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## DUNRAVEN RANCH.

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,  
AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RAIN," "THE DEARBERTER," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.  
"GOWITHSTANDING the fact that there was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement over the garrison this May day morning, Mrs. Belknap's hunt came off according to plan, and the three heroines of the previous run rode forth with but slight change of escort. Capt. Stryker felt constrained to remain in Garrison, he had a quiet investigation to make, and was observed to be in close conversation with Dr. Quin as the gay party assembled in front of Col. Brainerd's quarters. Mr. Perry appeared in his captain's stead, and very politely requested the honor of being escort to Mrs. Lawrence, who accepted, yet looked a trifle embarrassed as she did so. Indeed, not until she had stolen an appealing glance at her husband and heard his cordial "By all means, dear; Perry can guide you far better than I, and perhaps you'll win another mask," did she thankfully say "Yes." Dana rode with Mrs. Belknap, as before, and it was the colonel himself who suggested to Stryker that Mr. Perry should accompany Mrs. Lawrence this day, and that he, the colonel, should ride with Mrs. Sprague. Perry had eagerly lent himself to the proposition; he figured that now he could have an uninterrupted chat with Mrs. Lawrence and hear what she had to tell about Dunraven. Just before starting he sought Capt. Lawrence, laughingly told him the terms of their agreement, and begged that he would relax his marital injunction and permit her to give him such details as she happened to be in possession of. "Indeed, Capt. Lawrence," he said, "I ask for no idle curiosity. I have been to the ranch, as you now know, and have good reason for asking." To his surprise, the captain replied substantially that, while he had regretted Mrs. Lawrence's impulsive relations, he had thought it all over and decided that the best way out was that Perry should be told the whole story and be able to see how very little there was to it. He had decided, therefore, to tell him himself, and this evening, Perry, if you will dine with us informally, will talk it over afterwards. Meantime, I prefer Mrs. Lawrence's name should not be mentioned in connection with any story there may be afloat; so oblige me by saying nothing to her on the subject."

This was one matter for reflection and something of a surprise; but there was still another and even greater one. That very morning, just before guard mount, and while he was dressing, Perry shouted, "Come in," responsive to a knock at his sitting room door, and in came Capt. Stryker. The object of his early call was explained in very few words. "Perry," said he, "I have been over to see Sergt. Gwynne this morning, and the doctor walked back from the hospital with me and told me of your threatened disagreement of last night. It had not been for that sudden call to the stables I fancy I think you know I'm one of the last men to let an officer of my regiment—especially my troop—be placed in a false position, and you can afford to leave this matter in my hands, can you not?"

"Certainly, Capt. Stryker." "Then I want you to say nothing to Quin on the subject, and to treat him, as far as possible, as though nothing had happened. His relations with the lady's father and family were, and are, such that she ought to treat him with respect and deference, and to accept his advice even though it be given in a style that Carlyle, his favorite author, is mainly responsible for."

"There was absolutely nothing in that." "Well, captain," answered poor Ned, "I don't know how to say what I want to say." He wanted to say that there was nothing in that interview which could possibly be criticized, but it suddenly occurred to him that on the contrary there was a good deal. Then he desired to assure the captain that, so far as he was concerned, there wasn't a suspicion of wrong doing; but—heaven and earth!—that was equivalent to saying the lady was doing all that was open to remark, and nothing would ever induce him to "give away a woman," as he would have expressed it. Perry examined and reread all the more, and at last gave it up in despair, Stryker sitting there the while with a quiet grin on his bronzed face and mechanically slashing his boot legs with a riding stick.

"I think I understand the situation, Perry, and there's no great harm done. Only, let the matter drop—so far as the doctor is concerned, I mean; I do not presume to obtrude advice upon you as to anything else." "And though he had meditated a different course, and had fully intended hunting up Dana and sending him with a note to call upon the doctor for an

explanation, he was glad to have a man of Stryker's standing cry halt. All the same he was sore incensed against Dr. Quin—mainly because of the jealous pain he suffered at the knowledge of his being so welcomed by Gladys Maitland when he saw fit to visit the ranch; and this pain gnawed all the more angrily now at thought of the embarrassing—even suspicious—situation in which that very man had found him on the previous evening. Pressing duties and hurried preparations kept him from brooding too much upon these sore points, but the youngsters all rallied him upon his preoccupation while at their merry breakfast table. He had resolved that there was one thing he could and would bring to an issue with Dr. Quin, and was all impatience for the coming of evening, that he might hear from the lips of Capt. Lawrence the actual stories that had been in circulation concerning Dunraven Ranch. He never went out to a hunt so utterly indifferent to the fortunes of the day, so eager to have it all over and done with. And yet—and yet—never had there opened to him a day so radiant with glorious possibility, never before in all his young life had nightfall proved so unwelcome when it finally came.

The first rabbit was started before they were mile from Rossiter, and the hounds tumbled over him nearly a league away down the valley of the Monee. It was while they were watering their horses in the stream that Mrs. Belknap rode up beside them and laughingly addressed Mrs. Lawrence. "That was too much of a straight away for either of us, Mrs. Lawrence; but what wagger shall we have on the first mask after this?" "Why, Mrs. Belknap! I can never hope to rival you. I was mere accident and good guiding on the part of some of the officers who were kind enough to stay by me, that enabled me to be 'in at the death' the other day."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Belknap, but I'm blessed if I can see why we should be." "No," despairingly, "it is plain enough that you see nothing. Ah, well!"—and the sigh was pathetic-profound, and the look from the dark eyes was unutterable in its sadness. "I suppose it is better so—better." She was silent a moment, and Perry's puzzled faculties took refuge in a long look over toward Dunraven again; he fancied he saw figures moving down the slope on the southern side.

"One thing I want you to promise me," she presently said, and left him and low. There was no reply. Looking up, she saw his head was averted. Was he feeling the sting, then, after all? Was he actually suffering a little pang after this affection of nonchalance? "One thing you must promise, for my sake," she repeated. "And still no answer came. How odd! He was bending over in the saddle as though turning from her, perhaps to hide his face from her and from them all. He had shifted the reins into his right hand, and was apparently fumbling at the breast of his riding coat with the left. Was it the handkerchief he needed? Were there starting tears in those blue eyes that he dared not let her see? She could not lose that luxury! Out went the little hand and touched his arm. Her tone was sweet, thrilling, appealing, yet commanding; she would not give up."

"Mr. Perry—Ned! Look at me." "Eh! oh! What! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Belknap, but I was trying to make out who that was in the timber yonder. Looks—looks almost like a woman on horseback, doesn't it?" "But when he appealed to her for confirmation of his timid, half credulous vision he was gazing at the look in her face." "You were not listening! You were not even thinking of what I was saying!" she began, her white teeth set, her soft lips livid with wrath; but she suddenly controlled herself—none too soon, for Dana came trotting up.

"Say, Perry, what do you make that out to be down there in the valley? Col. Brainerd and I feel sure it's a lady on horseback." "And, looking at Perry, Mrs. Belknap saw that he had flushed to the very temples—that an eager, joyous light had sprung to his eyes; but before she could say a word there came a shout from the huntsman, a yell from the leading line, a simultaneous yelp from the curs and newells among the "irregulars," and he was swept at the bit and went tearing off toward the Monee, foremost in mad pursuit of a wild caroling "jack."

"Come!" she called, as she glanced over her shoulder; but the sight was one that only added to her wrath. Nolan, plunging and snorting, was held to the spot, while his rider, sitting like a centaur, was still eagerly gazing over to the distant cottonwoods. The next instant she realized that all the field were thundering at her heels, and the instinct of the sportsman came to her aid. She could not be beaten in the chase.

For half a mile Bunny shot like a streak of light straight away southwestward, the hounds bunched in a stately, sweeping cloud not thirty yards behind the bobbing out of his tail. Then he began a long circle towards the stream, as though to head for a "break" that extended some rods back from the line of bluffs. Another minute and he had reached its partial shelter and darted in. For the next minute he was lost to sight of his human pursuers, but presently flashed into view again down in the creek bottom and "straking it" up along the northern bank, with the whole pack at his heels. The bluffs were steep just here, and some of the riders a trifle timid, and all the "field" reined in a little as they made the descent; Dana, Mrs. Belknap, Parke, Mrs. Lawrence, Graham, the colonel and Mrs. Sprague straightened out for their pursuit in the order named, the instant they reached the level of the valley. The hounds were far ahead by this time, and the two light troopers in charge of them close at their heels; but who—what was the figure that flashed into view between those huntsmen and the field, darting like a head for a "break" that extended some rods back from the line of bluffs. Another minute and he had reached its partial shelter and darted in. For the next minute he was lost to sight of his human pursuers, but presently flashed into view again down in the creek bottom and "straking it" up along the northern bank, with the whole pack at his heels.

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In vain with might and main she leaped back and tugged at the reins; though checked in his speed, the horse still tore ahead, keeping straight for the hounds, leaping in his easy stride every little gully or "branch" that crossed his path. Bunny took a sudden dash into the timber, fifty feet across it narrow, gravely rapid, and darted up on the opposite bank; the hounds veered in pursuit, the huntsman wavered and sought along the bank for a better place to cross, but the mettlesome English bay lunged through in the very wake of the hounds, crumpling the pebbly stream bed. Out on the southern slopes went Bunny, close followed by the hounds; out on their trail went the big hunter, but his rider's hat had been brushed away in the wild dash, through the timber, and now a flame of beautiful golden hair—a great wave of light—dies on the wind over his glossy back, and though she still leans over the caudal tugging hard at the reins, she is plainly losing strength. Some of the Rossiter party burst through the timber in pursuit; some still ride hopefully up the north bank, and these are rewarded, for once again poor, a sudden swerve, and darning half the hounds far behind, that a second time to the shelter of the banks, with the other half closer at his heels than before.

Those who were watching see the big hunter making a long, circular sweep, then once again bring up in the wake of the leaders, once more going leaping, plunging, crashing through the stream, and

in another minute, rabbit, hounds, huntsman, the "field," and the fair incognita are all strung out in chase along the northern shore, and all eyes can see that she is an English girl and well nigh exhausted. Still, no man can catch that hunter and lay hand on the rein. She is riding with the foremost now, leading the troopers, even, and still Bunny spins along in front, the hounds gnashing not a foot behind him. A little point of bluff juts out just ahead; the stream winds round its base and takes a turn northward for a dozen rods. Bunny shoots the turn like the pilot of the lightning express, the hounds strain to make it without loss of vantage gained; the big hunter sways outward to the very verge of the steep and crumbling bank, and a groan goes up from the breathless pursuers; but he rallies and straightens once more in the track, and the golden hair, streaming in advance, is the ofttime of the chase. Then as they round the point Dana gives a shout of joy. Straight down the slopes, straight and swift as roke the daring huzzar from whom he got his name, when he bare the fatal message like arrow flight from the Sapinote crest at Baldy's, down the bluffs to the right front comes Nolan, with Ned Perry on his back—Perry with set, resolute, yet almost frenzied face—Perry with eyes that flash blue fire in the intensity of their gaze, and Nolan's vigorous strides have brought him in circling sweep, in just seconds more, close to the hunter's quarter, close behind the fluttering skirt.

Just ahead there is another sudden turn to the left, the stream goes one way, the bluffs another, and between them lies a five-acre patch of level prairie thickly studded, here and there, everywhere, with tiny earthen mounds and tiny, gaping, treacherous holes—a prairie dog village, by all that's awful and that runaway hunter, mad in the chase of the sleeping hound, is in the midst of it before mortal hand can check or swerve him. Another second, and they who pursue have veered to right or left or reined up on the verge—all save one. Never faltering, Ned Perry is at her hunter's quarter, almost at her side. They see him spurring, they see him bending eagerly towards her, they see that he is shouting something to her—heaven knows what! Then there is a groan of misery and dread from a dozen breasts, a groan that as suddenly bursts into the gladdest of cheers; the hunter's forehead has caught in one of the thousand little death traps, down he goes, plunging, heaving, quivering, rolling over and over; but Nolan leaps gallantly ahead, and Ned Perry's strong arm has lifted the girl from the saddle as her steed goes crashing to earth, and bears her, dropping, faint, frightened, well nigh senseless, but safe and clasped tight to his thankful and exultant heart.

Another instant, and Nolan is reined in in the very midst of the tumbling hounds, and Gladys Maitland is the only woman "in at the death."

CHAPTER XIV.  
HE group that gathers there a moment later is as interested a party as any that could be gathered in the neighborhood. Unable to get her feet free from the stirrup, and the ankle she is severely wrenched! Nolan, riderless now and cast loose, stands with lowered head and heaving flanks, a sympathetic but proudly heroic look on her face. He has played his part in that rescue, the huge English hunter is plunging in misery among the mounds a few yards back, his fore leg broken. One of the troopers has seized his bridle, and another is manhandling the heavy English saddle. "Splendidly done!" says the colonel, as he criss carefully up, casting a glance at the fallen cause of all the mischief; "but if that saddle had been one of those three pronged abominations he couldn't have swept her off as he did."

Graham has galloped to the stream for water, and the colonel lifts Mrs. Sprague from her saddle, and together they advance to offer sympathy; and all Mrs. Lawrence follows as quickly as she can pick her way among the prairie dog holes. Dana has deserted Mrs. Belknap, and she alone remains mounted while all these others throng about the two who stand there for the moment, looking to each other. And now Gladys Maitland has raised her head, blushing of shame and confusion triumph over pallor and pain; she strives to stand alone, but Perry bids her desist. The moment she sees Mrs. Sprague's sweet, womanly, sympathetic face her eyes are filled with comfort and her heart goes out to her. Most reluctantly Perry resigns his prize to the arms that open to receive her, and then come the wonderful exclamations of some, and the brief, breathless explanations.

"Don't try to talk yet," pleads Mrs. Sprague. "We are only too glad it was no worse." "Indeed, I'm not hurt," answers Gladys, bravely—"only a little wrench, but," and she laughs nervously, trying to carry it off with all the pluck and spirit of her race. "It would have been what we call a 'crazy expop' at home here—and he'd been very shy yet with a world of gratitude to his—it had not been for Mr. Perry."

"Oh, then you know Mr. Perry?" exclaims Mrs. Sprague, with frank delight, and Mrs. Lawrence turns in rejoicing to look first in his glowing face, then at the dark beauty of Mrs. Belknap silently listening. "Why, we had no idea"—and she concludes by "soberly."

"Oh, yes; we met at the ranch—at home, Mrs. Maitland," you know, and that is my father's place. But we've only 't come," she adds, with the woman's natural desire to explain to new found friends why and how it was that they had not met before. And then the group joined by a bulky young Briton in the garb of a groom, though modified to suit the requirements of frontier life; he comes cantering to the spot, all elbows and consternation; he gives a groan of dismay at sight of the prostrate hunter, but rides directly to his mistress. She is paling again now, and in evident pain, and Perry's face is a study as he stands, his eyes riveted upon her; but she tries to smile and reassure him.

"You'll have to ride to Dunraven—the ranch, Griggs," she said, "and—there's no help for it—papa will have to be told. Let them send for him." "Parson and Miss Maitland" interrupted Col. Brainerd. "You are almost under the walls of Fort Rossiter, and Dunraven is miles away. I have sent a swift horse for Dr. Quin, and a spring ambulance. We cannot let you go home now that you are so near us, until you have had rest and proper care." "Indeed we cannot, Mrs. Maitland," chimed in both ladies at a breath. "You are to come right to my house until you are fit to travel." "I'm not very fit just now, certainly," she answers, with a faint smile; "but I can surely wait here until they send, 'twill not be more than an hour at most."

"It will be two hours—perhaps three," Miss Maitland, pleaded Perry, bending eagerly forward. "Do listen to our fatherly advice."

I hated to have her, too for I've hardly had a word with her; Mrs. Belknap has been there most of the afternoon, even when she had a guest of her own just arrived, too." And Mrs. Sprague could not but show her vexation at this retrospect.

Perry stood in silence, looking yearningly after the retreating vehicle. It would take him but a few minutes to hasten to stables and saddle Nolan; he could easily catch them before they had gone two miles, but there was parade, and he could not ask to be excused. Not until he had looked round and saw that Mrs. Belknap's dark eyes were fixed in close scrutiny upon his face did he realize how he was betraying himself. Then he rallied, but with evident effort.

The colonel was standing but a few paces away, chatting with Mrs. Lawrence and his faithful adjutant Mrs. Sprague stepped quickly towards him, and spoke a few words in a low tone, which Mrs. Belknap remained looking straight into Perry's eyes. Before the young fellow could gather himself, Col. Brainerd, as though in reply to a suggestion of Mrs. Sprague's, suddenly started, exclaiming, "Why, by all means!" and then called aloud: "Oh! Perry, why not gallop down and overtake the Dunraven carriage and say good-by? Here's my horse all saddled now right in the yard. Take him and go! I would."

There was something so hearty and genial and sympathetic in the colonel's manner that Perry's face flushed despite his effort at nonchalance. The thought of seeing her again and hearing her sweet voice was a powerful incentive. He longed to go. The colonel's invitation was equivalent to an excuse from parade. There was no reason why he should not go, and the very point of thankfully accepting the tempting offer, when Mrs. Belknap's words arrested him. Clear and cutting, but still so low that none but he could hear, she spoke: "Take my word for it, you are not wanted, nor any other man, when Dr. Quin is with her."

Perry's hesitation vanished. "Thank you, colonel, I believe I don't care to go," he answered, and, raising his cap to the ladies, turned on his heel and hurried to his quarters. Mrs. Belknap stood watching him one moment, then calmly rejoined the party at the gate. "Well," said she, with the languid drawl that her regimental associates had learned to know so well, "this has been a day of surprises, has it not? Only fancy our having a beautiful English heiress here within reach and never knowing it until today!"

"But you had a surprise of your own, had you not?" interposed Mrs. Sprague, who was still chatting over the face that her lovely and dangerous neighbors should have so unobtrusively and so quietly considered herself by prior right, and who meant to remind her thus publicly of the neglect of which she had been guilty. "Mrs. Page, you mean?" responded Mrs. Belknap, with the same languid, imperturbable manner. "Yes; poor Jennie! She is always utterly used up after one of those long ambulance journeys, and can only take a cup of tea and go to bed in a darkened room. All she wants is to be left alone, until she gets over it. I suppose she will sleep till tattoo and then be up half the night. You'll come in and see her, won't you? Au revoir."

And so, calmly and gracefully and victoriously, the dark-eyed dame withdrew, leaving her honest hearted antagonist only the sense of exasperation and defeat. It was full quarter of an hour after parade, and darkness was setting down on the garrison, when Capt. Lawrence, in orderly cap, at the door of Mr. Perry's quarters, and, being bidden "Come in," pushed on to the sitting room, where he found that young officer plunged deep in an easy chair in front of the fireplace, his attitude one of profound dejection.

"Be seated," bade the colonel, the man, "Mrs. Lawrence and this captain's wain!"

THE ABSOLUTE MONARCH.  
A mighty king, long, long ago,  
With voice of grief and pain of woe  
To his court wizard did complain:  
"Sir Wizard, I am said to reign,  
But what with councilors and herds  
Of bishops, judges, generals, lords,  
Priests, ministers and those they call  
The people, I am so much of a fool  
To call my life my own. They talk  
Of duty, laws and charities, talk  
My wisdom, dog my steps, torment  
In to be ever their president,  
State tactics and prerogative,  
Till I would rather die than live.  
I bid thee, wizard, if thou'lt hold  
Of my soul, to be my best friend."  
"Take thou my crown, I grieve it not,  
And give me in exchange a lot,  
Leave me but how comforted I be,  
Which is the better sovereignty."  
Then grained the wizard end, but still  
Resolved the crown against his will.  
And swift, with wand and astrologer,  
He transformed the king into a leech!  
—Amos R. Wells in Wild Anale.



At White Oaks, - Rev. W. W. Lane.
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms for announcement in THE INDEPENDENT: \$5 payable in advance.
COUNTY ASSASSIN.
We are authorized to announce J. B. Mathew as a candidate for election to the office of Assessor of Lincoln county at the ensuing election, Nov. 1890, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

Col. Fountain had quick work with one of his convictions. In the case of the Territory vs John Thomas, charged with larceny, it was only twenty minutes from the time the grand jury returned the indictment until the defendant was brought into court, arraigned, pleaded guilty, and sentence was passed.

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Jose Domingo Montoya was found murdered beside a half skinned cow, in the Capitanas, about three months ago. It was thought at the time that he had met with the just deserts of a cow thief, but recent developments go to show that there was another motive for his sudden taking off, and Florencio Gallegos and Eleutario Baca were indicted by the late grand jury, charged with the murder. Baca is now in jail. Gallegos, it is said, has skipped with the murdered man's wife, which, of itself, looks suspicious. It is said that the evidence against Baca and Gallegos is very strong. "Murder will out" - sometimes.

LATER - Gallegos has since been caught.
For cleanliness, comfort and first-class fare, go to Whelan & Co's, Hotel.

Great interest was manifested in the Fitzgerald Moore murder case, which occupied the court for two days last week. The general opinion seems to be that, although the jury hung, it was virtually an acquittal for Mr. Moore.

Just received, an immense stock of children's and men's Hats at
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We have had good rains at last, and all nature - and everybody else - smiles.

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

Report says that the American mine, at Nogal, is proving the biggest kind of a bonanza. One report says that a pocket of gold was struck there a few days ago which yielded about \$1,700 in one day.

Fresh supply of Fancy Candles at Whelan & Co's.

An important change is made in J. B. Mathew's announcement this week. He is subject to the endorsement of the Republican county convention.

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THE INDEPENDENT will soon issue an Illustrated Pecos Valley Reservoir and Irrigation edition, containing a complete write up of the entire Pecos Valley, with maps of the reservoir and irrigating canal systems, cuts of prominent buildings, noted ranches, scenery, etc. It will be the most complete edition of the kind ever issued in New Mexico, and the best advertisement of the kind ever issued in the Southwest, without exception. At least ten thousand copies will be issued, and it is hoped that the edition will reach fifteen or twenty thousand copies.

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Fresh Butter and Cheese at WHELAN & Co's.

The illustrations for THE INDEPENDENT'S Pecos Valley Reservoir and Irrigation edition will be strictly first class. The edition will be eight pages, printed on fine paper, and will be the most complete one of the kind ever issued in the Southwest.

Viandas and Ham Sausages at WHELAN & Co's.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Lieut. Scott, the popular J. M. at Fort Stanton, visited the city Monday.

Frank Leuret arrived on Tuesday from Roswell, and is preparing to move his family to that city next week.

J. E. Wharton, editor of the Nogal Banner, was in the city and paid THE INDEPENDENT a pleasant call on Monday.

George Klabrell, of the I. and N. and Roswell stage line, was up from his Picocho ranch last week, and again Tuesday.

Nathan Jaffe, and G. A. Richardson started on their return trip to Roswell Wednesday, after spending the full term of court in our city.

County Assessor L. W. Netherlin and deputies Back and Ryers have been busy engaged on assessment work here for the past week, or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Fort Stanton, were in Lincoln Tuesday, en route to Roswell. Mr. Hamilton is book keeper for J. C. DeLany, and he and his wife are off on a little vacation.

Col. and Mrs. John S. Stidger returned Saturday from their trip to Roswell, and started Sunday on their return to Las Cruces. They were delighted with the Roswell country.

Jno. A. Brothers, E. R. Cline, U. Ozanne, Jones Taliaferro, T. B. McCourt, and last but not least, J. P. C. Langston, were among the White Oaks delegation who were here on court business.

V. H. Lusk, of Weed, A. T. Gunter, of Lower Penasco, C. O. Fountain, of Roswell, E. F. Nugent, of Nogal, and J. P. C. Langston, of White Oaks, were among the welcome visitors at THE INDEPENDENT office during court.

The County Democratic Executive Committee held a meeting last week and decided to hold their county convention here on Aug. 14th, next.

Commissioner's Court.

Proceedings of a special meeting of the County Commissioners of Lincoln County held at Lincoln, Wednesday, April 23, 1890.

PRESENT - Hon. M. Cronin, Chairman; Thos. W. Henley, Commissioner, George Curry, Clerk.

Resignation of Fred W. Joyce, J. P., precinct No. 7, is accepted and on recommendation of citizens of said precinct W. M. Atkinson is hereby appointed and ordered to qualify according to law.

The following accounts are allowed and warrants issued:

J. P. C. Langston, Deputy Sheriff, \$94.00
E. F. Banta, making portico for County, 150.00
Wm. Caffrey, printing for County, 24.00
R. Michaelis & Co., Mds. for County, 9.50
D. C. Nowlin, cash expended for County, 74.90
Jas. Kibbe, printing books, 45.00
Geo. D. Bernard & Co., records for County, 40.00

There being no further business, the Board adjourned sine die.

M. CRONIN, Chairman pro tem.
GEO. CURRY, Clerk.

ROSWEIL RACKET.

From the Register, April 24.
Trees are being planted every day and it is only a matter of a few years when Roswell will have plenty of shade.

Parker Wells has gone to La Cima canon, on Red River, in San Miguel county to look after his interests.

Dr. Van Norman, the Eddy druggist, came to town last week to pass his pharmaceutical examination before Jno. L. Zimmerman, examiner for this district, which was successfully done. The Dr. adds one more to the great majority, and is enthusiastic over our valley.

Mr. Chas. Sparks can be proud of his new well on Spring River heights; the water is cold and agreeable to the taste.

Mr. Harry Dawsley purchased two lots in block 15 of W. E. Sparks, agent for Capt. Lea, on Tuesday.

The new bridge over North Spring river is quite an improvement over the old fashion of wading the river.

A gentleman of this town is in receipt of a letter from a prominent real estate firm of El Paso stating that rumors are afloat, and which seemed to be backed by good authority, that a road is to be built to Albuquerque from some point in Texas by way of Roswell, and a branch from the latter place to El Paso. Another project is to be built from Tascosa, Texas, via Roswell direct to El Paso. The writer has faith in the reports, at least, for instructions to his correspondent was to look out for several good corner lots for him here as he says, "Roswell is bound to make a grand town if either of the roads are built." We do not know the facts in regard to the above but of one thing we feel quite certain, and that is, Roswell is bound to get a railroad in the near future, the building of the Pecos Valley will spur others to enter this field in order to secure the trade which this country will gain, and which is considerable. So we say to our El Paso friend, "secure the corner lots, they will come in all right for several thousand each before long."

Roswell, N. M., April 17, 1890.

To the Manager Eddy B. B. C.
I herewith challenge the Eddy base ball club to play a game of base ball for \$100 a side, the game to take place in Roswell the latter part of May or first part of June, the exact date to be left to you. The sub-editor did not show himself. The serenaders looked over the transom. The room was vacant. Sadly and silently the serenaders left. But why was the sub-editor not in his bed at 11 o'clock at night? The explanation is simple. He had heard of the contemplated serenade and had fled wildly for the high prairie.

Yours Truly,
W. S. PRAGER,
Manager R. B. B. C.

Corn and Oats.

300,000 pounds of choice oats, and about same amount of corn, for sale by Rosenthal & Co., Lincoln, N. M. Special prices in large lots.

Fresh Eggs at WHELAN & Co's.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERERS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.
WHITE OAKS, N. M., April 23, 1890.

Rain is now the order of the day - also of the night - for which we are truly grateful. The stockmen have special cause to give thanks.

We are now welcoming back daily some portion of the large delegation which went a courting to Lincoln. Messrs. E. W. Parker and Rolla Wells and ladies returned Friday - much pleased with their trip. Mr. Wells and wife will leave for their home in St. Louis on Tuesday of this week. We shall be sorry to lose them from our small social work.

During the past week some excellent ore was taken from the Maud; Orphan Boy and Rosie properties, belonging to Messrs. Wells and Parker, on the Bonito. Silver and lead, with gold in limited quantities, were observable. There is no doubt that these will prove rich properties when worked, and the outlook is good for their early development. The indications are most favorable for many rich mines in the Bonito district, and the great abundance of wood and water will be advantageous in the work of bringing them to the front.

C. O. Parsons, of Kansas, it is expected, will soon place the Parsons mine in a position for active operations.

The American mine at Nogal is said to be producing some excellent ore, and to be richly compensating the lessees who are working it.

The White Oaks coal mine, in which Rolla Wells is largely interested and which is supplying the local demand, as well as sending many tons during the year to Roswell and vicinity, is looking finely, and the quality of the coal is excellent. One feature of Lincoln county coal is its superior coking qualities unlike the Carthage coal, it is primarily a coking coal. This feature alone will make the White Oaks coal fields of great value.

The reports of interested and jealous parties to the contrary notwithstanding, there is doubtless a better field for prospecting for coal, with a promise for larger returns for labor and money invested, in the coal fields of Lincoln county, than in any other locality in the west.

Railroad capitalists are looking with favor upon this section, and before many months have passed, plans already formed will take shape, and a struggle for supremacy will ensue between rival companies to control the business of this section.

Col. T. W. Heman, our representative railroad man and honored citizen, returned from El Paso last Thursday night, where he has been for a month past, conferring with the officers and directors of the El Paso and White Oaks railroad company. A meeting was had by these representatives with the railroad magnate, Jay Gould, at Dallas, Texas, about the 15th inst. While the negotiations are not publicly known in detail, yet sufficient is indicated to warrant the conclusion that within sixty days, work will begin and be crowded to a speedy conclusion. Col. Heman, while reticent, yet assures your correspondent that there is no doubt of a favorable conclusion of the preliminaries. As a consequence White Oaks is preparing to gather to herself a general revival of business and a good healthy boom.

The dedication of the Congregational church of this place will take place next Sunday. The public school will close a week from next Friday, after a seven months' term. Altogether it has been the most satisfactory and progressive of any term in this precinct. Mrs. M. M. Rudisill has done a good work and won for herself quite a reputation as a successful teacher.

From the Interpreter, April 24th.
Joseph Greshaber and Jas. Reid are at the Bonito mining camp, doing development work on property belonging to Messrs. Wells & Parker.

The South Homestead mill shut down last Saturday, after a long run, to allow the miners to get a supply of ore ahead, when the mill will be started up again.

Peter McCourt, while at Roswell, secured the contract for the roofing and tin work on the new court house. He also secured other contracts that will keep him busy most of the summer.

The rich ore recently struck on Silver Cliff mine seems to continue as development progresses.

Rosenthal & Co. have now on exhibition one of the largest and best assorted stocks of men's and boys' clothing ever offered in Lincoln county.

All Postmasters are authorized and requested to act as agents for THE INDEPENDENT.

Times night. About 11 p. m. The Eddy serenade club composed of four sweet singers, gathered beneath the window of the sub-editor of the Argus. They sang four of their choicest selections, including "There's a New Cow in Town." The sub-editor did not show himself. The serenaders looked over the transom. The room was vacant. Sadly and silently the serenaders left. But why was the sub-editor not in his bed at 11 o'clock at night? The explanation is simple. He had heard of the contemplated serenade and had fled wildly for the high prairie.

The Fort Selden reservation will be reserved for Indian school purposes.

In the house the senate bill was passed creating customs collection district of Arizona.

FORT STANTON FACTS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.
FORT STANTON, N. M., April 30, '90.

Lieut Brewster and party left here Sunday morning to establish a heliograph station in the White mountains. They expect to be absent about 80 days.

Forage Master John Ritter left here Saturday for Fort Springs, Ark, where he goes to try the efficacy of the Springs for his chronic rheumatism. Dr. Taylor, late surgeon at this Post, is also at the Springs on leave of absence.

Lt. Cumliffe H. Murray, 4th Cav., who was stationed at this Post during 1885 and '87, has been promoted to a Captaincy, vice Capt. Wirt Davis.

Private Whittaker, B Co, 10th Infantry, is sore over the recent action of the J. P. at Lincoln, in firing him \$90 and costs for pointing an unloaded gun at Julian Lopez, at Torrey's Ranch. Whittaker says it was "all in fun," but now thinks he will take his fun some other way.

Barney Coffey takes charge of the Quartermaster's corral during the absence of Mr. Ritter. Barney likes the job all right, but hopes Mr. Ritter will get back before the fishing season opens.

The base ball season has not yet begun here. If the boys want to do up Roswell and White Oaks this year they had better begin and organize. We ought to have the champion ball nine at this Post, and if someone will only take things in hand we can "blow creation" - at least that portion of it that resides in Lincoln county.

Judge McFie and Col. A. J. Fountain stopped here a short while on Tuesday, en route to Las Cruces.

The coal mines at Salado look promising, and every indication points to the discovery of vast tracts of coal in that section. We were shown some specimens from the Gorton mine, also from the Johnson mine, and judging from the inflammability of the specimens, we have little doubt but that the owners of these mines have struck a big bonanza.

W. Hightower and Ed. Bates were in from Gabalon canon on Tuesday. They have struck a rich silver mine which assays 380 oz. to the ton. If the lead holds out the boys have a big thing. We wish them every success.

Government Bids.

Lists of proposals for military supplies at Fort Stanton, opened April 23, 1890: - Jose Montano, Fort Stanton, N. M., 1300 cords of wood at \$3.20.

J. H. Canning, Fort Stanton, N. M., 400,000 lbs. alfalfa hay at \$1.93; 100,000 lbs. baled straw at 90c.; 50,000 lbs. loose straw at 85c.; 1300 cords of wood at \$3.22.

Reuben Michaelis, Lincoln, N. M., 300,000 lbs. corn at \$1.78; 270,000 lbs. oats at \$2.05; 1300 cords of wood at \$3.39.

J. H. Canning, Fort Stanton, N. M., 150,000 lbs. corn at \$1.69; 200,000 lbs. oats at \$1.98; 65,000 lbs. bran at \$2.12; Joseph Storms, Lincoln, N. M., 1000 bushels charcoal at 24c.

S. R. Corbet, Lincoln, N. M., 125,000 lbs. corn at \$1.57; 175,000 lbs. corn at \$1.83; George Curry, Lincoln, N. M., 150,000 lbs. hay (alfalfa) at \$2.13; John Thornton, Lincoln, N. M., 150,000 lbs. alfalfa hay at \$2.37; S. R. Corbet, Lincoln, N. M., 20,000 lbs. bran at \$1.70; 45,000 lbs. bran at \$2.10; 1800 cords of wood at \$3.32; A. C. Storms, Fort Stanton, N. M., 64,000 lbs. straw at \$2.00; 1000 bushels charcoal at 27c.

Frank Coe, Fort Stanton, N. M., 600,000 lbs. hay at \$1.23, \$1.24; (proposals do not agree); 240,000 lbs. straw at 93c.; 600 cords of wood at \$3.21.

E. E. Wright, Bonito, N. M., 1800 cords wood at \$4.50. Geo. W. Peppin, Lincoln, N. M., 150,000 lbs. alfalfa hay at \$2.62; S. R. Corbet, Lincoln, N. M., 270,000 lbs. oats at \$2.10. M. L. Gorton, Fort Stanton, N. M., bituminous coal per 100 lbs. 32c. B. H. Ellis, Lincoln, N. M., 150,000 lbs. alfalfa hay at \$1.25. S. R. Corbet, Lincoln, N. M., 1,020,000 lbs. alfalfa or oat hay at \$1.20; 4000 lbs. bituminous coal at 85c.

The following is the division made by the census supervisor for taking the census in Lincoln and Dona Ana counties:

DONA ANA COUNTY

is divided into five districts: Precinct 9, Three Pines; 10, Tulareosa; 23, Mesalero. Precinct 21, Upper Penasco; 22, Weed; 17, Hilton; 14, La Luz. Precinct 2, Dona Ana; 17, Rincon; 16, Colorado.

Precinct 20, Las Cruces; 3, Las Cruces; 1, Organ; 13, San Augustin. Precinct 4, Mesilla; 5, Mesilla; 6, Bosque Seco. Precinct 15, San Miguel; 8, La Mesa; 11, Chambrino; 7, La Union; 18, Linden.

LINCOLN COUNTY

is divided into six districts: Precinct 12, Lockout; 5, Seven Rivers; 15, Lower Penasco. Precinct 9, Upper Penasco; 16, Weed; 3, Ruidoso; 4, Picocho; 2, San Patricio.

Precinct 1, Lincoln; 6, La Tablas. Precinct 12, Bonito; 11, Nogal. Precinct 8, White Oaks; 13, Red Cloud; Precinct 7, Roswell; 10, South Spring River; 17, Upper Pecos; 18, Eddy.

In the senate Reagan introduced a bill to repeal all laws for the retirement of all army and navy officers from active service on pay.

DISTRICT COURT.

Court closed Tuesday at 10 a. m. It was a short term, but a great deal of business was transacted. Judge McFie, in discharging the jury, made appropriate and highly complimentary remarks, which were responded to briefly and appropriately by Judge Ryan, on behalf of our citizens. This will probably be Judge McFie's last term of court here, as the new district will undoubtedly be formed before the fall term. Our people all regret exceedingly to lose Judge McFie, and feel under great obligations to him for the satisfactory manner in which he has presided over our courts.

The following business was disposed of, in addition to that reported last week:

CRIMINAL DOCKET. Ty vs Fitzgerald Moore, assault to murder; jury tried; verdict guilty; continued by court. Bond reduced from \$5,000 to \$1,500.

Ty vs John Thomas, larceny; plead guilty; one year in penitentiary and costs. Ty vs Francisco Arnera, larceny of a horse; plead guilty; two years in penitentiary and fine of four hundred dollars and costs.

Ty vs Claude Camp, burglary; verdict guilty; one year in penitentiary. Ty vs Abraham Miller, theft of a mule; verdict guilty; one year in penitentiary. Ty vs Alex. Burleson, assault; jury trial; verdict not guilty.

Ty vs Felipe Silva, unlawfully destroying fence; jury trial; verdict guilty; fined \$5 and costs; appealed. Ty vs John W. Dawson, larceny of a calf, two cases; verdict not guilty. Young & Fall for defense.

Ty vs Martiniano Lujan, murder 3d degree; change of venue taken to Dona Ana county. Ty vs Henry A. James, drawing and discharging deadly weapon, and Ty vs John W. Richardson and Henry James, insulting while armed; venue changed to Grant county.

Ty vs John Niles and John Pollock; nolle entered; as to Pollock. Trial by jury as to Niles. Verdict not guilty. Ty vs Clark Hasty; nolle entered. Ty vs Zech Light, continued. Ty vs Ramon Trujillo and Seterino Baca; continued by prosecution.

CIVIL DOCKET. Rolla Wells vs J. E. Sigh; default; judgment for plaintiff. Damages assessed at \$150.

Chas. Hamilton vs Peter C. Bell; dismissed at plaintiff's cost. L. B. Freudenthal & Co. vs Nat Moore & Sons; judgment by consent for plaintiffs.

Wm. Smith vs Jno. Hale, settled and dismissed at plaintiff's cost. Wm. Smith vs L. Hale et al, same. Ed. R. Bonnell vs R. E. Lund; judgment by consent for plaintiff for \$43.31 and costs. Stay for 90 days.

Chas. T. Williams vs Fitzgerald Moore; venue changed to Grant county. Berhelm Baum & Co. vs Nat Moore et al; judgment by consent for \$548.51 and costs. C. H. Fargo vs Nat Moore & Sons; judgment by consent for \$760.44. Stay for 60 days.

Nat Moore & Sons vs Robt. N. Sanders; judgment for plaintiff for \$63.40; attachment sustained and order for sale of property. James Colley vs B. L. Breese; settled; each party to pay one half the costs by agreement.

Ty vs D. K. Taylor, default; judgment for \$200 and costs; execution to issue. CHANCERY DOCKET. Addison M. James vs Marcus Bruns; R. E. Lund appointed special master to take proofs and report. Juan Pablo Romero vs Josefa Romero; decree of divorce on payment of costs.

Frank Taylor vs Alex Van Wenden; decree pro confesso. Ida J. Spencer vs Benjamin B. Spencer; decree of divorce and custody of one child, on payment of costs. Juan Sedillo vs Maria Chavez Sedillo; decree of divorce on payment of costs.

Grand Jury Report.

In the Third Judicial District Court, Lincoln county, April, A. D. 1893, term. To THE HON. JOHN R. McFIE, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of New Mexico, and presiding Judge of the Third Judicial District Court thereof:

Sir - Your grand jury, impaneled at the present term of court, respectfully report that having investigated as far as the limited time allowed us would permit, all violations of law brought to our knowledge, we have reported by indictment in all cases where the evidence justified.

We have returned some thirty indictments for various offenses, many of them being for the unlawful use of deadly weapons. The large majority of the violations of the law prohibiting the carrying and use of deadly weapons, is properly chargeable to transient persons, coming into our Territory and county from adjoining states, many of them fugitives from justice, who attempt to practice here the lawless acts which drove them from their former homes. The prompt and vigorous enforcement of the law which such persons encounter is no doubt a revelation to them; instead of finding lawlessness rampant and a lawless community, governed by the winchmaster and six-shooter, they find a peaceable, law-abiding community, composed of men who revere the law and have the ability to enforce it. Thus, while there is an apparent increase of crime, such crime is not to be charged to the bona fide citizens of this county, but rather to those whom we have alluded to as transient persons.

Your grand jury, acting upon your honor's suggestion, appointed committees to examine the books of the county, and to investigate the conduct of several of the county officers, as to the manner in which they carried on public business. The reports of these committees, having

been adopted by the grand jury, are made a part of this report. To the Grand Jury: Your committee appointed to examine and report upon the affairs of the county as shown by the Probate Clerk's and Sheriff's offices, respectfully report, that owing to the limited amount of time at our disposal, it has been impossible to obtain as full and extended a statement of the county finances as we would desire, and the people expect; but, with the valuable assistance of our efficient Probate Clerk, we are enabled to make a report showing the indebtedness of the county, which is in our opinion correct.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberts Hanner, April 23.

We are informed that Mr. Josh Hale will move his family to the ranch on Ruidoso for awhile.

First month of present term of Nogal public school closed Friday. Fifty pupils enrolled.

Jas. Henley was down from the American Mine Sunday and reported things lovely. The stamps began dropping Monday.

S. J. Slane, B. F. Brown and wife, C. B. Myers and wife, Jose Vega, Thos. Moore and R. J. Nugent, represented Nogal at Lincoln court.

Mr. Aaron, of Leavonworth, Kas., arrived at Nogal Tuesday and went over to Kraut Canon, where he is interested in mining property.

LAS CRUCES LOCALS.

From the Democrat, April 22. Frank Lopez, proprietor of the Palmilla club rooms, died this morning at his residence, of black small-pox.

D. A. Davis, the well known fruit tree man, is again down in this country making delivery of lots of fine young trees.

Norman C. Raff has just sold thirty-two acres of land between Las Cruces and Mesilla to a Wichita man. The price is rumored to have been over \$100 an acre.

Mrs. McIntyre, who was well known to the traveling public throughout southern New Mexico as the proprietress of hotels both in Las Cruces and Kingston, died lately in Mexico, where she hurriedly went after an unsuccessful attempt to keep the Commercial hotel here open.

The board of regents of the Agricultural College met last Tuesday at Judge McFie's office. The following officers were chosen for the college for the ensuing year: Hiram Hadley, president and director, at a salary of \$2,500. J. P. Owen, professor in department of history, political economy and civics, and principal of the preparatory department, salary \$1,500.

A. E. Blout, of the Colorado Agricultural College, professor in department of horticulture and agriculture, salary not stated. Elmer C. Wooten, of the Kansas Agricultural College, professor in natural history, embracing minerals, plants and animals, salary \$1,000.

Miss E. C. Kerns, of Raton, teacher of vocal music and drawing, and assistant in preparatory department, salary \$650.

Miss Cosette Ryerson, teacher of instrumental music, salary not stated. E. D. Litsey was appointed foreman of the farm under the direction of Professor Hadley, at a salary of \$80 per month.

Regent Black was requested to immediately procure plans and drawings of buildings necessary, and these plans will be adopted next week and advertisement made for contracting the work.

Prof. Hadley is instructed to advertise for bids for the making of 300,000 brick, the building of the fences, grading of a road and cleaning of ground on the experimental farm, and the erection of a windmill.

The board then adjourned until the first Saturday in May.

Mrs. Davis, the daughter of the late Mrs. McIntyre, who lived in Las Cruces for some time last year, and was divorced here, was married to Mr. Horatio Wharton, of Phoenix, A. T., in El Paso last Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. G. H. Higgins.

The shower that fell ten days ago started the grass growing all over the greater part of southern New Mexico, but the hot, dry weather since has, in Dona Ana county, shriveled up the tender blades and scalded it almost as if with a hot iron. A good steady rain is badly needed all over the southern half of the Territory.

J

Cheap Electricity.

Col. A. W. Harris, of Kingston, New Mexico, while in the city of Denver last week, visited room No. 36 Masonic temple, and saw the wonderful plant for generating electricity to supply light and motive power.

WE PRACTICE

Low Prices and Square Dealing

YOUNG & TALLAFERRO

White Oaks, N. M. Call on us and satisfy yourself.

ECLIPSE WINDMILLS

POWER AND HAND STEAM PUMPS, RANCH MACHINERY, Iron, Pipe, Hoss and Bolting.

Solo E. Rose & Bro.

Albuquerque, New Mex 20.

MANDRELL BROS. & CO.

THE LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE Of the Southwest. AGENT FOR DUPONT AND CALIFORNIA GIANT POWDER.

MARTIN BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

SPECIAL.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the AMERICAN FARMER, published at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Yours, as usual, to please Ed. L. Huntley

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLES. THE LATEST MODEL 1889. MARLIN SAFETY REPEATING RIFLE. MODEL '81.

LYMAN'S PAT. RIFLE SIGHTS. Are Unequaled both for Hunting and Target Shooting.

IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS. FOR ALL RIFLES, Pistols and Shot Guns.

VICTOR'S FISCAL GUIDE, 1890. The Fiscal Code of the United States, complete list of Vessels, Powers, Rights, Privileges and Small Fines, with descriptions and prices.

THE EYE. One of the most important organs of the human body.

THRIFTY, SAVING, PRUDENT. Store-keepers of America, we appeal to your intelligent eye and comprehensive judgment as careful buyers.

WASHER. The Best. We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work than any other in the world.

Pianos and Organs. Choice Holiday Goods. JULIAN & JOHNSON, WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.

CHICAGO STOCK CAR CO. PALACE LIVE STOCK CAR. A PERFECT CAR FOR FEEDING, RESTING AND WATERING LIVE STOCK WHILE IN TRANSIT.

BAZAAR. SIXTH STREET, EAST LAS VEGAS, FOR LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS, AND MATERIAL FOR FANCY WORK.

L. B. FREUDENTHAL & CO. WHOLESALE Groceries and Dry Goods.

Dieter's Little Pleasant Liver Pills. BILESS HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. \$500 REWARD. Offered by the manufacturer of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

O. L. HOUGHTON, WHOLESALE HARDWARE. STOVES, FIREARMS and AMMUNITION.

PLAZA HOTEL. The only First-Class Hotel in the City. RATE REASONABLE. LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.

LANDS. Report on Entries, Contests, Titles of Land, Scrip Locations, Townsites, Etc. \$3.00.

THE ANQUE VV RANG. Postoffice, Fort Stanton, N. M. Range, Salado, Rio Pigeon, Little Creek, Facho Creek, Rio Hondo.

THE LEA CATTLE CO. Address: J. C. Lea, Roswell, N. M.

WILLIAM ROBERT. Postoffice, Roswell, N. M.

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

THE CARRIZOZO CATTLE COMPANY (Limited). Address: J. A. Alcock, White Oaks, N. M.

GEORGE G. GANS. Postoffice, Mesalero, N. M. Range Pleasant Valley, nine miles north of Upper Pecos.

L. W. NEATHERLIN. Postoffice, Lower Pecos, N. M. Range, ten miles south of Lower Pecos.

C. H. SLAUGHTER. Postoffice, Lookout, N. M. Range, head of Black river, or brand, HILL on left side.

EDDY-BISSEL CATTLE CO. Postoffice, Seven Rivers, N. M. Range, on the Pecos, near Seven Rivers.

SARAH S. KEEN. Postoffice, Upper Pecos, N. M. Range, Upper Pecos.

SUTHERLAND & FARRELL. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

JOSE MONTANO. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

T. C. TILLOTSON. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

W. H. GUYSE. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

SANTAL WELLS. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

FLORENCIO GONZALES. Postoffice, Lincoln, N. M. Range, Rio Hondo.

IF YOU WANT. The best paper published in Southern New Mexico, published for The Lincoln Independent.

IF YOU WANT. A live wide-awake, progressive, independent, one that will give you all the County, Territorial and General News, take The Lincoln Independent.