

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

Vol. 1.

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No. 30.

TERRITORIAL AND GENERAL.

A girl in New York received a proposal of marriage which threw her heart into such a flutter that she fled.

If Otero has the capacity to meet Joseph in a debate, what does he want to go to Congress for? He can't vote.

The House has passed the Senate bill permitting all settlers who have abandoned homestead claims to take up new ones.

The Adams Express company proposes to open branch offices in Europe and do a general forwarding business there.

The members of the Spanish Cabinet are divided on the question of army reform. A ministerial crisis is therefore threatened.

John L. Sullivan is now in position where he can use his mouth, or rather his pen, without any danger. He has accepted the position of sporting editor of a New York illustrated sporting paper.

In drilling a well a few miles south of Cray Creek, Colfax county, for the grant company, Mr. Ingels struck a flow of natural gas at a depth of 140 feet.

A Texas man who was fired at, and the bullet was turned aside by a pack of cards in his breast pocket. As it was a new pack with the ace outward, it can be said that ball came within an ace of killing him.

The library of the United States geological survey, begun in 1882, now contains about 25,000 bound volumes, more than 40,000 pamphlets, and the finest collection of maps in the country—numbering about 20,000.

Under Democratic administration Socorro county warrants have advanced in value from fifty cents on the dollar in 1886 and a drug on the market, to being eagerly sought after in 1888 at from 75 to 80 cents.

The Carlisle Mining Company of Grant county, New Mexico, paid in London, September 25th, a dividend of thirty cents a share, aggregating \$80,000, making \$150,000 paid this year, and \$360,000 paid to date.

A Philadelphia in moderate circumstances recently gave a poor woman two 25-cent pieces to hold down the lids of her dead husband's eyes. Just before the funeral he sent his man around to secure the return of the coins.

Robert Redding shot and killed George W. Manning, at Central, Grant county. The two men lived at Lone Mountain, and had been friends until recently, when a dispute arose between them in regard to the payment for a mining claim.

A tournament, modified after the jousts of the middle ages, is soon to be held at Hammond, La. The participants will dress in medieval attire, and the chief feature will be a passage at arms between knights in armor. There will also be a troop of archers to emulate the deeds of Robin Hood's men.

Dr. J. L. Gunning, of Amsterdam, who represents the Dutch bondholders in the Maxwell land grant in this city, says arrangements will shortly be made in Washington to indemnify the settlers on the grant who bought when Secretary Cox, of the interior department, decided the Maxwell grant not valid.

Money is in active demand just now throughout the United States. This is shown by the fact that an unusually minute proportion of the revenues of the Government is paid in small silver certificates, and by the additional fact that the circulation of silver dollars has gone up almost to the highest figures ever attained. All of this, of course, demonstrates that general business is brisk.

A party just in from Sonora confirm the report of the capture of Frederico, the train robber and one of the assassins of Cesario Lucero. The prisoners were caught unawares at Nacosari, and are now in jail at Oposura. An attempt was made at the time of Frederico's capture to arrest Geronimo, a fellow train robber and assassin, but he stood off the party of five, emptying his revolvers at them, and although shot at repeatedly made his escape. He is reported to be now at the head of a band of renegades who contemplate a raid on Oposura and the release of Frederico.

The contract has been let by the Mexican National Railway company for the construction of a branch to their line from Anegui, near Catorce, to Cedral, at the foot of the moun-

tains, a distance of twenty-five miles. From Catorce, the richest mining district in Mexico, on the top of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, ores are transported to Cedral over a wire tramway, and in that city they are smelted at a great waste, as the proper machinery cannot be obtained. The owners of the Conception mines at Catorce and prominent business men of Cedral have put up the money for the construction of this line to give them an outlet for their low grade ores for the market in the United States, and it will be built as soon as workmen can construct it.

GENERAL MINING NOTES.

The Deep Down Mill is making a test run of ten tons of Mountain Key ore.

The Alaska is 150 feet deep and showing better mineral and more of it every day.

The hoisting machinery for the Golden Giant has arrived and is being placed in position on the mine.

The Deep Down has shut down. About thirty-five men were discharged. It is reported the stockholders are disagreeing.

A handsome specimen of copper from the Enoch & Mitchell, at Hanover, is on exhibition at Shoemakers & Hadley's. It weighs 200 pounds.

Rich silver float is reported to have been struck on Turkey creek in the Mogollons, and Bill Dorsey and the Maden boys have been prospecting for the ledge for several days.

The Stephenson mine will be in working order in a few weeks. The result of this will be that Organ camp will take the position that justly belongs to it as a producing camp.

Lund's new opening north of the Cochran mine, at White Oaks, has been driven 35 feet in the vein. This vein shows 40 inches of good coal, separated into two strata by a fill in the vein.

The Raton merchants have agreed to close their places of business at 8 o'clock in the evening during the winter, except on Saturday nights and the nights of railroad pay-day and the night following.

The lead product of the United Kingdom for 1887 was 37,900 tons estimated as worth \$2,430,000 together with 320,340 ounces of silver derived from the lead ore worth \$205,000, making the total product \$725,000.

H. H. Dickenson has just completed the sale of the Dell mine, at Hillsboro, for the owners, Messrs. Stitzel and Martin, to W. C. Chandler and Dr. O. A. Daily, of Kingstons. The Dell is an extension of and adjoins the Mamie Richmond on the north.

It has been ascertained by a run of several tons of ore from the Readjuster mine, at Chloride, that its ore is readily adapted to the Russell process of lavation, and it is probable that several hundred tons of Readjuster ore will be treated by that process.

M. Miller, of Black Hawk, this week sold a one-third interest in the Rose mine and machinery to Shoemaker & Hadley, and J. R. Johnson parted with a like interest to Charley Gause. The mine is now owned equally by Shoemaker & Hadley, Gause and Johnson. Work will be commenced on the property in a few days. The Rose has produced a great deal of very rich ore, and will no doubt do so as soon as work is resumed.

The New York Metal Exchange is reported as about to commence dealing in "good merchantable copper." Now, as the agents of the French syndicate control Lake and Montana copper, and a Cliff street firm has the Baltimore and Orford products in hand and neither will sell unless to consumers, while consumers are not allowed to speculate, it would seem difficult for the operators of the Exchange to find the merchantable copper to deliver.

Nathan Corwith & Co., the great pig lead firm and promoters of the gigantic pig lead trust or corner, have called the immediate cause of the collapse was the refusal of the Union National bank of Chicago, to extend time on overdrafts to the amount of \$9,000. The sum will represent a very small portion of the firm's indebtedness to the bank, and is only the climax to a long series of overdrafts to pay margins which were to sustain the pig lead trust. The liabilities may amount to millions and the assets cannot now be approximated.

BARTLETT & TYLER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

Ramps and Ropes, Windmills, Native and Eastern Lumber, Hardware, Paints, Wall Paper,
Furniture, Saddlery, Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Stoves, Oils, Window Shades,
Wagons, Harness, Wagon Timber, Mowers, Tinware, Glass, Bedding

"About Furniture."

In participation of a General Board we have received from the manufacturers.

2 Car Loads of Furniture,

Including a full stock of common and high priced goods that will be sold at prices that will please you.

"About Rope."

Realizing the trouble the stock men and others have had in procuring suitable rope, we have ordered direct from the makers a full assortment of sizes, including the

Celebrated "Hard Twist" Rope,

And will sell at prices that will hold your trade.

"About Orders."

All orders from Miners, Ranchmen and others Carefully and Promptly Filled at

LOWEST PRICES

"Welcome."

Strangers and others visiting the town are invited to make our store

HEADQUARTERS,

Where any information for their benefit will be cheerfully given.

Yours Respectfully,

BARTLETT & TYLER,

Corner Main and Court Streets, Magdalena.

JOHN BRUNNER,

Successor to Habernigg & Co.

FINE TAILORING!

322 El Paso St.,

El Paso, Texas.

Lightbody & James,

EL PASO, TEXAS.

Clothiers, Hatters, Shoers & Furnishers.

High Class Tailors.

Send for Samples and Blanks for Measuring.

We Do Not Want the Earth!

Our Competitors Want That!

But we do want you to see our immense stock of

Crockery,

Fine China,

Decorated Ware,

Glassware,

Tinware.

Carry 15 styles of Decorated Dinner Ware in stock

Call and examine stock and if we do not serve you money we will compel some one else to undersell us.

"THE FAIR,"

A. C. CARVER, Propr.

Second St., Albuquerque, N. M.

Wholesale and Retail.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

Mr. Bowser Pleasantly Discusses Some of the Points of Married Life. I suppose Mr. Bowser is just like any other man around the house, and I suppose it is a wife's duty to put up with a husband's inconsistencies. The other day he came rushing in from the barn and asked: "Have you seen the corkscrew anywhere within a day or two?" "I don't remember."

"Blue" is your sight, talking as bad as that? "But they are blue." "They are coal black!" "Every body says blue." "Well, every body might say yellow, but they are black."

TYPES OF HUMANITY.

The Study of Other Lives Has a Great Influence Upon Our Own. "The proper study of mankind is man," says one of our philosophers, and surely we have sufficient material in the world to warrant a thorough instruction in that capacity. It is indeed interesting to note the wide diversity of characters that inhabit our mundane sphere. The strong distinctions that are stamped upon humanity form a broad foundation for speculative philosophers. It would seem as if the Divine had imprinted upon the human the marks of an eternal personality.

TO FORETELL FROST.

How Every Intelligent Man Can Do It in a Simple and Practical Way. Frost is condensed vapor from the air. In order, therefore, to predict frost, it is requisite to know the laws governing this condensation. They are simple. Why, let us first inquire, should the vapor condense at all? Why not remain always in the air? Because the air can only contain a certain amount, and all in excess of this is condensed. The air is like a sponge, which will begin to drip when charged with more water than it has capacity for sustaining. But here comes in an important item. It appears that the air will hold more moisture when at a high temperature than when at a low temperature. At 32 deg. Fahrenheit the air will hold the 160th part of its own weight, at 59 deg. the 80th part, and at 77 deg. the 40th part. The law is that at every increase of 27 degrees the capacity is doubled. If at noon the thermometer stood at 50 deg. and at night at 77 deg. (equal to 50 deg. x 27 deg.) then the air at evening would be able to hold twice as much vapor without condensation. I write, is able, for the vapor may not be there. Suppose, however, that those temperatures be reversed; that at noon the air has a warmth of 77 deg. and at evening of 50 deg. Then at 11 o'clock the air would hold twice as much moisture as at evening. If, then, it be charged to its full extent at noon, it will be obliged to give up the excess at evening, and its capacity for vapor is reduced one-half by the fall in temperature. Evidently the extra vapor or moisture will be discharged from the air. This, in fact, is just what happens, the cool of night producing that condensation which is called dew. But dew will fall only on condition that there be vapor in the air. If the air be dry, however cold the night, no dew will fall. It is easy to see now that the question whether there will or will not be dew on the given night depends on two factors—the amount of vapor in the air at that time and the temperature of the night. Calling the amount of vapor x, we know that if the temperature falls low enough it will finally reach a point where the air will no longer sustain x vapor, and condensation will begin. But how shall we ascertain at just what point this will happen? By cooling the air experimentally, on the afternoon before the given night, until dew does fall, and noting the temperature at which this happens. An ice pitcher condensed dew by cooling the air. We place a thermometer in a bowl of water and drop in ice bit by bit until the first traces of dew appear on the bowl's exterior, then reading the thermometer, we know that if the temperature falls to that point called the dew-point, there will be dew during the ensuing night. The dew-point will, of course, differ on different days, varying with the varying quantity of vapor in the air. If the quantity be small the dew-point is low, if great, it is high. Briefly defined, the dew-point is the temperature at which dew begins to fall, the air at that temperature being no longer able to support the amount of vapor present in it. It has already been stated that as the temperature decreases the capacity of the air for sustaining vapor grows less and less. An interesting and important fact now must be pointed out. It is this: that when the fall of dew begins the night ceases to grow cooler. And since the dew-point is the temperature at which the fall of dew begins, if we know the dew-point for a given night, we know the lowest temperature of that night. The reason why the night ceases to grow cooler immediately the dew-point is reached is too complex to give here; the fact, however, is well established. Knowing, therefore, the dew-point of any night, we know its minimum temperature; and this is how frosts are predicted. If the dew point be 32 deg. (the freezing point) or below, and the night be clear, a frost is almost certain. If the dew point is at least 47 deg., there will almost certainly be no frost. The range between 32 deg. and 47 deg. is uncertain ground, the probability of frost being slight at 47 deg. and increasing as 32 deg. is approached. The method of ascertaining the dew point given above with a bowl and fragments of ice is a clumsy and inaccurate one. A much more convenient and reliable instrument is that known as the hygrometer. The United States signal service office at Washington is so much interested in inducing farmers to protect themselves from local frosts that it offers to send any one a pamphlet containing full directions for its use. The instrument requires intelligence and care in its use; so such as can give it these, it will prove both interesting and valuable. Especially will it aid the horticulturist, the viticulturist and all who are able to protect their crops from an impending frost if warned in time. —Xenos Clark, in Farm and Home.

MOTTA'S DISCOVERY.

An Italian Chemist's Process for the Metallization of Bodies. A writer in an Italian newspaper describes a visit to the atelier of an old Turin chemist, Angelo Motta, recently deceased, who is said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the discovery and perfecting of a process for effecting the metallization of corpses, an artificial process corresponding to petrification. "Having informed him of the object of our visit," he writes, "I said to the professor: 'Such wonderful things have been related of you that it is hard for me to believe them.' He was told that you metallize human bodies. Evidently what was meant was that you cover them with a coating of metal by galvanoplasty. 'Oh, no!' replied Motta. 'Not at all! I do not apply a covering; I substitute metal for the organic matter; in a word, I metallize in the fullest sense of the term. You may convince yourself personally of the truth of my assertion. May I request the gentlemen to walk into my atelier?' The scientist led us into the adjoining room, and showed us his preparations. On a pedestal stood a magnificent bust of a female made of a copper-colored metal. The finest wrinkles and veins of the neck and hands were reproduced with wonderful minuteness. Motta informed us that the bust was made from a corpse which he had secured with indescribable difficulty. As we examined this bust, which looked as though it had just left the workshop of a great artist, the professor delivered a long lecture on the disadvantages of galvanoplasty, which effaces the minute details and does not give a faithful reproduction. 'My process is different,' he added. 'I destroy the organic substance, and replace it by a similarly shaped mass of metal. Here, for example, I have the arm of a child, which I am just now preparing.' The scientist produced from a closet the arm of a child which had been cut off at the shoulder. Through the whole length of it passed fine copper wires, which protruded at the finger tips. 'A portion of the organic matter has already been destroyed,' he continued. 'By means of a chemical preparation, which is my secret, I solidify the arm without in any way altering its shape. Then I place the object in a metal bath, and pass a strong electric current through the copper wires. Skin, bones, flesh, fibers gradually disappear and are replaced by exactly similar metallic deposits. When the process is completed, I have a metal arm which in its cross and longitudinal sections presents identically the same configuration as an arm of flesh and bone.' Prof. Motta then showed the writer a number of similarly metallized heads of men and children, one of which had been sawed across, so that he could convince himself that the whole had been metallized. Motta lived and died in poverty, and carried the secret of his discovery into his grave. —N. Y. Tribune.

THE MATTER OF DRESS.

Why Women Who Desire to Be Respected Should Wear Neat Apparel. At the present time, when dress goods in artistic patterns and excellent colors can be bought at a comparatively low price, there is no reason why every woman in the land should not be neatly and tastefully dressed. While it is censurable folly to sacrifice the entire time to the preparation of clothes, it is equal folly to ignore the importance of neat, well-fitting clothing or their power in gaining the respect and consideration in the world. A man may often be excused for carelessness of attire, but most persons who are lenient to a man will agree with good Dr. Young that "a female sloven is a odious sight." There is no excuse for a woman, unless she is mercifully overburdened with care, wearing shabby, ill-fitting clothes, because, if necessarily demand, every woman with ordinary common sense can make her own clothes. It is a shame for her to despise or ignore the demands of the world that she shall be neatly dressed, and it is her duty to make enough sacrifices to secure this result—a result which may be readily accomplished by any capable American girl. There are several reasons why women who desire the respect of the world remain shabby, and one of the most common of these is the attempt to wear too fine clothes; another, the attempt to keep on hand too many dresses. Either is a serious mistake. A woman may be dressed in exquisite taste in a gown of cotton or wool, and a sloven is doubly the sloven in a gown of silk. It is worth thought and care to learn to dress with taste. The French women, who are the best dressed women in the world, are also the most economical. That is, they secure the best effects in dress by the expenditure of less money than the women of any other race. It is senseless for a woman to possess more gowns than she can use. It is far wiser to have few and adapt them to the prevailing mode. Many well-dressed women keep only two or three wool gowns, or two of wool and one of silk, on hand at a time, and this is a sufficient number for a woman in the average circumstances in life on whom social exactions make no great demand. It is as unseemly and undignified to ignore the changes in fashion utterly as it is folly to become a subservient slave to fashion. A wise, sensible woman adopts a medium course. A famous writer has defined a well-dressed woman as one the details of whose costume are so nicely balanced in such perfect taste that she attracts no special attention, either as over-dressed or eccentric in her dress. Such a result demands care, and is worth the care. The well-dressed woman follows the epigrammatic advice of Pope: Be not the first on whom the new is tried; Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. —N. Y. Tribune.

NOT GETTING CROWDED.

The Earth's Capacity for Supplying Its Population in Comfort. In a recent report of the German Statistical Bureau, the director expresses the opinion that population has not overcrowded any part of the empire, and that its resources, properly husbanded, are adequate to the support of an enormous addition to Germany's 45,000,000 people. It is inaccurate to say that any part of Europe is overpopulated. When the most of Germany was a succession of barren plains, and a large part of Holland was under water, those countries could have supported only a small part of the people who now inhabit them. It would have been a case, however, not of excessive population, but of almost wholly undeveloped resources. So long as human ingenuity can add to the productiveness of a country it should not be called overpopulated. Mr. Cadell, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, has recently shown that while the British public complain of over population, and look with favor upon schemes of state-aided emigration, a vast deal can yet be done to enrich soils, reclaim waste lands, develop new industries, and improve methods of husbandry, all of which would add greatly to the resources of their little corner of the globe and enlarge its capacity for supporting its teeming population in comfort. The Dutch are still reclaiming from the sea an average of 2,500 acres a year, and Holland's resources are more than keeping pace with its increase of population. Though there are 349 people to the square mile, the Dutch live in comfort and at low emigrate. China proper has only a little over one-third of our area, though her population is six times as great as ours; and yet, though the industrial knowledge of the Chinese is in many respects extremely primitive, China is far from being overpopulated. The Chinese treat their fields like gardens, gather fertilizers from every conceivable source, sow their grain in furrows, and hoe it as we do corn, wasting nothing in the process of sowing and harvesting. Give the Chinese modern agricultural implements, enlarge their scientific and technical knowledge, and with their consummate painstaking a still greater population may live within their borders. It gives us a vivid sense of the grandeur of our own country when we reflect that we have as yet merely scratched the surface of its inexhaustible resources, and that hundreds of millions may live here in comfort. —N. Y. Sun.

AN ALASKA VENDETTA.

Stolen Dravery of Canceled Indians and Their Friends. "A terrible trait of the Alaskan Indians is the vindictiveness and determination with which the various tribes avenge the death of a single warrior," continued Mr. Hamilton. "The slayer must either be killed or his blood or some member of his family be shed in his stead. Although Sitka George was mortally wounded he knew he would be killed by the rival tribe. So he went home and painted his face to meet his doom. When a dozen Chilkat warriors approached with their rifles, a trader tried to save George, but the latter would not allow him, telling him to see how a Sitka could die. Then he arose, drew his knife, and singing his death song, staggered toward the loss of blood toward his enemies. They fired and he fell, pierced with many bullets. The Indians then went away and traders carried the wounded man into a shack. Strangely enough, he was yet alive. Later in the day the Chilkats, learning he was alive, came back and despatched him with knives. "Another Indian pretended to be dead, but, at an opportune moment, ran away. He knew he was doomed by the Chilkats. His mother offered her life to save him. She came running toward the enemy, her arms aloft, crying: 'See how a Sitka woman can die for her son.' She was shot dead. Then the coward's sister stood erect over her mother's body. 'See how a Sitka girl can die!' she called to the bloodthirsty rabble. A dozen bullets ended her life. "Another Indian, Tum-Tum by name, who was a victim to the avengers, was encouraged by his wife to keep strong until his death, which they knew was sure to come. She painted his face for him, because he was too weak from loss of blood. Then she shot him up against a tree ready to be shot. She piled all his good clothes upon him before this. Then she helped him to sing his death song and staid by him until he was killed. "I accompanied the bearer of this news to the residence of the brother-in-law of Sitka George. When we told him of his relative's death he never moved a muscle. He was so stolid in receiving the news of the massacre that it was hard to believe him human. He motioned for us to tell his wife. She was no more affected by the news than he had been. The barbarism and superstition of the Indian are pitiful. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE EARNER OF WAGES.

Some Must Work While Others Spend the Riches of the World. It is apparent that an immense part of what is earned is not spent by those who earn it. Whether wages, salaries, stipends or fees, the most of those who work for them enjoy but a small part themselves. About all that a man gets in this world is a cup of coffee and a roll in the morning, a slice of meat, perhaps, for dinner, and possibly a cup of tea in the evening. Now and then he gets a new coat. But this is all. The most of what he wins fills other mouths entirely. The money goes, the earner hardly knows where. Some part, no doubt, feeds the creatures whom he has taken in bond from nature, and is obliged both by law and by his own feelings to support. But yet, making allowances for all that, and for taxes, besides, which may be described as a drainage almost equally unavoidable—by far the most of what most people acquire by their own handiwork is spent and enjoyed, not by themselves, but by others. You, ye sheep, says Virgil, grow wool not for yourselves; you, ye bees, make honey not for yourselves; you, ye oxen, draw plows not for yourselves. This is, in great measure, the case with mankind, too. A few of us are industrious to the exhorting of our fingers, and the dizzying of our heads; but, by reason of our very application, we have neither time nor taste to spend the result; it often goes to provide senseless luxuries to persons who are in some way or other connected with us, and who, relying more upon our resources than we are ourselves disposed to do, permit themselves to have abundances of both time and taste. Who do you think keep up the patent boots, and the handsome clothes, and the cigars that are smoked on our fashionable streets? Not, to be sure, the smoked-faced fools who wear and whiff them. Who do you think support the fine fancy taverns, which, under the monkey names of cafes, and saloons, and restaurants, now ornament our cities? Not, to be sure, the strutting cocktubs who frequent these places, and think they are enjoying life. It almost all comes out of the pockets of industrious fathers, brothers and other oppressed relations, who would be shocked at nothing so much as to be told that they supported such follies. —N. Y. Ledger.

HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

An Operator Makes One of His Subjects Turn Thief and Burglar. May one who is free from vicious tendencies be made to commit a crime, while hypnotized, which he or she, with full command of faculties, would regard with abhorrence? Experiments both here and abroad have abundantly illustrated the wonderful power possessed by the operator over his subject; the latter wholly subordinating his will—acting, speaking, and, to all appearances, even thinking and seeing as directed. A recent investigator, M. W. A. Croft, would seem to have gone a step further on the road to practical accomplishment by inducing his subject to actually rob a house; a pre-arrangement, of course, the agent, however, having no knowledge of this. This agent, whom Mr. Croft describes, in a recent paper, as of known probity, set out, while in a hypnotic state, to rob a neighboring house, which, together with the means of entrance, was fully described to him; being told that a heap of gold was to be found in a certain apartment. The operator's assistant accompanying him declares that, after gathering up the imaginary treasure and putting it in the bag provided him, the subject proceeded to peruse other articles, so thoroughly aroused was his cupidity, and getting safely out evinced an inclination to fly with the treasure instead of returning and dividing with the operator, as was agreed. Another subject, under similar influence, took a pistol, supposed to be but not really loaded, and, aiming it at his heart, as directed, pulled the trigger. If from these and similar investigations it should become apparent that all manner of real crimes may be committed by innocent persons while in this hypnotic or mesmeric condition, and if the vicious, having such power as that evidently possessed by Mr. Croft and others, should actually employ the unsuspecting and unsuspected as their agents, how would society protect itself? How could the innocent agents be distinguished from those not under such influence, but setting up the claim when caught only to avoid punishment? A really honest clerk, with the keys of his employer's office and safe in his possession, might be made, should he fall under such influence, to commit a burglary; the heir to an estate might be induced to kill himself; a trustworthy servant to commit murder or arson. These are interesting psychological questions; questions, it may be said, which are by no means beneath the dignity of science to inquire into. —Scientific American.

A SIMPLE LITTLE ECONOMY.

is to take good white skirts which have become frayed at the edge, or from which the trimming is worn, and neatly bind them with black dress braid for street wear. In fact, to put on a lace-trimmed pelisse, or one with elaborate embroidery with a street dress is most doubtful taste; such garments should be reserved for the home or carriage. —If you expect too much of the boys you will create in them a dislike for family, in spite of its attractions.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LOVE-LIGHT.

How bright the golden sunlight is,
How far its beams extend,
With wide embracing loveliness
The evening shades descend.
But brighter than the light of day,
That shines in yonder skies,
Is the love-light—the love-light
Within my darling's eyes.

How fair the silver moonlight is,
How softly, sweetly, fall
The radiant beams that swiftly cast
A splendor over all!
Dear is the scene with Luna's face
Unvalued, yet more I prize
The love-light—the love-light
Within my darling's eyes.

All other lights will fade away;
The sun will cease to burn,
The moon will hold its cheerful ray;
They come and go in turn;
But shining brightly in my home,
However dark the sky,
Is the love-light—the love-light
Within my darling's eyes.

FITZHERBERT.

The Love Affair of Elain John Smith, and How It Ended.

My name is John Smith—plain Smith, without a change or addition of vowel, and I was in no way discontented with it till I fell in love with Katie Rogers. Katie had never sneered at it, but her elder sister, Miranda, had more than once hinted that it was neither romantic nor uncommon; and her father, in his somewhat lengthy discourses about the British aristocracy, had an aggravating way of looking apologetically at me every time he spoke of "a good name."

In our commercial community Smith was counted a better name than Rogers, and a young Smith, the rising cotton broker, and more distinguished member of society than old Rogers, ex-captain of dragoons, who could scarcely pay his thirty pounds rent and never wore a decent hat.

I quite agreed with my neighbors on these points till I fell in love with Katie and grew familiar with Miranda's sentiments about "the ignorance of Phillistine Riverbank."

Captain Rogers was descended from Fitzroger, who came over with the Conqueror, and as I listened reverently to the history of the family progress through eight centuries, there was a total collapse of my once-foolish pride in belonging to what a local paper called "one of the oldest families in Riverbank." For Riverbank was scarcely as old as my father, having grown into a town with a speed rarely equalled on this side of the Atlantic.

In a general way I do not undervalue myself, but it was with a deep sense of humility that I implored the descendant of Fitzroger to become my ally. We were alone together in the dining-room of the thirty-pound house, he sitting in a shabby armchair, I standing on a still shabbier hearthrug. He looked up at the "Battle Roll of Hastings," which hung over the mantelpiece, and down at the fire, kept low by economical Miranda. Then, having weighed the past glories of Fitzroger against the present price of coals, he accepted my proposal with the magnificent condescension of a King consenting, for certain state reasons, to bestow the hand of a royal Princess on an aspiring subject.

So Kate and I were engaged, and for a time I was supremely happy. I was not quite vain enough to share my darling's opinion that I, John Smith, was better worth worshipping than all Carlyle's "Heroes" put together; but I was rather easily convinced that I was far too fine a fellow to fear any rival. So when Katie went on a visit to London there was no bitterness in my regret, for I believed in her—and myself.

At first I was not disturbed by Miranda's boasts about the advantages her sister was enjoying in "the best society," but when the London visit extended for weeks and months beyond its original limit I began to feel vaguely uneasy. In those days Katie's letters, though loving, were not long, and she more than once apologized for their brevity by pleading "a particular engagement," the nature of which she never explained. My confidence sank, my jealousy rose.

At last she came home, and then I noticed a change in her that seriously alarmed me. She was paler and quieter, and at times there was a wistful look in her eyes, suggestive of something in her mind. It could not be anxiety about her father's pecuniary affairs, because about that time he appeared in a new hat, and Miranda kept her fires. These outward and visible signs of prosperity if it had not been for the suspicion that old Rogers was more than ever disposed to take the Norman Conquest tone with me, and for the certainty that Miranda's sneers at "people who could not count their grandfathers" were all for my benefit.

What did this sort of thing mean? Had Katie been tempted away from me by a lover with a longer pedigree? Would Rogers tell me some day, like the father in old-fashioned romances, that he had "other views" for his daughter?

One evening I called much later than usual, having been detained by an important business matter in the neighboring city of Shipley. The outer door of the house was open, and I, in my usual way, turned the handle of

the vestibule door and walked into the drawing-room, which appeared to be empty. I was just going to ring the bell for the servant when I heard a pleading little voice behind me:

"Oh, I say, Jack, don't do that!"

It was the voice of Bob, the youngest of Katie's many young brothers, and, turning sharply around, I saw his scared little face peeping between the curtains drawn across the bow window.

"Come here, dear old Jack," he entreated; "and stay with me till she goes past."

"What she?" I asked, as I stepped behind the curtain to find Bob's hitherto invisible form clad in a night-gown.

"Miranda," he added, in a tragic whisper.

Bob had blue eyes and golden hair, and in his white array he looked like an angel in a picture. But I rightly guessed that he had descended from the upper regions that night on no angelic mission.

"I thought she was safe up in the lumber room for the next half-hour," he explained, "and I got out of bed and was slipping down to the kitchen for a taste of the new jam. I knew it was my only chance. She's so beastly mean about it when it's in pots. I just got to the hall when I heard her sneaking down-stairs, so I ran in here. She's in the dining-room now, and I don't know whether she's going up again or down to the kitchen."

"Don't be a coward, my boy," I said, feeling it my duty to be moral. "Of course Miranda will scold if she finds you, but you must bear it like a man."

"Scold!" repeated Bob, with scorn in his subdued tones. "Do you think I'd care if it was only that?"

I understood the full peril of the situation now. Miranda prided herself on doing a mother's duty to the motherless boys, and I knew that whatever her hand found to do she did it with all her might.

"And it's just because I ain't a coward I don't want to meet her," went on Bob, evidently mindful of the traditions of Fitzroger valor. "You see, Jack, I could hit back if she was a man, but she isn't, you know, and of course no fellow who is a gentleman ever hits a woman."

"Robert," I murmured, "you are the soul of chivalry."

"Oh, shut up, Jack Smith!" and my small brother-in-law-cousin held me with a desperate grip. "She's coming in!"

I peered cautiously between the heavy curtains and caught a glimpse of Miranda's lank form and lynx eyes. The next moment she was vanishing, but she stopped as Katie appeared at the door.

"Kate, she said, in her thin, sharp voice. "I was looking for you. I think you might help me get the jam. Smith may not be here to-night, and if he comes let him wait. How late you were! I can tell you, my dear, that your appearance has not improved since you took up with Fitzherbert."

I stood with freezing blood behind the curtains, wondering what awful revelation was about to wreck my life's happiness. In a lightning flash of jealous imagination I saw Fitzherbert. No doubt he was one of the swells Katie had met in London—a military swell, one of those handsome, haughty guardians I had read about in society novels.

"Miranda," said Katie, "don't you think I ought to tell Jack about Fitzherbert?"

"No, I don't," said Miranda, sharply. "I don't see why the interests of our family are to be risked in a collision with the narrow middle-class prejudices of Mr. John Smith."

Katie's voice sounded a little weary when she spoke again.

"You know, Miranda, you were horrified yourself when I first told you about Fitzherbert's proposal."

Miranda replied in a tone of cold superiority:

"I was more open to conviction than you would find Mr. John Smith. We who have been rooted in English soil for eight centuries naturally take larger views of life than mushrooms of yesterday. Besides, your conduct in this affair is justified by the example and approval of women in the best society."

What a world of whited sepulchers! I had never loved Miranda, but I had always respected her. However skeptical I might have been about her personal charms, I had never doubted her principles. Miranda taught a class in the Sunday-school, worked a district on strict-charity organization principles, and was decorated with the Order of the Blue Ribbon. Yet here was this seemingly virtuous Miranda applauding her younger sister's falsehood to a true lover, because it was the fashion of women in the best society to trample on honest hearts.

"I hate concealment," said Katie, "and Jack is so truthful himself that I can't bear the idea of deceiving him. Oh, Miranda, dear, I was so happy when Fitzherbert made me the offer that I never stopped to wonder what Jack would think about it, but now I am so miserable that I sometimes think I must give up Fitzherbert."

"Rubbish!" said Miranda, "and selfish rubbish too. I wonder, Kate Rogers, how you can talk in that way, when you know how useful Fitzherbert's money is to you, poor father."

Oh, this was too awful! Katie not only false to me, but actually so mean as to take money from her new lover. I could stand it no longer. I wrenched myself from poor little Bob's grasp and stood sternly facing the two girls.

Miranda fled from the room. Katie stood white and still.

"Pray do not give up Fitzherbert on my humble account," I said, scornfully. "Do not let my vulgar prejudice in favor of truth and honesty interfere with the wider morality of the best society. Marry Fitzherbert to-morrow, if you like, and be as happy as you deserve to be."

The color rushed back into Katie's face. The light sparkled in her eyes. She actually laughed.

"The x you very much, Jack," she said, "but even with your kind permission I can't marry Fitzherbert. The fact is, and her blue eyes danced, 'Fitzherbert is married.'"

"And you dare to tell me," I cried in wild rage, "that you have not only accepted love but money from a married man?"

She looked straight into my furious face with her laughing eyes.

"Fitzherbert is not a married man," she said.

"I was never good at guessing riddles," I said loftily; "and as I am not in the mood for them to-night, I give this one up. If Fitzherbert is not a married man, what, in Heaven's name, is Fitzherbert?"

Clear came the answer in the sweet, girlish voice:

"Fitzherbert is a married woman."

Then, with the crushing consciousness of having made a fool of myself, I listened humbly to Katie's little story.

"Fitzherbert is a West End milliner and was Aunt Clara's maid before her marriage. Her name is not really Fitzherbert, but something quite ordinary like Brown or Smith—oh, I beg your pardon, Jack! She was always fond of me, and I often amused myself by looking through her new fashions. One day, while I was waiting for Aunt Clara, who had gone to her dentist, a fussy old lady came into the shop, and was very angry because none of the new Paris bonnets suited her. She was one of the best customers, and poor Fitzherbert was in despair when she was leaving the shop in a rage. Well, Jack, I have quite a genius for millinery. One of our ancestors was a painter, and Aunt Clara says I have his artistic eye for color and form. Anyhow, I always seem to know exactly what suits a face. I persuaded the old lady to sit down again, and with Fitzherbert's permission I made a few alterations in one particular bonnet. The result was so becoming that the old lady was charmed. 'You are a Heaven-born milliner, my dear,' she said. 'Why don't you go in for that sort of thing? It is all the fashion among the best people.' Aunt Clara called for me presently, and was quite struck with the new idea. After a long talk with Fitzherbert it was decided that I should go to the shop every day and qualify for the position of millinery aid-de-camp. I became quite popular with the customers, especially the elderly ones. I love old ladies, and delight in making them look lovely, and some of them threatened to leave Fitzherbert unless I undertook the arrangement of their bonnets and caps for the term of my single life. Fitzherbert offered me very liberal pay for my assistance, and I was so glad to think of helping poor old daddy that at first I forgot about you and your possible objection to marrying a young woman who worked for a shop; but I thought of this afterward, and was always fighting with my conscience about telling you the truth. But, indeed, there are many lady milliners in London, and—oh, Jack, I see you don't mind so very much after all!"

The precise nature of my conduct on this occasion need not be here recorded.

The bridal wreath was a present from Fitzherbert.—Household Words.

SPEED OF LOCOMOTIVES.

Why It Is Necessarily Limited by the Weight of the Wheels.

The speed of locomotives has not increased with their weight and size. There is a natural law which stands in the way of this. If we double the weight on the driving-wheels the adhesion and consequent capacity for drawing loads, is also doubled. Reasoning in an analogous way, it might be said that if we double the circumference of the wheels the distance that they will travel in one revolution, and consequently the speed of the engine, will be in like proportion. But, if this be done, it will require twice as much power to turn the large wheels as was needed for the small ones; and we then encounter the natural law that the resistance increases as the square of the speed, and probably at even a greater ratio at very high velocities. At sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty miles. That is the pull on the draw-bar of the engine must be four times as great in the one case as it is in the other. But at sixty miles an hour this pull must be exerted for an hour's distance in half the time that it is at thirty miles, so that the amount of power exerted and steam generated in a given period of time must be eight times as great in the one case as in the other. This means that the capacity of the boiler, cylinders and the other parts must be greater, with a corresponding addition to the weight of the machine. Obviously, if the weight per wheel is limited, we soon reach a point at which the size of the driving-wheels and other parts can not be enlarged, which means that there is a certain proportion of wheels, cylinders and boiler which give a maximum speed.—Scientific Magazine.

A man's nature will show through the fabric of his work, let him follow in the steps of what masters he will.

TOOLE IN AMERICA.

The Famous Comedian's Experience with an Importunate Host.

"You had a curious experience at a certain American city which was to be nameless," I said, "the genial citizen who would take you home, and when he got you there was another man; do you remember it? You told me the story years ago."

Mr. Toole looks up at me for a moment with a puzzled face, which presently beams with a genial laugh.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he says; "it was at—, don't mention the place; he might not like it, and I would be sorry to hurt his feelings. Besides, he was the editor of the leading newspaper in the district, and had a rival journalist got hold of the story wouldn't his rival worry him? But you know best about that. I am not a journalist; actors have no rivalries, of course. I remember that American editor. 'You must stay with me, my dear Mr. Toole. You stay; we will take no denial,' he said. He seemed a jolly, nice sort of fellow, and was so tremendously pressing that I gave way and went home with him. It was some distance in the story years ago."

"At home he was a different man entirely. The wife was the boss. She was a learned woman also—had quite a knowledge of literature and poetry. She asked me questions at me with regard to Thackeray and Dickens, and other celebrities. There were several children; they all stood around me and questioned me, cross-examined me.

"After a time they gave me a cup of tea. This was in the afternoon, instead of lunch or dinner.

"I went to the theater, acted and came home with him at night.

"After a little more questioning from the wife without any signs of refreshments, she asked me if before I went to bed I would have a cup of tea or a glass of water. Whereupon he, in a very humble way, said: 'We never take alcohol in this house.'

"I was so depressed and over-weighted with the whole thing that I hadn't the courage to say I should like something to eat. I had a glass of water and went to bed.

"I couldn't sleep, however. I was frightfully hungry and tired; I really thought of getting out of the window and running away, and should have done so if it had not been a little too high, although the city was some little distance. We had to drive to the house, which was in the suburbs.

"On saying 'Good-night' the wife informed me that they breakfasted at half-past seven, at which time it was clear I was expected to be up. So, just as I was thoroughly exhausted and could have slept a little, I was aroused and had to turn out.

"I got some breakfast, and then hoped to join Loveday at his hotel and get a little rest. But the wife said: 'Now, So-and-so, take Mr. Toole out and show him all the public buildings of—, and he did take me out; he did begin to show me all the public buildings. And once or twice I tried to slip away from him in private rooms and corners, and get a wink of sleep. But he was the most persistent host I ever had.

"At last I fairly ran away. Went to the hotel without my luggage, and nothing would induce me to leave it. I acknowledged the affair, I hope, in as friendly a way as possible; but the very thought of it now makes me shudder."—Toole's Reminiscences, in London Evening Times.

RIDING A HORSE.

Buffalo Bill Does Not Like the English Style as Well as the American.

The American way of riding a horse is the only way that comfort can be had for both man and beast. By the American way I mean sitting in the saddle. I am sorry that a great many gentlemen of this country are using the English style on horseback—that is, they rise in the saddle with the motion of the horse. Last summer when I was in England I noticed this style particularly. I don't see how it can be comfortable, and I know it is any thing but graceful to see a man bumping up and down in his saddle. The English who saw us ride soon came to this conclusion. They agree that the American style was the only style and soon began to copy us. Expert riders came down to see me. They tried the American style, and now many gentlemen can be seen every day in their park riding the American style. To ride properly you must sit firmly in your saddle. Get a comfortable seat to begin with. Then sit squarely on it. Have your stirrups long enough to save some of the weight from the horse's back and so that you can raise yourself in them when necessary. I always raise myself in the saddle to shoot. I can get in a steeper position and get a better aim. When sitting on your horse grip him with your legs, between your hip and your knee. Sit erect and hold your reins low down and short enough to feel his head. The first thing a rider should do is to learn his horse. Learn the different gaits of the horse and then ride with the horse—go with his motion. This is less tiring to the horse and to the rider.—W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Wife—Mother writes, John, she will arrive to-day in time for supper, and I wish you would stop at the butcher's and tell him to send up a nice smoked tongue.

Husband—Great Scott! my dear, what's the use of getting any more tongue?—N. Y. Sun.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

How to Prevent the Further Increase of So-Called Barley Smut.

The increase of smut is due to several causes, viz.: Sowing the same seed year after year on the same land. Unfavorable seasons, such as alternate heat, cold and drought, and during the past two seasons its rapid increase has, perhaps, been caused by the "barley scourer" attachment on the threshing machines. These grind the smut to powder and rub it into the grain, which, not being passed through the fanning mill, is deposited in the granary, where it sweats slightly, and becomes thoroughly impregnated with the smut, and when sown next season is sure to produce a great abundance of this fungoid growth. Many thousand bushels were rendered unsaleable last season, being blackened by being passed through the "scourer." This season it may reach the millions if the same plan is adopted. Smutty barley should not be passed through the "scourer," but through the threshing machine a second time to remove the beards and smut, for then while passing through the mill all the smut grains which are broken are blown out, or, if this be too much trouble at threshing time, pass the grain over a fanning mill immediately after the threshing is done. This will remove a good proportion of the smut, at least all that is light and broken. Smut is beginning to be a serious matter, as I do not believe there is a certain remedy for it. I have tried the many so-called remedies, such as bluestone, washing-soda, etc. These I applied according to directions, but as they made but little improvement in the crop, I thought I had, perhaps, not done it properly. But this spring I received from the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ladoga spring wheat, which had been thoroughly and scientifically treated—indeed, the grain I received had become so harsh and dry from the poisonous dressing that we were afraid it would not germinate, but it grew well, and so did the smut, for it constituted fourteen per cent. of the entire yield; while four acres of Rio Grande wheat, of my own seed (not treated), just across the furrow, was without smut. I believe the best remedy for it is to reject all seed grain which contains smut, and not sow on land that has produced it, if possible; but I believe the germs will not remain in the soil more than one year, if not renewed by grain being sown on the same land. To satisfy myself that grain can be impregnated with smut, I took some barley entirely free from it; took smut from other grain, dampened it and rubbed the smut on it till it was thoroughly blackened. This I sowed beside some not thus treated. The grain treated produced twenty-five per cent. smut, while the other was entirely free. So, I believe the greatest caution should be used in the selection of seed, threshing and cleaning the grain as soon as threshed.—Thomas Lince, in Farmers' Advocate.

FOR BUTTER-MAKERS.

When Milk or Cream Is Ready for Successful Churning.

The idea still prevails to a considerable extent that milk should sour before butter can be made. This is an error. Numerous trials have shown that sweet milk and sweet cream yield butter as much and as easily as sour cream, provided these have stood for some time at medium temperature. It is difficult if not impossible to bring butter from fresh milk or from thin cream that gathers upon milk kept cold for twenty-four hours. Readiness for churning, affirms as good an authority as Prof. S. W. Johnson, depends chiefly upon the time that has elapsed since milking, and the temperature to which it has been exposed in the pails. The colder it is the longer it must be kept. At medium temperature—sixty degrees to seventy degrees F.—it becomes suitable for the churn in twenty-four hours, or before the cream has entirely risen. Access of air appears to hasten the process. The souring of the milk or cream has directly little to do with preparing them for the churn. Its influence is, however, otherwise felt, as it causes the casein to pass beyond that gelatinous condition in which the latter is inclined to foam strongly at low temperature, and by enveloping the fat globules hinders their joining together. On churning cream that is very sour the casein separates in a fine, granular state that does not interfere with the "gathering" of the butter.

Churning cream when slightly sour, as is the custom in the Holstein dairies, yields butter of a peculiar and fine aroma. Butter made from sour cream is destitute of this aroma, and has the taste which the Holstein butter acquires after "keeping" some time. Stirring of cream does not promote souring but rather hinders it by increasing access of air; it may be advantageous in making the souring uniform.

It has been claimed, with some reason, that churning the whole milk makes more butter than to set the milk and churn the cream. Very good butter may be made from churning whole milk, but it is more difficult to make than from the cream. Willard advises, for a choice article of fine color, full of aroma and of long-keeping qualities, setting the milk and churning the cream. A temperature of about sixty-five degrees or a little above appears to be the best for churning whole milk sweet, but the usual temperature is from sixty to sixty-five degrees.—N. Y. World.

MANUFACTURING ICE.

A Description of the Process by Which Water Is Frozen Artificially.

Passing through the outer office, you get abruptly into the factory, an enormous apartment and very lofty. Three graceful engines, from fifteen to twenty-five feet tall, were moving with mysterious strength at the head of the apartment, and several big pipes overhead connected them with the floor below and an upper room.

Negro men were walking about over square places in the floor, and occasionally lifting the lid of one, they took out of it with a crank a block of ice weighing two hundred pounds. This was attached to a chain suspended from a double bridge truck, rolled to one side, and tipped through a hole in the wall into the ice house.

There are in this factory about one thousand of these little tanks. Each is filled with water distilled from the steam of the three engines; and each tank, which is made of galvanized iron, rests in a well of brine or salt water. Running about under these tanks, which form a flooring over the whole place, is a continuous coil of iron pipes, charged with ammonia, that penetrates the wells of brine and keep the salt water at a temperature of twelve degrees. After filling the tank with the distilled water it is left undisturbed for thirty-six hours. The lid is then raised, the iron tank or can is drawn up and tipped into a small vessel containing boiling water to melt the ice from the interior sides that it may be removed. This is the large block of ice one sees in the ice wagons. The ammonia comes from a factory at Wilmington, Del., in iron retorts carefully packed and air tight. When it is about to be used, a tiny escape is made through which the ammonia oozes in a gaseous form, though the contents of the retort are a liquid. The gaseous ammonia is transferred directly to the submerged coils of pipe. Two charges during the summer will run a factory of fifty tons daily capacity. After this gas has performed its mission and passed through all the pipes, the engines suck it through the pipe overhead, pass it to the upper floor, and force it through pipes submerged in cold water, where it is condensed. It is then received into a large tank below and made ready for another tour of the pipes in the form of gas. In its rounds the gas makes more or less escape to the open air and is lost for all time, but very little is lost and the same ammonia is used until it is consumed by the escapes. Three hundred thousand pounds of ice are used every day in Nashville and the towns for one hundred miles around. One of these factories turns out thirty-five tons daily, the other produces forty tons, and there is being brought here eighty tons of lake ice. The three companies manufacturing and importing ice into Nashville sell to the small dealers, who supply the consumers. They also ship to the neighboring towns. But the larger portion of this 300,000 pounds per day is consumed in Nashville.—Nashville American.

FIGHTING A MIRROR.

A Valiant Old Cook Makes a Miraculous Attack on a Mysterious Rival.

An amusing test of the difference of disposition in barn-yard fowls may be made by placing a piece of looking-glass against the trunk of a large tree, and laying a train of corn in front of it. Some hens will discover what they will take for a new arrival with mild curiosity and merely look at it intently, perhaps peering around behind the tree, and then walk quietly away. Others peck the glass angrily and insist upon fighting, while a few nervous females show much the same noisy excitement that seizes upon most hens when they spy a snake. We tried the valiant old autocrat of the farm-yard with this trick, and he was at once roused to fury. Dropping his head when some ten feet in front of the glass, he began the cautious advance by parallels, which every one familiar with poultry has seen before a fight. But, of course, he soon lost his enemy by moving too far to one side. After crowing fiercely and looking around wearily for a few moments, he returned to the train of corn, and almost instantly saw the strange cock nearer than before. More stealthy approach, another failure to keep sight of the foe, and greater excitement, and a third time he began to eat, only to be startled by the hostile presence nearer than ever. At last he walked right up to the glass and braced himself for the shock of combat; the counterfeit, of course, following his every movement with ominous solicitude. There was one fierce peck at the angry head in the glass, and then a crash, as our infuriated champion hurled himself against his likeness, breaking the glass in a hundred fragments. The mingling of astonishment, rage and triumph in the bird's appearance, as he whirled about, startled at the cracking noise and bewildered by the total disappearance of his enemy, was comical to behold. Then he rushed around behind the big pear tree, evidently thinking that the cowardly stranger might be hidden there. Not finding him, the victor strutted a cut, too excited to eat, and crowded long and loud over his unprecedented triumph. The other cock was entirely wiped out of existence, and our old fighter, who would crow defiantly in our arms whenever he found himself being carried off the premises, knowing from experience that a set-to was coming, could scarcely credit his senses.—Benjamin Karr, in Popular Science Monthly.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them unopened for 30 days, is evidence of intentional fraud.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

The little Mame, scarcely three years old, Dwell near the prairie, where the winds blow cold.

In a icy cabin very plain and neat. With kitchen, parlor, bed-room, all complete. Within one room. And o'er the mantel-shelf hung the small looking-glass.

And so it came to pass The little maid had never seen herself.

She knew not if her eyes were brown or blue, Or how her hair along her temples grew, Or if she looked like mother when she smiled, Or was, in fact, like any other child.

No vanity there was about the lass: For, oh, how could there be, To like to know, when she Had never gazed within a looking-glass?

Her little sister Renee, just her age— As pretty as a picture, till she came— Took sick one day, and could not raise her head, And grew so white! And mamma, weeping, said, In words that Mame's scarce could understand, That Renee'd gone away From their rude home to play With happy angels in the summer-land.

One day a visitor by love beguiled Took from her trunk a toy to please the child— A small hand-mirror, that in its embrace Would surely frame the little maiden's face; And Mame turned the curious trick of "O'er" And laughed aloud with glee To see how merrily The bright faces danced on ceiling and on floor.

Then all at once she turned it so her gaze Fell on its polished surface. With amaze She started, then a closer scrutiny gave, As though one had arisen from the grave, And "Renee! Renee!" screamed with passionate air.

"Thinking, poor little lass, That from the sea of glass Her sister had come back to play with her." —Josephine Pollard, in *Harper's Young People*.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Why I am Now the Happiest Man in New York.

A fellow doesn't usually write out the mortifications of his life, but I'm going to put mine down in cold black-and-white, and pickle the document for the benefit of my-grandchildren—I was about to say, but as I can not marry the girl I love, there never will be any such posterity.

She would enjoy perusing the above paragraph. I can see her violet eyes dance, and hear her laugh; and this laugh is neither a "ripple" nor a haw-haw nor a shout, but a humming process that would provoke a grin from the man she'd just rejected. But this is one of her strange fascinations.

I was taking account of stock again last night, and I find I am really in possession of a \$5,000 yearly salary, and an interest in the business worth \$2,000 more, and that my expectations from my father's estate are founded on substantial grounds, and unless something revolutionary or extraordinary unprecedented occurs, I can not have less than \$20,000 in anticipation? Nothing, let few young men have so good a salary or such brilliant prospects.

She has known for the last two years that there was no other girl on top of the earth for me, but the knowledge hasn't disturbed her in the least. She wasn't an easy girl to make love to, though there never was so jolly a partner in the dance, or so bright and merry a girl in conversation. But she will elude a fellow so daffily. If I had slipped up on the ice as many times as she has metaphorically tripped me up when I was about to make a declaration, there wouldn't be a bone an inch long in my body. But one evening, at Mrs. Wyndham's garden party last summer, I found my chance. It was more by good luck than good looking-to, even then. A few of us had strayed to a remote part of the grounds, when suddenly we found ourselves alone.

"Where have they gone?" said she. "To Ballyhack, perhaps," said I. "And isn't it jolly to think that after trying for six months to get access to your private ear, the Fates should be propitious at last!"

"I keep my private ear locked up at home," my companion responded, with that nonchalance which nothing was ever known to disturb. "I wonder why it is," she went on, with an evident determination to give me another tumble, "that so many of my friends have secrets that they wish to communicate to me? Susie Clifton informed me a little while ago that she must tell me something before she went home to-night, or the consequences would be fatal. Jack, see that star shoot! And that reminds me that there is to be an astronomy lecture at our house next week. You'll come, won't you?"

"That depends," I answered quite boldly. "If I find that you really care to have me than—well—any body else—why—then—"

"I was descending to the depths of inanity, and as a piece of information the laugh that followed was quite unnecessary.

"You shall have an invitation by messenger, marked 'Important,'" was the chuckling reply. "And now let us hurry, for I am engaged every single dance, and this will never do."

"That's a fact," said I, recklessly. "It will never do. Kate, what do men usually do when they are in love?"

"Make fools of themselves," was the quiet answer.

"My dear, I am in love with you, and I have been for a whole year," I went on. "And now what have you got to say to me?"

"Jack, you always were touching," my companion remarked, with that delicious vocal tremor which indicated the deepest enjoyment of the occasion.

"You lend yourself to a moonlight scene with considerable power, but you are a trifle too abrupt. You should have indulged in an elegant little preamble about music and flowers, and—"

"I wonder where you would have been while I was prambling?" I interrupted. "I would like to be fanciful and poetic, but the man who makes love to you has got to do it flying. But it is true, Kate, I do love you, and I will never marry any other woman. You must give me some kind of an answer. What is it to be?"

"Just this, Jack; I can not afford to marry."

"Can not afford to marry?" I repeated. "You do not have any thing to do about affording. That is my business. I can afford it."

"How?"

I don't know how it was, but that little word plunged me into the depths of goose-flesh and despair. It wasn't so much the "how" as how she said it. "Why, I have seven thousand a year," I replied, "and twenty thousand will come from my father's estate, and—"

I was as limp as a rag, for I knew that these figures, ample enough as I considered them for two persons who loved each other, had made no impression upon her.

"How much have you saved?" was her next question.

Now it had never entered into my head to save any thing; it would be enough for that when I got ready to settle down; and this is the substance of what I told her. And just here—confound garden parties! I say—two or three couples came straggling along, and there was only an instant left. "Do say something, Kate," I pleaded. "It will be hard to go without any encouragement."

"I haven't a single bit to give you," she answered, as if biting off every syllable. "I have told you the literal truth. I can not afford to marry."

By this time we were surrounded by the gay throng, and two minutes later the girl I had vainly tried to win was whirling about in the arms of an empty-headed millionaire. After the waltz I found time enough to say, in a tone that certainly seemed tragic enough to me: "You can afford to marry that idiot, I suppose?"

"I will tell that to him when he asks me," was the laughing rejoinder; and that was all I made by that rude speech.

Of all the answers that mortal man ever received from the girl he had asked to be his wife, "I can not afford to marry," is the strangest. I dream of it every night, and it at every meal, and set it to the meter of every tune that I hear, from orchestra to hand-organ.

Well, I made up my mind that I would make my own money, and unless something revolutionary or extraordinary unprecedented occurs, I can not have less than \$20,000 in anticipation? Nothing, let few young men have so good a salary or such brilliant prospects.

She has known for the last two years that there was no other girl on top of the earth for me, but the knowledge hasn't disturbed her in the least. She wasn't an easy girl to make love to, though there never was so jolly a partner in the dance, or so bright and merry a girl in conversation. But she will elude a fellow so daffily. If I had slipped up on the ice as many times as she has metaphorically tripped me up when I was about to make a declaration, there wouldn't be a bone an inch long in my body. But one evening, at Mrs. Wyndham's garden party last summer, I found my chance. It was more by good luck than good looking-to, even then. A few of us had strayed to a remote part of the grounds, when suddenly we found ourselves alone.

"Where have they gone?" said she. "To Ballyhack, perhaps," said I. "And isn't it jolly to think that after trying for six months to get access to your private ear, the Fates should be propitious at last!"

"I keep my private ear locked up at home," my companion responded, with that nonchalance which nothing was ever known to disturb. "I wonder why it is," she went on, with an evident determination to give me another tumble, "that so many of my friends have secrets that they wish to communicate to me? Susie Clifton informed me a little while ago that she must tell me something before she went home to-night, or the consequences would be fatal. Jack, see that star shoot! And that reminds me that there is to be an astronomy lecture at our house next week. You'll come, won't you?"

"That depends," I answered quite boldly. "If I find that you really care to have me than—well—any body else—why—then—"

"I was descending to the depths of inanity, and as a piece of information the laugh that followed was quite unnecessary.

"You shall have an invitation by messenger, marked 'Important,'" was the chuckling reply. "And now let us hurry, for I am engaged every single dance, and this will never do."

"That's a fact," said I, recklessly. "It will never do. Kate, what do men usually do when they are in love?"

"Make fools of themselves," was the quiet answer.

"My dear, I am in love with you, and I have been for a whole year," I went on. "And now what have you got to say to me?"

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am to do. When a man says he can not afford a thing, you are not in doubt concerning its meaning.

"Then you mean simply that I have not enough money to satisfy you?"

"I don't see any particular benefit to be derived from pursuing this subject," was the evasive response. "I would not hurt your feelings for any thing, Jack," she added, "and I do not wish to be personal."

"But it is a mighty personal matter," I insisted, "and please answer this question: If you loved me would you still say you couldn't afford to marry?" I did not have to wait for her reply.

"The more love, I had for a man, Jack, the more I should insist that I could not afford marriage."

"Great Scott!" said I, out of the most acute bewilderment, "what a mess this is!" And then neither of us spoke for some moments, though my tormentor laughed till the tears ran down her face, and, like the susceptible fool I was, I laughed with her.

"There wouldn't be any marriages, Kate," I remarked, after awhile; "if all girls reasoned as you do. Look at so-and-so!" mentioning two girls in her set who had married within the year.

"Yes, look at them," she replied, with flashing eyes. "One of the girls has gone home to live with her father, because her husband has lost his situation, and the other will be seeking a divorce in less than a year on account of her lord and master's dissipation. They didn't think, Jack, whether they could afford to marry or not. They believed themselves madly in love, and argued that love would last, and love would provide; but it hasn't."

"But I can provide," I remarked; and just at this critical juncture Kate's father walked in, and I was again tripped up.

The only satisfaction to be extracted from this call was that Kate had been kind. She had made use of me, and hadn't snubbed me. Two very dry crumbs of comfort, and only just a little better than starvation. Her question at our garden-party interview, "how much have you saved?" has also been continually present with me; and from that moment I began to save, not because saving would find me favor in her eyes, but because it seemed to stir up some element of thrift that had lain dormant in my nature. What couldn't that girl do with me if she were only willing to take me in charge! I lay in the hands of the potter would be adamant, in comparison.

The next time we met was on Broadway. I had been abroad three months, and though I had thought of her constantly and been sorely tempted to write her, I had refrained, for fear of being laughed at.

"How long have you been back?" she asked in her old, kindly, off-hand manner, as we shook hands.

"Not yet," she answered, with her most radiant smile.

"When do you expect to be able?" Her reply was the most astonishing statement I ever heard in my life. That girl is insane. There is no doubt about it. But she is the loveliest lunatic that ever breathed the breath of life.

"When I can take care of myself, Jack, with my own hands," she answered, with a gravity and earnestness she had never shown me before, "and can support my husband, also, should misfortune or illness overtake him, I shall feel as if I have a divine right to marry. But not before."

At this point I could not help exclaiming: "Ridiculous! What man could?"

"Thank you!" said she. "My husband will be too broad and too sensible, to say nothing of well-bred, to make such a remark as that."

"Hang your husband!" I retorted, stung to madness by her cool, practical words.

"Catch him first," was the laughing answer, and now the violet eyes danced with fun. "But honestly, Jack, that man must be a paragon of all the virtues."

"Eccelestical, to begin with," I responded, "stingy, parsimonious, nigardly. And while I am on this close-fisted subject, let me say that ever since that night, several hundred years ago, of Mrs. Wyndham's garden-party, when you asked me how much I had saved, I have worn the bank stubs thin, being thither with my deposits. Whenever I am inclined to buy a pair of clothes, I consult the spirit of my great-grandfather, who was down on any fellow who had more than one suit a year; and the restaurants and billiard rooms that once knew me, know me no more. I am getting now to the acute, miserly stage, when I expect to end my days in the poor-house."

"You are the funniest boy in New York," said Kate, "and I'll reward you for giving me this delicious experience. I'm going to play the organ at St. — for a wedding this afternoon at four. Come up and hear me."

"Do you get paid for it?" I inquired, possessed, as men generally are under such conditions, to say something disagreeable.

"Certainly," she replied, promptly.

"What?"

"Why, Jack, your face looks like a great fat question mark," said my companion, laughing till the violet eyes spilled over.

"But you playing the organ for money? What can it mean?"

"This," said Kate, sobering all of a sudden; "that I never intend to do any thing that other people are obliged to do for compensation, without pay."

Have'n't you sense enough to see the principle that underlies it? If I am willing to work solely for fame or pleasure, I shall be the means of doing many a needy person—to put it to the level of your comprehension—out of a job. Now do you see?"

"I haven't had a single point of view that I was sure of since the above conversation. I saw and realized that I had been a fool for not having seen before. What a head that girl has got! I went to the wedding, and heard Wagner and Mendelssohn played with a spirit and power that perfectly astonished me. After the service was over, I saw the organist a moment before she was surrounded by her friends. The music had made me bold.

"If we were to go through a similar ceremony, Kate," I remarked, "I should have but just one fault to find, and that would be with a principle of natural or spiritual philosophy."

"Now what?" said she, with a blush and a saucy smile.

"That one body could not occupy two places at the same time. I should want you at the altar rail and in the organ loft at one and the same moment."

"For economical reasons?" the little wretch inquired, and then the laugh was on me.

Well, I snatched a little sweetness from this occasion, and tried to comfort myself with the thought that perhaps some time—but hah! I am too stupid to live!

Three months later. The last time I closed this book I thought I had closed it forever. The narrative was too one-sided to be interesting, and the proper thing for me was to set about forgetting as speedily as possible. Sentimental girls kept journals. I was a hard-headed, hard-working, practical man of the world, whose only weakness consisted in loving a girl who didn't love me. So why dwell upon it? I shut the book, and this morning found half an inch of dust upon it. During these three months I have seen Kate only semi-occasionally, and seldom alone. There was no change. We were friends and comrades, and I never failed to contribute to her amusement; but any clown could have done that. But last evening, at Nellie Howe's wedding, for the first time in her life that most peculiar, peculiar and bewildering girl sought me out. How lovely she looked in her short-sleeved dress of blue silk—and what an arm! "There's an orange-tree in the conservatory, Jack, as high—well, as high as my head," and this inexplicable girl tucked her arm into mine as confidently as if I'd been her brother—"ay, there's the rub," said I to myself. "Let's go and see it," she added.

There is one thing more interesting than another, that thing is an orange-tree. And by the way, Jack, I'm a little, gnarly, dyspeptic orange, and there we'll come and admire it again."

"Is there any thing which would be more to your taste, Jack?" my companion inquired. "The fact is," she added, "I had something to say to you that I didn't want a soul beside to hear."

"Engaged to Dicky Dilvor, I suppose. I noticed that he was greatly distinguished by you this evening."

"No, Jack, you are 'way off.' Papa says that is all; but isn't it expressive? I simply wanted to say to you that I now know I can support, not only myself, but another, and more, too, if necessary, I can afford to be engaged—that is, if you know a real true, kind fellow who honestly loves me."

"But Kate," I answered, and my voice sounded half a mile off, and my head went round like a top. "I've got the fellow all right, but he don't want to be supported."

"No, dear," she replied—yes, those were her exact words—"and I hope he will never have to be; but I have carried out my theory, and now I am at liberty to let my heart speak. It has warmed toward you a long time, Jack, but I never would have married a spendthrift, nor confessed my love for a man until I was sure of what I could do. Observation has taught me that, with the exception of life and health; there is nothing so insecure as riches. Of course this sounds awfully practical, but just think! We shall have all eternity to make love in if we are true lovers. When we have our own home, I shall have the loveliest photography and type-writing class for poor girls—O Jack, I know so many of them—and you can help me, and I can help you; and because we can take care of ourselves, we shall be able to show others how to be self-supporting—and economical, dear."

"I don't feel that it was any disgrace to me that my cheeks were wet with tears. I couldn't hug her, and there was a queer constriction about my lips that prevented me from talking. In fact I was badly handicapped. But Kate understood, and pressed my arm a little closer.

"We will be worthy, Jack," said she. "Great Scott!" I managed to articulate; and then that most unusual thing broke into an ecstatic laugh that restored my equilibrium in the twinkling of an eye. And now I'm the happiest man in New York! —*Blonnie Kirk, in Demorest's Monthly*.

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VALUE OF FINGER-RINGS.

Jewels with Histories Have More Worth Than Precious Stones.

I don't think there is any danger of the summer-time girl wearing rings on her toes, as the nursery jangle tells about, but that she does have them on her fingers can not be doubted. A quaint ring, one set with a curiously-colored stone, one that belonged to a famous beauty, or even to a great man, is valued not only far above rubies, but quite casts a glittering diamond in the shade. A ring with a history is a treasure—it affords something to talk about, and as it is considered rather smart to openly express admiration of one's belongings, it is easy to understand the advantage attached to a peculiar ring.

One young woman is happy in a narrow band of curiously bright green enamel set about with diamond stars; this was picked up in a pawnbroker's shop in St. Petersburg. At the beginning of the season this was the old story told about it, but now, as the young woman has a vivid imagination, she has added to its original story, and says that it was given by the handsome Croft to the beautiful blonde Empress Catharine. She tells a blood-curdling story about it. How he put it on Catharine's finger the night before she sent him to Siberia, and how, at the instigation of his rival, the tiny ring was thrown out of the window, picked up by a peasant, and after all this time and many adventures flashes from the hand of an American girl. This little fiction makes the ring much more interesting and sends me in a state of rapt admiration at the coolness with which the young woman tells this tarradiddle.

Another ring is of soft gold and was made in a miner's camp in 1849. It is set with a single ruby. The workmanship is very rough, but the ring is decidedly suggestive of the old ones that were worn by the Egyptian women as symbols of their slavery to one man. The moonstone is religiously worn to the races, for, following up the idea of the Prince of Wales, it is believed to bring good luck in gambling. She who is nervous, who feels that life is only worth living because of the hope that she may some day be well, is rapidly getting better under the influence of a beautiful emerald. Nobody ever does confess to being annoyed about a lover, to doubting his faithfulness or thinking that he may be growing weary, but the sad for sapphires seems to suggest that those maidens are taking time by the forelock and keeping him faithful before he has time for any thing else.

Clear pearls are not anxiously sought for, as they bring tears without end, but the pink pearl that insures a sudden shower of tears and then weeks and months of perfect happiness is as eagerly looked for as it is difficult to get.

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From Quaint Nantucket.

Appropos of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there.

"You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders; "so humps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for potty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood, when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said: "Good-morning, judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question: "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly. "Yes, that's the man, but you—you see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire some body to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that, if he'd sleep there, nights it would be all right." —*R. A. Kerr, in Harper's Magazine*.

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PITH AND POINT.

If one is not on one's guard, lowered fortunes may lead to baseness of soul.

The days of December are shorter than those of August; but you can never make a schoolboy believe or feel it.

—There are people in this world who love to suffer for the pleasure they derive in moaning.—*Philadelphia Call*.

—Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—*Shakespeare*.

—He who is capable of making the nicest distinctions in language is in the greatest danger of saying what he does not mean.

—The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is the mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.

—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a good deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbors because they have nothing else to talk about to pass the social hour.

—Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.—*Colton*.

—Unless you are smarter and stronger than the thieves down Jericho way—and I guess you are not; very few men are—why, you keep off that road. You stay in Jerusalem, and you'll have more money and less headache.—*Burdette*.

—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he does not know. There can not be greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know every thing.

—The average and general influence of a man's teaching will be more mighty than any single misconception, or misapprehension through misconception. A man might run around, like a kitten after its tail, all his life, if he were going around explaining all his expressions and all the things he had written. Let them go. They will correct themselves.—*Dececher*.

—The only way to success on the road is through the gate of honesty. An unwavering purpose to succeed, a steady application to the details, a clear speech, a clear head and a kindly heart will carry almost any man of common intelligence to the front, while those of far greater natural endowments, less careful of conduct, fall gradually to the rear and sink into disgrace and oblivion.—*Merchant Traveler*.

TROPICAL PLANT LIFE.

Wonderful Fruits Growing in Great Profusion in the West Indies.

All through the land round about are other wonders. There are avenues of table-trees, whose foliage seems exaggerated horizontally; alleys of mahogany-trees; lanes of Orinoco, whose fronds coronate with crimson blossoming. There are amazing shrubs—orange-colored things; there are plants with glossy leaves speckled in four different colors; there are various plants that look like wigs of green hair, or masses of filiform green seaweed, set on short stalks; plants with enormous broad leaves, so diaphanous as to seem made of real glass; plants that do not look like real plants, but like idealizations of plants, like the fantasticalities of wood-carvers and stone-cutters animated by witchcraft. There are grasses that look like dwarf palms—tiny arborescent grasses with curving stems and plumed heads. There are flowers of extravagant forms and colors—flowers that possess familiar shapes, but have absurd tints and unfamiliar perfumes, yellow and indigo and green, orange and black and crimson plants. And in all the ponds, covering all the canals, float the green navies of the monster lily, the Victoria Regia. Close to shore the leaves are not extraordinarily large; but they increase in breadth as they float further out, as if gaining bulk proportionately to the depth of water. A few yards off, they are large as soap plates; further out, they are broad as dinner-trays; in the center of the pond or canal they have surface large as tea-tables. And all have an upturned edge, a perpendicular rim, like a bulwark. Here and there you see the flower—a nonessential blower, large as a hat. Then there are fiddlewood-trees in multiple, calabash-trees, mangoes, bread-fruits, sage-palms, fig-trees, and a hundred unfamiliar shapes of which I can not learn the names. And there is the snake-nut tree, bearing a most ghastly fruit. For this snake-nut-shaped almost like a clam shell, and halving in the same way along its sharp edges—encloses something incredible. There is a pale envelop that the kernel, remove it, and you find between your fingers a little yellow, triangular-headed, curled fiddle upon itself, perfect in every detail of form from skull to tail. Was this marvelous mockery evolved for a protective end? It is no accident, for in a hundred nuts the serpent-kernel lies coiled the same.

Yet in spite of these astonishments, of these novel impressions, what a world delight it is to turn again into an avenue of palms, and to know once more the queer sensibility of being watched, without love or hate, by all those silent, gracious, tall, sweet things! —*Luzardo Teague, in Harper's Magazine*.

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- For School Superintendent, JAMES P. CHASE.
- For Coroner, CAMILLO BACA.
- For County Commissioners, 1st Dist. LEANDRO PINO, 2nd Dist. NESTOR GONZALEZ, 3rd Dist. WM. W. JONES.

The mongrel ticket has all gone to pieces and every candidate is working for himself.

The Democratic ticket is made up of men who are true to the party and true to the ticket.

CAPT. COONEY pledged the vote of Cooney to Henry Lockhart two years ago. The letter would be interesting reading to his constituents. He was nominated on the mongrel ticket because he claimed he could control the vote of that precinct. The MAIL wonders if he can deliver the goods he has sold.

CAPT. M. COONEY has accepted the challenge offered by Dr. C. G. Cruickshank and J. A. Whitmore, editor of the San Marcial Reporter, to discuss the political legitimacy of the mongrel ticket on which he is a candidate for representative, and has the gall to ask them to come to Cooney to meet him. They would have undoubtedly accommodated him, although the distance was specified in the challenge, if he had not used the \$2,000 appropriation with such poor judgement—as far as the interests of the public are concerned—that the journey would be tedious.

The Republican county committee, which is managing the campaign for the mongrel ticket, has served notice that poor men are not entitled to consideration, and that the feelings of their families are not to be respected. They of course ask for the votes of the poor laboring men, but that is all the use those high-toned, wealthy gentlemen have for them. They care nothing for a lot of Democratic Dons than for the laboring vote of the county. It is the opinion of the MAIL that the poor people are in the majority in this county. Poverty is a crime we admit, on the authority of the Republican county committee, of which many of us are guilty, but it would trouble many of the wealthy ones to explain how they became such in an honest way. When a party organization commences war upon private individuals because they are poor, it is time for the people to sit down on them. It is bad enough to make social distinctions on account of money, but when that becomes a political distinction, and insist that a man's money should be the measure of his influence and the respect he is entitled to, it is retrograde step in the direction of an aristocratic and ruling class. The people should teach them

that in this free Democratic country they (the people) rule, and will to the end of the chapter.

CERTAIN statements have been industriously circulated in relation to the course of the San Marcial delegation in refusing to enter the people's convention and charging that they were sold out. The following card, which appeared in the Socorro Daily Times, signed by gentlemen of sufficient financial standing to make them entitled to the respect of even the Republican central committee, ought to make a finality of the falsehood. The MAIL reproduces the card because the report has been industriously circulated in this portion of the country.

Socorro, N. M. Oct. 22d, 1888.
Under standing that certain candidates on the "People's" ticket, representing themselves as straight republicans, are trying to make capital out of the fact that the San Marcial delegation did not stay and attend the "People's" convention by telling that we were sold out to the democratic party by J. A. Whitmore and influenced by him to bolt the people's convention, and wishing to place ourselves straight before the people of this county, we would like to say, through your columns that we positively deny the assertion that we were influenced by Whitmore, or any man, in the action we took. We were sent to Socorro with a set of resolutions adopted by the primary that elected us as delegates, that prohibited us from going into any combination or convention excepting a republican convention, and when they adjourned the Republican convention to consolidate with a People's convention we were obliged, by the instructions we had, to refuse to go into a People's convention. Furthermore, Whitmore never advised the bolt and simply said that he would stand by the decision of the San Marcial delegation.

If this is a fact, the we were sold out, why don't these so called republican come down here and say so, in a place where we can defend ourselves, instead of sneaking around as they do. We notice that on their visits to San Marcial they make no such talk to us, or when we are around. If as they say, they can prove these assertions, why don't they make a date and come here like men and tell it to the people. They DARE NOT DO IT.

F. C. ARMSTRONG,
F. W. KEITH,
F. O. BLOOD,
Delegates.

Do Tools Grow Tired?

It is a common complaint among mechanics that their tools do not serve them as well some days as others. A correspondent of the Iron Industry Gazette says: Tools like men, grow tired. I have seen a first class chisel get tired and act as though it was possessed of the King of Shoel. It would not keep its edge, and the more I sharpened it, the sooner it would lose its edge. I called the attention of a shop-mate, a grizzled old veteran, to the peculiar behavior of the chisel. He looked it over and handed it back saying: "The tool is all right, only a little tired. Lay it away and let it rest. It will come out all right again, just like a man who is tired." I did not believe the old fellow, and I really thought he was crazy to talk of a tool getting "tired" but as there was no help for it, the tool was laid away. I do not remember how long it was left to rest, but when it was again sharpened and used it appeared to hold its keenest edge as well as it did before it got tired. Barbers tell me their razors in constant use get tired in the same way, and woodchoppers say their axes sometimes seem to get soft all at once. Possibly constant and hard usage may cause changes in crystallization that would account satisfactorily for the peculiarity alluded to. Locomotive engineers often observe peculiar misbehavior in their machines, which may possibly be the result of continued heating, friction, and pounding. When a tool gets "tired," or a machine "balky," give each a rest.

One of the many indications of the value of the gold properties at Pinos Altos is evidenced by the fact that the prospects obtained by the process of horn-spouting, are saved in every instance. To illustrate, the prospects realized from three weeks testing, averaging four per day, on the eastern vein belonging to Osher & Spills, on being retorted, yielded in merchantable gold the snug little sum of five dollars. Ordinarily, in the practical pursuit of calling of mining, these prospects are cast aside, as being too small to notice, and the above evidences that in every instance our miners should save these little items, inasmuch as the practical tests, if carried out for a year will result in a total, sufficient to provision for several months a well regulated family of miners.

Magdalena

MOUNTAIN

MAIL

A Weekly Journal

Devoted to the Stock

and Mining Interests of

New Mexico

Published every Thursday, at Magdalena, N. M.

WHITMORE & CO.

TIVOLI RESTAURANT!

ROBT. MORSLANDER, Proprietor.
Everything to be had in the market.
Courteous treatment. The most fastidious appetite satisfied.

WOOD YARD

General Transfer Business.

GEORGE W. INGRAHAM, Proprietor.
Freight and baggage delivered in any part of city.
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

Strickler, Martiner & Co.

Magdalena, New Mexico.
DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

FLOUR, GRAIN, STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, FRUNKS, VALISES, ETC., ETC.

Miners' and Ranchmen's Supplies.

Agents for SAFETY NITRO POWDER, the best in the market.
Magdalena, New Mexico.

W. M. Borrowdale,

(Successor to G. F. GRAYES & Co.)
Druggist AND Stationer.

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, OILS, PERFUMERY, TOBACCOS, CIGARS AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES. BEST WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE. PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Give me a call. Postoffice Building.
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.
G. BILLING, President. JUSTUS JENCK, Sec'y and Treas. T. S. AUSTIN, Sup't.

The Rio Grande Smelting Co.,

SUCCESSOR TO GUSTAV BILLING.
BUYER OF
Lead, Silver & Gold Ores
SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

EVANS & WICKSON.

DEALERS IN
Fine Wines and Liquors,
AND
Imported Cigars.

STRANGERS AND ACQUAINTANCES ALWAYS WELCOME.
MAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO MAGDALENA HOTEL, MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

THURSDAY, - OCTOBER 25, 1888.

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The idea of the nation with the wealth and mechanical skill of the United States having to go abroad for its guns for warfar is ridiculous. Sporting arms, equal in workmanship to any manufactured in the world, are made in this country, and there is no reason why the heavier ordnance should not also be made here. There is a bill pending before congress to appropriate ten millions a year for this purpose. If the bill passes, it will open an extensive field to American manufacturers.—Stoves and Hardware.

Rev. J. A. Crutchfield, the Methodist circuit preacher, is in the city. He is on his way to Rowe, San Miguel county, to see his aged father, who is not expected to live many weeks. He reports unequalled hospitality and Christian kindness being shown him by all the people of all religious denominations. Mr. C. says he is here to stay, notwithstanding the hard times. The MAIL is proud to hear that the people of that section announce their intention of standing by Mr. C. and help him to live while he preaches among them. Such a spirit in the people is surely a great encouragement to the missionary board.

What they say about J. P. Chase Democratic Candidate for School Superintendent: We see by the Socorro, New Mexico, papers, our comrade in arms, James P. Chase, is candidate for the office of Superintendent of schools of the locality in which he resides. There are a hundred things that the Journal can say good about our former townsman, and only one thing bad, that one is he is a democrat. Even in this one item we give him the benefit of Colonel Water's statement in a speech once in excess for the act. The Colonel said: Boys don't be too hard on a soldier who is a democrat, for if any man under the canopy of Heaven has earned a right to make a fool of himself, it is the fellow who faced rebel shot, and shall to save the nation. So it is the Journal feels almost like dismissing this one sin as against an old friend. Laying pleasantry aside, however, we can, without hesitation, say that Mr. Chase is eminently qualified to fill the position and while we would not be untrue to party, still we hope democracy is in majority enough down there, to elect "Jim" to office; especially so, as New Mexico is out of the Union, and a democratic majority down at Socorro will not injure the chances of Harrison or Morton.—Macomb, Ill., Journal, Oct., 18th, 1888.

The Senate investigating committee consisting of Senators Vest, Chairman, and Senators Cullom, Cook, Manderson and Plumb, appointed to investigate the large cattle combines of the country and their relations with small dealers and the public, will meet in St. Louis on the 20th prox., just one day before the Cattle Convention.

Although a month will elapse before those two meetings will take place, the cattle associations in various parts of the country are collecting data to be presented to both bodies, and especially to the convention, looking toward the enactment of State laws requiring towns and cities to have meat inspectors, who shall be authorized to condemn all meat of animals not previously inspected on the hoof. A number of prominent cattlemen from Texas, New Mexico and elsewhere are in the city at present laying the foundation of the mode of procedure to be carried out by the convention and enlisting local dealers in the cause.—St. Louis Globe.

The following is taken from a dispatch dated at Manuelito, N. M., Oct. 20, and published in the Albuquerque Democrat. It probably explains the disappearance of Mr. Swift, who accompanied the gold hunters, as the description is said to fit him exactly: "Word reached here this afternoon of a white man being murdered by a Navajo Indian sixteen miles northeast of Yzalee, a trading post leading to the San Juan river. The killing was witnessed by three Indian boys, one of whom told the story at the trading post. Post-trader A. P. Sweeney organized a party of several Indians and his clerk, and taking one of the Indian boys to show them the place, found the man's remains buried in a ravine, and the spot covered over with leaves. Examining the body they found it to be a man about 45 years old, fully six feet tall, of rather slight build, and reddish brown hair streaked with gray. His underclothing was of fine texture and his general make-up would indicate that he was a man of means or a well-to-do prospector. The boy testified that being belated with his herd, and seeing the white man's fire, thought he would camp near him for protection. Shortly after arriving an Indian, whom the boy names and says he is a bad man, came in and asked the white man to cook some supper, which he proceeded to do, and then went to picket out his horses. While away the Indian cut a long, strong club with the white man's hatchet, and concealed it under his blanket. When the white man came back, and stooped over the fire to examine his cooking, the Indian struck him on the head, evidently killing him with the first blow, but he continued striking, and then took the man's gun and shot him in the breast. After rifling the body he compelled the boys to help him drag the corpse about 400 yards and bury it as described. In dividing the spoils he gave one of the boys a blanket, another the saddle, the other the gun, with an Indian knife, and kept still. The party dug a grave, and buried the remains, and brought the news to Fort Defiance. It is to be earnestly hoped that immediate steps will be taken to bring this Indian to justice."

Prohibition Notice.
All persons who are willing to act in their precincts or districts for the benefit of the Prohibition party (or candidate) in New Mexico at the coming election, and all others who desire Prohibition literature, or information concerning the movement, will please communicate with the undersigned and if possible give the number of Prohibitionists in their neighborhood. By order of Prohibition Central Committee.
C. E. BAKER, Secretary.

Albuquerque, N. M.
Challenge
We, the undersigned members of the Republican County Committee from San Marcial, are willing to meet any persons supporting the so-called Republican ticket in any precinct where the population is English-speaking, that are accessible without great loss of time or expense, and discuss the political legitimacy of the equity ticket nominated at Socorro on the 29th ult., and its claims upon Republican support.—If it has any.
C. G. CRUTCHFIELD,
J. A. WHITE,
San Marcial, Oct., 16th, 1888.

To My Friends.
It is my earnest request that you give to P. J. Bishop your most hearty support for the office of sheriff. I do not hold the Democratic party, nor Mr. Bishop, responsible for my defeat in the convention. I regard Mr. Bishop as a true democrat, and the best interests of the county will be subserved by his election.
W. L. GÖDDERT,
Magdalena, Oct. 12th, 1888.

THE
ECLIPSE SALOON
Will receive the Associated Press reports of the Election returns on the night of Nov. 6.
BULLETIN POSTED EVERY 15 MINUTES.

Doc Anderson's Thundercloud, in Rich Gulch, is producing good results.

RANCH FOR SALE!

ON EASY TERMS.
A good ranch for about 600 head of cattle, or a bunch of sheep, one and a half miles north of Luna, N. M., for sale on easy terms. One hundred and sixty acres of land, title perfect; nice spring of everlasting water near the house; the place can be irrigated from the spring; good house on the place. For terms, or further particulars, address:
J. D. TAYLOR,
Luna, N. M.

PETER OYACA.

Tonsorial Parlors!

In Postoffice Building.

HAIR CUTTING,
SHAVING,
SHAMPOOING.
Give me a call.

ALLAN CLEMENS.

Magdalena P. O., N. M.
Bango, Estalima Ranch, twenty miles south-west of Magdalena, at north end of the San Marcial Mountains.
On right hip or thigh.
All stock sold is counter-branded A.L. or by running a bar through the original brand.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Las Cruces, N. M., August 27, 1888.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make supplemental final proof, in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Probate Clerk, Socorro County, Socorro, New Mexico, on October 15th, 1888, viz: George Carson, on D. S. No. 102, for the E 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 1, T. 23 S., R. 14 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his claim: Charles B. Adams, Dr. Fred. Baker, all of Socorro county, N. M.
EDMUND G. SHIELDS, Register.

CLARK HOUSE

MRS. H. L. KREFT, Proprietress.

This House is comfortably furnished and has been thoroughly Renovated.

The table is positively one of the best set in the Territory and will be kept up to its present standard.

For the convenience of the public a Laundry has been attached to the Hotel. Nothing but first-class work turned out.

KELLY, NEW MEXICO.

P. M. DAVENPORT,
Engineer
—and—
Surveyor.
Having just received a New Set of Instruments I am prepared to do all classes of engineering and surveying.
P. O.: DATH, SOCORRO CO., NEW MEXICO.

—GO TO—

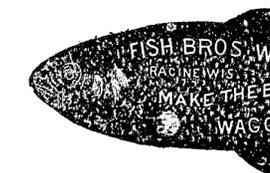
The Busy Bee
For a Drink of
Old W. H. McBrayer
Whisky.

COLLINS & PATE, Prop'rs.

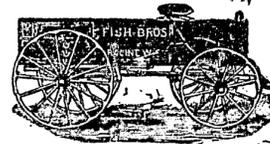
FINE LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Opposite Sperling Bros., Socorro, N. M.

FRANK JOHNSON.
Large East slope San Mateo, P. O. Magdalena.
OTHER BRANDS:
J. W. BULL, C. E. BULL, C. E. BULL, C. E. BULL.



THE BEST
SPRING WAGONS, BUGGIES
AND
ROAD CARTS



THE BEST
FARM WAGON
— IN THE MARKET —

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

FISH BROS. WAGON CO.,
TRACINE, WIS.

P. BURLESON,
Lumber Dealer!

MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

Am prepared to furnish the best of lumber and mining timber.

D. E. Dalglish,
Retail Dealer In
Wines,
Liquors,
Cigars.

First door above Magdalena Store.
KELLY, NEW MEXICO.

Watch Repairing!

JAS. BOOTH,
Practical - Watchmaker.

(At Leonard's Book Store.)
SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

W. H. SANDERS.

Ranch: La Jencia, 18 miles northeast of Magdalena.
Cattle branded on left side or shoulder and this brand kept up. Old cattle, various marks and brands.
Horse brand came on left hip.

Disolution Notice.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Wm. more & Bull, engaged in the publication of the MAGDALENA MOUNTAIN MAIL, a weekly newspaper published at Magdalena, New Mexico, was this day dissolved by mutual consent, C. E. Bull retiring from firm.
L. H. WHITMORE,
C. E. BULL,
Magdalena, N. M., September 14th, 1888.

Price Bros. & Co.

Old Postoffice Building, Magdalena.
Dry Goods and Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
AND FURNISHING GOODS,

WHICH THEY WILL SELL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
Dry Goods and Clothing,
BOOTS AND SHOES AND FURNISHING GOODS.

PRICE BROS. & COMPANY.

J. B. MCGEE, President. W. F. MILLS, Manager.
MAGDALENA STORE CO.,
Of Magdalena and Kelly,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

AGENTS FOR THE GIANT POWDER CO.,
—OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions,
KELLY, N. M. MAGDALENA, N. M.

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Another packing town has started in Kansas, and Hutchinson is the place, that town having succeeded in downing Wichita in the contest over the location of branch houses of N. K. Fairbanks lard refiners, P. L. Underwood & Co. pork packers, and Fowler Bos. pork and beef packers. Armour is said to have concluded to build a branch establishment at Wichita Kansas.

The idea of the nation with the wealth and mechanical skill of the United States having to go abroad for its guns for war is ridiculous. Sporting arms, equal in workmanship to any manufactured in the world are made in this country, and there is no reason why the heavier ordnance should not also be made here. There is a bill pending before congress to appropriate \$1,000,000 for this purpose. If the bill passes, it will open an extensive field to American manufacturers.—Stoves and Hardware.

Rev. J. A. Crutchfield, the Methodist circuit preacher, is in the city. He is on his way to Rowe, San Miguel county, to see his aged father, who is not expected to live many weeks. He reports unequalled hospitality and Christian kindness being shown him by all the people of all religious denominations. Mr. C. says he is here to stay, notwithstanding the hard times. The MAIL is proud to hear that the people of that section announce their intention of standing by Mr. C. and help him to live while he preaches among them. Such a spirit in the people is surely a great encouragement to the missionary board.

What they say about J. P. Chase Democratic Candidate for School Superintendent: We see by the Socorro, New Mexico, papers, our comrade in arms, James P. Chase, is candidate for the office of Superintendent of schools of the locality in which he resides. There are a hundred things that the Journal can say good about our former townsman, and only one thing bad, that one is he is a democrat. Even, in this one item we give him the benefit of Colonel Water's statement in a speech once in excuse for the act. The Colonel said: Boys don't be too hard on a soldier who is a democrat, for if any man under the canopy of Heaven has earned a right to make a fool of himself, it is the fellow who faced rebel shot and shell to save the nation. So it is the Journal feels almost like dismissing this one sin as against an old friend.

Laying pleasantry aside, however, we can, without hesitation, say that Mr. Chase is eminently qualified to all the position and while we would not be untrue to party, still we hope democracy is in majority enough down there to elect "Jim" to office. Especially so, as New Mexico is out of the Union, and a democratic majority down at Socorro will not injure the chances of Harrison or Morton.—Macomb, Ill., Journal, Oct., 18th, 1888.

The Senate investigating committee consisting of Senator Vest, Chairman, and Senators Cullom, Coke, Manderson and Plumb, appointed to investigate the large cattle combines of the country and their relations with meat dealers and the public, will meet in St. Louis on the 20th prox., just one day before the Cattle Convention.

Although a month will elapse before those two meetings will take place, the cattle associations in various parts of the country are collecting data to be presented to both bodies, and especially to the convention. Looking toward the enactment of State laws requiring towns and cities to have meat inspectors, who shall be authorized to condemn all meat of animals not previously inspected on the hoof. A number of prominent cattlemen from Texas, New Mexico and elsewhere are in the city at present laying the foundation of the mode of procedure to be carried out by the convention and enlisting local dealers in the cause.—St. Louis Globe.

The following is taken from a dispatch dated at Manuelito, N. M., Oct. 20, and published in the Albuquerque Democrat. It probably explains the disappearance of Mr. Swift, who accompanied the gold hunters, as the description is said to fit him exactly: "Word reached here this afternoon of a white man being murdered by a Navajo Indian sixteen miles northeast of Yzalee, a trading post leading to the San Juan river. The killing was witnessed by three Indian boys, one of whom told the story at the trading post. Post-trader A. P. Sweet had organized a party of several Indians and his clerk, and taking one of the Indian boys to show them the place, found the man's remains buried in a ravine, and the spot covered over with leaves. Exhuming the body they found it to be a man about 45 years old, fully six feet tall, of rather slight build, and reddish brown hair streaked with gray. His underclothing was of fine texture and his general make-up would indicate that he was a man of means or a well-to-do prospector. The boy testified that being belated with his herd, and seeing the white man's fire, thought he would camp near him for protection. Shortly after arriving an Indian, whom the boy names and says he is a bad man, came in and asked the white man to cook some supper, which he proceeded to do, and then went to picket out his horses. While away the Indian cut a long, strong club with the white man's hatchet, and concealed it under his blanket. When the white man came back, and stooped over the fire to examine his cooking, the Indian struck him on the head, evidently killing him with the first blow, but he continued striking, and then took the man's gun and shot him in the breast. After rifling the body he compelled the boys to help him drag the corpse about 400 yards and bury it as described. In dividing the spoils he gave one of the boys a blanket, another the saddle, and the other the gun, with an intention to keep still. The party dug a grave, and buried the remains, and brought the news to Fort Defiance. It is to be earnestly hoped that immediate steps will be taken to bring this Indian to justice."

Prohibition Notice.
All persons who are willing to act in their precincts or districts for the benefit of the Prohibition party (or candidate) in New Mexico at the coming election, and all others who desire Prohibition literature, or information concerning the movement, will please communicate with the undersigned, and if possible give the number of Prohibitionists in their neighborhood. By order of Prohibition Central Committee.
C. E. BAKER, Secretary.

Challenge
We, the undersigned members of the Republican County Committee from San Marcial, are willing to meet any persons supporting the so-called Republican ticket in any precincts where the population is English-speaking, that are accessible without great loss of time or expense, and discuss the political legitimacy of the county ticket nominated at Socorro on the 29th ult., and its claims upon Republican support—if it has any.
C. G. CRUTCHFIELD, J. A. WHITNEY, San Marcial, Oct., 16th, 1888.

To My Friends.
It is my earnest request that you give to R. J. Bishop your most hearty support for the office of sheriff. I do not hold the Democratic party, nor Mr. Bishop, responsible for my defeat in the convention. I regard Mr. Bishop as a true democrat, and the best interests of the county will be subserved by his election.
W. L. GOODLETT, Magdalena, Oct. 12th, 1888.

THE ECLIPSE SALOON
Will receive the Associated Press reports of the Election returns on the night of Nov. 6.
BULLETIN POSTED EVERY 15 MINUTES.

Doc. Anderson's Thundercloud, in Rich Gulch, is producing good results.

RANCH FOR SALE!
ON EASY TERMS.
A good ranch for about 600 head of cattle, or a bunch of sheep, one and a half miles north of Luna, N. M., for sale on easy terms. One hundred and sixty acres of land, little perfect; nice spring of everlasting water near the house; the place can be irrigated from the spring; good house on the place. For terms, or further particulars, address,
M. D. TAYLOR, Luna, N. M.

PETER OYACA.
Tonsorial Parlors!
In Postoffice Building.
HAIR CUTTING,
SHAVING,
SHAMPOOING.
Give me a call.

ALLAN CLEMENS.
Magdalena P. O., N. M.
Range: Estalima Ranch, twenty miles southwest from Magdalena, at north end of the San Mateo Mountains.
on right hip or thigh.
All stock sold in counter-branded A. I. or by running a bar through the original brand.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Las Cruces, N. M., August 27, 1888.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make supplemental final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Probate Clerk, Socorro County, Socorro, New Mexico, on October 15th, 1888, viz: George Carson, on D. S. No. 142, for the SW 1/4, SW 1/4, Sec. 1, T. 3 S., R. 14 W., New Mexico. The following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: George Bulcher, George Catton, Charles H. Adams, Dr. Fred. Baker, all of Socorro county, N. M.
EDMUND G. SHIELDS, Register.

CLARK HOUSE
MRS. H. L. KREFT, Proprietress.
This House is comfortably furnished and has been thoroughly renovated.

This table is positively one of the best set in the Territory and will be kept up to its present standard.
For the convenience of the public a Laundry has been attached to the Hotel. Nothing but first-class work turned out.
KELLY, NEW MEXICO.

P. M. DAVENPORT.
Engineer
and
Surveyor.
Having just received a New Set of Instruments I am prepared to do all classes of engineering and surveying.
P. O.: DATIL, SOCORRO CO., NEW MEXICO.

GO TO
The Busy Bee
For a Drink of
Old W. H. McBrayer
Whisky.
COLLINS & PATE, Prop'r's.
Full Assortment of
FINE LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Opposite Sperling Bros., Socorro, N. M.

FRANK JOHNSON.
Range: East slope San Mateo, P. O. Magdalena.
OTHER BRANDS:
on right hip or thigh.
All stock sold in counter-branded A. I. or by running a bar through the original brand.



THE BEST
SPRING WAGONS, BUGGIES
AND
ROAD CARTS
THE BEST
FARM WAGON
IN THE MARKET

Send for Catalogue and Price List.
FISH BROS. WAGON CO.,
RACINE, WIS.

P. BURLESON,
Lumber Dealer!
MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.
Am prepared to furnish the best of lumber and mining timber.

Price Bros. & Co.
Old Postoffice Building, Magdalena.
Dry Goods and Clothing, Boots and Shoes,
AND FURNISHING GOODS.
WHICH THEY WILL SELL AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.
Dry Goods and Clothing,
BOOTS AND SHOES AND FURNISHING GOODS,
PRICE BROS. & COMPANY.
J. B. MCGEE, President. W. F. MILLS, Manager.
MAGDALENA STORE CO.,
Of Magdalena and Kelly,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE!
AGENTS FOR THE GIANT POWDER CO.,
—OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—
Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions;
KELLY, N. M. MAGDALENA, N. M.

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1888.

THE TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

MAGDALENA BRANCH.	
12:25 p.m. (arrive) Magdalena. (leave) 8:30 p.m.	
11:25 a.m. Water Canyon.....	8:30 p.m.
10:25 a.m. Socorro.....	8:30 p.m.
10:25 a.m. Billings.....	8:30 p.m.
10:00 a.m. Socorro.....	8:30 p.m.

MAIN LINE.	
8:30 a.m. Albuquerque.....	10:20 p.m.
8:40 a.m. A. & P. Junction.....	9:50 p.m.
8:55 a.m. Socorro.....	9:35 p.m.
9:05 a.m. San Antonio.....	9:25 p.m.
9:15 a.m. San Marcial.....	9:15 p.m.
9:25 p.m. Rincón.....	9:05 p.m.
8:50 p.m. El Paso.....	8:00 p.m.

Kelly stage line makes close connection with all trains arriving and departing at Magdalena.

Stage for Datil, Joseph and Frisco, connecting at the last place with route for Luna, leaves Magdalena at 8 a. m. every Monday and arrives at 8 p. m. every Saturday.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

TERRITORIAL.	
Delegated to Congress.....	Anthony Joseph
Governor.....	Edmund G. Ross
Secretary.....	George W. Lano
Attorney General.....	William Brewster
Comptroller.....	Alfred Alford
Treasurer.....	Antonio Ortiz y Salazar
Adjutant General.....	Edward L. Bartlett
Secy. Bureau Immigration.....	H. C. Burdett
Internal Revenue Collector.....	J. P. McGroarty

JUDICIARY.	
Chief Justice Supreme Court.....	E. V. Long
Associate Justice 1st Dis.....	H. A. Reeves
Associate Justice 2d Dis.....	W. H. Dickinson
U. S. District Attorney.....	Thomas Smith
U. S. Marshal.....	Romulo Mendez
Chief of Supreme Court.....	R. M. Johnson
District Attorney, 2d Dis.....	O. L. Jackson

LAND DEPARTMENT.	
Surveyor General.....	George W. Julian
Land Register Santa Fe District.....	M. Walker
Receiver Public Monies.....	Leola O. Knapp
Land Register Las Cruces District.....	E. C. Sledge
Receiver Public Monies.....	James Brown

COUNTY.	
County Commissioners.....	Stephen Vaughn
Probate Judge.....	Luciana Chavez
Probate Clerk.....	S. Q. Pineda
Sheriff.....	Lucy Garcia
Assessor.....	Charles T. Russell
Treasurer.....	Leandro Paen
Superintendent Public Schools.....	M. W. Greer
Justice Peace Precinct 1.....	W. T. DeLuna
Justice Peace Precinct 2.....	John Johnson
Justice Peace Precinct 3.....	Wm. L. Goodlet
Justice Peace Precinct 4.....	Tudson Aye

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.
 Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday School at 10 a. m.
 All are cordially invited.
 Services in English, Spanish and French.
F. M. CRUTCHFIELD, Pastor.

COMMUNICATED.

Frisco, N. M., Oct. 13th, 1888.

EDITOR MAIL: After an absence of some months in Arizona, we have again returned to Frisco, and recalling to mind a promise made to my friends last spring that Tyro should not die with the Bullion, and knowing no better way than through the MAIL to interest them. We found on our return that Frisco has improved considerably. The first thing that attracted our attention, was a new and freshly painted sign hanging out at what has been a vacant house. On approaching near the sign we discovered that it was to notify the craving public that Mr. Jones had just received a new and extensive supply of groceries which he will sell low for cash, etc. We were not long in finding that there was another surprise in store for us. The announcement being made that there would be preaching at the school house Monday at 11 o'clock. This being the second time such an announcement has been made in the history of Frisco. The Rev. Crutchfield of Texas is now in this part of the country for the purpose of establishing a regular circuit. Mr. C. informed your correspondent that he would preach regularly during the year at this place and vicinity, and at Luna, and also at Springville, A. T. We find Mr. Crutchfield a very intellectual gentleman. The people are well pleased with him. He has had a crowded house every place he has preached, of both Mormon and Gentile. May you succeed Bro. Crutchfield. The cattle prospect was never more gloomy in the history of New Mexico than at the present time. There is comparatively no grass to start in with and should the winter be a hard one the result will certainly be fatal to cattle in this country. Mr. M. F. Stevens, of the S U company, has gone to California, where he hopes to negotiate a sale of his beaves. If successful they will begin shipping about the first of November. The Nathan Hall Cattle Company are shipping their beef to Kansas City. The Kansas City market at present, just about nets one dollar per hundred, which will hardly pay for gathering. M. D. Taylor of Luna has droye a herd of 75 head of steers to Carlisle, where he will dispose of them to the local butchers. Charles McCarty and Harry Delgar, gathered their steers, but owing to the low price turned them loose. Johnson, Smith & Hemphill are moving the box bar cattle to the lower Chis. Messrs. Cooper, Sloan and Martin are also moving to the same neighborhood. The calf crop which started out so promising has turned out rather short. We have it from good authority, that the Spur outfit will not brand more than 50 per cent. But we consider the short calf crop

a blessing rather than a drawback, for with short grass and a hard winter a cow will stand a better chance to go through alone than with a calf. Notwithstanding Frisco was not represented at the county convention, she is well satisfied with the result. Frisco is sold for Cleveland, Joseph and Bishop. Mr. Edwyn F. Upcher of the S U company, who has been for the last year in England, is expected at his ranch in a few days. Mr. Heath, of England, is recuperating in the congenial clime of New Mexico. He is the guest of Mr. Burr. Mr. L. Baldwin, of Datil, passed through town a few days ago on his way to buy the Kelly sheep, 15 miles below here, on the Frisco. They are a very fine flock, and a good bargain. Mr. Kelly, who has been afflicted for some time with cancer of the tongue is expected to die at anytime. Grant Milligan, a son of W. R. Milligan, of this place, was married last week, to one of Geronomo's daughters at the lower plaza. The public school at this place is in a flourishing condition, so we are informed. R. A. Jones says that very few people are aware that he was in the Patterson expedition, and he is very anxious it should be kept quiet. But when pressed for the truth, he says he saw no indications of gold whatever. In fact he says that he don't believe that Adams ever had any diggings. We consider that a good sound conclusion, and others would profit, to come to the same conclusion. Jud Bishop was in Frisco last week, shaking hands and smiling. Jud, if you are successful on the 6th of November, and we think you will be, we shall expect to see you in this part of the county more often than we have seen any of your predecessors. Ed Leonard, Johnnie Clark and O. B. Bishop, of the Spur outfit, and Toles Cosper, have gone out to the White Mountains, Elk hunting. We noticed a very conspicuous keg on their pack, which they stated contained vinegar to pickle the elk feet. Are pickled elk feet good? Al Foden, who has been the farm boss for the S U company, for several years, is to go to Kansas, where he thinks he can better his position by investing in beef steers to feed through the winter. Bill Rogers who is well and favorably known in this county as an expert cow puncher is soon to throw up his position with the S U company, for the purpose of going to school. Well done Bill. Joe Green has gone to Los Lunas to attend court, he is a witness in the case of the Territory vs. Joe Adkins for the shooting of V. B. Slaughter.

Magdalena Water Supply Co.

WALTER COOK, Manager.
 Prepared to supply any quantity of water for Milling or Mining operations, and irrigating purposes.
 Magdalena, New Mexico.

ALBUQUERQUE National Bank.

Capital Paid in \$100,000.00.
 Officers: JOHN A. LEE, President; H. M. SOM, Vice-President; W. S. STRICKLER, Cashier.
 Directors: JOHN A. LEE, S. M. FOLSON, J. WILLIAMSON, E. D. DULLOCK, M. S. OBERO, W. N. JAFFA, C. H. DANF.
 Does a General Banking Business.
 INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.
 ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

JOHN SHONE, CARPENTER, BUILDER

—AND—
CONTRACTOR.
 Estimates given on short notice. Work guaranteed.
 Shop opposite Depot, Magdalena, New Mexico.

E. MONTFORT, Undertaker and Embalmer.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.
 Full line of Undertaking Goods. Wood, Caskets, Granite Columns. Orders by mail or telegraph collected. Also monuments, headstones and grave fences for sale.

The Grand Central Hotel.

HENRY LOCKHART, Proprietor.
 The best equipped house in the Southwest. Good Sample Rooms on the ground floor. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand.
 SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

H. A. OLSON, CANDIES, Stationery and Tobaccos!

Also Fine Imported Cigars and Cigarettes.
 Subscriptions for all kinds of periodicals taken. New headquarters in the postoffice building, opposite the Clark House.
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Horseshoeing and Wagon Repairing a Specialty.
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KELLY, NEW MEXICO.
 Agent for Haarvig & Son, Merchant Tailors for the Trade. Agent for M. J. Keller, Gents Furnishing Goods, Etc.
 A Large Line of Samples. Shirts a Specialty.
 Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Respect.
 Suits Made To Order From \$20.00 Upward.

The "Sample Rooms."

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FINE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS
 —Constantly on hand—

Meals at all Hours.
Good Lodging and Rooms to Rent.

A. L. LEFEVRE, Proprietor.
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.
Magdalena

Livery, Sale & Feed

STABLE!

WM. ELDERTON, Proprietor.

Good Corral for the Convenience of Cattlemen.

Double or Single Rigs and Saddle Horses.

MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

ECLIPSE SALOON!

The Favorite Resort,
 First house from the Depot on Main Street,
 MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

SMOKE

THE DROMIOS



CIGARS

FOR SALE ONLY BY EVANS & WICKSON.

Jacob Hammel, President. W. G. Hammel, Treasurer and Superintendent. G. A. Hammel, Secretary.

Illinois Brewing Company!

—Successors to Hammel Bros. & Co.—
PURE CLEAR ICE AND BEER.
 Best of malt and imported hops.
 SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

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 Collections promptly attended to. Office over Socorro County Bank, Socorro, New Mexico.
- ISAAC S. TIFFANY,**
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 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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- W. H. MITCHELL,**
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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I am prepared to enlarge Photos in Crayon work at prices ranging from 50 to 50¢. These prices do not include frame. Can give the best of references and guarantee satisfaction.

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Fine Liquors, WINES, CIGARS, ETC.

The best brands of everything in this line kept constantly on hand.
 Kelly, New Mexico.