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THE DESERTER.

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

Author of "Deserter's Story," "The Colonel's Daughter," "Marian's Faith," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER VI.



"I mean the injuries at the fire."

looked surprised at this concession on the part of the steward, who was a man of every perquisite and one who had made much complaint about the crowded condition of the hospital wards and small rooms ever since the frozen soldiers had come in. All the same the doctor asked for no explanation but gladly availed himself of the steward's offer. Clancy was moved to this little room adjoining the steward's quarters forthwith, and Mrs. Clancy was satisfied.

Another thing had happened to excite remark and a good deal of it. Nothing short of eternal damnation was Mrs. Clancy's frantic sentence on the head of her unlovely spouse the night of the fire, when she was the central figure of the picture, and when hundreds of witnesses to her words were grouped around. Correspondingly had she called down the blessings of the Holy Virgin and all the saints upon the man who rescued and returned to her that precious packet of money. Everybody heard her, and it was one of the questions for her to retrace. Nevertheless, from within an hour after Clancy's admission to the hospital not another word of the kind escaped her lips. She was all patience and pity with the injured man, and she shunned all allusion to his preserver and her benefactor. The surgeon had been called away, after doing all in his power to make Clancy comfortable—he was needed elsewhere—and only two or three soldiers and a hospital nurse still remained by his bedside, where Mrs. Clancy and little Kate were drying their tears and receiving consolation from the steward's wife. The doctor had mentioned the name as he went away and it was seen that Clancy was striving to ask a question. Sergt. Nolan bent down: "Lie quiet, Clancy, my boy; you must be quiet, or you'll move the bandages." "Who did he say was burned? Who was he going to see?" gasped the sufferer.

"The new lieutenant, Clancy—him that pulled you out. He's a good one, and it's Mrs. Clancy that'll tell you the same."

"Tell him what?" said she, turning about in sudden interest.

"About the lieutenant's pulling him out of the fire and saving your money."

"Indeed yes! The blessing of all the saints be upon his beautiful head, and—"

"But who was it? What was his name, I say?" vehemently interrupted Clancy, half raising himself upon his elbow, and groaning with the effort. "What was his name? I didn't see him."

"Lieutenant. Hayne, man."

"Oh, my God!" gasped Clancy, and fell back as though struck a sudden blow.

She sprang to his side. "It's faint he is. Don't answer his questions, sergeant. He's beside himself. Oh, will you never stop talking to him and leave him to go away, all of ye's—go away, I say, or ye'll drive him crazy with your talk. Be quiet, Mike! don't you speak again." And she laid a broad, red hand upon his face. He only groaned again and threw his one unbandaged arm across his darkened eyes, as though to hide from sight of all.

From that time on she made no mention of the name that so strangely excited her stricken husband, but the watchers in the hospital the next night declared that in his ravings Clancy kept calling for Lieutenant Hayne.

Steady's battalion of the cavalry came marching into the post two days after the fire, and created a diversion in the garrison talk, which for one long day had been all of that dramatic incident and its attendant circumstances. In social circles, among the officers and ladies, the main topic was the conduct of Mr. Hayne and the injuries he had sustained as a consequence of his gallant rescue. Among the enlisted men and the denizens of Sudville the talk was principally of the revelation of Mrs. Clancy's hoard of greenbacks. But in both circles a singular story was just beginning to creep around, and it was to the effect that Clancy had cried aloud and fainted dead away and that Mrs. Clancy had gone into hysterics when they were told that Lieut. Hayne was the man to whom the one owed his life and the other her money. Some one met Capt. Rayner on the sidewalk the morning Stannard came marching home and asked him if he had heard the queer story about Clancy. He had not, and it was told him then and there.

Rayner did not even attempt to laugh at it or turn it in any way. He looked dead, stunned, for a moment, turned very white and old looking, and, hardly saying good day to his informant, faced about and went straight to his quarters. He was not among the crowd that thronged to welcome the incoming cavalrymen that bright, crisp, winter day, and that evening Mrs. Rayner went to the hospital to ask what she could do for Clancy and his wife. Capt. Rayner all ways expected her to see that every care and attention was paid to the sick and needy of his company, she explained to the doctor, who could not recall having seen her on a similar errand before, although sick and needy of Company B were not unknown in garrisons where he had served with them. She spent a good while with Mrs. Clancy, whom she had never noticed hitherto, much to the lieutenant's indignation, and concerning whose conduct she had been known to express herself in terms of extreme disapprobation. But in times of suffering such things are forgotten; Mrs. Rayner was full of sympathy and interest; there was nothing she was not eager to send them, and no thanks were necessary. She could never do too much for the man of her husband's company.

Yet there was a member of her husband's company on whom in his suffering hours she had served with them. She spent a good while with Mrs. Clancy, whom she had never noticed hitherto, much to the lieutenant's indignation, and concerning whose conduct she had been known to express herself in terms of extreme disapprobation. But in times of suffering such things are forgotten; Mrs. Rayner was full of sympathy and interest; there was nothing she was not eager to send them, and no thanks were necessary. She could never do too much for the man of her husband's company.

At such times, said Mrs. Clancy, she alone could manage him, and she urged that no other nurse could do more than excite or irritate him. To the unrepentant grief of little Kate, too, was driven from the sufferer's bedside and forbidden to come into the room, except when her mother gave permission. Clancy had originally been carried into the general ward with the other patients, but the hospital steward two days afterwards told the surgeon that the patient raved and cried so at night that the other sick men could not sleep, and offered to give up a little room in his own part of the building. The bulky doctor

considered blindness a blessing." It was an unfortunate remark. There was strong sympathy developing for Hayne all through the garrison. Mrs. Rayner never meant that it should have any such significance, but inside of twenty-four hours, in a course of which her husband had been requested some dozens of times and almost quite a many, the generally accepted version of the story was that Mrs. Rayner, so far from expressing the faintest sympathy or sorrow for Mr. Hayne's misfortune, so far from expressing the natural gratification which a lady should feel that it was an officer of her regiment who had reached the scene of danger ahead of the cavalry officer of the guard, had said in so many words that Mr. Hayne ought to be thankful that blindness was the worst thing that had come to him.

There was little chance for harmony after that. Many men and some women, of course, refused to believe it, and said they felt confident that she had been misrepresented. Still, all knew by this time that Mrs. Rayner was bitter against Hayne, and had heard of her denunciation of the colonel's action. So, too, had the colonel heard that she openly declared that she would refuse any invitation extended to her or to her sister which might involve her accepting hospital care at his house. These things do get around in most astonishing ways.

Then another complication arose: Hayne, too, was mixing matters. The major commanding the outfit, a man in no wise connected with his misfortunes, had gone to him and urged, with the doctor's full consent, that he should be moved over into and become an inmate of his household in Garrison. He had a big, roomy house. His wife earnestly added her entreaties to the major's, but all to no purpose: Mr. Hayne firmly declined. He thanked the major; he rose and bent over the lady's hand and thanked her with a voice that was full of gentleness and gratitude; but he said that he had learned to live in solitude. Sam was accustomed to all his ways, and he had every comfort he needed. His wants were few and simple. She would not be content, and urged him further. He loved reading; surely he would miss his books and would need some one to read aloud to him, and there were so many ladies in the garrison who would be glad to meet at her house and read to him by turns. He loved music, she heard, and there was her piano, and she knew several who would be delighted to come and play for him by the hour. He shook his head, and the bandages hid the tears that came to his smarting eyes. He had made arrangements to be read aloud to, he said, and as for music, that must wait awhile.

The kind woman retired dismayed—she could not understand such obduracy, and her husband felt rebuffed. Stannard, of the cavalry, too, came in with his gentle wife. She was loved throughout the regiment for her kindness and grace of mind, as well as for her devotion to the sick and suffering in the old days of the Indian wars, and Stannard had made a similar proffer and been similarly refused, and he had gone away indignant. He thought Mr. Hayne too pompous to live, but bore no malice, and his wrath was soon over. Many of the cavalry officers called in person and tendered their services, and were very civilly received, but all offers were positively declined. Just what the infantry officers should do was a momentous question. That they could no longer hold aloof was a matter that was quickly settled, and three of their number went through the chill gloaming of the wintry eve and sent in their cards by Sam, who ushered them into the cheerless front room, while one of their number followed to the doorway which led to the room in rear, in which, still confined to his bed by the doctor's advice, the injured officer was lying. It was Mr. Ross who went to the door and cleared his throat and stood in the presence of the man to whom, more than five years before, he had refused his hand. The others listened anxiously: "Mr. Hayne, this is Ross. I come with Foster and Graham to say how tenderly we regret your injuries, and to tender our sympathy and our services."

"There was dead silence for a moment. Foster and Graham stood with hearts that beat unaccountably hard, looking at each other in perplexity. Would he never reply?"

"The answer came at last—a question: "What injuries do you allude, Mr. Ross?"

Even in the twilight they could see the sudden flush of the Scotchman's cheek. He was a blunt fellow, but, as the senior, had been chosen spokesman for the three. The abrupt question staggered him. It was a second or two before he could collect himself.

"I mean the injuries at the fire," he replied.

This time no answer whatever. It was growing too painful. Ross looked in bewilderment at the bandaged face and again broke the silence: "We hope you won't deny us the right to be of service, Mr. Hayne. If there is anything we can do that you need or would like"—hesitatingly.

"You have nothing further to say?" asked the calm voice from the pillow.

"I don't know what else we can say," faltered Ross, after an instant's pause.

The answer came, firm and prompt, but fully cool: "Then there is nothing that you can do."

And the three took their departure, sore at heart.

There were others of the infantry who had purposed going to see Hayne that evening, but the story of Ross's experience put an end to it all. It was plain that even now Mr. Hayne made the condition of the faintest advance from his regimental comrades a full confession of error. He would have no less.

That evening the colonel sat by his bedside and had an earnest talk. He ventured to expostulate with the invalid on his refusal to go to the major's or to Stannard's. He could have so many comforts and delicacies there that would be impossible here. He did not refer to edibles and drinkables alone, he said, with a smile; but Hayne's patient face

gave no sign of relenting. He heard the colonel through, and then said slowly and firmly: "I have not acted hastily, sir; I appreciate your kindness, and am not ungrateful. Five years ago my whole life was changed. From that time to this I have done without a host of things that used to be indispensable, and have abused them one and all for a single luxury that I cannot live without—the luxury of my independence—the joy of knowing that I owe no man anything—the blessing of being beholden to no one on earth for a single service I cannot pay for. It is the one luxury left me."

CHAPTER VII.

"You shall not go."

It was a clear winter's evening, sharply cold, about a week after the fire, when, as Mrs. Rayner came down the stairway, equipped for a walk, and was passing the parlor door without stopping, Miss Travers caught sight of and called to her: "Are you going walking, Kate? Do wait a moment, and I'll go with you."

Any one in the hall could have shared the author's privilege and seen the expression of annoyance and confusion that appeared on Mrs. Rayner's face.

"I thought you were out. Did not Mr. Graham take you walking?"

"He did; but we wandered into Mrs. Waldron's, and she and the major begged us to stay, and we had some music, and then the first call sounded for retreat and Mr. Graham had to go, so he brought me home. I've had no walk and need exercise."

"But I don't like you to be out after sunset. That's enough of yours!"

"Disappeared the day after I got here, and there hasn't been a vestige of it since. This high, dry climate put an end to it. No, I'll be ready in one minute more. Do wait."

Mrs. Rayner's hand was turning the knob while her sister was hurrying to the jacket and drawing on her heavy feet as she did so. The former faced her impatiently: "I don't think you are at all courteous to your visitors. You know just as well as I do that Mr. Foster or Mr. Royce or some other of those young officers are sure to be in just at this hour. You really are very thoughtless, Nellie."

Miss Travers stopped short in her preparation: "Kate Rayner," she began, impressively, "it was only night before last that you rebuked me for sitting here with Mr. Blake at this very hour, and asked me how I supposed Mr. Van Antwerp would like it. Now you—"

"Fudge! I cannot stay and listen to such talk. If you must go, wait a few minutes until I get back. I—I want to make a short call. Then I'll take you."

"So do I want to make a short call—over at the doctor's; and you are going right to the hospital, are you not?"

"How do you know I am?" asked Mrs. Rayner, reddening.

"You do go there every evening, it seems to me."

"I don't. Who told you I did?"

"Several people mentioned your kindness and attention to the Clancys, Kate. I have heard it from many sources."

"I wish people would mind their own affairs," wailed Mrs. Rayner, peevishly. "So do I, Kate; but they never have, and never will, especially with an engaged girl. I have more to complain of than you, but it doesn't make me forlorn, whereas you look fearfully worried about nothing."

"Do you care I'm worried?" asked Mrs. Rayner, with sudden vehemence.

"You look worried, Kate, and haven't been at all like yourself for several days. Now, why shouldn't I go to the hospital with you? Why do you try to hide your going from me? Don't you know that I must have heard the strange stories that are flitting about the garrison? Haven't I asked you to set me right if I have been told a wrong one? Kate, you are fretting yourself to death about something, and the captain looks worried and ill. I cannot but think it has some connection with the case of Mr. Hayne. Why shouldn't the Clancys?"

"You have no right to think any such thing," answered her sister, angrily.

"We have suffered too much at his hands or on his account already, and I never want to hear such words from your lips. It would outrage Capt. Rayner to hear that my sister, to whom he has given a home and a welcome, was linking herself with these who side with that—that thief."

"Kate! Oh, how can you use such words? How dare you speak so of an officer? You would not tell me what he was accused of, but I tell you that if it be theft I don't believe it, and no one else."

There was a sudden footfall on the porch without, and a quick, sharp, impatient knock at the door. Mrs. Rayner fled back along the hall towards the dining room. Miss Travers, hesitating but a second, opened the door.

It was the soldier telegraph operator with a dispatch envelope in his hand.

"It is for Mrs. Rayner, miss, and an answer is expected. Shall I wait?"

Mrs. Rayner came hastily forward from her place of refuge within the dining room, took the envelope without a word and passed into the parlor, where it was placed on the table, while she turned beneath the lamp; she tore it open, glanced anxiously at its contents,



"You shall not go."

then, threw it with an exclamation of peevish indignation upon the table. "You'll have to answer for yourself, Nellie. I cannot straighten your affairs and mine too." And with that she was going, but Miss Travers called her back. The message simply read: "No letter in four days. Is anything wrong? Answer paid," and was addressed to Mrs. Rayner and signed S. V. A.

"I think you have been extremely neglectful," said Mrs. Rayner, who had turned and now stood watching the rising color and impatiently tapping foot of her younger sister. Miss Travers bit her lips and compressed them hard. There was an evident struggle in her mind between a desire to make an impulsive and sweeping reply and an effort to control herself.

"Will you answer a quiet question or two?" she finally asked.

"You know perfectly well I will," was the sisterly rejoinder.

"How long does it take a letter to go from here to New York, I suppose?"

"Five or six days, I suppose."

Miss Travers stepped to the door, briefly told the soldier there was no answer, thanked him for waiting, and returned. "You are not going to reply?" asked Mrs. Rayner, in a murmur.

"I am not; and I inferred you did not intend to. Now another question. How many days have we been here?"

"Eight or nine—nine, it is."

"You saw me post a letter to Mr. Van Antwerp as we left the Missouri, did you not?"

"At least I suppose so."

"I wrote again as soon as we got settled here, three days after that, did I not?"

"You said you did," replied Mrs. Rayner, ungraciously.

"And you, Kate, when you are yourself have been prompt to declare that I say what I mean. Very probably it may have been four days from the time that letter from the transfer reached Wall street to the time that next one could get to him here, even had I written the night we arrived. Possibly you forgot that you forbade my doing so, and sent me to bed early. Mr. Van Antwerp has simply failed to remember that I had gone several hundred miles farther west; and even had I written on the train twice a day, the letters would not have reached him uninterrupted. By this time he is beginning to get them fast enough. And as for you, Kate, you are quite as unjust as he. It augurs badly for my future peace; and—I am learning two lessons here, Kate."

"What two, pray?"

"That he can be foolishly unreliable in estimating a woman."

"And the other?"

"That you may be persistently unreliable in your judgment of a man."

Verily, for a young woman with a sweet, girlish face, whom we saw but a week ago twitching a kitten's ears and saying little or nothing, Miss Travers was displaying unexpected glacial qualities. For a moment, Mrs. Rayner glared at her in tremulous indignation and dismay.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" was her eventual outbreak.

But to this there was no reply. Miss Travers moved quietly to the doorway, turned and looked her angry sister in the eye, and said: "I shall give up the walk and will go to my room. Excuse me to any visitors this evening."

"You are not going to write to him now, when you are angry, I hope?"

"I shall not write to him until to-morrow, but when I do I shall tell him this, Kate; that if he desire my confidence he will address his complaints and inquiries to me. If I am old enough to be engaged to him, in your opinion, I am equally old enough to attend to such details as these, in my own way."

Mrs. Rayner stood one moment as though astounded; then she flew to the door and relieved her uncharged bosom as follows: "Well, I pity the man you marry, whether you are lucky enough to keep this one or not!" and flounced indignantly out of the house.

When Capt. Rayner came in, half an hour afterwards, the parlor was deserted. He was looking worn and dispirited. Finding no one on the ground floor, he went to the foot of the stairs, and called: "Kate."

A door opened above: "Kate has gone out, captain."

"Do you know where, Nellie?"

"Over to the hospital, I think; though I cannot say."

She heard him sigh deeply, move irresolutely about the hall for a moment, then turn and go out.

At his gate he found two figures dimly visible in the gathering darkness; they had stopped on hearing his footsteps. One was an officer in uniform, wrapped in heavy overcoat, with a fur cap, and a bandage over his eyes. The other was a Chinese servant, and it was the latter who asked: "This Major Waldron?"

"No," said he, hastily. "Major Waldron's in the third story beyond."

At the sound of his voice the officer quickly started, but spoke in low, measured tones: "Straight ahead, Sam." And the Chinaman led him on.

Rayner stood a moment watching them, bitter thoughts coursing through his mind. Mr. Hayne was evidently sufficiently recovered to be up and out for air, and now he was being invited again. This time it was his old comrade, Waldron, who honored him. Probably it was another dinner. Little by little, he thought, the time would soon come when Mr. Hayne would be asked everywhere and he and his correspondingly dropped. He turned miserably away and went back to the billiard room at the store. When Mrs. Rayner rang her bell for tea that evening, he had not reappeared, and she sent a messenger for him.

It was a brilliant moonlight evening. A strong prairie gale had begun to blow from the northwest, and was banging shutters and whirling pebbles at a furious rate. At the sound of the trumpets' wailing tattoo a brace of young officers calling on the ladies took their leave. The captain had retired to his den, or study, where he shut himself up a good

deal of late, and thither Mrs. Rayner followed him and closed the door after her. She swung a cloak over her shoulders. Miss Travers stepped out on the piazza and gazed in delight upon the moonlit panorama—the snow covered summits to the south and west, the rolling expanse of upland prairie between, the rough outlines of the foothills softened in the silvery light, the dark shadows of the barracks across the parade, the twinkling lights of the sergeants as they took their stations, the soldierly forms of the officers hastening to their companies far across the frozen level.

Suddenly she became aware of two forms coming down the walk. They were Miss Travers and Waldron's quarters, and the door closed behind them. One was a young officer; the other, she speedily made out, a Chinese servant, who was guiding his master. She knew the pair in an instant, and her first impulse was to retire. Then she reflected that he could not see, and she wanted to look, so she stayed. They had almost reached her gate, when a wild blast whirled the officer's cap about his ears and sent some sheets of music flying across the road. Leaving his master at the fence, the Chinaman sped his pursuit, and the next thing she noted was that Mr. Hayne's fur cap was blown from his head, and that he was groping for it helplessly.

There was no one to call, no one to assist. She hesitated one minute, looked anxiously around, then sprang to the gate, picked up the cap, pulled it all down over the bandaged eyes, seized the young officer firmly by the arm, drew him within the gate and led him to the shelter of the piazza. Once out of the fury of the gale, she could hear his question: "Did you get it all, Sam?"

"Not yet," she answered. "Oh, how she longed for a deep contradiction. "He is coming. He will be here in a moment."

"I am so sorry to have been a trouble to you," he began again, vaguely.

"You are no trouble to me. I'm glad I was where I happened to see you and could help."

He spoke no more for a minute. She stood gazing at all that was visible of the pale face below the darkened eyes. It was so clear cut, so refined in feature, and the lips under the sweeping blonde mustache, though set and compressed, were delicate and pink. He turned his head eagerly towards the parade; but Sam was still far away. The music had scattered and was leading him a lively dance.

"Isn't my servant coming?" he asked, constrainedly. "I fear I'm keeping you. Please do not wait. He will find me here. You are going somewhere."

"No—unless it was here." She was trembling now. "Please be patient, Mr. Hayne. Sam may be a minute or two yet, and here you are out of the wind."

Again she looked in his face. He was listening eagerly to her words, as though straining to "place" her voice. Could she be mistaken? Was he, too, not trembling? Beyond all doubt his lips were quivering now.

"May I not know who it is that led me here?" he asked, gently.

She hesitated, hardly knowing how to tell him.

"Try and guess," she laughed, nervously. "But you couldn't. You do not know my name. It is my good fortune, Mr. Hayne. You—you saved my kitten; I—your cap."

There was no mistaking his start. Beyond doubt he had winced as though stung, and was now striving to grope his way to the railing. She divined his purpose in an instant, and her slender hand was laid pleadingly yet firmly on his arm.

"Mr. Hayne, don't go. Don't think of going. Stay here until Sam comes. He's coming now," she faltered.

"Is this Capt. Rayner's house?" he asked, hoarse and low.

"No matter whose it is! I welcome you here. You shall not go," she cried impulsively, and both little hands were tugging at his arm. He had found the railing, and was pulling himself toward the gate, but her words, her clinging hands, were too persuasive.

"I cannot realize this," he said. "I do not understand."

"Do not try to understand it, Mr. Hayne. If I am only a girl, I have a right to think for myself. My father was a soldier—I am Nellie Travers—and if he were alive I know well he would have had me do just what I have done this night. Now won't you stay?"

And light was beaming in through his darkened eyes and gladdening his countenance with a rapture he had not known for years. One instant he seized and clasped her hand. "May God bless you!" was all he whispered, but so softly that even she did not hear him. He bowed low over the slender white hand and stayed.

Hungry Iowa Rat.
Lewis Johnson, of Fallsburg, Ia., had a horrible experience with a rat. He awoke from his sleep with a jump to find a big rat nibbling at his eyebrows. It was a long time before he could go to sleep again, and when he did the rat made his opportunity. It crawled again on the top of the bed and began to feed on Mr. Johnson's nose. It only took a good bite or two, sinking the teeth deeply. Lewis was too much hurt and terrified to tell for a while what had happened. The nose was badly swollen from the effects of the biting.—Exchange.

A Lacy Spot Somewhere.
The number of people killed by lightning in 1889 was exactly the number injured for murder. Some people may call this a singular coincidence, but it isn't. It simply shows that there was a lacy spot somewhere, and that one side or the other ought to be ashamed of its poor showing.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Avian.
Alfred—Why did you marry Miss Smith?
George—Well, I knew her age and her birthday Aug. 1, 1859.
Alfred—Well?
George—I asked her "how old are you" and she said "I was born Aug. 1, 1859."—Epoch.

ORIGIN OF TELEGRAPHY.

A System That Was in Vogue Before the Christian Era—Signals by Light.

There was a system of telegraphy between the city of Chicago and that of the city of Mexico before the days of Morse; before Franklin's discovery; before the discovery of America by Columbus—perhaps before the days of Christ. Such are the assertions of a Chicago Tribune correspondent, who asks consideration of his statement on the following basis:

Chicago was certainly the northern terminus of a telegraph line whose other end was in Mexico, at so remote a period of the world's history that its very name of the race that built it is buried in oblivion. It was not the Indians. The ancestors of Tecumseh and Hiawatha are moderns compared with the earlier race.

The first telegraphic system was employed some centuries ago by that curious race of people that built the huge mounds of earth that are met with everywhere in the Mississippi valley and down to the Atlantic coast. We call the people of that age simple and ignorant, and for want of a better name, the race is dead. The last man of them had passed to his eternal rest long before this land became the home of the modern redmen. But the mighty works of those simple people live after them. We look upon their great earthworks, and like Volney among his ruins, can only feel that to them is due our veneration. For them we must entertain at least a feeling of respect, being, as they are, the last remaining vestiges of a race most remarkable and most interesting of all the men on earth, springing mysteriously into existence, living for centuries and finally disappearing as completely from the face of the earth as the ancients they never had been born.

Being wholly unknown to other peoples of their times, we have no data on which to base a reliable history of this peculiar race of men. Our antiquarians tell us that they built substantial cities; that they were tillers of the soil; that they knew the principles of art; that they had a written language; and a religion; that they had a commercial system, and that they could send a message across the country with the velocity of light.

A telegraph in prehistoric times, as we look back upon it, seems certainly a myth, yet it is after all the simplest thing imaginable. The writer did not claim for it the electric principle of the Morse telegraph. The electricity which Franklin found himself able to control would have been totally unavailable in the hands of primitive people.

The Mound Builders' telegraphic system consisted of a chain of large mounds, starting at Chicago, hence bearing across the country to Prairie du Chien, Wis., then down the Mississippi to Arkansas and onward to a more or less straight line to the terminus at the City of Mexico, then the capital of the Aztec empire. These mounds were built in the most suitable locations, so that a fire lighted at one point could be seen distinctly at the next, and thus a signal light could be instantly transmitted from one station to another over a chain of mounds, which separate the two terminal points of the line.

The signal stations are located often at a distance of many miles, perhaps a half dozen spanning a hundred miles; thus, as may readily be seen, a danger signal could be sent across a state with the speed of light. Around these signal mounds are usually grouped thousands of lesser sites, and sometimes a fortification or other earthwork, indicating that a city of a large size had originally existed on the spot.

Thus at Toolesboro, Ia., in addition to one of the most remarkable inclosures earthworks of the continent, there are mounds of all shapes and sizes, the number running up into the thousands. One of these mounds, a signal station could have been secured from this. On the very brow of a great bluff overlooking the Mississippi are located the eight huge conical mounds of earth upon which the signal fires were lighted, away back in another age of the world's history, telling a tale of danger or festivity. A light at this point would be instantly observed at Muncie, the next station, seventy miles to the north, or Pitt Hills, now Burlington, away in the hazy distance, thirty miles to the south, and thence could be transmitted from mound to mound, from station to station, hundreds of miles in either direction.

This telegraphic system employed by the Mound Builders is the greatest wonder of the ancient world. It is a myth, as so frequently originates in the fertile imagination of the newspaper writer, but the mounds and earthworks are there to show for themselves, and their purpose is self evident. Now forests have grown up, so that between many of the stations the line of observation is cut off; hence the line is not of repair; but students of archeology assert and believe that the thousands of mounds in the long line from Chicago to Mexico City were, beyond a doubt, signal stations in the first and original telegraph system.

Mummied Crocodiles.
British enterprise having been delighted with Egyptian cats, is now turning its attention to the crocodile. It is believed that beyond these are vaults containing mummied crocodiles, and in which vast treasures are stored.—Chicago Herald.

Golf Round the Earth.
The time required for a journey around the earth, by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 423 days; an express train, 40 days; a medium train, 33 1/2 days; a cannon ball, 2 1/2 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.—Exchange.

One Year \$2.00 Six Months \$1.00 Advertising rates made known by addressing James Kibbee, Lincoln, New Mexico.

Reliable Correspondence from All Parts of the County Solicited.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1890.

The fifth judicial district bill is already a law. The next question is: What will the harvest be? Or, in other words: Who will be the judge, attorney and clerk?

Annually there is a great waste of timber in New Mexico by forest fires kindled by careless persons in most cases. Congress has just passed a bill which imposes a very severe penalty for such carelessness.

A bill of considerable interest to federal officers in Arizona and New Mexico was passed a short time ago, being house bill in reference to fees of judicial officers in those two Territories.

The farmer is wondering why he should be taxed so heavily to support county and state government. In explanation we will say that the facts are, the vast majority of personal property, especially bonds and stocks, which are generally income yielding, escape taxation.

The Pecos River Railroad is now an assured fact. Work will commence in earnest in a few days. The steel rails are arriving and cut city is all life.

The extension of the southwestern division of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, has been completed from Fort Reno, I. T., the present terminus, south a distance of fifteen miles to the north line of the Chickasaw nation country.

The stage running between Larado and Guerro, Mexico, was held up by Mexican bandits. One passenger was robbed of \$700. The other jumped from the stage and took to his heels through the brush and the darkness of the night and escaped.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 10.—Six posts will be effected by the provision in the army appropriation bill which has just become a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in army canteens located in states having prohibition laws.

Reports from the State of Sonora, Mexico, show that Mexican cattle-men are greatly incensed at the proposed tariff of \$10 per head on Mexican cattle imported in the United States, and will retaliate by retaining all American cattle staying over the line and selling them.

How the Act of October 2, 1888, Effects Southern New Mexico.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Original Homesteads 104, Final Homesteads 106, Declaratory Statements 379, Cash Entries 138, Desert Entries (Original) 144, Final Desert Entries 36, Timber Culture Entries 20, Total 1022.

The fees and commission and the purchase money for these lands as well as the improvements placed upon them are impelled by the act above-referred to.

Unless that act is repealed or modified trouble is bound to come to many honest and hard working settlers. No time should be lost in making your wants known to congress, and demanding justice in this matter.

In the absence of official instructions to the contrary either by word or implication we feel justified in saying personally to actual or prospective settlers on the Public Domain that we believe the government will secure you in the use of those rights—the exercise of which in this country subjects you to such privation and toil to secure homes for yourselves and families.

Twenty-five bushels of corn and two acres of alfalfa will raise and fatten three hogs, worth from twenty-five to thirty dollars, while the twenty-five bushels of corn and three acres of alfalfa will fatten ten sheep that will be worth forty dollars quite handsily in the market.

Said Mr. Henry Rhone, of Mesa county: "When I commenced planting fruit trees I took my cue from the Field and Farm and plowed deep. I plowed so thoroughly and so deep that no holes were needed in which to set the trees. I put them to the depth the plow had gone and no more, and the thrifty manner in which they have taken hold to grow convinces me that the deep plowing process for tree purposes is the best."

In many French villages boards are set up bearing the following instructions: Hedgehog: Lives upon mice, snails and wireworms, animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog. Toad: Helps agriculture; destroys from twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill a toad. Cockchafer and its larvae: Deadly enemies to farmers; lays 70 to 100 eggs. Kill the cockchafer. Birds: Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs through the injury done by insects. Don't kill the birds.

Appalling scenes of starvation and cannibalism in east Africa are published in the London papers. They are to the effect that thousands and even tens of thousands of people are dying of starvation in that region and that the bodies of the dead are being eaten by the desperate survivors.

The stage running between Larado and Guerro, Mexico, was held up by Mexican bandits. One passenger was robbed of \$700. The other jumped from the stage and took to his heels through the brush and the darkness of the night and escaped.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 10.—Six posts will be effected by the provision in the army appropriation bill which has just become a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in army canteens located in states having prohibition laws. Two of these—Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley, Kan.—are the most important posts of the army, and the canteens there have been most successful. The others are Forts Meade, Bennett, Sully and Randall, in South Dakota. There is no intention at present of abolishing the canteens at these posts, notwithstanding the general impression that they cannot exist with the beer privilege taken away.

gress has been tardy in providing the necessary funds to make good the loss, but the secretary of war says there must be music "to sooth the savage breast," and has been looking around for some means to meet the necessity. Appreciating the many disadvantages that would result from the discontinuance of music, and acting upon the recommendations of a number of post commanders, the department has decided to issue general orders setting apart a small percentage of the profits from canteens for the benefit of bands serving at the post where such profits shall accrue—New Mexican.

The farmer on a small farm can produce more cheaply than one who cultivates a large area by hired help. The great amount of rich, cheap land brought under cultivation for the past generation has for a time obscured this fact.

The Russian sun flower is being cultivated quite extensively in this country. Many acres have been planted near Denver, Greeley and Rocky Ford. The grain will be used for poultry feed and is thought by those who have experimented with it to be superior to any grain grown on the farm. Field and Farm.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Blaise by the Register, June 19. Trotter & Daniels are building a new house for Mr. Wilson on his farm adjoining town. It will be a handsome residence when completed.

The galvanized iron cornice for the ornamentation of the hotel has arrived, the veranda is about completed, and it will be only a short time till it is ready for occupancy.

White & Hughes have formed a partnership in the barber business, and both will now be found at White's old stand.

Dr. Skipwith carries off the palm this year as a gardener. He had the pleasure of dining with him and his good lady, upon new corn, peas, beans and squash, all grown in his garden. Judge Lea has heretofore boasted the finest garden in Roswell, but the Dr. vanquished him this year.

Capt. W. C. Mann, general superintendent of the Peoria I. & I. Company ditches, has been in Roswell for some days past looking after the work of putting in the dam across the Hoado and making headgates preparatory to turning the water into the north ditch. It is the intention of the company to run the water through the ditch as far as the Felix. They also have an outfit at work below the Felix completing the ditch to Tar Lake.

General manager S. F. Judy, of the Pecos Valley road, now in course of construction from Pecos City, Texas, to Roswell and Eddy, N. M., recently said to a Fort Worth Gazette reporter: "We are now at work on the line, and the steel and timbers will begin arriving in Pecos City in a short time. It is our intention (and it will be carried out) to have the track laid and cars running ten miles out from Pecos City by the 1st of July. The track will be laid with 56 pound rails and the entire line will be constructed of the best material. I expect that this road will be the quickest constructed of its length ever constructed in the south. The contract for ninety-four miles has been let and the road will be in running order by November 1."

At a meeting of the directors of the Roswell Reservoir company held at St. Louis, it was decided, as reported last week, to begin the construction of the dam as soon as practicable and push the work on to completion as fast as possible. There was perfect harmony among the directors and all are enthusiastic over the complete and practical success of the reservoir when completed, as has been demonstrated by a most careful and minute solution of the problem of the water supply and demand required to reclaim 150,000 acres of land under the system. The best and most thoroughly expert hydraulic and civil engineers have been working on the plans for some time, having in their possession all the facts regarding the supply of the Hoado river and the character of the soil to be irrigated and all the conditions of climate, so that the results of their investigation is not speculative but certain, and it is enough for us to know that this result is highly satisfactory to the directors and stockholders of the Co. We are not able to announce the details of construction for the exact date of beginning, because the plans have not been made public, but we have such information as to justify us in saying that the contract will be let as soon as it can be advertised. This notice to contractors will appear officially in the Register just as soon as the specifications are completed, which will be in a few days at the farthest.

Many of the farmers of Boulder county, about Longmont and elsewhere have taken to the idea of cutting alfalfa while it is yet quite young, before it is in bloom. They have concluded that the hay is more valuable than when after the plant has matured. Dairymen who buy alfalfa hay will pay two or three dollars more for early cut than for the late or fully matured. Field and Farm.

Lieut. A. B. Faddock, 6th Cav., was married to Miss Grace Pershing at Chicago on June 5th. The bride is a sister of Lieut. Pershing, 6th Cav., stationed at this Post.—Register.

AN OPEN LETTER!

The Independent

JAMES KIBBEE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Lincoln, N. M., June, 1890.

TO ANYBODY WHO BELIEVES IN ADVERTISING:

Dear Sir:—A Special Edition of THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT will be issued on or about July 15th, 1890, to be devoted exclusively to a complete write-up of THE GREAT PECOS VALLEY, its Reservoir and Irrigating Canal Enterprises, Railroad Certainties and Possibilities, Attractions for Capital and Immigration, etc. The edition will consist of 16 or 20 pages, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, with maps of the Reservoir and Canal systems, views of prominent buildings, ranches, landscapes, etc. An issue of TEN THOUSAND (10,000) COPIES IS GUARANTEED, while the number printed will probably reach 20,000. The illustrations, paper, press work, etc., will be first-class in every detail. You can readily see that this edition will be a VALUABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM, especially if you take into consideration the following facts:

1. Every citizen of the Great Pecos Valley will read every line in this edition. 2. After they have read it, not one copy of the edition will be wasted, but every copy will be carefully forwarded to some relative or friend in "the States."

3. Thousands of extra copies are being subscribed for by the enterprising citizens of Roswell and Eddy, for the purpose of sending them East and North to attract the attention of immigrants and capitalists. 4. The advertising rates will be only \$2 per inch, for the entire edition, with a guaranteed circulation of 10,000 copies, and a probable issue of 15,000 or 20,000. Reading notices, 25 cents per line. No advertising order amounting to less than \$2 will be considered.

All orders for advertising space must be received at the earliest possible moment, in order to insure insertion. Address:

"THE INDEPENDENT" LINCOLN NEW MEXICO.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., June 13.—A distinguished party of lovers of light harness horse, consisting of Robert Bonner, R. C. Hamlin, Hamilton Busby and W. R. Allen, which arrived yesterday, were treated to a genuine surprise this morning. Bonner came here to see his great 4 year old filly, Sunal, now in Charles Marvin's hands, for training. Marvin gave the filly an easy mile about 9 o'clock and an hour later brought her out again. She was jogged the reverse way of the track, taken back to the half mile post and headed home. The first quarter was an easy one but at the three-quarter pole Marvin gave Sunal her head. She came so smooth that few supposed it would be a very fast quarter. Faster and faster she came around the turn and in a breath almost she had done a quarter in 31 1-5 seconds or at a rate of 2.04 4-5 for a mile. Nine watches caught the time and all agreed precisely.

TUCSON, Ariz., June 20.—At the court martial trial of Major Kimball, chief quartermaster of the department of Arizona, yesterday, Col. G. H. Works, chief quartermaster of the department of Texas, and a member of the court, testified it was customary and the duty of the local quartermaster to provide offices for the disbursing officers of his station and in effect that the course followed by Major Kimball in executing his leases was identical with that pursued by him. Major Kimball then submitted letters from Major-General Nelson A. Miles, of San Francisco, and Brigadier-General Grierson, of Los Angeles, to the adjutant general of the army at Washington. General Grierson states that in his judgment Major Kimball has not been guilty of any negligence justifying his trial by court martial and he requests that the order for his trial be suspended and that the charges against Major Kimball be investigated by some disinterested officer. General Miles invites the attention of the adjutant general to papers recently forwarded to Washington showing the details of the renting of offices at Tucson. Gen. Miles also sets forth the nature of the Major Kimball complaint, and calls attention to the fact that Major Kimball was ordered to Arizona at the time when a terrible Indian war was in progress and discharged his duties with marked ability and strict fidelity. He recommended that if this explanation is satisfactory, the secretary of war direct that no further action be taken in the matter of Major Kimball.

DEMING, N. M., June 10.—This town is in a flurry of excitement to-day over a telegram received yesterday announcing some good news in connection with the building of the Deming, Sierra Madre & Pacific railroad. The company into whose hands this enterprise fell some weeks ago, was granted a concession to 2,800,000 acres of land in northern Mexico, and now has representatives in London, England, negotiating for placing bonds for the construction of the road. Yesterday the news was received here to the effect that final arrangements had been perfected for placing bonds to the amount of \$21,000,000

for the completion of the road from Deming to Topolobampo bay, Mexico, covering a distance of 1,800 miles. The grade on this road has been completed a distance of sixty miles, reaching the Lake Palomas region in Mexico. About one-half mile of track is laid from Deming, and there are several hundred carloads of material on the ground here, enough to complete the track laying as far as the grading has been done. There are on the grounds here 118,500 sawed ties, ready to be put in place. These ties were shipped mostly from Beaumont, Texas, some from San Miguel county, this Territory. This road will run a little east of south through the state of Chihuahua, tapping the Guerrero mining region at the southern extremity of the Sierra Madre; thence to Topolobampo bay, on the Pacific coast, via Alamos. It will open up some fine agricultural lands in northern Mexico and some of the richest mining country in Mexico.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, June 19. Mrs. Goodin, accompanied by her daughter Miss May, and Miss Lottie Witt were visitors to Nogal the last of the week.

One of R. C. Russel's children, a little boy about two years old, is reported quite sick at Parsons.

Mr. John Aaron is busily engaged on Kront Gulch fixing to put in hoisting works on the Mary Ann Mife. A. C. Watson and Chas. Smith are doing the work. So soon as the hoister is ready, we are informed, he will let a contract for considerable development work.

Nat Moore and R. J. Nugent recently did the assessment work on the Leadville and other mines in the San Andres mountains. They brought in some fine specimens of quartz bearing silver and gold. The Leadville promises to be a bonanza. Len and Will Puckett assisted them in doing the work.

Crops in Northern Germany are being destroyed by insects.

STAGE LINE. OZANNE & Co., Proprietors.

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

Apply to agent A. T. & S. F. R. R., at Carthage, or to agents of the Stage company at points on their line.

O. L. HOUGHTON WHOLESALE HARDWARE!

A COMPLETE LINE OF STOVES, FIREARMS and AMMUNITION. Largest stock in New Mexico in the hardware line. Bulk fence wire at manufacturers prices with springs added. Manufacturers of all kinds of TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON. East Las Vegas, N. M. We will be pleased to correspond with intending purchasers.

If you Want To advertise your business in a paper that every cattle man and cowboy in the country reads every week, put them in The Lincoln Independent.

STANTON HOUSE, LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO, JAMES KIBBEE, Proprietor. Strictly First-Class, Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished. 92 PER DAY, AND THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY. First-Class Feed Stable and Corral in Connection.

ROSENTHAL & CO. DEALERS IN General Merchandise, Etc. Have now on hand the Most Complete and Best Assorted stock of General Merchandise in Lincoln county, consisting of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLERY, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, LIQUORS, CIGARS. Lincoln, New Mexico.

M. CRONIN, DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE Lincoln, New Mexico.

M. C. NETTLETON, ALBUQUERQUE JEWELER DEALER IN FINE DIAMONDS, Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Solid Silverware, etc. Fine Watch Repairing and Diamond Setting. Watch Inspector for the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co. Manufacturer of Filigree Jewelry.

The Northwestern Mutual LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Writes the BEST policy for the Policy-holder issued by any Company, and returns from 25 to 100 per cent larger dividends than any other Company, and all other Companies are CHALLENGED to produce in comparison policies of same date, age and kind. THE INTENDING INSURER cannot AFFORD to take LIFE INSURANCE in any other company, when he can get it in the Northwestern, the Strongest, Safest and Best. JESSE M. WHEELOCK, General Agent for New Mexico. E. S. McPHERSON, Special Agent, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENT STATION Of New Mexico, at Las Cruces, N. M. Tuition FREE! To residents of the Territory. Moderate charges for Preparatory Course. For full information, call on or address: Hiram Underly, A. M., President of Faculty, or W. L. Ryerson, Sec'y of Board of Regents, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT

- At White Oaks, - Rev. H. W. Lane.
Fort Stanton - Sergt. Harvey.
Upper Pecos, - Postmaster.
Nogal, -
La Luz, -
Mesas, - Harry Bennett.
Eddy, - Fred V. Plonkowsky
Roswell - J. D. Lea.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Terms for announcement in this Independent...

County Assessor. We are authorized to announce J. B. Mathews...

If there's anything "out of whack" with the Independent this week, just make due allowance for it, please, dear reader.

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

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

Lincoln folks get a good share of Stanton contracts this year.

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

A big dance at the court house last Saturday night.

Figure and checked and striped Swives for Ladies' dresses at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

What are you going to do on the Fourth? Give it up!

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

Bro. Michaelis don't often paint the town red, but he has painted his roof red, and thereby added much to its appearance.

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

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

Say, you census taker, why in thunder have you slighted Lincoln entirely?

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

The contract for painting the court, house steps and porch is not quite completed.

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

A Methodist camp meeting is to be held two miles below Bonito post office, commencing on the Friday night before the 3rd Sunday in July, (July 18th). The public generally are invited to attend.

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

The whole town—almost—has gone to Roswell this week, consequently things are decidedly quiet.

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

Teacher Wanted. The Commissioners of precinct No. 4, Pecos, desire to secure the services of a gentleman school teacher for a term of six months or longer, commencing July 1st.

There may be several candidates in this county who would like to serve the dear people in the capacity of county officials, but as yet only one man has had the nerve (or money?) to tell the people through THE INDEPENDENT, that he would like to have their vote.

For Sale Cheap. One first-rate Racine Carriage; four springs; canopy top. JOHN H. OANNING, Fort Stanton, N. M.

On Saturday night, July 12th, and Sunday, July 13th, morning and night, there will be religious services, in Spanish and English, at the school house in Lincoln. Rev. Mr. Kilgore, presiding.

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

Whelan & Co. are tearing things all the pieces at their hotel—having a regular knocking down and dragging out as it were. The result will be seen ere long, to a brand new roof and a general rearranging and overhauling of the entire building. THE INDEPENDENT is always pleased to note anything in the way of improvement.

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

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Rev. J. D. Scoggins and family visited Lincoln last Thursday.

Mrs. Jack Thornton and the babies accompanied Jack on his Roswell trip.

Capt. Kirby, of the V Y ranch, was in town Tuesday, visiting his numerous friends here.

Messrs. Jeff Grumbles and George Ulrich, of White Oaks, were in Lincoln Wednesday on business.

Comm. Assessor L. W. Weatherlin left Tuesday for home, after a several week's stay in the capital city on business connected with his office.

The latest news from Mr. Dolan states that his successor, Mr. Vance, has arrived at Las Cruces, and that he expects to start for Lincoln with his family by the 10th of July.

Geo. Curry and Jack Thornton concluded not to go to Eddy, so they came back from Roswell—came back to enjoy once more our mountain breezes and delightful weather.

Judge Friedrich and Will Ellis returned Wednesday afternoon from their Eddy trip. They report that the Roswell baseball boys literally "wiped up the earth" with the Eddy team.

Harry W. Lucas, of Silver City, N. M., Grand Keeper of Records and Seals, K. of P., was in Lincoln Saturday and paid the Lodge here a visit.

The North Homestead mine is pushing ahead its work of sinking the shaft and running lateral drifts, with a good force of men, and the prospects of good results are excellent.

Much interest is manifested in the doings of congress with reference to the silver bill, as a good measure of this sort would stimulate prospecting for mineral in this region.

The Ramsdell Bros. have recently found a plentiful supply of water at a depth of 30 feet, in a locality about three miles from town, where it was supposed water did not exist.

We are having a fair supply of fruit and vegetables now, which we easily gather from the merchant's shelves—for cash—principally in tin cans.

Water, water, nowhere—hardly enough to drink! Let us have rain.

The first alfalfa crop in Lincoln county this year was good. The second will be— if it rains.

There are chances of a water famine in these parts if it don't rain soon. The scarcity is already keenly felt.

L. B. Walters prophesies that we are about to have a series of fine rains, and wants to bet on it. Everybody hopes he is not a false prophet.

Since the above insinuations were put into type, we have had several right bristly little showers, and the prospect looks favorable for more. We will insinuate again early next week.

Lost. On the 23rd of June, between the Fritz Ranch and the Ranch of Mrs. Serrano, a small leather valise belonging to W. E. DeLany. A suitable reward will be paid for its return to this office.

We anxiously await the arrival of the Eddy Argus. Brother Howe promised to go into mourning if the Eddy boys got licked. We can imagine Bro. Howe hiding his head in a sack full of ashes—or is that the way people wear "sackcloth and ashes"?

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

Hon. J. R. McFie, judge of the 3rd judicial district, and Hon. S. B. Newcomb, the well known Las Cruces attorney, arrived here to-day from Mesilla Valley en route to Washington. Judge McFie is taking his first vacation, and visits Washington to urge the passage of the bill providing a fifth judicial district for New Mexico.

After using his best endeavors at this measure among congressional friends he will visit his former home in Randolph Co., Illinois, expecting to return in thirty days. Judge Newcomb's stay will be prolonged in Washington, as he will not only urge upon members the passage of the 5th associate justice bill, but will use his influence to secure the land court measure and say a good word as to the justice of admitting New Mexico as a state.

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

The politicians have named a United States cruiser "The Alliance." This will hardly satisfy the farmers.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT.

White Oaks, N. M., June 23rd, 1890. It's been too awfully dry of late to think of anything to write, but the prospects of good rains by next Christmas has revived your correspondent's drooping spirits.

Weather hot. Ice scarce. The general croch is the all-prevailing topic of discussion.

Since my last letter the South Homestead mill has started up again on fire, and the noise of the works is very pleasant music for our folks.

Our population is increasing at a good rate since the taking of the census, and if the ratio of increase keeps up, we will have to petition the census man to come back and get a full count of the new arrivals.

Whisperings of a political nature are heard more and more frequently, and we may look for lively times ere long.

It appears now to be a fixed fact that Lane & Co. will enter the mail carrying service on July 1st. The new line will start in with a host of friends.

The North Homestead mine is pushing ahead its work of sinking the shaft and running lateral drifts, with a good force of men, and the prospects of good results are excellent.

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EDDY ECHOES

... brought from the Arpa, June 14.

If the Roswell club is victorious, the Arpa will appear with turned column rules.

The iron columns for the new bank arrived Tuesday and they are very pretty.

When the railroad is finished Eddy, fifteen hundred Pecos people who now trade at El Paso will come here.

Seventeen car loads of material for the Pecos Valley railroad, were unloaded at Pecos City last Tuesday.

Pennebaker, Joyce & Co. think as much of their trees as they do of their cats, and that is saying a great deal.

E. P. Lindsey, the canal street merchant, has a well at his residence with water sufficient to apply the town.

The mercury in C. C. Blodgett's thermometer at the company's office fell exactly three feet on last Wednesday. It fell to the floor.

The man who comes to Eddy and gets a New England move on himself, does not have to hunt more than fifteen minutes for a job.

Capt. Pat Garrett is in town. By-the-way, a five-foot-four-man never realizes what a miserable pigmy he is until he comes alongside the captain.

If there is anything that makes a con-servative feel cheerful and chipper, it is to have a friend seize his hand, look at him in astonishment and shout: "Great guns! You look like a corpse."

The rain last Friday afternoon and night created almost as much enthusiasm as did the receipt of the late railroad news. Every citizen shouted "Hurrah!"

It is folly to deny that rain in an irrigable country, is appreciated. Of course it is not absolutely needed, but it lays the dust and kind of freshens things up.

B. A. Nymeyer and R. H. Pierce are both "hard of hearing," and when they become engaged in a friendly discussion (as they frequently do) the whole town knows what they are talking about.

It is recorded that they once went to Lincoln together, and that when they came to Gilbert's ranch, Mr. Gilbert said: "Come in gentlemen. Dinner is ready. I was expecting you." What made you expect us, asked Mr. Pierce; "we did not send word that we were coming." "True," returned Mr. Gilbert, "but I recognized your voices before you got within half a mile of the house, and I ordered dinner on the table, knowing you would be hungry after your long ride."

Judge Orr intends to remove from Eddy to his farm on the Pecosco to-day. He sent in his resignation as justice of the peace several weeks ago, and he learns unofficially, that it has been accepted, and that the commission of Dr. Jay A. Tomlinson as his successor, is on the way.

We are glad to be able to give Mr. Orr this send off: He was not a brilliant success as a justice, but he honestly and earnestly endeavored to do the right thing. His successor, Dr. Tomlinson, has filled the office of justice for several years, and we believe he will give general satisfaction.

Bradbury & Co. have sent for their outfit at Rock Dam camp, and it will be taken to Pecos immediately.

"If I had a fortune that I wished to squander right quick," said a citizen to-day, "I would join a mess."

Boys, remember that Bill Prager is a rich banker and anxious to bet. Go for him. Fleeced him.

Tom Blackmore is nursing a bad baseball finger. Suppose every one of our nice should get a bad finger on the eve of the 20th inst? But the thought is too horrible to entertain. Let us banish it.

John Joyce bought a horse the other day from a Pecosite, which was "warranted to stand without tying," and John is offering him for sale now with an additional guarantee that he "will not move without whipping."

B. F. Wilson has returned from Texas. We know he would come back. They all do. Mr. Wilson says that Baze, his old, time partner, has regained his old time averdupois and cheerfulness. We may depend upon it that Mr. Baze will soon be with us again.

Mr. Stealy, an El Paso architect, was in town this week to submit plans for the depot. The depot will have a ladies' and gentleman's waiting room, a ticket and operator's office, a baggage and express room and a freight department. It will be a very pretty building—something out of the ordinary line.

Plans for the new Methodist church have been received by Brother Cox. The architecture of the proposed edifice is very pretty and the design is excellent.

Constable Bascoe and E. T. Greenberry, who left Eddy for Lincoln last week with Sam Brown, the detective, who ordered the killing of Coffelt, returned on Monday. Sam was lodged in jail, and he is now, doubtless, wondering how he got the impression that a five-dollar badge from a Cincinnati detective agency gave him the power to act as an officer, and without a warrant, order the shooting of a supposed horse thief.

Stranger, just from the west, to an Eddyite— "Say, mister, can you tell me where I can get about four fingers of 'old rye'?"

Eddyite (severely)— "No sir; this is a prohibition town. You can't get anything to drink here, except water."

Stranger— (greatly excited)— "Great Scott! When does the Pecos Stage leave?"

Eddyite. (Catching him by the arm)— "Hold on, stranger. Haven't you got sense enough to get sick for about three minutes?"

There is an unusual and unexpected rise in copper.

It is said that England must fight France or relinquish her rights to her British American possessions.

THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING ITEM

from the Dallas (Texas) News of June 9th, will be read with pleasure by Sam Terrell's many friends in this section, and they will all join THE INDEPENDENT in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Terrell a joyous and prosperous matrimonial career:

Quite a pretty wedding took place at the Commerce Street Christian church on Wednesday, June 3, at 7 p. m. the contracting parties being Judge S. S. Terrell, a prominent resident of New Mexico, and Miss Ernestine Berry, sister of Mr. J. T. Berry of this city. The church was most beautifully decorated with lovely varieties of maiden hair ferns and scarlet geraniums.

A rather novel floral arrangement was a narrow shelf placed just beneath the painting at the back of the minister's platform and extending from the rec. curtained doors on either side, on which stood a row of red and white geraniums and other small plants imbedded in a thick fringe of maidenhair ferns.

The effect was more than lovely. Promptly at the appointed hour Mendelssohn's wedding march filled the church, and the couple, preceded by the ushers, Messrs Eugene H. Crowds and Henry O. Wolf, entered the church.

The bride's tall figure was becomingly clad in a stylish tailor-made gown of pale green-gray cloth, with accessories and pipings of velvet.

A small turban of green-gray straw, trimmed with ribbon loops and tiny pins, rested upon her beautiful red gold hair. She wore a handsome set of diamonds, the gift of the groom. Gloves and boots of the green-gray shade completed the costume.

The groom is a fine looking man, with a physique of more than ordinary attractiveness. Rev. J. T. Toof performed the ceremony and delivered a few remarks to the pair in an interesting and impressive manner.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Terrell left for an extended tour through Colorado. They were accompanied to the depot by a large party of friends who wished them "bon voyage" amid a shower of rice and old slippers, adhering to the popular old time custom of throwing good luck after a wedded couple.

They were the recipients of many handsome presents from friends and relatives. After Sept. 1 Judge and Mrs. Terrell will be at home to their friends in Lincoln, New Mexico.

LINCOLN & ROSWELL STAGE LINE

Runs Daily Each Way. Good Teams, Comfortable Seats, Fast Time.

KIMBRELL & ROMERO, LINCOLN, N. M.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

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ESTRAY NOTICE

On the 1st day of February, 1890, the undersigned did take into his possession at his home, seven miles west of the town of Nogal, N. M., one stray chestnut sorrel horse, branded T71 on left hip.

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CERTIFICATE OF APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL FUNDS

For Lincoln County, New Mexico I, John K. Byers, County Superintendent for said county, pursuant to the requirements of Section 7, Chapter LXXXI, laws of 1884, do hereby certify that I have duly apportioned the school fund for said county on this third Monday of June, A. D. 1890.

The amount subject to such apportionment, as reported by the County Treasurer, is \$420.45. The total number of school age as reported by the several Boards of School Directors, entitled by law to the benefits of said fund, is 2,265. The rate per scholar is \$1.78 24-100, which is apportioned to the several school districts as follows:

Table with columns: DIST. NO., No. of SCHOLARS, AMT. Rows 1-32 with varying amounts.

Warrants have been drawn upon the County Treasurer in favor of the treasurers of the several districts for the above stated amounts. School Directors to Districts No. 2, 7, 20, 29 and 40 have no Treasurers.

JOHN K. BYERS, County Superintendent.

Men and Teams Wanted for the Pecos Valley Railroad

Denver, June 11, 1890. New Mexico. Having taken the contract to construct the P. V. from Pecos to Eddy, we have an abundance of work for 100 men and teams that can apply at once.

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

W. C. BRADBURY & Co.

Lincoln is to be a great manufacturing centre according to the plans of capitalists; a smelting work that will cost \$1,000,000 is to be built there. Lithograph stone and lead are being found at Marble Falls, Texas. Another 10,000 spindle cotton mill is to be built at Waco.

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

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

J. J. COCKRELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.

Will practice in Lincoln and adjoining counties. R. L. Young, A. B. Fall, FALL & YOUNG, LAWYERS, LAS CRUCES, N. M.

Will attend District Court at Lincoln regularly. PINITO PINO, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

Will practice in all the courts of the territory and the United States Land Office. W. B. RYAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LINCOLN, NEW MEXICO.

GEORGE B. BARBER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

Will practice in all the courts of the territory and the United States Land Office. JOHN Y. HEWITT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN CO., N. M.

A. H. WHETSTONE, SURVEYOR AND LAND AGENT, ROSWELL, LINCOLN CO., N. M.

Complete abstract of all lands on the Pecos. W. C. McDONALD, DEPUTY U. S. MINERAL SURVEYOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC, WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

W. E. BAKER, OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER, LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

Typewriter ribbons for all machines, paper, carbon etc. for sale. MANDELL BROS. & CO., THE LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE of the Southwest.

AGENT FOR DUPONT AND CALIFORNIA GIANT POWDER. Special attention given to Hoisting and Galvanizing Ironwork. Full line of Agricultural Implements, Windmills, Horsepower, etc. Write for prices. 21, 23 and 25 Front Street, Albuquerque New Mexico.

FRED H. PEITZ, U. S. Deputy Mineral and Land Surveyor, Land Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

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

R. MICHAELIS & CO., LINCOLN, N. M., Dealers in General Merchandise.

The Only House in Lincoln Co. that is Selling Strictly for CASH!

Our Motto is: "Small Profits and Quick Returns."

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WE PRACTICE

Low Prices and Square Dealing

—BUY—

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A fair article of Gun Powder 50c a pound.
 3-pound can of Tomatoes 20c.
 Boston Baked Beans 25c a can.
 Heating stoves at greatly reduced prices.

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 Call on us and satisfy yourself.

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 POWER AND HAND
 STEAM PUMPS
 RANCH MACHINERY.
 Iron, Pipe, Hose and Belting.

Solon E. Rose & Bro.
 Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Remarkable Ingredients.

Not long ago a young colored man brought in a bit of paper that called for nearly twenty different substances among which were a lock of hair from the head of a baby, five whole black peppers, the tooth of a cat, a nail from the left hind paw of a dog, a bit of gum benzoin, and a drop of blood from the veins of a living man. All these were to be put together at midnight when the moon was in a certain quarter. To be taken internally? Oh, bless you, no. It was to be worked in a bag about the neck, and was, I fancy, the relic of some old dorky superstition of plantation days. Interview in New York Evening Sun.

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

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 We carry the largest and choicest stock of small goods to be found in the territory and offer the same at
REASONABLE PRICES.
 We will be pleased to answer mail orders and quote prices.

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 and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct F. R. E. to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrears on subscription and one year in advance from date. From October 25th 1889, no to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. The **AMERICAN FARMER** is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens—American Farmers—who industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the **AMERICAN FARMER** is \$1.00 per year. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING.** From any one number words can be obtained that will be worth three the subscription price. If you or members of your household, send you ONE DIME. Call and

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 MODEL 81 REPEATERS
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 SAFETY REPEATING RIFLE

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LOADING AND EJECTING from the side, away from the eye, by pulling the bolt.

6 1/2 POUNDS.

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

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We are willing to ship out clothing on approval, and pay return charges on any goods you do not like after they are received. If our goods are not better made, better trimmed, better fitting, and from fifteen to forty per cent cheaper than any other firm in America will call for you will return your money. We turn our stock over every year, and are satisfied with 65 per cent. **TERMS, WHOLESALE ONLY, no discounts, not cash.**
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AGENTS WANTED
 That agents are made from \$75 to \$125 per month. Persons make \$25 to \$50 every year, and are satisfied with 65 per cent. Selling this Washer. Retail price, only \$25. Sample to those who wish to see it. Also the celebrated **WASHING MACHINE** for the laundry. We invite the attention of all who are interested in the laundry business. Send your address on a postal card for literature.

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