks' trip to Texas, where he went to see his new boy and attend to some business matters.

The croquet ground opposite the White Elephant is in splendid condition since the rains, and affords much pleasure for those who indulge in such sport.

There will be a dance at the court house Saturday night for some visitors who are expected then, and it is to be hoped there will be a good attendance.

Nathan Jaffa, the Roswell merchant and vice-president of the Bank at Roswell, is in Lincoln to spend the rest of the heated term, and to have his eyes treated by the Post surgeon.

Andrea Romero, wife of Francisco Romero y Lucras, probate judge of Lincoln county, died at her home at Picacho on July 30, after an illness of several months' duration.

A Mexican by the name of Louis Castro was brought up from Eddy by Constable Rascoe Sunday evening and lodged in the county jail for the theft of a pair of pants from Pierce's store.

We are pleased to note the entire recovery of F. P. Lea, of Roswell, who was down about two months with malarial fever, and that he will visit his friends in this part of the country soon.

There was a trial in the justice court here Wednesday which attracted quite a crowd of soldiers from the Post, some of them being charged with breaking into a man's house. The suit was compromised.

Sol. C. Jacobs and wife, and Missis Mattie Miller and Rosa Jacobs, who have been enjoying themselves up on the Ruidoso for some time, passed through Lincoln this week on their way back to Roswell.

The new stages on the the Lincoln and San Antonio line have at last arrived and are now running regularly. They are models of comfort and convenience, and a great improvement on anything that has ever been run over the road.

We failed to mention last week that W. M. Needham, of the firm of Friedrich & Needham, of this place, has gone to Coleman county, Texas, to dispose of some stock interests he has there. He will be absent about six weeks.

Tuesday was Sam Corbett's birthday. We did not find out just how old he was but had a chance to sample some of the White Elephant sham-pain. Sam says his birthday only comes once a year, and he invariably celebrates.

Pedro Marques, a Mexican sheep herder, was killed by lightning in the mountains near Lincoln, July 27. He was herding his sheep when a severe thunder storm came up and he took refuge under a pine tree which was struck by lightning.

We understand there will be an excursion party of about fifteen Las Vegas visit the Pecos valley soon, when it is expected that the Roswell and Vegas base ball cranks will cross bats. We learn the Vegas club has been reorganized for that purpose.

At the Democratic primary held here last Saturday the following gentlemen were chosen as delegates to the regular convention which will be held here next Thursday, the 14th inst: Candelario Griego, Ysidoro Chavez, Antonio Torres, Siplo Salazar, Geo. W. Peppin, M. Cronin Geo. Curry and Patricio Miranda.

Joe Jaffa, one of the best looking and gayest boys in Roswell, stopped over a day in Lincoln this week on his way back from Trinidad where he went the latter part of June to spend the Fourth and visit relatives. While absent Joe became a lawn tennis enthusiast and purchased an outfit which he had with him.

Our editor returned from Roswell, stayed one day, and pulled out again for the same place. He seemed to be very much agitated on his arrival and departed in the same mood. He didn't tell us, but we attributed his unusual agitation to the Roswell boom, and the good things he got to eat while there. He promised faithfully he would bring us a watermelon when he returned.

The following named gentlemen were selected at the primary convention held in White Oaks, Aug. 2, as delegates to the regular Democratic convention which will be held here next Thursday: G. R. Young, W. C. McDonald, A. Ridgeway, E. M. Keeley, J. R. Salthensbahl, J. Y. Hewitt, Paul Mayer, W. M. Wharton and Oscar Dye.

John Canning, a merchant of Fort Stanton, N. M., arrived in the city yesterday, meeting by previous appointment Miss Hilda Carlson, a young lady from the east. This morning at 10:30 o'clock the party, accompanied by a friend, got into a hack and were driven to the Episcopal church. Rev. Glyn was in waiting for their coming, and soon made Mr. Canning and Miss Carlson husband and wife. The couple took to-day's east bound passenger train for a brief trip north.—Albuquerque *Democrat* of July 29.

A Little Blaze.

About 10 o'clock Tuesday evening a fire alarm was given, followed by considerable excitement, and upon investigation it was found that the back room of Mrs. Fritz's house, east of Salazar's, and occupied by Mrs. Walters and two daughters, was in flames. Earnest endeavors to extinguish the flames were at once inaugurated, but this end was not accomplished until the entire contents of the room were wholly destroyed. Among other things consumed were three bedsteads, mattraces and cover, several chairs, a baby carriage and all the clothing belonging to the inmates except the change that was worn that day. Mr. Geo. Peppin, one of the kindest and most hospitable men in Lincoln, kindly circulated a petition the following day for the purpose of securing money to replace what was lost, and we understand was successful to the extent of about $90.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, July 31.

Mr. P. G. Peters and father left for a visit to Penasco country to be gone about ten days.

Mrs. Emma Shannonhouse is visiting among friends in Nogal and vicinity and will remain several days.

Camp meeting on Bonito was a success There were eight or ten accessions to the church, and the meeting lasted about ten days.

Ed. R. Bonnell, Harry Comery and Nelson Bonnell passed on their way from the Ruidoso fishing grounds. They say all the fish are caught except small ones.

Dr. Bearup was in town a few days since. His headquarters are now at Roswell, though he spends a portion of his time on his Bonito ranch.

John Canning, of Fort Stanton, was married to Miss Hilda Carlson at Albuquerque. The young lady came from the east by previous arrangement, and after the marriage they left for a brief trip north.

Charging for Knowing How.

"I paid a bill the other day," said a large manufacturer to me, "without a murmur, simply because of the way it was worded. My engineer found that his hot water pipe would not work, and after puttering at it for an hour sent for a machinist. He bothered with it half a day and concluded it must come apart. I was much annoyed, for that meant the stoppage of my factory for a long time. Before I gave the order to take it to pieces some one suggested that a neighboring engineer be sent for, as he was a sort of genius in the matter of machinery. He came, and after studying the pump for awhile he took a hammer and gave three sharp raps over the valve. 'I reckon she'll go now,' and putting on steam 'she' did go. The next day I received a bill from him for $25.50. The price amazed me, but when I had examined the items I drew a check at once. The bill read this way: 'Messrs. Blank & Co., Dr. to John Smith. For fixing pump, 50 cents. For knowing how, $25. Had he charged me $25.50 for fixing the pump, I should have considered it exhorbitant. But 50 cents was reasonable and I recognized the value of knowledge, so I paid and said nothing."

[That man evidently knew as much about making bills, the *Railway Review* adds, as he did about fixing pumps.]

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

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, July 31.

Littell & Osburn, our brick men, will soon have a kiln of 250,000 brick.

We understand Chas. H. Sparks is figuring on erecting two business houses.

Several round-up outfits passed through Roswell Saturday, on their way down the Pecos.

J. C. DeLany, of Fort Stanton, is looking after his interests in this part of the county this week.

The watermelon crop must be very scarce, judging from the price paid for that jucy article.

Judge Lea reports a sale of thirty-five lots in two days last week. There is nothing the matter with the real estate business in Roswell.

We regret to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. Geo. Davis. She has a severe attack of billious fever, which is feared will terminate in typhoid.

We are pleased to note the entire recovery of Park Lea. He looks somewhat the worse for his confinement, but is fast regaining his former health.

Improvements of a good and substantial order are being made in Roswell every day. Roswell is destined to become the principal city of southeastern New Mexico.

S. M. Folsom and W. P. Metcalf, before leaving Roswell, purchased two lots of A. M. Robertson & Co., just south of Jaffa, Prager & Cos' store for $1,000. These gentlemen have great faith in Roswell becoming a city, and have given substantial proof of that fact by investing in real estate, and assisting in making good public improvements within her borders.

We extend our sincere sympathy to our friend, Mr. Nathan Jaffa, in his late bereavement. The unexpected death of his only sister who resides in Germany, has fallen like a blow upon him, but out of darkness comes light, and the fact that she approached her grave like one who wrapped the drapery of her couch about her and lay down to pleasant dreams, will add its soothing influence and help him to bear the loss that comes in time to all.

The school board last week purchased of a Chicago firm 85 school desks, two teacher's desks, globes and a case of maps for the new school building. They have changed the location of the grounds, and now, instead of having two lots to put the school house on, they have a block, 14 lots, just west of C. C. Perry's residence. The stone for the foundation is now being hauled and work on the building will be commenced immediately. Hurrah for the school board.

Mr. Bush, of New Orleans, Col. Milne's partner in the cattle business, accompanied by Dr. Chamberland, of Chicago, arrived in Roswell Saturday. They found Mr. Milne considerably improved, and the doctors advised taking him to Chicago for treatment. They started for that city Tuesday, via Las Vegas. Mrs. Milne accompanied her husband. We join with his friends in wishing him a speedy recovery and quick return. J. H. Morrison accompanied them as far as Las Vegas.

P. A. Hazzard, a prominent gentleman of Colorado City, Texas, was one of the numerous visitors to our growing city the first of the week. Mr. Hazzard is well pleased with Roswell and surprised at her rapid growth since his last visit. He was here nine months ago, but dissuaded by a traveling companion from making any investments. He now sees his mistake, and we trust that while here this time, he will follow the teachings of the old adage, "Better late than never."

Owing to the fact that the deeds have not yet passed, we do not give names, but several real estate transfers have taken place this week which run up into the thousands.

What's the Matter With Reagan?

It can't be possible that Texas farmers are jealous of New Mexico's great Pecos valley, where the farming-by-irrigation is making such rapid strides. However, then why did Senator Reagan, in his effort to defend the wiley Powell's schemes go out of his way to characterize the rapid settlement of Pecos valley as "a New Mexico land steal" or words to that effect? Senator Teller, of Colorado, always New Mexico's tried and true friend, very promptly called the Texas Senator to terms for his groundless assertions, and showed them up in such a clear light that the senate could not but see the weakness of Powell's position and the mistake of their champion from Texas.—*New Mexican.*

A Long Ride.

An exchange says that the morning of July 4th, Charles Reynolds, a cow-boy at Hugo, seventy-five miles north of Rocky Ford, Colorado, heard that there would be a Fourth of July celebration and dance at Rocky Ford. It was then five o'clock in the morning and he determined to make Rocky Ford by noon. He jumped on his horse and rode for fifteen miles to the next camp, where he changed horses. He made the first fifteen miles in one hour. By changing horses at three different camps of the company he worked for, and keeping his horses in a full gallop all the time he rode into Rocky Ford at 11 a. m., just six hours after starting. In a few minutes after arriving Reynolds was on the platform in the grove waltzing with the young lady to whom he is paying attention, apparently none the worse for his long ride. The daring rider was the recipitant of many compliments during the day.

EDDY ECHOES.

Caught from the Argus, July 26.

What is more glorious than a day in July in southeast New Mexico.

Three good rains so far this week and the indications favorable for another soaker.

The Argus has had the honor of turning out the first printed bill of fare in the Pecos valley.

What this town needs and will have as soon as it is incorporated is an accomplished cur-killer.

We have found out in this country that if a man has a superabundance of gall he does not have to possess more than a modicum of intelligence.

G. A. Richardson, of Roswell, is one of the finest men we ever met. But he has his faults. He's a democrat.

Tuesday's stage was delayed nine hours by high water in the Delaware, and Wednesday's stage got lost and wandered twenty-five miles over the prairie near Lookout.

The second wedding in Eddy took place last Tuesday, the happy couple being John Guess and Miss Nannie Brannon. Jas. A. Tomlinson, justice of the peace, performed the ceremony.

If a man could cultivate 160 acres of land in this valley intelligently, he would soon be in a position where he could snap his fingers under the nose of the capitalist and sneeringly ask, "What are you going to do about it?"

Who wants to wager a small amount that there will not be a big smelter in Eddy in less than three years. And who wants to wager another small amount that there will not be a branch railroad from Eddy to coal fields twenty miles distant?

There are objections to every country. Nobody pretends to deny that. A perfect country would be a paradise, and that is something a man does not particularly desire until he dies. There are days in the Pecos valley that are very obnoxious But after all they are a sort of relief from the monotonously fine weather that generally prevails.

An accident occurred at Pecos at about 9:30 Tuesday evening that resulted in the death of two Mexican laborers employed on the Pecos Valley railroad. It appears that four men crawled under one of a log train of cars to avoid the rain. Shortly after this an engine was attached to the cars and as they moved up two of the men were caught under the wheel while attempting to escape and almost instantly killed. The other two got out without injury.

The latest railroad news is encouraging. The graders have passed the thirty mile point, and the steel has been laid for twelve miles. By the first of August a station will be established twenty-five miles this side of Pecos, and freight will come through in quicker order. Let us all be cheerful.

The Pecos valley farmer who carefully cultivates forty acres of land will have all the work he wants and in time will have all the money he wants—provided, of course, he is not hoggish.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS.

Whispered to us by the Interpreter, August 1.

Jones Taliaferro and family are still rusticating at Red Cloud. Jones is diverting himself, so we are informed, by engineering a plow in the midst of a fifty acre field.

Rev. S. W. Thomas informs us that steps were taken at the late camp meeting of the M. E. church, on the Bonito, to make these gatherings permanent affairs, to be held periodically, by forming a stock association for the purpose of erecting suitable buildings.

John K. Byers and Will Taliaferro are prominent candidates for the probate clerkship at the forthcoming nomination convention. Both are good Democrats, as well as good, competent men, and if either of them gets the nominating no consistent democrat can refuse to support him.

G. O. McCarty returned on Saturday last from a trip to Roswell. While there he invested in city real estate. Mr. McCarty has great faith in Roswell as a business center. He started on Wednesday of this week for Austin, Texas, on business of importance.

Mrs. S. A. Sickles arrived on Saturday last from North Bristol, Ohio, on a visit to her brother, John Y. Hewitt.

Uncle John Wilson left on Tuesday for the railroad. His mission is the purchase of a mill to reduce the rich ore contained in his Silver Cliff mine. It is hoped he will be successful.

Little Leaders.

Ed. Homan, one of the best boys who ever left White Oaks for Tolmosa or any other point, is visiting our town this week.

The North Homestake mine has reached the 300 foot mark in sinking the shaft, and will crowd the depth to the 1,000 foot level as rapidly as possible.

Mrs. Scrontz, who has been dangerously ill for several weeks, we are glad to learn, is rapidly improving and will soon be out of danger.

Geo. Brown returned from his trip to the Gran Quivera last Tuesday week. He had a splendid time and reports an abundance of grass in that section.

Mr. U. Ozanne returned from a trip to Roswell, Monday night last, and reports everything in that section moving along in the line of progress. Mr. Ozanne is enthusiastic in description of the present condition and future prospects of the Pecos Valley country.

Dr. Reid, late of White Oaks, has sold out at Deming, and it is reported, has left the Territory.

A file of papers received this week from the Sandwich Islands, by this office, informs us that there has recently been a change in the cabinet of King Kalakaua. How the kingdom in the midst of the Pacific gets around politically. It would seem as if the people would have to get up early in the morning to note all the changes on the political chess-board.

NEWSY NOTES.

From the El Paso Herald, July 29th.

Grapes are going east from this city in vast quantities by express.

A coach load of Mexicans left to-day for Pecos City to work on the Pecos valley road.

Judge W. F. Henderson, late of Las Cruces, N. M., died in the state of Washington last Friday.

Caples & Hammer have taken the contract for the addition to the Eddy hotel at Eddy, N. M., to cost $15,000.

Tracklaying on the Witchita valley is progressing rapidly and Seymour will be reached not later than September 1.

The great and good Colonel Shepard would have the World's Fair closed on Sunday. The Colonel is extremely pious so much so that the Chicago *Herald* thinks he would have heaven closed on Sunday.

A big herd of camels has been seen on the plains near Harrisburg, Cal. One of them was caught and taken into a camp, but had to be killed as every horse and mule went crazy at the sight of the strange beast.

A colored man boarded the passenger train at Pantono yesterday and came through. To a colored woman on the train he stated that he had deserted from one of the Posts in Arizona on account of the Apache outbreak.

District Judge McFie was in the city yesterday from Las Cruces. He expects that New Mexico will be admitted at the next session of congress as a state and was assured by some prominent El Pasoans that this city would do all in their power to help them to statehood.

The new bridge to be built over the Hudson river between New York and Jersey City will eclipse the monster Brooklyn structure. The great central span will be 2,860 feet long, or nearly twice the length of the span over East river. There are to be five towers rising to a height of 500 feet above the water. It is one of the most daring feats of engineering ever undertaken in this or any other country.

One of the peculiar industries of Kern county, Cal., is the collection and shipment of horned toads. They are sold to the Chinese who use them for medical purposes. They are considered especialy valuable in the treatment of rheumatism. The formula is as follows: Two parts whisky, one part horned toad; mix and let it stand one year. It may then be taken internally or applied externally to affected parts.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

P. McCOURT, Roswell, N. M., manufacturer of all kinds of tin, sheet-iron and copper ware. All kinds of metal roofing put on. Guttering and conductor pipe put up. Correspondence solicited.

Go and see Rosenthal's new goods.

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

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

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.

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

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

Special Sunday dinner at the Stanton House (Lincoln) every Sunday. If you like good things to eat "take it in."

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For Sale Cheap.

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

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

Estrayed.

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

J. N. COX.

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. PENNING,
Fort Stanton, N. M.

$5.00 REWARD!

Will be paid by J. D. Lea, of this office, for his large alligator-leather valise and contents—clothing—which was lost off the mail hack between Kimbrell's and Lincoln about July 15th.

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.
jun20-3t.

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.

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.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.,
July 28, 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 Sept. 6, 1890, viz:

VICENTO MARQUES,

of Tularosa, N. M., who made Hd. App. No. 599 for the s½ of sw¼, sec 15, tow'p 14 s of range 10 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Serapio Marquez, Benito Montoya, Lucas Escageda and Manuel Luna, all of Tularosa, N. M.

SAMUEL P. MCCREA,
Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.
July 28, 1890.

Notice is hereby given to Josiah F. Rogers, John Martin and all others 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 Sept. 8, 1890, viz:

JOHN H. RHOADES,

of Weed, N. M., who made Hd. App. No. 1658, for the ne¼ Sec. 28, Tp. 17 s of r 14 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Andrew C. McDonald, A. P. Sanders, J. B. Gould, of Weed, N. M., and J. W. Gould, of Hilton, N. M.

SAMUEL P. MCCREA,
Register.

THE ODELL
TYPE WRITER

$20.00 will buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, $15.00 for the SINGLE CASE ODELL, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbons to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIALLY nickle plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscript. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the DOUBLE CASE ODELL.

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The Child's Life of Christ.

Introduced by Rev. J. L. HURLBUT, D. D.

The writer of successful juvenile books can command almost his own price—in fact, such is the demand for this class of literature that many of the leading writers of the present day are devoting their talents exclusively in this direction. Everywhere people, authors and publishers alike, are beginning to realize the fact that it is of utmost importance that good wholesome books should be placed in the hands of the young, and to-day hundreds of thousands of copies of books of this kind are sold yearly. Recognizing this fact the great London publishing house of Cassell & Co., one of the largest concerns of the kind in the world, whose establishments cover over an acre of ground, have been engaged in the preparation of a "*Life of Christ*," which should be especially adapted for the young. They have succeeded in producing a work of rare beauty and practical value in the household may be seen at a glance. Eminent writers have been engaged to prepare the letter press, a large force of the ablest artists have submitted designs for the illustrations and for the covers of the book, and out of all these the publishers have selected in the neighborhood of 300 as in their judgment worthy of a place in the work. The book contains over 500 pages, the print is exceptionally large and clear—as it should be—the paper finely calendered and the binding elegant and appropriate. English silk cloth with gold and antique side stamp. A beautiful feature being a fine representation stamped in gold on the side of the book of the Savior blessing a little child by the roadside. It is impossible to estimate the value of a book like this to every God-fearing man, woman and child. We seem to be actually present viewing with our own eyes the wonderful "panorama of the Bible and Bible lands, also all the remarkable events connected therewith. All classes of people and especially the young, will read this book with as much enthusiasm as they would the most thrilling story of adventure, and in doing so they will unconsciously acquire a thorough knowledge of the Bible. In this way thousands of young people will be induced to become Bible readers who would otherwise never look within the sacred pages.

We predict for this work the same phenomenal sale in this country that it is being accorded in England. It is not only a book that, in our judgement, sell readily, but one which deserves to sell—the engravings alone, constituting as they do, a complete Biblical art gallery, are worth the price of the book, and it ought to be in the hands of the children in every home in this country. The History company, the well known publishing house of 723 Market Steet, San Francisco, have, by special contract with Cassel & Co. direct, secured the sale of the work for the Pacific coast. Agents and parties who desire to introduce the work should communicate at once with The History Company at the above address. We call attention to the advertisement in another column.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N M.
July 25, 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 George Curry, Probate Clerk at Lincoln, New Mexico, on Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1890, viz:

MACARIO CHABEZ,

Homest'd entry No. 20 R. S. for the ne ¼ sec. 7, tp. 8 s, r 17 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Daniel Bejil, Manuel Bejil, Abran Candelario, Epimenio Lucero, all of Lincoln, N. M.

WINFIELD S. COBEAN,
Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M.
July 25, 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 George Curry, Probate Clerk at Lincoln, N. M., on Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1890, viz:

ABRAN CANDELARIO,

Hd. entry No. 30 R. S. for the w½ se¼, ne¼ se¼ & se¼ sw¼, section 7, Tp. 8 s, r 17 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Daniel Bejil, Manul Bejil, Macario Chabez, Epimenio Lucero, all af Lincoln, N. M.

WINFIELD S. COBEAN,
Register.

Notice of Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M.
July 11, 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 Roswell, N. M., on Thursday, Sept. 4, 1890, viz:

Damian Gutierres,

Hd. application No. 69 (L. C. S.) for the ne ¼ sw ¼, & lots 3 & 4, Sec. 31, Tp. 10 south, Range 17 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Juan Lucero, Pietro Trujillo, Francisco Gutierres, Jose Manuel Gutierres, all of Lincoln, N. M.

Republication of notice by order of Commissioners letter "C" dated May 19, 1890.

WINFIELD S. COBEAN,
Register

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.

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Dealers in General Merchandise
The Only House in Lincoln Co. that is Selling
Strictly for CASH!
Our Motto is:
"Small Profits and Quick Returns.

CONTINUED FROM 1ST. PAGE.

"And so she's really going to marry Mr. Van Antwerp," said Mrs. Buxton to Mrs. Waldron a few days later in the month of sunshine and roses.

"I did not think it possible when she left," was the reply. "Why do you say so now?"

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner writes that the captain had to go to Washington on some important family matters, and that she and Nellie were at the sea shore again, and Mr. Van Antwerp was with them from morning till night. He looked so worn and haggard, she said, that Nellie

had sought to rob him in Denver. He had to fight for life and money both, and his share of the honors of the fray was a deep and clean cut extending across the cheek bone and up above the right ear.

As these family revelations were told throughout the garrison and comment of every kind was made thereon, there is reason for the belief that Mrs. Buxton found no difficulty in filling her letters with particulars of deep interest to her readers, who by this time had carried out the programme indicated by Capt. Rayner. Mid-June had come; the ladies, apparently benefited by the sea voyage, had landed in New York and were speedily driven to their old quarters at the Westminster; and while the captain went to headquarters of the department to report his arrival on leave and get his letters, a card was sent up to Miss Travers which she read with cheeks that slightly paled:

"He is here, Kate."

"Nellie, you—you won't throw him over, after all he has done and borne for you?"

"I shall keep my promise," was the answer.

E. G. MURPHEY & CO.

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CARIZO HOTEL.

White Oaks, New Mexico.

WM. GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

Wm. Watson. Robert E. Lund.

WATSON & LUND,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

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J. J. COCKRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.

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LAS CRUCES, - - N. M.

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GEORGE B. BARBER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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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 AND 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.

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

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

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ASK YOUR DEALER to show you our rifles. For a complete description of the best Repeating Rifles in the world, write for Illustrated Catalogue D, to the

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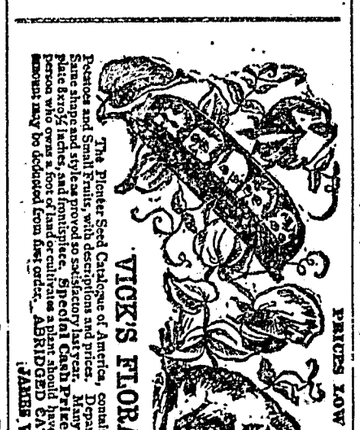

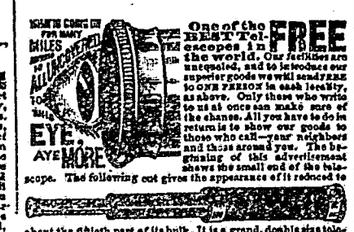

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Yours anxious to please Ed. L. Huntley.

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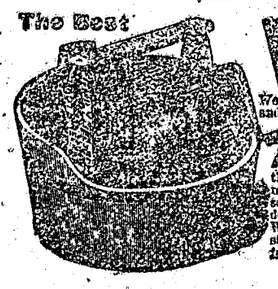

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AGENTS WANTED in every county. We can show proof that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $300 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $3. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

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Pianos and Organs

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Choice Holiday Goods

For young and old. Be sure and call before buying elsewhere. Orders by mail for anything promptly attended to. School Supplies and Gymnasium Goods. Importers and dealers in all kinds of Musical Merchandise, Stationery and Spanish and English Books

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It is published at the county seat of the largest county in the world, and is the only paper published at said county seat.

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It is a wide-awake, progressive, independent county newspaper, and will be worth many times its price every year you take it.

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If you live in Lincoln county, or own property in the county, or have any interests in the county, it is necessary for you to take a good local paper, published at the county seat. Especially if that paper is a live, wide-awake, interesting sheet, all for $2 a year.

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Eggs $3.00 per setting of 13 eggs.

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The best paper published in Southern New Mexico, subscribe for

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Postoffice, Fort Stanton, N. M. Range, Salado, Rio Bonito, Little Creek, Eagle Creek, Rio Bubloso.

HY on either side. Crop and underbit right ear.

tt on right side.

M left side.

Horses branded V on left shoulder or WHS on left hip.

A left side and thigh. Underslope each ear.

2W on the left side.

Cattle branded VV on left side and hip, VVV on left side, or WHS on left side. Ear mark, underbit in both ears.

THE LEA CATTLE CO.

Address, J. C. Lea, Roswell, N. M.

Brand on left side, but sometimes on right side. Ear marks sometimes reversed. E side, and also some on side and hip. W side, JB on hip or loin. LEA. Cross on side or hip. Cattle branded with various other ear marks and old brands. Horses branded sometimes without A on hip.

WILLIAM ROBERT.

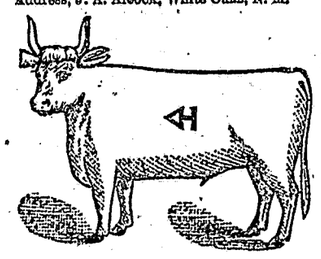
Postoffice, Roswell, N. M.

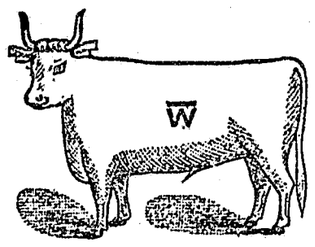
HERNANDEZ BROTHERS.

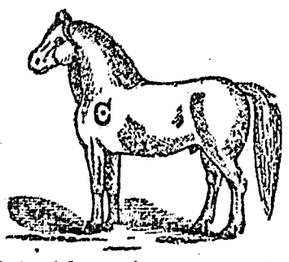
Postoffice, Fort Sumner, N. M. Range, east side of Pecos river, thirty-five miles below Fort Sumner.

THE CARRIZOZO CATTLE COMPANY (*Limited*).

Address, J. A. Alcock, White Oaks, N. M.







Mules branded same as horses.

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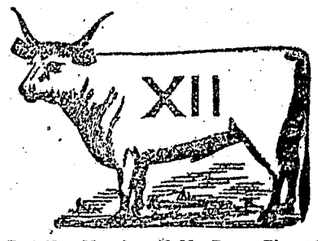


Postoffice, Mescalero, N. M. Range, Pleasant Valley, nine miles north of Upper Pennasco.

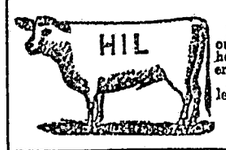
Also cattle branded G on both sides. Horses branded the same on the left shoulder.

L. W. NEATHERLIN.

Postoffice, Lower Pennasco. Range, ten miles south of Lower Pennasco

Cattle branded LIN on left side. Ear mark, crop and underbit in both ears. Horse brand same as cut.

C. H. SLAUGHTER.



Postoffice, Lookout, N. M. Range, head of Black river.

Brand, HIL on left side.

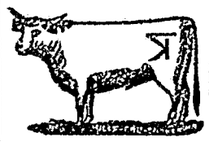
EDDY-BISSEL CATTLE CO.

Postoffice, Seven Rivers, N. M. Range, on the Pecos, near Seven Rivers.

Horse brand W on left shoulder.

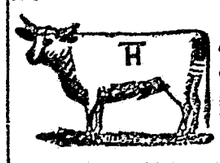
Eddy Brothers, Managers.

SARAH S. KEEN.



Postoffice, Upper Pennasco, N. M. Range, Upper Pennasco.

SUTHERLAND & FARRELL



Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Bonito.

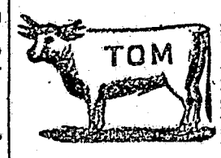
Horses branded same as cows on left thigh.

JOSE MONTANO.

Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M.

Horses branded same as cows.

T. C. TILLOTSON.



Postoffice and range, Lower Pennasco, N. M.

Brand, TOM on left side and T on left shoulder, on left side and on left hip, swallowfork each ear. Horse brand, T on left shoulder.

W. H. GUYSE.

Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Agua Azul.

Horse branded on left shoulder or thigh.

SAMUEL WELLS.

Postoffice, White Oaks, N. M.

Horse brand X

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