

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

Vol. 1.

MAGDALENA AND KELLY, NE.

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No. 31.

GENERAL MINING NOTES.

Right men have been laid off at the Telegraph.

Everybody brings reports of prosperity in Santa Fe county's mining camps.

Mr. Utter has purchased of Joe Cottrell some property in Gold Hill district—consideration \$400.

The Deep Down mill last week crushed 8 tons of ore for the Mountain King. The returns were satisfactory.

Mitchell and Warren have commenced a work on their copper properties in Hanover. They expect to ship a car load a day in the near future.

George H. Utter has purchased one-half interest in the Grand Tower group of mines at Gold Hill, from J. P. Cottrell. The Grand Tower is considered one of the best prospects in the camp.

The standard gold mining company has filed articles of incorporation with the object of purchasing and operating mines in the Las Animas mining district, Sierra county. The capital stock is \$50,000.

It has been known for several years that within twelve miles northeast of Gallup there is an extensive coal oil field, throughout which oil signs are very abundant, in some places dripping from the rocks. This oil is a heavy, black lubricant. So far there has been absolutely no attempt at development.

Captain Webb is now in charge of the work at the thunderbolt, at Pinos Altos, and is running two shifts of miners. Average assays taken from the vein recently show that the ore is above the average in value for the camp. The shaft will be sunk to a depth of 100 feet after which drifting will be commenced.

A preliminary agreement between the French syndicate controlling the copper market and the Rio Tinto Copper Company has been signed. It is stated that negotiations have been concluded by which the contracts at present existing between the syndicates and American companies will be renewed for a term of twelve years.

On Sunday Mitchell and Brock shipped to Denver, 12 tons of ore from the Elector mine in Hanover, this assay from 35 to 40 per cent copper. The Elector is one of the most promising properties in this district. It has a body of ore of the kind just shipped of considerable size, and a vein from six to eight feet wide which assays from fifteen to thirty per cent copper.

It is reported that Professor Henry Friend, of New York, discovered a method of making sugar by electricity before his death, which occurred in March of this year. He was so fearful of the process becoming known that his plans for machinery were sent to Scotland from different localities in America. Professor Friend had given years of labor and investigation to this process and only his wife was initiated into the secret. No details of the process can be obtained, but it is declared that no boiling is required, thus saving much material now wasted.

The Edisonite is the name given to a new mineral discovered in 1879 by Mr. William Hedden, mineralogist, in Polk county, North Carolina, while on a mission for the great electrician. The mineral is a pure titanate and the fourth form yet discovered, the others being known as rutile, brookite and anatase. The name seemed applicable to Mr. Edison as the discoverer of the quadruplex system of telegraphy. An article appears in the October number of the American Journal of Science fully describing the new mineral. Less than one ounce of the Edisonite has been found. It is the first example of ultramorphism in mineralogical science.

One of the curiosities of New York city is the growing tendency to create a group of cities instead of one, for as one moves about the eastern streets he goes distinctly from one nationality to another. On one street, or group of blocks, one language is spoken, and on contiguous blocks another. Mulberry street and vicinity is wholly Italian in spirit, in speech, in sports and employment. Mott street, a little further on, is the Chinese home, a hive of Celestials. There is also a Bohemia, a Poland, a Hungary, a Palestine, while Ireland is pretty much all over and everywhere. This grouping of nationalities is seen also in a marked degree in Chicago, but in a lesser degree elsewhere. It

is not easily avoided, but is attended with evils and dangers. It is slow work assimilating such people into our common nationality. The Irish and Germans most easily fuse with our native stock.

John P. McCarthy, foreman of San Rafael cattle company, was found dead on the road near Santa Ana, Sonora. He is supposed to have been murdered.

Governor Ross in his annual report places the value of live stock in New Mexico at \$15,800,050. 384,000 acres have been entered by settlers during the year ending September 1st.

A contract for 1200 yearlings, at \$6 delivery to be made next spring has been made with S. B. Burnett of the Indian Territory. The prices paid for ones and twos have ranged from \$6 to \$9.—Texas Live Stock Journal.

The growing of alfalfa in connection with range cattle raising in the southwest is fast becoming a most important auxiliary to the ranchman's business. It is stated that in the Salt River valley 10,000 tons of alfalfa have been sold since August last.

Governor Ross has appointed Jefferson Reynolds and J. D. Warner delegates at large from New Mexico, to the convention of the consolidated Cattle Growers of the United States, to be held at Chicago, beginning on November 19th next.

Fifty thousand New Mexico steers will be sent north next season, to be matured upon the luxuriant grasses of Montana America. Necessity compels in this instance. Our ranges must be relieved, and the northern outlet seems to be the most favorable one at present.

Jerome Martin, who is one of the right hand men of the W S ranch in Socorro county, was in Mesilla last week on a short visit to his mother Mrs. E. C. Martin. The W S company is finding a market for its beoves in California, and have just sent another shipment to that state.

A friend of ours has 5000 steers, one to four years old, in pasture. Can make \$2 per head, all winter by selling now, and is saying maybe might try to decide if he hadn't better hold and buy stock cattle, considering the low price at which they are offered. He seems to be getting "onto" the facts apparently overlooked by many, that we can't have steers without cows.—Texas Stockman.

An ancient relic from the days when the Spanish sons held sway over this section of the country was picked up several days ago near Laredo Texas, on what is said to have once been a bloody battle ground between the ancient Spanish conquistadores and Indians. It consists of a rust-eaten knife heavily inlaid with gold. About 4 inches of the blade is gone, and the remainder is so rust eaten that the ancient marks and hieroglyphics which appear on the blade can not be made out. On each side of the blade are two serpents inlaid in the steel with gold, and upon the handle appear flowers, which leads the lover of antiquity, to think that the article is of Moorish design, and evidently was the property of some doughty knight who took his life in his hand and came to the wilderness in the name of his King to win wealth and renown, planting the standard of civilization here. The knife is in the possession of Mr. John Jeffries, the finder, and can not be purchased.

The fact that the Democratic candidates are looked upon as the true representatives of the people is evidenced by the fact that every intelligent voter in this precinct has announced his intention of supporting them, and the arguments placed before them Saturday afternoon only served to strengthen their opinion that they were all good men and were seeking office only because they were put forward by a representative and fair convention, and not by a cut and dried, mongrel concern.

The Democratic candidates are growing in popularity every day; and a week or so more of work would carry the county almost solid for them; as it is their majorities will be large enough to make the mongrels tired—yes very tired.

This precinct will give a large majority for the Democratic ticket. Our voters intend to support the representatives of the people, and not self nominated men.

BARTLETT & TYLER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

Pumps and Pipes, 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."

Adaptation of a General Room we have received from the manufacturers

2 Car Loads of Furniture,

Including 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.

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 you do not see you mean we will compel some one else to introduce us.

"THE FAIR,"

A. C. CARVER, Propr.,

Second St., Albuquerque, N. M.

JOHN BRUNNER.

Successor to Habernigg & Co.

FINE TAILORING!

322 El Paso St.,

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Lightbody & James,

EL PASO, TEXAS.

Clothiers, Hatters, Shoers & Furnishers.

High Class Tailors.

Send for Samples and Blanks for Measuring

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 PICKPOCKET.

"Dear," she sobbed, timidly (she was a bride), "My pocket has been picked!" Without a word (She was a bride), he never once demurred; but from his pocket took, not even sighed, A crisp new bill, and asked: "What was it, dear?" "A ten or twenty? See, I have it here!" (She was a bride.)

"Only ten!" with pretty blush she cried; But looked so sweet that joyfully he laid The twenty in her hand, and thought he paid Small notes for her quick kiss—she was a bride— Then turned; but a low whisper met his ear; "Perhaps—perhaps I ought to tell you, dear—"

(She was a bride.)

Her voice sank lower still; she faintly sighed And sought for words she could not seem to find; At last: "Twas I who picked it; do you mind?" Of course he didn't mind (she was a bride), But thought it such a pretty little trick, He laid down twenty more for her to pick.

(She was a bride.)

—*Miss W. Rollins, in Time.*

GOOD BEAR STORIES.

Interestingly Told by an Old and Experienced Hunter.

His Varied Encounters with Brains During the Past Twenty Years—Lucky Shot of a Philadelphia—A West-erner's Use of the Lasso.

Nicholas Burdick is the boss bear hunter of Bear Creek. Every winter for twenty years he has spent several weeks in the pursuit of brown with dog and gun, and during that time he says he has run down and killed forty-seven full-grown bears. Mr. Burdick was born in the upper Lehigh region in 1844, and since he became of age he has lived in the neighborhood of Bear Creek. He is a broad-shouldered six-footer, with bushy brown whiskers and thick, curly dark hair, and he looks as though he possessed muscular energy enough to take an ordinary-sized bear by the paws and fling it over his head. Like nearly all sturdy backwoodsmen, he has a nature that is kind and gentle, he is a great talker when you get him on the subjects of hunting or life in the wild woods, and he has had some experiences that are very interesting. In a talk with the writer a few days ago Mr. Burdick said:

"A few times I have run down bears that were as cunning as foxes when they found that the dogs were close upon them. Five years ago last winter Charley Bentley and I had set a day to start a bear in Butler's Swamp. The snow was not more than seven inches deep, and following a bear all day was not as tiresome as it generally is in midwinter. A very pleasant gentleman from Philadelphia had been shooting pheasants in the neighborhood for a couple of days, and he heard about our proposed bear hunt and wanted to go along. He said he had never seen a bear in the woods, expressed a desire to get a glimpse of one, and declared that he didn't believe he could shoot one if he saw it. We thought so, too, and we told him we would be glad to have him go with us. He had a tip-top rifle, and he was on hand when we got ready to start at daylight.

"Old Dash, the dog that we always took with us when we wanted to have a right lively hunt, was in the team that morning. No bear over got the best of him, but he died a natural death two years ago, and I haven't had as good a bear chaser since. The Philadelphia was as chipper as a lark over the prospect of seeing a bear before he got back, and Charley and I felt about as good as two men could feel. We reached the swamp along toward nine o'clock, and it wasn't half an hour before we had found a bear track and put old Dash on it. Then we suggested to the Philadelphia man that, for awhile, he had better stand on a big pine stump that overlooked that part of the swamp where old Dash was then working, and Charley and I went to different sides of the swamp and waited for old Dash to hustle the bear out.

"All the forenoon the dog raced up and down the swamp and failed to start the old fellow. Not one of us had got sight of the bear during all that time, but we knew that he had not left the swamp, and so we felt encouraged to wait a little longer. A little while after noon the Philadelphia gentleman came down to where I was standing, and said that he didn't propose to stand on that stump all day, and that he couldn't see much sport in hunting bear in that fashion. He was a brave man, and he said he was going down to the other end of the swamp and see if he couldn't get a shot at the bear. The dog was then barking down that way, but I supposed he would soon drive the bear back toward where I was, and I told the man so. But he had got uneasy and a little out of patience, and off he went.

"In the course of twenty minutes I heard his gun go off, and I ran down there as fast as I could. I didn't suppose that he had fired at any thing, but I was afraid that he might have stumbled into trouble and shot his rifle as a signal of distress. I yelled and asked if any thing was the matter, and he shouted back: 'I've killed him.' That was all he said, and then I tramped into the swamp and found the Philadelphia man leaning against a sapling as cool as you please. But he was the proudest man I ever saw, for he had really found the bear and killed it with a single shot. The bear had tramped past the top of a big tree

that had been blown down, and when he had got five rods or so beyond it he rose up on his hind feet, faced right about like a soldier, and walked back in the tracks he had made on his way out. He knew the dog was after him, and he was cunning enough to try to fool the dog by taking his back track and hiding in the tree top, with his face toward the way he had gone in. That was how he lay when our friend found him. He was peeping out through the limbs and dry leaves, but he didn't think that any one could see him, and the Philadelphia man put a bullet right between the old tike's eyes and laid him out as still as a crowbar. Well, sir, that fellow felt so good over it that he couldn't do enough for me and Charley, but he didn't want to hunt any more that day.

"A friend of mine came here on a visit from the West in the winter, a few years ago, and I invited him to go on a bear hunt with me. He had been used to handling a lasso out there, and he said he would go if I would agree to let him have some fun with the lasso on the first bear we might have the good luck to get near enough to reach with it. I told him all right, and with a long rope for a lasso we started out with old Dash early the next morning. This time we went to Long Swamp, which we reached about the middle of the forenoon. I had a double-barreled rifle, but the only weapon my friend had, and the only one he said he wanted, was the lasso. He made me promise, in case old Dash should bring a bear to a standstill, that I would not shoot until he had had a chance to practice on the bear with his rope, and over to the swamp we trudged through the snow.

"We had no trouble in finding a bear track, and back and forth through the long and narrow swamp old Dash dashed until late in the afternoon, when he brought a bear to bay not far from the center of the swamp. I could tell by the peculiar noise he made that he had run foul of the bear, and I told my visitor from the West, who has kept around with me all day, that he would soon have a chance to practice with his lasso. Then we plunged into the swamp and found that old Dash was teasing the bear in an open space that had alder bushes all around it. In trying to escape from the dog all day the bear seemed to be pretty well played out. The bear had been nipped so much on the hind quarters that he was sitting up when we got there, and every thing was favorable for my friend to use his lasso. So I stood in the bushes and called the dog to me, and then I told the man from the West to pitch in.

"He was as brave as a lion, and he swung the coil of rope around a few times and then let drive at the bear. His aim was tip-top, for the rope caught the bear around the neck and then my friend began to pull and yank. That waked the bear up, but he didn't run away. He got as mad as a wet hen in a second's time, and his getting mad surprised my friend, for he supposed that the bear would pull back on the rope and soon choke himself so that his tongue would hang out. Instead of that, the fiery old fellow slackened on the rope as quick as you could say cat, and made a lunge at the man with the lasso, knocking him down in the snow and falling on top of him. The bear's weight almost knocked the breath out of my visitor, and he gasped something that sounded to me like: 'Shoot the old devil, Nick!' and I hauled up and put a bullet into the bear's skull. When my friend crawled out from under the heavy carcass his face was as white as milk, and when he got his wind again he looked sheepish, but he owed right up, declared that it was his own fault, and wanted me to say nothing about it. Well, I never did to any one that knew him, and I haven't mentioned his name to you, so telling about the fun he had lassoing the bear won't hurt him any."

"I see you keep a few bees. Have bears ever disturbed the hives?"

"Several years ago I found a skip tipped over one morning along in the fall. It looked as though the mischief had been done by a bear, but it hadn't rained any in three weeks, and the ground was so dry and hard that a bear's tracks wouldn't show in the dirt except in the road, and I couldn't find any tracks there. But I was pretty sure that a bear had been around in the night, and that he would turn up again before long, and so I put all of the skips but one into the cellar that day, and just before dark that night I set a trap in front of the other skip, covered it up with leaves and dead grass, and fastened the chain to a post in the dooryard fence. I knew that if a bear got his foot in the trap I would hear him flouncing around and rattling the chain before he would have time to leave his toes and wag off on three legs, and so I didn't hitch the chain to something that he could drag along.

"Then I loaded both barrels of my rifle. I stood it where I could grab it at a moment's notice, telling my wife to waken me if she heard any noise near the bee hive before I did. Well, sir, that very night, between one and two o'clock, a bear came nosing around after more honey. Mrs. Burdick heard him when he first got there. She said I was snoring pretty loud at the time, but she soon stopped me, and I was out of bed in no time. I ran to the other room and peered out of the window, but the bear had not yet vented himself to tip over the hive, and so I waited. He couldn't get at the hive any over the trap, for I had put the back of the hive against the fence and placed a couple of big boxes on each side of it. It was all of an hour before the bear got up spunk enough to tackle the hive, but as a bear will run

a little more risk for a good wad of honey than he will for almost any thing else, I waited, with gun in hand. At last he made a dash for the skip, and the trap closed on his left hind foot. I let him thrash about for awhile—and you'd better believe he did thrash—and then I went out and put too good bullets into him. When I examined him in the morning, I found that he had been in a trap before, for one of his fore feet was nothing but a stub, the toes having been torn off long before."

"Did bears ever kill any of your stock?"

"Kill any! Well, I wish I could say they never did. I would be a couple of hundred dollars better off than I am now if bears had never touched any of my live stock. Since I have lived here I have lost I don't know how many sheep and pigs, but for the last five or six years bears have killed only one sheep and two pigs for me. I can tell you what a very old and large bear did for me nine years ago this October, but I don't suppose one person in ten would believe it. At the same time it is a fact, and I don't know as I would take any stock in it myself if I hadn't seen it. Come out here in the yard and I can explain it to you better."

"Over in that little lot there I had a calf and a bull that was coming two years old. The other cattle were down in the berry field. I was away up in that rough lot you see near the top of the hill burning brush and stumps. The lot is in plain sight of the place where the calf and bull were, and generally you can hear a noise from the valley very clearly up there. It was just after sundown and I was getting ready to quit work, when I heard the bull bellow as though somebody had tried to anger him. If I paid no attention to the noise at first, but he kept it up so long that after awhile I looked down that way and saw the bull tussling with a bear. Before I could get over the fence I saw the bull fall, and heard no more of his bellowing. The bear then turned from the bull to the calf, which he had already killed, and began to tear it to pieces.

"Of course I hurried down the hill as fast as ever I could, and whenever I cast my eyes toward the lot, I saw that the bull still lay there, while the bear kept tearing at the carcass of the calf and devouring the meat. It was between the berry and nut seasons, and stock in the woods was uncommonly scarce, and the bear seemed to be half starved. He was so hungry that he didn't make a move to lug the calf off into the woods, and he kept tearing and eating till I got my rifle from the house and shot him dead. While the bear had been trying to make way with the calf the young bull rushed at him in defense of it, and he had jabbed the bear so hard and often with his sharp horns that the hungry old brute was compelled to turn on the plucky bull, but not until he had crushed the life out of the calf. The bear had broken the bull's neck and stretched him out helpless, and then he laid into the flesh of the calf, and paid no more attention to the bull, and all three were dead when I got to them."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BANK ROBBERIES.

A Detective Explains What is Meant by a "Mob" of Thieves.

"A 'mob,' said a detective, "consists usually of two men. One of them is known as the 'stall' and the other the 'sneak.' The cashier, who usually faces the inclosure behind which the clerks are at work, can be made to turn in his chair by the 'stall,' who will pretend to be deaf, and while talking about opening an account will lean over so as to get the cashier's eyes away from the front of the building. In an instant the 'sneak,' with a pen behind his ear and ink on his fingers, perhaps wearing an inkly office coat, is behind the railing, having entered through the cashier's room. He is skillful in turning rapidly so that his face is not seen, and knowing exactly where the money is located that he covets, he has it under his coat and is out of the inclosure and out of the building before any one knew even that he was there.

"There are two of the most expert 'mobs' of bank thieves in America at liberty this moment, any member of either of them being fully capable of carrying out just such a crime as I have described. It would not be expedient to make their names public. It is just as easy to rob a bank by the sneak method to-day as it was fifteen years ago. The only wonder is that there isn't more of it. Your average bank detective would not recognize the king of all bank-sneaks who is alive and at liberty to-day if he walked in and asked the time of day."—*N. Y. World.*

Exactness Before All Things.

"Now, George, take the message and be sure to get the answer. You'll hurry, won't you?"

"Yes'm."

George went off. At the end of two hours he came back to mamma.

"George, where on earth have you been all this time? I told you to hurry!"

"So I did. But you didn't say to hurry back."—*Time.*

Of her religious belief, Harriet Beecher Stowe said: "As to my religious belief, it is embodied in the Apostles' Creed given in the Episcopal Prayer-book. As to the practical use I make of it, I refer you to my writings—particularly 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—and my religious poems. I have all my life sincerely endeavored to mold my life in accordance with these beliefs."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Bishop Foster of the Methodist church was the original boy-preacher. He was converted at six and was licensed to preach at fourteen.

The most heavily-endowed educational institutions in the United States are: Girard College, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$5,000,000; John Hopkins, \$4,000,000; Harvard, \$3,000,000; Princeton, \$3,500,000; Lehigh, \$1,800,000; Cornell, \$1,400,000.

The controversy on inspiration bewilders some people. A lady, who has heard assertions frequently made that certain parts of the Bible are not inspired, is anxiously inquiring for an "inspired" preacher, so that she may be secure against mistake.

The memory of Helen Hunt Jackson, the devoted friend of the Indians, is to be honored by the erection of an Indian girls' school, to bear her name, at Santa Fe, N. M. The building is to cost thirty thousand dollars, and is to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils.

Among the various "correspondence schools" which have of late come to be, and we trust to stay, is the "American School of Politics," devoted to the study of the science of politics, political history, American literature, and public questions of current interest.

Miss Anna Christian recently asked Archbishop Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Being desired to guess, he said: "It's a little country; perhaps 1,500," and being told that there were 23,000, said, in astonishment: "Twenty-three thousand! Then you can well spare one thousand for China."—*Spirit of Missions.*

According to careful calculations made by a British clergyman of note and just published, Protestants have increased during the last hundred years from 27,000,000 to 134,000,000, or nearly fourfold. Roman Catholics during the same period have increased from 80,000,000 to 163,000,000, or twofold. The Greek church during the century has increased from 40,000,000 to 83,000,000, also twofold.

Queen Victoria, when at Glasgow a short time ago, paid a visit to Queen Margaret's College, the only college for women in Scotland. She expressed her pleasure at hearing of the prosperity of the institution, and said: "Every movement which tends to raise the position of women, and extend the sphere of their influence, has my warm approval. I trust that the college may long continue to be prosperous." The friends of "higher education" in England are jubilant over this incident.

SUDDEN HOSPITALITY.

How Two Tramps Got a Square Meal Without Asking for It.

A couple of tramps stopped at a farm-house in West Tennessee during the yellow fever season. "You can come in and drink all the water you want," said the farmer, "but you needn't ask for any thing to eat, for you won't get it."

The tramps looked at a table that had just been set for dinner, and sighed.

"You needn't sigh," said the farmer, "for you don't get a bite of that grub. We've got 'possum, don't you see; sweet potatoes, 'biled ham, curly bread greens and three kinds of mustard. I wouldn't twist you fellows, but the last tramp that come along here stole the only good set of harness on the place."

"Don't put yourself to any uneasiness on our account," replied one of the tramps, "for we ain't hungry."

"Not hungry?" the farmer exclaimed.

"No; all we want is a place to sit down in the shade."

"Well, this is the first time I ever heard of tramps not being hungry."

"It's sorter feverish, I can tell you. I'm sorter feverish myself. Don't exactly understand it, for I never was this way before. Oh, I have had slight bilious attacks, but I never had such pains in the back of my neck before. Just before leaving Jacksonville."

A sudden scuffling in the room caused the tramp to break off his narration. The skirts of the farmer's wife slipped against the gate, and an old man lost his hat as he leaped into the road. The two tramps moved their chairs up to the table.

"The hospitality of this neighborhood," one of them remarked, "has found a place in romance and verse."

"Yes," the other one replied, "and the romance is 'romance' about it, it is its extreme gentleness."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

Something Good in Store.

A big man rushed at a little man at the ferry dock the other day and exclaimed:

"Hullo! Now I've got you. I'm going to knock the top of your head off."

"Come on and try it," replied the little man as he got into position.

"You stammered me," shouted the big man as he backed off a little.

"What of it?"

"You've got to take it back or get hoked. I'll give you—I'll give you one week to take it back, and if you don't do it I'll—"

"What?" cried the little man as he advanced upon him.

"I'll perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."

"Hold on—wait!" shouted the little man as he got his coat off, but the big man waved his hand and ran aboard the boat to call back:

"Two weeks and not another day! Then prepare to get matted!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Mignonette and other plants will live for many years if the flowers are plucked as fast as they fade, but if the seed is allowed to perfect they are but annuals—the plant dies.

Cream Sponge Cake.—Break two eggs into a cup, fill to the brim with sweet cream; then add one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Flavor with lemon.

If the feed in the cow pasture is beginning to dry up and become short, feed the cows some kind of fodder at the barn if you wish to keep up the flow of milk. When the flow is once decreased at this season it is hard to increase it.

The orange-colored rust on the raspberry and blackberry bushes is a fungus which spreads rapidly, and will soon ruin an entire plantation unless prompt measures are resorted to. The digging up and burning of all affected plants is the only known remedy.

Sweet potatoes in winter require temperature of sixty degrees. They will not suffer exposed to a temperature of fifty-six degrees, but it should not be allowed to fall below that. When first stored in the cellar they must be kept at seventy degrees until well dried, when it may fall to sixty.

Sweet Potato Fluff.—Boil small tender six medium-sized potatoes. When done, remove the skins and press the potatoes through a colander. Add a gill of hot cream, tablespoonful of salt and a little white pepper. Beat until light, and turn stir in carefully the wellbeaten whites of three eggs. Heap in a baking dish, brown and serve.

Sheep in some respects are very tender, delicate animals. They can bear a great deal of cold, but they can not bear wet, either under foot or on their backs; and if a flock-master attempts to winter his sheep without shelter enough to keep them dry, though it may not be enough to furnish much warmth, he will not get a good fleece.

Nursery Pudding.—Measure half a pint of soaked bread, beaten as above directed; add one tablespoonful of corn flour, first mixed with half a pint of milk and boiled for a few minutes. Beat the whole until cool, then stir in one egg, spread a little jam at the bottom of a greased pie-dish, pour in the bread mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

The late fowls do not usually have as large combs as those hatched earlier, nor will they grow to become heavyweights. It is difficult to secure good winter layers from late birds, but for spring work they are fully equal to any others. They are shorter-legged and more compact in body than the early birds, and produce as large, vigorous chicks, but the mixture of early and late fowls gives an appearance lacking in shape and uniformity; hence all late birds should be kept together instead of being with the others.

REST BEFORE EATING.

How a Sufferer from Nervous Prostration Found Relief.

Mr. A. I. Root, suffering nervous prostration from mental overwork, finally found much relief by the easy expedient of taking a nap each forenoon or afternoon; and at last he began to observe that when these bits of rest came just before meal-time he could sit at the table without experiencing the former symptoms of exhaustion, and digest food with less inconvenience. The remainder of the story we quote in his own words from *Gleanings in Dee Culture*.

Then it occurred to me that Dr. Salisbury used to almost insist that I should never eat a meal without first being rested thoroughly for twenty minutes or half an hour on a lounge or bed. He said it was far better to have a good sleep before eating; but if I could not sleep, he still without sleep. My wife has urged this very point for years; but I have usually been so busy just before meal-time I could not get around to it. For some time back, however, I have been taking just half an hour's sleep before dinner and supper; and if any sort of patent medicine had ever given me such a lift in the way of health, it would very likely have been 'boomed' about as well as I could 'boom' it. The philosophy of it seems to be: If you want a man to do a good piece of work, he should be well fed and well rested. Yes, the same is true even of a horse. Well, Dr. S. declared it was a task for a weak constitution to properly digest a meal of victuals; and he declared further that no constitution could digest food properly when it was exhausted and run down to the very last notch; and if any one attempts to get along in this way he will sooner or later find himself broken down entirely.

All the heavy laden—tired housewives in particular—are urged to adopt this simple course of recuperation.

"You are not saving time by sitting down to your meals so worn out that the hand trembles with fatigue that raises the food to your lips. You will get along faster, and accomplish more, by taking this kind of rest. If it seems to you impossible, and you are inclined to smile at the idea of a half-hour nap before dinner and supper, then I shall direct my appeals to your husband, your sons and your daughters. As you value the life and the presence of this patient, hard-working mother, make her take that needful rest, just as my wife and children have been making me use the good common sense God has given us all."

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school. When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who plied the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Later day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomely, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills," "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been most successfully used by our grandmothers of "olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

BEAUTY IN WOMEN.

A Lecture to Moralists Who Are Always Objecting to Good Looks.

"For good or evil the power of a woman's smile is very great," says the author of "The Five Talents of Woman," in that clever book published by the Scribners. "It is the outward and visible sign of a talent of pleasing which she has received to enable her to be an influence for good in the ordering and government of the world. Men are very much what women make them, and it is by rightly using their talent of pleasing that women can make men what they ought to be. The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he can not make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege. It is one of the duties of women to beautify, to ornament the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons, to arrange the furniture and ornaments of her rooms tastefully and generally to give a touch of seamliness to that part of the world with which she has to do.

"When a woman does not please she falls to do the work for which she was created. And how is she to please? By the beauty of her body, her mind and her conduct, including manner and temper. We have never been able to see why moralists should begrudge to good looks. With Mr. Herber Spencer, we think that the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is but a skin-deep saying. It is the intention of nature that physical beauty should have the power of attracting admiration. She meant it to be a guide to the desirability, so far as race preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that, on the whole, conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother.

Talleyrand once said of a lovely woman that 'beauty was her least charm.' A good humored face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigor to make up our idea of a beautiful human face and figure. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records, and the hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed—promises as sweet!"

Journalistic Catastrophe.

"So you are from Arizona?"

"Yes."

"How is the Tombstone Hooper coming on?"

"Busted."

"What busted it?"

"A prominent citizen shot the editor."

"What for?"

"You see he wrote 'Horrible Blunder' as a head line to go over an account of a railroad accident, but the forsmen made a mistake and put it over the account of a wedding."—*Texas Siftings.*

Frank A. Hardy claims to be the oldest fireman in the United States. He joined a fire company in Hollis, N. H., on March 17, 1837, and has been a member of some department continuously during the succeeding fifty-one years. He is now secretary of the first department of Piqua, O.

In a Country Oyster Saloon.—Customer: "Give me a dozen raw. How long will it take you to open them?" Proprietor: "Only about a minute, sir. Bill, where in thunder is that can-opener?"—*Boston Transcript.*

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.

THEY ARE SEVEN.

"How many roses are there, dear?"
"I asked a little maid."
"Seven," she answered, counting them
With eyes demurely staid.
"Why, no, dear; one has fallen down
Here on the shelf you see;
And standing in the pretty vase
Together there are three."
"The other three are in the glass,
Only reflected there."
She looked and nodded in assent,
That little maiden fair.
"Three in the vase, one fallen down,
And in the mirror three;
Add them together, auntie dear;
There will be seven, you see."
I took the vase down from the shelf.
"Now, Annie, come, look here;
Only four roses with them all
Together—that is clear."
With eyes serene, and far more calm
Than Wordsworth's little maid,
Sweet Annie heard my protest through,
And listened undismayed.
"If I were you," she gently said,
With blue eyes raised to Heaven,
"I'd put them back there on the shelf,
And then there would be seven."
And, after all, is she not right?
It is just the point of view.
A grateful heart knows how to make
One blessing seem like two.
—Alice W. Rollins, in N. Y. Independent.

OLD CORBIN.

A Tragic Story of Early Days
in Hoosierdom.

[Written for This Paper.]



On the bluffs that towered high above the turbulent, but yet romantic Wild-Cat, stood old Corbin's cabin. For miles around it was a landmark; not because it was a conspicuous object, but because of the mystery which enshrouded it and its eccentric owner. For old Corbin was a mystery, and therefore a character the discussion of which was always a rosy and interesting topic among the country folks far and near; of these there were, among the older people, those who had known old Corbin for twenty years, and yet they really knew no more about him than did the most recent newcomer in the neighborhood. Some twenty years had he lived alone in the little cabin on the bluffs. Indeed, he was one of the pioneer settlers of the locality; for when he had first come to the settlement, the whole country was an almost unbroken forest; here and there, at intervals of several miles, stood the cabins of a few hardy settlers who had migrated to the then new State, the far West of those days, and among these was Corbin, then a man of middle age, and in strength and physical vigor a magnificent specimen of manhood.

On his arrival he had at once entered a claim for a quarter section of land extending along the creek bluffs, and building his little cabin set about clearing up a patch of ground immediately adjoining. This was accomplished in a year or two, and with it ended all his efforts towards making a farm. He, however, was no idler; and when not engaged in working his little truck-patch was busy with his traps, or, with gun and dogs, roamed the woods in search of game. And so the years went by; the country settling up until cultivated farms surrounded Corbin on every side.

He had closer neighbors and more of them, but beyond exchanging the barest civilities when he met them old Corbin went on his way and about his own affairs in a manner that



OLD CORBIN'S CABIN.

plainly showed he wanted to be let alone.

Naturally enough such conduct excited the wonder of the settlers, and in time, their distrust and suspicion. With them, for a man to be so unocial was of itself a crime, and as old Corbin steadily refused their advances to be friendly and neighborly, their suspicions soon became settled into convictions that there was something wrong with him. To this general impression there was one single exception. Uncle Archibald Wilson always had a good word to say for old Corbin. Uncle Archie, as he was called, was one of those kind-hearted old men who never speak ill of any one. He seemed to be always full of sympathy for any of his fellow-creatures when ill was spoken of them in his presence. He used to frankly admit that he knew no more of Corbin's history than did any of his neighbors. "But," he would say, "it's

plain to my mind that he's had trouble an' a heap of it; so don't let's be too harsh on him. He ain't done any of us any harm; nor ain't likely to; an' not knowing why he don't want to be sociable an' friendly, we've no right to judge him as a bad man."

But one day there came a sensation to the community. Old Corbin was dead. A party of hunters had stopped at his cabin and made the horrible discovery that the old fellow had evidently been murdered. On the floor of his little cabin his body was found cold and stark and with several ghastly knife wounds in the region of the heart, any one of which would have caused death. There were also evidences of a terrible struggle having taken place; the few articles of furniture in the room showing that the two men—it was of course assumed that a man had been his assailant—had fought all over it before the fatal affray had ended.

The news was quickly circulated from neighbor to neighbor, and before the coroner, who had to be summoned from the county seat twelve miles distant, had arrived, the male population of the entire settlement were present, and in little groups sat around and discussed in subdued tones the terrible tragedy.

Various were the theories advanced to account for the crime which had evidently been committed. Some said that he had always believed old Corbin was a fugitive from justice; that he had done something for which he was in hiding, and which accounted for his strange disposition and his unsociable ways.

"Tenny rate," said old Squire Chittick, "I'll bet a ham-string that the fellow who killed old Corbin has bin a huntin' of him all these year—To my mind," the old fellow continued, as he climbed up on the top of the rail fence and seated himself as comfortably as the nature of the seat he had chosen would admit, "to my mind it's the settlin' of an old grudge; and when that's said it's all said. That's my idee."

To the little group that stood about him this view of the case seemed conclusive enough, and was received with approval. The old Squire, however, was something of a Hawkshaw in his way, besides being a man looked up to in the community, was bound to preserve the reputation he had so long held for his depth of judgment and soundness of opinion on matters generally. So, after his first views had been unhesitatingly acquiesced in, he hedgingly added: "Course he might a been robbed—he might a had money in there," jerking his thumb over toward the cabin, "but taint hardly likely. Still, it might be. But," he added, conclusively, "its either one or t'other, an' I know it as well as if old Corbin himself had told me just how it happened."

Finally the coroner, himself a physician, arrived, and soon impelling a jury from those present, entered into an investigation of the mystery. With the meager facts bearing upon the tragedy and which have already been stated, the jury was not long in reaching the only verdict possible under the circumstances, which was that the man had been killed or came to his death by wounds inflicted by a person or persons to the jury unknown.

Uncle Archibald Wilson, by virtue of his acquaintance with the deceased, was given charge of the remains, and, with the assistance of his neighbors, had them conveyed to his own home and in due time decently interred in the neighborhood burying ground. He was also made, or appointed by the court, administrator of the estate. As the murdered man had no legal heirs in that country, it became the duty of Mr. Wilson to advertise, so as to, if possible, find any who might be living in other parts of the United States. To this end he inserted the usual notices in the leading papers, and a month or so afterward received the following letter. The epistle bore the post-mark of a small village in Western New York, and was dated July 5, 1854. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Wilson—Dear Sir: I have just seen your ad in a New York paper, and replying thereto think I can give you the information you desire as to the heirs of James Corbin; and also throw some light on the mysterious manner in which he met his death. It is a long story and I must begin at the beginning.

"Thirty years ago James Corbin and myself were friends and school-mates. His father's farm joined ours. He was an only child, while I was the youngest of a family of five. In the village where we both attended school in the winter, and where we went to church every Sabbath with our parents for years, lived Mary Dean, a beautiful girl and the only daughter of Rev. Mr. Dean, pastor of the little church where our families both worshipped. Mary, as I have said, was a beautiful girl, and as good as she was beautiful.

"James and I, both then entering upon manhood, became rivals for Mary's hand and affections.

"It was not long until it became apparent that I was the favorite one, and from that time the intimacy which had existed between us from our earliest boyhood ceased. James never made any threats either toward Mary or myself. He simply cut our acquaintance, refusing to speak to either of us when chance threw us together; beyond that he showed no evidences of the hatred he bore us.

"A year later we were married, and happy in the love of one of the truest and best wives, I began life in earnest. One night (would to God I had never survived it) my wife and I were re-

turning from her parents in the village, where we had been to spend the day, to our own home on my little farm in the neighborhood of my father's. The country was rather new, and a goodly portion of our road lay through the woods. We were driving slowly along, trusting mainly to our good horse to pilot us safely in the road, when, of a sudden, a man on horseback darted from the roadside and struck me a heavy blow on the head. I heard my poor wife scream, and that is all I remember until the next day when I came to in my father's house. And, O God, what an awakening that was!

"I will not harrow you with the terrible details of a story which is so painful. Suffice it to say my darling wife had been murdered. Her dead



"AND STRUCK ME A HEAVY BLOW,"

body was found lying close to where I had fallen unconscious from the blow he had dealt me.

"Yes; James Corbin committed the deed. He confessed it to me that night when after nearly twenty years of searching I had found him in his own cabin confronted him with my proofs.

"Need I say more? His parents are both dead. He has no living heirs. My wife has lain in her grave, and during all these years her innocent blood has called for vengeance. My folks have not known me nor can I since I began my wanderings immediately after regaining my health and recovering from the terrible shock of my poor wife's murder. I have never accomplished my purpose, and now have nothing more to live for as soon as I shall have posted this letter, I shall end forever all my troubles on earth. To you, then, as to a world which for me has been a most unhappy one, I say farewell.

"ROBERT WILGUS."
Mr. Wilson turned this remarkable letter over to the court, the day of which took place at the same time as the man apprehended, and brought to justice. But he was too late. In answer to his letter directed to the county judge of the town from which the murderer of old Corbin had fled, the confession, he received a brief epistle stating that Wilgus had committed suicide some weeks before and was therefore beyond the reach of jurisdiction of all earthly courts and judges.

There is little more to add. Old Corbin's property reverted to the county in which it was situated. The farm was leased out until it was all cleared up and put in a fine state of cultivation and was then made the county poor farm. It was while I was visiting there recently that Mr. White, the superintendent, related to me the story of old Corbin's death. On my return to the county seat town I went to the court-house and searched among the old probate records until I found the final report of Archibald Wilson as administrator of the estate of James Corbin. In this was filed the strange letter already given, and which solved the mystery of old Corbin's life and death.

Ed. R. FERRARD.

Care of Hoifer Calves
Our heifer calf should be well fed, well housed and kept warm in the winter, for in a stable of good light and pure air, she will develop the kind of hardness that dairy cows need, the oats and bran will give solid bone and strong muscle and nerve, and also build up the embryo life that the must otherwise rob herself of to supply, or leave incomplete. Then our letter, if milked as long as possible the first year of her dairy life, she will be able to make good, rich milk, out of which to make good milk—the milk-giving is first blood secretion governed by nerve force—we shall, as a rule, find we have a profitable dairy cow. This cow should be retained as long as she profitably pays her keep, then sold as a "sausage" for what she will bring for he holds that no man ever fattened an old dairy cow to a profit. Better by far put this food into a cow that does give milk, and get pay for food consumed.—*American Agriculturist.*

Americans generally, including journalists, write the plural of "potato" with an s, while without it, as the word is largely written in England, it looks so sorry, notwithstanding we can accept "tomatoes" without difficulty. It is only a matter of time, doubtless, before all such words will be spelled without the s in the plural.—*American Queen.*

Some dinner-plates have been decorated with pictures of a bull-fight. Nothing could be more appropriate when the plate becomes the scene of a hand-to-hand struggle between a table knife and a tough steak.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE MANURE HEAP.

A Not Very Aesthetic, But Eminently Useful Farm Prospect.

The careful farmer will waste nothing. The manure-heap is his best savings bank. There is no manner of vegetable or animal refuse which can not be added to it with advantage. Soap-suds from the laundry, bones, scraps of parings from the kitchen, house-slops, entrails of fowls, and the very dust swept from the floors, should find lodging there. Animal remains are frequently, as something too gross for vegetable food, buried to get rid of. Properly treated with quick lime, which has the contrary effect with woody fiber, their decomposition may be effected in the manure-heap, and add to the richness of the whole. All kinds of decayable rubbish can be made available. Even leather scraps, though the tannate of gelatin is so slow in decay, in time will decompose. Where the soil is clayey, coal ashes is better than sand for its comminution, and may be added with the rest. Leaves, tufts of grass and weeds before they seed, may go with the rest. The liquid manure from the house should have a dosing of ground plaster after it is poured on, to fix the ammonia. Road scrapings may be thrown on occasionally to the depth of two or three inches, to facilitate vegetable decay.

It is hardly necessary to say that the pile should not be made a nursery for weeds, which should be turned under occasionally when they show on the surface and before they flower.

Scarcely any farm, unless in very dry situations, but has a boggy bit upon it. This swamp would, the farmer thinks, be too dear to add to his land, and unless the spot be large enough to bear systematic drainage, there it remains. The wet earth is rich in vegetable matter, and if treated with a liberal supply of ashes, will be a desirable addition.

It is pleasant to see how soon a muck heap will thus accumulate, and how rich it will be in the following spring. Certainly it is not a pleasant prospect esthetically considered. Its fragrance does not rival that of the attar of roses. It does not appeal to the imagination through the senses. But the farmer may see through the repulsive exterior to the future of luxuriant vegetation and increased crops. And we may add that the green-sand manure, the bone dust or the superphosphate is none the worse for being composted with the refuse of the house and farm.—*N. Y. Independent.*

WATER IN CELLARS.

A Difficulty Which Many Farmers Have to Overcome.

An inquiring friend writes: "I have a cellar that in the spring, such as last, the water comes into it. Cemented it, but that has no effect except to prevent the water going out as soon as it might otherwise, and I am anxious to find the best way to prevent its coming in. There is sometimes fifteen inches of water. Now, is there as much upward pressure as there would be were the earth not there? I have feared that this might be the real obstacle to encounter." Excluding water from a cellar by a coat of cement on the inner walls, and operating like a cistern inverted, where the water rises more than a few inches, is more difficult than many suppose. Even with the best cement, the pressure of the water outside tends to crowd the bottom upward by upward pressure, as well as to crowd the side walls inward. In a cellar, for instance, 25x30 feet, or covering 750 square feet, filling with water fifteen inches deep, the estimated upward pressure on the bottom would be equal to the weight of 937 cubic feet of water, besides the pressure on the four sides. This estimate is on the supposition that the water can pass freely in the porous earth, and against the cement walls, the earth being filled or saturated. With very compact earth, beaten solid, against the outside walls, the effect would be less. To overcome this pressure, and to prevent the water from bursting through the bottom, a very strong cement stratum or wall would be required. If plastered on the inner face of the cellar walls; and the bottom should have a layer of heavy stone equal in weight to the upward pressure. If the side walls when built could be laid in water-lime mortar, the side-pressure would be counterbalanced. It is practicable to drain the cellar with a ditch, even if cut at considerable expense, and amply furnished with a good outlet for the escape of the water at all times, there would be less danger of future failure.—*A Builder, in N. Y. Tribune.*

How to Clean Paint.

Housekeepers should go to a steam-boat for lessons on cleaning paint work. The cabin of an old steam-boat, painted a clear white, now looks as if the painter had just left it, being not only clear but having a beautiful polish. People generally who see it think it has just been painted up for the season, while it has only been washed and rubbed up by the crew between meal times. To start with, it was dirty, black, almost covered with smoke and soot, so that the nail heads stood out prominently. All that is necessary to accomplish the transformation is a little water, a sponge, and pure castile soap, and a smooth cloth for rubbing after the dirt has been washed off with the sponge. The rubbing restores the polish. So many people paint every year, whereas if the paint is washed in this way it will show clear and with a high polish for four or five years.—*Globe-Democrat.*

SHE FORGAVE HIM.

Why Going Billiger Was Not Compelled to Remove His Arm.

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm instantly."

"Great drops of perspiration broke out on the broad, intellectual brow of the young man to whom these words were addressed.

"Have I presumed too much upon the kindness and familiarity with which she has treated me?" he said to himself. "Have I lost her? No! No! It can not be! It must not be!" And he gave voice to the emotions that thrilled his soul.

"Lobelia Grubb," he said, with the yearning, passionate warble of a young poet tendering the first paroxysm of his muse to a red-whiskered, cross-eyed, literary editor, "hear what I have to say first."

"Clearing his throat with convulsive energy, he went on:

"For the love of heaven, Lobelia, do not tell me that I have been mistaken in thinking the uniform regard that has marked your conduct toward me during the last six months to be a warmer sentiment than that of mere friendship! Do not crush the hopes that have risen in my breast like a Milwaukee avenue 'monument' house erected on the contract plan. Be your own gentle, tender, pitiful self, and—"

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm!"

"One moment, Lobelia! Think of the happy, peaceful hours we have spent over Dante, Browning and the hen and a-hall problem! Call to mind the enjoyment, the enthusiasm, the—er—patience with which we have attended lecture after lecture on art! Remember the—"

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm!"

"And listen to the pleading of your own gentle heart when I tell you of the sorrow that a hasty decision on your part would cost me now. I could not bear it! I came here this evening, Lobelia, oppressed by the news just received that I have lost my only uncle. In the breast pocket of this coat is the letter that conveys the sad news. It is true he was a man of great wealth. He was worth perhaps a quarter of a million, and in the letter of which I speak I am informed by his solicitors that I am his sole heir, but—"

"Lost your only uncle? O, I am so sorry! Let it be my mission to comfort you, Billiger!"

Gently, forgivingly the fair maiden beamed upon that sorrowing young man, as she laid her beautiful head with its wealth of golden hair tenderly and consolingly on the breast pocket containing the sad letter!

And Billiger did not remove his arm.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

The Narrow Path of Happiness and the Wide Road of Misery.

Mary C., in 1838, was a thin, sickly girl of fourteen, the daughter of a widow, living in a city, who had no money, but a large capital of energy and common sense.

"Mary," she said, "must earn her own living. I will give her the business in which her life can be most healthy, most protected and most womanly."

She took her to the country and placed her in the family of a kind Quaker, to assist in the dairy. Her food was good, her clothes neat, she breathed pure air; the influences about her were wholesome and elevating. She continued in the family for seven years and shared in their sorrows and happiness as a faithful friend. At the end of that time she married one of the farm-men, emigrated with him to Iowa and is now the mother of a happy family and the mistress of a large farm.

Jane B., in 1836, was a sickly girl of twelve in the same city. She did not wait for mother or father to plan out her future. She took the matter in her own hands. With a package of daily papers she started out every morning to make her rounds through stations and offices. At first she was blushing and dumb, but in the course of a few months became brazen and pert. She soon found out that her eyes were bright and her features pretty, and appeared with her hair curled and her figure bedizened with tawdry finery. Her food was poor; she slept in a foul garret; her associates were of the lowest class. Last May, Jane B. was arrested and tried for drunkenness and shameless misconduct, found guilty, and in consideration of her youth, sent to the house of correction.

Which was the better way?
This true statement of facts may fall under the notice of young girls who are about to choose a public, exposed trade in preference to those which afford them the shelter of a home. They hear their foolish companions do unseemly household work as "ingenious" and "meritorious." They should remember that there can be nothing disgraceful in the work which a daughter performs in her father's house and a wife in her husband's; and that no fantastic idea of caste-distinction can recompense a girl compelled to lead a public life for the loss of the bloom of modesty and the vulgar and vicious temptations which assault her on every side.—*Youth's Companion.*

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

What Stylish Women Will Wear During the Coming Season.

Syrian velvet in two tones, like shot silk, is made up with faille Francaise and Victoria silk.

Tailor-made bodices, English redingotes, much cut away at the hips, over Louis XIV. waistcoats, elegantly decorated, and French polonaises, artistically draped and adjusted, divide favor almost evenly this season.

Dressy house jackets of almond-colored or Roman-red camel's hair, bordered with cashmere bands in finely wrought palm and arabesque designs in gold, silver and a mingling of bright hues, are imported. These are made to appear loose, yet are on a fitted lining with darts and side forms elegantly shaped to the figure.

Short visiting-wraps and small visites, with cape sleeves that reach to the elbow only, are made of black Lyons velvet, rich-colored velvets, and also magnificent Oriental broche materials with gold threads interwoven. These are decorated with Persian lambkin, and also, for later wear, with many kinds of fur, with muff and French toque to match.

The new hussar coat is very stylish, with its black silk passementeries, flecked with gold on the jacket fabric of deep blue or Russian-green cloth. Sometimes they are decorated with aiguillettes, or tags, with gold or silver points. The peculiar style of these military coats consists in the superb fit of the shoulders, the majority of them being slightly wadded.

Among the new suitings are, a number of rough shaggy tweeds, which are favored by those who like ultra-English effects in gowning. Preference, however, certainly lies on the side of fine, soft-surfaced woolsens, plain, striped and plaided. Most of the draped cloth skirts are made all in one piece, with the selvages at the belt and hem, the drapery cunningly lifted here and there to break the too great severity of style. The bodice is still like a tailor habit in appearance, being pressed and fitted to look as if molded on the figure.

Colored linen collars and cuffs of the finest quality are worn abroad with these stylish costumes, and some of the linen sets are exceeding neat and pretty. The color should be carefully selected so as to set off that of the dress, and the dainty little French "show handkerchiefs" should match the collar and cuffs in color. Trifles like these make a very great difference in the appearance, and a little attention to simple details is well repaid.

The linen at the throat and wrists, the natty kerchief, the perfectly fitting glove, the carefully selected shoe and hose, all serve to stamp the wearer as a woman of culture and refinement.—*N. Y. Post.*

DAIRYING IN FINLAND.

A Picture of Rural Life in the Northern Western Provinces of Russia.

Every farm, large and small, has its dairy. Some make all their milk into butter and cheese, others sell to larger dairymen in the neighborhood, who make cheese and butter on an extensive scale. In every part I have seen the cooler in the same—made of sweet-wood, broad, and only three inches deep. These after being emptied are washed with a switchbrush, then rinsed and filled with boiling water to stand for some time, after which it is placed in the air to dry. So many are used that one is never filled when seethed. At a moderate sized farm I saw quite a hundred of them.

The milk is delicious and the butter unsurpassed. We have luxuriated on clabber—one of God's best gifts to man. The people in the Northern States are sadly ignorant in not appreciating the product of the cow. If I had to make my choice between two cows, one who gave rich, sweet milk which would not sour, and the other which gave clabber directly in nice, creamy flakes, I would take the latter every time. But, thanks to a beneficent Providence, a good cow furnishes rich, creamy milk for our coffee and strawberries, and the genial warmth of the sun turns it at the right time into glorious bonny-clabber. Finland sends large amounts of butter to Sweden and to Russia. I suspect it was the long contact with the cleanly Swedes which made these people so neat in their household and dairy matters. For seven months of the year cattle are housed. The barns are very convenient shallow stalls, with yokes for the animal instead of ropes to go around the horns and thus bruise this tenderest part of the horned animal. Over each stall is a birchen tub holding nearly a bushel for the cow or calf to feed from and a broad alley between the stalls. It is now summer and the cow-houses are not used, but every thing is in its place ready for use—at least I found this the case in over a dozen houses I looked into. Close by the cow and horse house is a small house with a large iron kettle—larger or smaller, in proportion to the size of the house—set in a stone furnace. In this the food of the cattle is cooked, on some farms, and run through a trough directly into a large tub or tubs in the cow-house. All food, except hay and straw, is cooked, and in the winter fed more or less warm. Even in the summer horse-food (except hay) is in the shape of coarse bread.—*Carier H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

A new Roman-Catholic college has been opened at Tooting, England. Singularly enough, it originated with two American priests; one from New York, the other from Baltimore.

HABITS OF TIGERS.

A Noted Shikari Tells How They Kill and Eat Their Victims.

In a paper read before the Bombay Natural Historical Society recently, and published in its Journal, Mr. Inverarity, a noted shikari, discussed the habits of the tiger, and especially the mode in which it kills and eats its prey.

Princess Caroline, from whom he had lived separate for many years. A bill was introduced into Parliament for the purpose, and was strenuously opposed on behalf of the Queen by Henry Brougham, afterward Lord Brougham and Vaux, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and Thomas Denman, afterward Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice of England.

HOW RINGS ARE MADE.

The Process by Which the Golden Circle is Prepared for Wearing.

The workshop where rings are made is a curious place, full of ingenious mechanical appliances. Gold coin is put in a small crucible with flux, and the crucible placed inside of a covered pot, which is subjected to the heat of a powerful flame of natural gas.

After the drop hammer has stamped out the ring, it is placed in this metallic plate containing a hole, in which it fits exactly, and driven through by a punch worked by hand, thus cutting away the gold adhering to the edges, which is carefully saved.

SOME ROYAL DIVORCES.

A French, an English and a German Case in Our Own Century.

The case of the unfortunate Queen Natalie does not stand alone in the history of royal ladies. In our own century there have been three royal divorces, but, perhaps, the lot of none of them was so painful as that of the young Queen. The first sovereign who was divorced from his wife was Napoleon I. He abandoned Josephine Beauharnais in order to marry the Archduchess Maria Louise, of Austria.

THE HINDOO WIDOW.

Her Unenviable Lot Graphically Described by One of Her Countrywomen.

No sooner does a Hindoo woman, be she fifteen or fifty, lose her husband than the persecution of custom begins. Her looks are ruthlessly shaved clean off at the instigation of the butcher-priest. In these matters the feelings of the unfortunate victim are of no account, and her piteous protests are usually rudely ignored.

AN OLD OBSERVER TELLS THAT HIS EYE-BROWS ARE AN INFALLIBLE GUIDE TO ONE'S CHARACTER.

No matter, he says, how young looking the person may be, if his eye-brows lack a gloss and do not lie flat and smooth, he is no longer a young man.

TO TAKE FRENCH LEAVE.

If we could only persuade that unwelcome visitant, chills and fever, to do this, we would be fortunate. But we can't.

THE MAN WHO BRINGS SUITS IS ALWAYS SOMEWHAT SAD.

There is something plaintive about him.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

WORDS OF CHEER.—Hurrah! Tiger—Texas Slings.

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A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO.

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants. These titles were disputed by the State of New York, and its authorities obtained an order of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the proposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner to the front.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father, who, with his wife, had successfully treated the "man," and he finally won this devoted wife.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendant, Dr. H. Warner, the well-known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs.

Warner's safe remedies are already standard in all parts of the world, and we have about the Log Cabin remedies, for the various ailments of the human system, the highest merit. Dr. H. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

IT IS AN ODD FACT THAT COIL BEDS ARE FURNISHED WITH POISONOUS SPRINGS.—Drake's Magazine.

It is an odd fact that coil beds are furnished with poisonous springs.—Drake's Magazine.

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DR. A

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Territorial.
For Delegate to Congress.
ANTONIO JOSEPH.

County Ticket.
For Senator.
MUTIMO MONROYA.
For Representatives.
JOHNS CORDOVA.
JOHN S. SHIFFEN.
For Sheriff.
R. J. BISHOP.
For Clerk.
ESTANISLAO V. CHAVEZ.
For Probate Judge.
FRANK RICHANAN.
For Assessor.
LEONDO BACA.
For Treasurer.
MILLARD W. BROWN.
For School Superintendent.
JAMES P. CHASE.
For Coroner.
DANILLO BACA.
For County Commissioners.
1st Dist. **LEONDO PINO.**
2nd Dist. **NESTOR GONZALES.**
3rd Dist. **W. W. JONES.**

Vote for the best men and you will vote the Democratic ticket.

R. J. Bishop will make one of the best sheriffs Socorro county ever had.

Look out for frauds next Tuesday, as the Royal Bacas are famed for frauds and bulldozing.

From present indications Anthony Joseph will be elected by as large a majority as he received two years ago.

Poor men are probably not entitled to a fair representation in Peoples-Republican conventions, but they can vote on election day in spite of h— and the Republican county central committee.

The Chieftain evidently struggles under the hallucination that brag and misrepresentation will win in this campaign. How will it take the overwhelming defeat of the mongrel combination on Tuesday next?

In voting for James P. Chase you declare in favor of a fair division of the school money among the different precincts, and against using the money, that should go to educate the little ones, for political purposes.

We have noticed that J. M. Tyler, the best man on the Republican ticket, has made no effort to secure his own election and has never left his store for a minute to electioneer. He will receive more votes than any man on his ticket, however.

A correspondent in the Chieftain, under the nom-de-plume of R. A. H. (who by the way is a Democrat or Republican as suits the locality in which he lives) accuses the Mail of making false statements in regard to some of the candidates on the mongrel ticket. We would state that everything we ever said, concerning any of them can be proven, and is not denied by any one of them for the simple reason that facts are undeniable.

The mongrel candidates make a great mistake when they place themselves before an intelligent audience, as it is apparent to every one that the majority of them have not the ability to fill the positions to which they aspire. Those who might have the ability to fill an office have such sweet scented political records that it would hurt the conscience of a wooden man to vote for them. We invite a comparison, man for man, all the way down the ticket, for intelligence and ability. The best man should win.

This struggle in this county between fair government and ringism will be brought to a close on Tuesday next, and the mongrel ticket will be buried in the slime of its political record and covered by a shroud of iniquities. The people of this county have become weary of being governed by a clique of professional politicians, who have axes to grind, and for that reason every intelligent and thinking voter, irrespective of party, will cast his ballot for the Democratic candidates. In fact our people have completely "soured" on the gang which has placed the Royal Bacas-mongrel

ticket in the field, and propose to show them that they do not control the ballots they did the People's Republican convention.

COMMUNICATED.

Cooney, N. M., Oct. 24, '88.

EDITORIAL.

A mass meeting of the voters of this precinct was held in Shelton Hall on Saturday, Oct. 20th, with about fifty in attendance, for the purpose of nominating a justice of the peace, constable and three school directors. The meeting was called to order by Capt. J. Cooney, and at once proceeded to business by electing Henry E. Penney chairman and J. H. Frye secretary.

First in order was the nomination of a justice of the peace, and the name of our worthy chairman, Henry E. Penney, being proposed he was unanimously nominated.

E. Day received the nomination for constable without a dissenting voice. Next in order was the nomination of three school directors, and the names of M. Cooney, W. S. George and Wm. Carmichael being decided upon, they were placed in nomination.

The above named candidates are the choice of the entire people and if elected to their respective offices will make every effort in their power to do their duty, unbiased and unprejudiced, as prescribed by law.

The management of our schools and local public affairs was ably discussed by M. Cooney, W. S. George and others.

Henry E. Penney, our candidate for justice of the peace, made a short but effective speech. He held the audience spell-bound with his great oratorical powers and advanced ideas.

E. Day, candidate for constable, made a few appropriate remarks.

Resolved, That a copy of the proceedings of this mass meeting be forwarded to the MAGDALENA MOUNTAIN MAIL for publication.

Motion to adjourn—carried—after which much shaking of hands and a few astronomical observations made through Shelton & Perry's instruments, and the crowd dispersed, feeling that they had done their duty.
J. H. Frye, Secretary.

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 safeguarded by his election.

W. L. GODDLETT,
Magdalena, Oct. 12th, 1888.

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.

O. 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 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. CAIROKSHANK,
J. A. WHITMORE,
San Marcial, Oct., 16th, 1888.

Tuesday evening a number of ladies and gentlemen congregated at the residence of Wm. M. Borrowdale to partake of an elegant supper, prepared for the occasion, and passed a very pleasant evening.

Mr and Mrs. W. J. Johnson gave the young people a very pleasant and enjoyable time. Wednesday evening at their residence. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson know how to make it pleasant for their guests, and everyone departed not only delighted, but with a wish that they would soon have another opportunity to be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

ECLIPSE SALOON

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

Magdalena

MOUNTAIN

M A I L,

A Weekly Journal

Devoted to the Stock

and Mining Interests of

New Mexico

Published every Thursday, at Magdalena, N. M.

BY

WHITMORE & CO.

TIVOLI RESTAURANT!

MAIN STREET, MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

ROBT. MORSLANDER, Proprietor.

Everything to be had in the market.

Courteous treatment.

The most fastidious appetite satisfied.

ECLIPSE SALOON!

The Favorite Resort.

First house from the Depot on Main Street.

MAGDALENA,

NEW MEXICO.

EVANS & WICKSON

Fine Wines and Liquors,

Imported Cigars.

STRANGERS AND ACQUAINTANCES ALWAYS WELCOME.

MAIN STREET, NEXT DOOR TO MAGDALENA HOTEL, MAGDALENA, NEW MEXICO.

G. BILLING, President. JUSTUS JUNGK, Secy and Treas. T. S. AUSTIN, Sup't.

The Rio Grande Smelting Co.,

SUCCESSOR TO GUSTAV BILLING.

BUYER OF

Lead, Silver and Gold Ores

SOCORRO,

NEW MEXICO.

W. M. Borrowdale,

(Successor to G. E. GRAY & 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.

Strickler, Marriner & Co.

Magdalena, --- New Mexico.

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

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

Miners' and Ranchmen's Supplies.

Agents for SAFETY NITRO POWDER, the best in the market.

Magdalena,

New Mexico.

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

THURSDAY, - NOVEMBER 1, 1888.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Magdalena, New Mexico, post office.

Published every Thursday at Magdalena and Kelly, Socorro County, New Mexico.

All communications should be addressed to W. H. Hamby, Magdalena, N. M.

H. A. Olson, postmaster at Kelly, is authorized to take subscriptions for the Mail and receipt for the same.

Send in your orders for job work.

The train has been late pretty regularly this week.

We heard Leo Lowenstein was an old maid. How is it?

Wednesday the number of voters registered at Kelly was 134.

The Democratic candidates returned to Socorro on Sunday's train.

Stricker appears to be greatly altered since the festivals commenced.

Francis Nilsen has been suffering quite severely from a felon on his hand.

Pat McLaughlin, in steadily working his mines in the Cat Mountain district.

We wonder how the mongrel candidates will feel on week from today? Probably like a man out of a job.

Several of our citizens accompanied the candidates to Kelly Saturday night.

H. B. Hamilton, a prominent lawyer from Socorro, was in the city the first of the week.

Amos Lefevor has a fine breed of hunting and carrying dog. He does the hunting and carries the dog.

The Thomas concentrator was closed down for repairs Wednesday. Only a delay of a day is necessary.

W. H. Stott has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to resume work on the Kelly in a few days.

This office has received a large stock of printer's stationery, and is now prepared to do your job work at reasonable rates.

The report of the Kelly public school appears in this issue, and shows the rapid advancement being made by the scholars.

Rev. J. P. Hillburn of Socorro, arrived Monday, evening and occupied the pulpit at the M. E. Church. He will remain with us during this week.

Wm. Elderton, who has had for some time the majority of the contracts for ore hauling at Kelly was in Socorro Friday interviewing friends. —Times.

The Graphic dump is being sorted and hauled to South Camp smelter, where it will be smelted. It is expected to pay well for the trouble and expense.

Rev. J. A. Crutchfield, of the Frisco Circuit who has been preaching for his brother I. N. Crutchfield several days left Wednesday for Rowe N. M.

Leandro Baca, for assessor, will be given almost the solid vote of the west, as any man who is acquainted with both candidates will not vote for Estevan Baca.

The American library will be opened Monday at Kelly. This will be a great convenience to the public, who will now be able to have their work done satisfactorily.

W. R. Lighton, a promising young lawyer from Leavenworth, Kansas, arrived in the city Saturday. He left for Baldwin's ranch Monday morning, where he will remain for several months.

Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has ever discovered one that could jam a hat pin clean through his head and make it come out on the other side as the women do.

Tuesday morning Deputy sheriff Wm. Goodlett and Frank Evans visited Water Canon. While there they visited the Oro Fino mine with Arthur Madcliffe, who paraded out two pans of ore from the mine which gave a considerable showing of gold. They were much surprised at the result and came away firmly impressed of the richness of the district.

The protracted meeting which is in progress in this city has been very gratifying in its results. Several conversions have been made and a great deal of good accomplished. The reverend gentlemen who are conducting the services feel very much encouraged at the success which has attended their efforts and are working with unabated interest for the good of the community.

Next Tuesday will decide the question.

Isaac Gause returned from Kansas Friday afternoon.

W. H. Hamby, is in town from the Nathan Hall ranch.

Be sure you are registered and then vote the straight Democratic ticket November 6th.

Ollie Bishop a brother of R. J. Bishop, the next sheriff, was in town for several days this week.

Parties are looking over the ground with a view of putting in a large wholesale grocery house at this point.

C. T. Brown, of Ellis, Canon passed through the city Tuesday from the Gallinas, where he has been working assessments.

It is rumored that one of the mongrel candidates kissed 28 babies in these two precincts, and still we are betting that he don't carry them for his ticket.

W. H. Moor returned to the city Thursday evening last from the Nathan Hall ranch, where he has been engaged in the erection of a building. His wife and son accompanied him and are now at home with their manly friends.

The report of the killing of R. C. Paterson, A. Barker and Geo. Christlaw by Indians is not credited by those who accompanied them on their gold hunt, it being assured that they most probably were out of the dangerous country at the time of the reported killing.

The caucus at the office of the justice of the peace Saturday afternoon resulted in the following ticket being placed in nomination: Justice of the peace, John Johnson; school commissioners, F. G. Bartlett, J. A. Henley and H. W. Russell. No nomination was made for a constable.

A. B. Krefz is doing a rushing business, although he has not finished fixing up his establishment. He has work ahead for several weeks and more coming in. A notable fact about Mr. Krefz's work is that when you patronize him once he is sure to hold your patronage.

The school report in this issue shows an improvement over that of last month, both in attendance and in the number of scholars who attained credit at the monthly examination for a per centage of over 75. The report speaks well for the efficiency of their teacher, Miss May A. Hadley.

One of the men, Chas. Jewett and son, of American Valley, arrived in the city last night. They brought with them a man by the name of Dan Stone, who they arrested for being one of the associates of Adkins and Potter in the robbery of Jewett's store some time ago. Stone was taken before Judge Dougherty this morning, pleaded guilty, waiving examination, and was bound over in the sum of \$5000. Not being able to furnish the required bond he will be Jailor Shoemaker's boarder until the court can take action in his case. —Times.

The following explains itself. Editor MAGDALENA MAIL—Please announce in the columns of your worthy paper, that owing to my limited time for canvassing this extensive Territory, before the day of election, I am compelled to deny myself the pleasure of visiting the Democrats of Magdalena and Kelly but feel confident that the true and loyal Democracy of those places, will do their duty on the 6th day of November next, by voting for the entire Democratic county ticket of Socorro county and by working early and late on that day for the success and glorious triumph of Democratic principles in that county. With regards,

ANTONIO JOSEPH.

Monthly School Reports.

Report of the Magdalena Public School for the second month, ending October 26, 1888:

Number enrolled, 25.
Average daily attendance, 16.29-40.
Those deserving special credit at the monthly examination are as follows:

Mattie Allen, 85%	Annie Hillard, 81%
May Crutchfield, 81%	Anastacio Barco, 76%
Bayona Barco, 83%	Willie Wells, 83%
Julius Prier, 80%	Edgar Crutchfield, 98%
Fred Crutchfield, 100%	Evvin Crutchfield, 97%
John Brown, 82%	Levi Huggins, 80%
Dee Wells, 82%	James Burlison, 80%
Mary Brown, 96%	

Among the visitors we note the names of Rev. J. P. Hillburn, of Socorro, Rev. I. N. Crutchfield, Miss Edna Burdette and Miss Senna Nilson.

MAY A. HADLEY, Teacher.

KELLY SCHOOL.

The following is the report of the Kelly public school for the month ending October 21, 1888:

Average daily attendance, 29.
Number now enrolled, 77.

The following are the scholars whose average is above 75:

Manie Abernethy, 85	Minnie Baker, 80
Henry Baker, 80	Maggie Covell, 85
Mamie Covell, 80	Katie Foley, 81
Nellie Foley, 85	Everett Krefz, 85
Gerlie Lockley, 81	Walter Lockley, 80
Eddie Morse, 88	Buddie Morse, 87
John Peters, 80	Bobbie Ryan, 80
Willie Smith, 80	Cora Stott, 78
Willie Stott, 80	Hickie Stubbs, 85
Katie Stubbs, 80	Peter Strozio, 80
Henry Strozio, 85	Albert Walters, 80
Willie Wells, 85	Lulu Wyman, 89
Percy Wyman, 85	Francis Lucero, 85
Manuel Pino, 89	

INSTRUCTOR, Teacher.

DEMOCRATIC RALLY.

Unmistakable Demonstrations in Favor of the Democratic Ticket.

Magdalena and Kelly Turn out to Hear the Democrats Talk.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed here Saturday afternoon upon the arrival of the Democratic speakers, even the ladies coming out with Democratic colors, and although the hour set for the meeting was very inconvenient for our business men, quite a number assembled at Chmroh's Hall to hear them.

John S. Sniffen, E. V. Chavez, R. J. Bishop, James P. Chase, Henry Lockhart, C. N. Blackwell and Justiniano Baca were the gentlemen who arrived to participate in the rally of the Democratic hosts. About 4 o'clock the candidates were escorted to the hall, where the people had assembled, the meeting being graced by the presence of a number of ladies.

The meeting was called to order and Mr. D. Z. Moore placed in the chair. The first speaker was John S. Sniffen who spoke to some length upon the issues of the day in his usual quiet and forcible manner, which carried conviction to the mind of every unprejudiced listener.

His speech was received with great and frequent applause, and especially that part of it in which he maintained that the school laws of this Territory needed revision, and that of such a kind as would give us better school facilities and render it impossible for incompetent county school superintendents to proportion the money out among the different precincts in an unequal manner, for electioneering purposes.

He was followed by Hon. E. V. Chavez in a short but interesting talk, in the course of which he clearly showed the inconsistency and personal greediness of some of the leading candidates on the so-called Republican ticket.

Henry Lockhart was then called upon and made a few remarks upon the tariff in a clear and concise manner, but owing to the lateness of the hour, and having an appointment at Kelly, he closed at the most interesting part of his speech.

Mr. Blackwell was called upon, but declined owing to the lateness of the hour.

KELLY.

After taking supper the party took conveyances and proceeded to Kelly, where every preparation had been made to receive them in a hearty manner. An American flag was raised on the flag pole, and a substitute for a cannon kept up a fusillade nearly all night. Immediately upon their arrival a man with a tremendous angle-bait cast around and in the minutes crowds were seen heading towards the hall in which the meeting was to be held.

The meeting was called to order and Dr. H. J. Abernethy appointed chairman, with G. B. Ford secretary. E. V. Chavez acted as interpreter. Henry Lockhart was the first to be called upon and responded with an eloquent address upon the tariff question, which was listened to with great attention and frequently applauded.

C. N. Blackwell then spoke to some length upon the present financial condition of our county, and produced the figures to prove that the Democratic board of county commissioners have wonderfully improved the condition of our county.

E. V. Chavez was next called upon and made speeches in both English and Spanish. His speech in English was a surprise to all, even to those who know his great ability, being a splendid effort, teeming with good points and eloquence, and he was frequently interrupted with outbursts of applause.

John S. Sniffen said he could not talk very long and contented himself showing up the true position of the different parties in this county and elsewhere.

Short addresses were made by J. P. Chase, R. J. Bishop and Bill Graham. Mr. Graham said in substance that he believed that a liar was a liar where ever you found him, and that he believed J. W. Terry and the mongrels were liars when they told how much they loved the poor man, because he was a poor man and J. W. Terry drove a thousand head of cattle in on him and ran him out.

Advertised Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the Postoffice in Magdalena, Socorro county, New Mexico, for the month ending October 31, 1888.

Bioniguit, A. J. Miller, T. C.
Carpenter, Peter Patterson, Mark (2)
Gardner, Mr. Mannie Scott, J. E.
Jones, S. L. Whiting, James.

Persons calling for the above will please say "Advertised." W. M. BROWNSHAW, P. M.

KELLY.

The following is a list of letters uncalled for in the postoffice at Kelly, N. M. for the month ending October 31, 1888. If not called for within 30 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington.

Crider, Chas. Hard, Bert
Miguel Montes.

Parties calling for the above letters will please say "Advertised." H. A. OLSEN, P. M.

Tom Crow, of Lejencia, is one of the proudest men in New Mexico, and all because it was an 8 pound girl. He visited the city Monday, but immediately returned, as the streets were not wide enough for him. Mother and child are doing well.

UNION PUBLIC ORE SAMPLING CO. DENVER, COLO.

RANCH FOR SALE!

ON EASY TERMS.

A good ranch for about 500 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, add: 308, 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: Estalita Ranch, twenty miles southwest from Magdalena, at north end of the San Mateo Mountains.

on right hip or thigh, or on right side of neck.

All stock sold is counter-branded AL, or by turning 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 intent to make a final proof in support of his claim to the land described in said notice to wit: George Carson on D. S. No. 142 for the E 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 1, T. 3 S., R. 14 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Butcher, George Canton, Charles B. Adams, Dr. Fred. Baker, all of Socorro county, N. M.

ELIUND G. SHIELDS, Register.

CLARK HOUSE

MRS. H. L. KREFT, Proprietress.

This House is comfortably furnished and has been thoroughly Renovated.

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 Sperry Bros., Socorro, N. M.

FRANK JOHNSON.

Range: East slope San Mateos, P. O. Magdalena.

OTHER BRANDS: AL, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

Wagon on wheels.

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.

Hatch: La Jencia, 11 miles northeast of Magdalena.

P. O.: Magdalena. Cattle branded on left side or shoulder and this brand kept up. Old cattle, various marks and brands. Horse brand same on left hip.

Disolution Notice!

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Whitmore & 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.

C. E. BULL, J. R. WHITMORE, Magdalena, N. M., September 14th, 1888.



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. BURLISON, 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! K. KELLY, N. M. MAGDALENA, N. M.

Magdalena Mountain Mail.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Magdalena, New Mexico, post office.

Published every Thursday at Magdalena and Kelly, Socorro County, New Mexico.

All communications should be addressed to WATSON & WATSON, Magdalena, N. M.

H. A. Olson, postmaster at Kelly, is authorized to take subscriptions for the MAIL and receipt for the same.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:
One Year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.50
Three Months..... 1.00
All subscriptions payable in advance.

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Reasonable rates on advertising made known on application. Special rates given on yearly contracts.
All advertising bills payable monthly.

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TERRITORIAL.

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Governor..... Edmund G. Ross
Secretary..... George W. Lane
Attorney General..... William Brodhead
Auditor..... Trinidad Alarid
Treasurer..... Antonio Ortiz & Sons
Adjutant General..... Edward L. Bartlett
Sec. Bureau of Agriculture..... H. O. Burnett
Internal Revenue Collector..... A. Neary

JUDICIARY.

Chief Justice Supreme Court..... E. V. Long
Associate Justice 1st Dis..... R. A. Hoover
" 2d "..... W. H. Binkey
" 3d "..... W. F. Henerson
U. S. District Attorney..... Thomas Smith
U. S. Marshal..... Donnie Marston
Clerk of Supreme Court..... H. M. Johnson
District Attorney, 2d Dis..... C. L. Jackson

LAND DEPARTMENT.

Surveyor General..... George W. Julian
Land Register Santa Fe District..... M. Walker
Receiver Public Monies..... Leigh O. Knapp
Land Register Las Alamos District..... E. G. Shields
Receiver Public Monies..... James Browne

COUNTY.

County Commissioners..... Stephen Vaughn
"..... C. N. Blackwell
"..... Luciana Chavez
Probate Judge..... S. Q. Pico
Probate Clerk..... M. Luna & Son
Sheriff..... Charles T. Russell
Assessor..... Leandro Baca
Treasurer..... M. W. Brown
Superintendent Public Schools..... W. T. Dehaun
Justice Peace Precinct 1st..... John Johnson
Deputy Sheriff, Magdalena..... Wm. L. Goodlett
Justice Peace, Precinct 11, Kelly, Judson Ayo

THE TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

MAGDALENA BRANCH
12:25 p.m. (arrive) Magdalena (leave) 8:50 p.m.
11:25 a.m. Wagon Canyon 4:50 p.m.
10:50 a.m. Wagon Canyon 4:25 p.m.
10:20 a.m. Billings 4:50 p.m.
10:00 a.m. Socorro 5:05 p.m.

MAIN LINE
8:10 a.m. Albuquerque 10:20 p.m.
8:40 a.m. A. & P. Junction 9:16 p.m.
6:25 a.m. Socorro 7:16 p.m.
7:02 a.m. San Antonio 6:43 p.m.
8:15 p.m. San Antonio 1:30 a.m.
12:15 p.m. San Antonio 1:00 a.m.
9:20 p.m. El Paso 1:00 a.m.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. R. KELLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Collections promptly attended to. Office over Socorro County Bank, Socorro, New Mexico.

ISAAC S. TIFFANY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in all the Courts of the Territory and U. S. Land Offices. Socorro, N. M.

W. Q. MARSH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Magdalena and Kelly, N. M.

W. H. MITCHELL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Kelly, New Mexico.

H. J. ABERNATHY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Kelly, New Mexico.

Crayon

Portraits!

I am prepared to enlarge Photos in Crayon work at prices ranging from 50c to \$2.00. These prices do not include frame. Can give the best of references and guarantee satisfaction.

GEO. O. GERIKEN,

SAN MARCIAL, N. M.

JAS. H. MCGEE,
Dealer in

Fine Liquors.

WINE, CIGARS, ETC.

The best brands of everything in this line kept constantly on hand.

Kelly, New Mexico.

TERRITORIAL AND GENERAL.

Orizaba, Mexico, has three papers, the names of which respectively signify the rat, the cat and the beetle.

Two old women recently fought in the streets of Guadalajara, Mexico, over the love of a man eighty years of age.

A French electrician claims that he will soon be able to produce a thunder storm wherever and whenever it is desired.

A well informed gentleman says that Otero, will be beaten by a larger majority than was Col. Dwyer. It does look that way.

The steamer Britannia brought one Chinaman, the first who has attempted to land in New York for years. He will be returned.

Read Surveyor, General Julian's opinion on Otero's bogus land grant, and then go to the polls with a firm resolve to vote for Anthony Joseph.

A new religious order has started by a man named May, called the "Brotherhood of the sun." It rests upon the fundamental truth that underlies all religious systems.

The Empress of Japan is a woman of progressive notions. She has established a woman's college and selected foreign women to manage two from England and two from America.

According to Professor Potter, asphalt the article of permanent commercial importance of the present day, was used in the building of the tower of Babel and other ancient structures.

The grand vizier at Constantinople has issued a decree forbidding the publication of the morning papers in that city, hereafter only evening newspapers will be allowed to be published.

At a meeting at Lyons, M. de Lesseps declared that the Panama Canal would be opened for traffic in July, 1890. He said he wished to correct the report that the opening would be delayed until 1891.

According to the Russian census taken in 1884 and 1895 the population of the empire at that time was 108,787,000. These figures are regarded as only approximate, since over a large portion of the field it is not possible to obtain exact data.

No laboring man can afford to cast his vote for M. S. Otero, who had too many laid schemes on foot. Anthony Joseph has always been found at his post ready and willing to serve the people he deserves your vote.

"Samantha, I'm going to let go of your hand for a minute, but you won't be mad, will you, darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, only some sort of a bug is crawling down my back and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time."

It is recorded as a notable fact that a temperance society has been formed in St. Petersburg—a city which consumes immense quantities of vodka, wine and beer. The society was founded by shoemakers, and is increasing at the rate of 150 members a week.

The light house at Point Isabel, near Brownsville, Texas has been bombarded in a mysterious manner, with dirt, bricks shingle nails, and other missiles. The affair has a curious look. About ten years ago the house of County Clerk Glauccke, in the same city was similarly bombarded, and all efforts to discover the source from whence the shower of missiles came proved unavailing.

On Oct. 18, while Charles and William Weller, two miners, were digging their way through the snow from La Junta basin, a snow slide came down the mountain carrying the men down 1,500 feet, and burying them in 20 feet of snow and rocks. William managed with the aid of a pocket knife to dig himself out, and though badly wounded made his way to town. A rescuing party started out, and after two hours hard work, found the body of Charles under several hundred tons of snow and rocks crushed to a shapeless mass.

A wholesale system of freight robbery has been discovered on the Mexican Central railroad. It is believed the loss to the company will be in the neighborhood of \$50,000. At Guanajuato there are three conductors and one brakeman in jail, where they were placed yesterday, and a former agent of the company named Smith, a Jimulco, is also arrested. All are Americans accused of defrauding the company.

The Republican central committee should hang out a sign at their headquarters: "Party organizations and royal families bought and sold," and "This is a general political huckster shop." It might hang out a red light to show how it has prostituted the party organization to serve personal ends.—Times.

A. B. KREFT, Merchant Tailor

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.

H. A. OLSON,

DEALER IN—
Candies, Stationery and Tobaccos!
Also Fine Imp. Cigars and Cigarettes.
Subscriptions for all kinds of periodicals taken. New headquarters in the postoffice building, opposite the Clark House.

KELLY, NEW MEXICO.

The "Sample Rooms."

In Williams Hotel Building.
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

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