

Capitan News.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of Lincoln County.

VOLUME 4.

CAPITAN, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1903.

NUMBER 29.

Local and Personal.

E. Dickson has moved his blacksmith shop from west Fourth street to First street.

Attorney DeShane, of Lincoln, was looking up a location for a law office here this week.

A young man from Dallas, Texas, suffering from pulmonary trouble, arrived here Monday for his health.

J. M. Moss, the mining man, returned from Chicago Wednesday, and left next morning for Lincoln on business.

E. J. Claggett, traveling auditor for the E. F. & N. E., was shaking up the business at this point this week.

Judge R. A. Baker, of the second judicial district, will open the fall term of court for Rddy county at Carlsbad, on the first Monday in October.

C. W. Howard, formerly agent at this place but now of Las Vegas, was receiving acquaintances here this week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Howard.

Wm. Monte, special agent of the Washington Life Insurance company, was drumming up business for his company here this week. Mr. Monte is an old newspaper man, being editor of the Blood Herald, during the boom days of that once lively gold camp.

The Sunday school children of Capitan were addressed on Sunday morning, Sept. 20, by Dr. Kirk, of Alaska. The children were much interested in the story of the children of Alaska, and how they traveled to church over the ice on sleds drawn by dogs, and how the mothers carried their babies in a fur sack or bag on their backs with a string tied about the mother's neck. Dr. Kirk sang a hymn for the children in the Indian tongue.

On Friday morning, the last, the children of Capitan, celebrated Children's Day, with appropriate exercises. The school room was tastefully decorated with flags and wild flowers. The program was a long one, and the children enjoyed the speaking and singing particularly. To Mrs. Willie Friedrich, the teacher of these children, much credit is due for her untiring efforts in maintaining a large attendance at the school and making the lessons interesting and instructive to the children.

DISTRICT COURT NOTES.

The district court, which has been in session since the 7th inst., Judge Parker presiding, has disposed of a large number of cases. No much criminal business yet remains on the docket, that probably no more civil business will be taken up at this term.

The following are among the cases disposed of during the past week:

Urbain Coston versus Jennie Sigfus, pending against plaintiff. Dismissed.

John E. Winston versus W. C. McDonald, a suit for debt. Dismissed.

E. W. Parker versus W. M. Yachon, contempt. Dismissed.

John Moss versus Lynn Collins, appeal from justice court. Judgment for defendant.

Forster G. Nelson versus Minor D. Gayford, an attachment. Dismissed.

Paul Meyer versus Ernest H. Frawick, attachment. Dismissed.

E. B. Amusement Co. Old Line company, promissory notes. Dismissed.

Wm. Watson versus Apex Gold Mining company, damages. Dismissed.

James H. Case versus Jere Parker, partition of real estate. Judgment for plaintiff.

M. C. Quinn Land & Cattle company vs. Col-

tra Seville, appeal from justice court. Judgment for plaintiff.

Miguel Mason vs. D. W. Gless, damages. Jury failed to agree.

Grant A. Bush vs. Mabel Bush, divorce. Dismissed.

Aragon Bros. versus Alfredo Gonzalez, note discount. Judgment for plaintiff.

M. Dickson versus Frederick Smith and Ferrel Smith, debt. Judgment for plaintiff for \$640.39.

M. F. Fatsam versus Apex Gold Mining company. Judgment by default.

A. Mayral versus American Gold Mining company, suit to rescind lease. Judgment for plaintiff.

Paul Meyer versus American Gold Mining company, account. Judgment for plaintiff.

J. Francisco Chavez versus Paul Meyer and Chas. D. Meyer, damages. Continued to next term of court.

Geo. W. Friebrandt versus J. P. C. Langston, assault. Continued.

Territory vs. Manuel Anzola, larceny of cattle. Arrested and indicted Nov. 1901. Found not guilty.

Territory vs. A. J. King, leaving suit to employ, indicted November 1901. Nolle prosequi.

Territory vs. Ronaldo Frasquez, murder of his brother. This was before the court for three days, and resulted in a verdict of acquittal.

Territory versus Wesley M. Wood, also Najer and Francisco Najer, murder, set for trial Monday, was nolle prosequi.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
September 23, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on November 2, 1903, viz: Jose Alvin Casillo, upon Homestead application No. 2000, for the North East Quarter of Sec. 17, T. 7 N., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Antonio Montoya, Abalain Montoya, Nicholas Chavez and Casimiro Roque, all of Richardson, New Mexico.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
First Publication, Sept. 23, 1903, 64

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
September 17, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Probate Clerk at Lincoln, New Mexico, on October 11, 1903, viz: William B. Burns, upon Homestead application No. 600, for the S¹/₄ NW¹/₄ and N¹/₄ SW¹/₄, Sec. 26, T. 25 N., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Bowen Samwak, Robert Burns, Albert H. Phipps and Ed. C. Phipps, all of Roswell, New Mexico.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
First Publication September 23, 1903, 64

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
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September 11, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the United States Commissioner at Lincoln, New Mexico, on October 17, 1903, viz: (Cep. 1. Wood, upon Homestead application No. 2000, for the S¹/₄ NW¹/₄ Sec. 22 and W¹/₄ SW¹/₄ Sec. 23, T. 7 N., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: T. E. Meek, E. W. Clark of Ashaba, N. M. and Dan McFarland, George McFarland of Richardson, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
First Pub. Sept. 23, 1903, 64

Welch & Titsworth.

We handle

**Fish Bros.
Wagons.**

Made at Racine, Wis.

Welch & Titsworth.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
September 11, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the United States Commissioner at Lincoln, New Mexico, on October 17, 1903, viz: J. Thomas Rhodes, upon Homestead application No. 1001, for the W¹/₄ NW¹/₄ and S¹/₄ NW¹/₄ Sec. 27, T. 7 N., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: T. B. Meek and H. W. Ulick, of Ashaba, N. M., Dan McFarland and George McFarland, of Richardson, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
September 15, 1903, 64

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
September 11, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on October 20, 1903, viz: Lee E. Wilson, upon Homestead application No. 2000, for the S¹/₄ NW¹/₄ of sec 27, T. 7 N., R. 12 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Thomas B. Meek of Ashaba, N. M., Harry Ulick, George McFarland and Henry McFarland of Richardson, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
First Pub. Sept. 23, 1903, 64

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: T. E. Meek, E. W. Clark of Ashaba, N. M. and Dan McFarland, George McFarland of Richardson, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.
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Teachers' Examination.

An examination for third grade certificates will be held at Capitan on Saturday Sept. 26, 1903. The examination will begin at 8 o'clock and all applicants are requested to present themselves at that time. Edw. J. Cox, County Supt.

NOTICE TO HAYMEN.—Make hay while the sun shines. Go to the S. W. Mer. Co., where you can save money on your bailing ties.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

To Whom It May Concern—
Notice is given that the firm of G. H. Herbert and M. M. L. McReynolds, of Carrizozo, N. M., known as the Carrizozo Transfer Co., have dissolved partnership, and M. M. L. McReynolds will continue the business and assume all responsibility of said firm. GUY H. HERBERT. M. M. L. McREYNOLDS. September 1st, 1903.

Washed.—Hides, sheep pelts, goat skins, etc. Highest market price paid by Welch & Titsworth.

MODERN AMERICAN GIRL.

When I met her on the steamer
Coming back from foreign climes,
A bright maiden, did I deem her,
And we had some pleasant times,
She was bright in conversation,
And such learning she displayed
When we spoke of other nations
That I was in truth dismayed.

She'd a foreign education,
Knew the language of each land;
I was dumb with admiration
Though I could not understand,
But her English was affected,
And for this fault could alone,
Learning others she'd neglected
To study up her own.

She could read no quite a sermon
In the history of France,
When she spoke of legends German
I displayed gross ignorance,
And the bit I'd learned at college
Seemed ridiculous until
I discovered she'd no knowledge
Of the fight at Bunker Hill.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

"EZEKIEL"

"Well, Mr. Arkday, anybody 'ud think as you'd been turned into the streets a beggar instead of bein' comfortably settled in as smart a little shop as ever I clapped eyes on, and free of expense too!"

Ezekiel Halliday groaned as his eyes wandered round the bright, gaudily papered room and he bent his white head to hide a great tear that was slowly courting down his cheek. Martha was a good soul, but why couldn't she leave him in peace!

"And 'ow anyone could fret themselves silly over that dirty old Book-sellers' row is beyind me. It ought to 'ave been done away with years ago, and any clean and sensible person could see! Why, zester a day passed but I bumped my poor 'ead against them pesky doorways, and as for that parlor behind the shop, it wasn't larger than a mousetrap and was just about as nasty!"

"Me an' my old girl found it comfortable enough for fifty happy years, Martha," the old bookseller broke out at length, stung by the contempt of the charwoman's voice. "And the mousetrap didn't prevent our living to a



Fingered the yellow pages lovingly.

good old age. I'm 82 now and she only died two years ago come Christmas. I'm glad she didn't live to see the old place. Was it—was it there when you passed this morning, Martha?" he asked pleasantly, holding his shaking hands over the worn head of his stick. Martha bowed her head as she hid the stick for tea.

"I was standing there right enough then," she replied curtly, "but they don't do much on the house and to be sure it's a terrible sight."

for his hat that hung on a peg. But Martha guessed his intention.

"Now, then," she said with well-meant firmness, "you don't leave this parlor till you've 'ad a fresh cup of tea. The men 'all be leavin' off work now and if the old place is gone you won't bring it back by goin' off without a sup or bite."

Ezekiel fell back into his armchair with working lips.

"It's true," he moaned. "Nothing can bring the old things back, Martha! You're a young woman, and you don't see things like we do."

"Young, indeed!" Martha was on the shady side of forty, so she was not ill-placed at the soft impeachment.

"Well," she returned, slightly modified, "I suppose we don't. All I know is that I'd—that I'd thank Providence on my bended knees if it 'ud give me a shop in the Charing Cross road. But there's the bell. The tea 'ud be ready by the time you come back."

Ezekiel rose and attended to his customer with the accustomed care and genial bonhomie which had made him quite a personality in Book-sellers' row. Left alone, the smile died out of his eyes, and he dropped wearily over the freshly polished counter. "Yes, it was enough," he reflected, "this shop, with its linoleum-covered floor and shining brown shelves, its shrill electric bell and other modern conveniences; there was nothing missing—nothing but those subtle associations which alone create the real atmosphere of home. And no one knew, no one understood."

He took up a broken-backed volume lying at his elbow and fingered its yellow pages lovingly. It was a rare edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," much coveted by a certain celebrated novelist, who had imagined—that the old man could not possibly understand its value.

Understand! Ezekiel straightened himself and chuckled at the idea. There wasn't a man in London that could hoodwink him into buying an imitation of the real article! Many a time Charles Dickens had tried to play a trick on him, and had deceived him to be "a verry old beggar." Martha's impatient voice behind the glass door recalled him to the point of realization of his.

"Come along, 'art," she continued. "Drink your tea and eat this nice piece of buttered bread. I've cut off the crusts off."

The rough kindness of her tone as she called his attention to his state of mind, the old man understood and he changed his mood.

"Nonsense. 'Aven't I known ye for the last twenty years, and didn't I lay out the poor old missus, avowin' all the time in my 'eart to see you comfortable every evenin', 'usband or no 'usband! And now," she added, with a quick change of voice, "I can't stay another minute; mine must be 'ome by this time and starvin'!"

Mrs. Martha Mugg was a typical charlady. She invariably alluded to her "other half" as "mine," and no one had ever seen her without the bonnet with red roses which always graced her grizzled locks.

Zeckel sighed as the ample bewhiskered figure passed out into the warm, gray evening. She had been a kind friend to him in her clumsy way. How would she get on, he wondered, with his grandson, the smart, up-to-date young man who was coming tomorrow to take charge of the business. He had long been too feeble in health to manage the shop, and at length he had taken Martha's advice and written to his dead daughter's eldest son. He could never have given in at the old place—but now—what did it matter!

Six o'clock struck from the old dilapidated clock. How queer and strange was the sound as it reverberated in the wide, high-ceilinged parlor!

Zeckel rose stiffly, having finished his tea with a great effort, and once more reached out for the broad wide-awake he always wore.

"I shan't be long," he said to the boy whom he employed to do odd jobs about the shop.

A thin drizzle had set in as Zeckel hobbled along the Charing Cross road. It had been pouring wet weather for the last week or so, but every even-



A confused mass of stones, bricks and mortar alone marked the place. Lying at about the same time the trembling old figure could have been seen making its way to the spot where the best of its life had been spent.

Zeckel reached his goal at last, his dim eyes bent on the ground for very fear of what he dreaded to see. . . . But he had come to know. . . . With a jerk he raised his head. . . . Ah, dear heaven! It had been standing this morning, and now a confused mass of stones, brick and mortar alone marked the place.

Zeckel stood still for a space, a pitiful figure in the falling rain. His jaw had dropped and the blue eyes were fixed in a piteous stare upon the ruins of what was once his kingdom.

"Why, Zeckel," said a kindly voice at the old man's elbow, "what are you doing standing there in the rain, as if you'd lost yourself?"

Zeckel recognized one of his customers.

"I was saying good-by to the old place," he replied huskily, making a feeble effort to raise his hat, "but I'd best be getting home now. Wrecking, sir."

The young youngster hurried on and the old man crept feebly down the busy thoroughfare. A strange numbness and weariness was coming over him, and he leaned heavily on the gnarled stick. Somewhere near here Henry's shop lay. He would go in and take his student hat out of storage and put it on. But he couldn't see it.

was Short's, transformed and magnificent in its white paint. No, he would not go there. . . . If only he could find a sea. There was the Embankment. It would be quiet there.

Slowly and painfully Zeckel made his way down a steep turning until he reached the wide, gray river.

How far off seemed the roar of the traffic as Zeckel dropped heavily into an empty seat. Ah! he had no place in this new London with its broadened streets and its intolerance of old ways and customs.

The river alone had not changed, but flowed on grandly, majestically. Zeckel watched it dreamily, conscious of a great, immense stillness that was stealing over everything. He was in the old shop again, talking and bargaining with Mr. Dickens. Above the short blind of red muslin that screened the parlor door he could catch glimpses of the little wife's bonny face as she sat his tea. She was singing softly to herself the while:

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly blown in June,
My love is like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

The air was full of the sweet melody and now the river, too, was taking it up. . . . But gradually even that sound faded. A barge passed by and disappeared into the dream-like blue mist that was rising.

Zeckel followed it with dazed, tired eyes for a second or so; then his head fell back and he drew a deep sigh as the stillness crept over his broken heart, lulling it to an everlasting sleep.

NOT A BLOOD RELATION

Death of Life's Partner Caused a Fine Distinction:

It "as in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season, as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local Paginini, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but lamented the absence of "Ole Ben," and games were being substituted for the dancing, when Ole Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the resin on the bow said:

"Well, yes, Maria's gone; died this afternoon, but I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you to-night, seein' she wa'n't no blood relation."

A Canny Preacher.

Major Pond was a discreet man, but he occasionally told one celebrity a good story at the expense of another. One of his favorite stories was of an American preacher who preached in England under his management.

The sermon attracted greater audience than either manager or preacher had expected, and at length, one night, as manager and minister sat talking upon the steps of a great London church after the delivery of a successful sermon in a neighboring hall, the disheartened preacher struck for higher wages, and brought such arguments to bear that the manager felt it necessary to yield.

It was a costly talk for Major Pond, but he keenly enjoyed the humor of the situation and took great pleasure in picturing the great preacher seated in the moonlight upon the cathedral step bargaining for highest pay for preaching the gospel.—New York Sun.

One Honest Postmaster.

The postal investigation will never cease a ripple in the Newport, Neb., office. "Two posts' unbrakes were left in the postoffice," advertises the newspaper's editorial in the Newport Register. "When the post office was closed, the unbrakes were left in the postoffice."

WHERE ALL IS PLAY

PARIS THE RECREATION SPOT OF ALL NATIONS.

Dull Care Has No Place in the Thoughts of the Inhabitants of the Gay Capital—Many Forms of Amusement.

La Belle Paris is the cry of the true born Frenchman and echoed by the civilized world of to-day, for is not the French capital the gay city par excellence? Generations have labored to drive away dull care, and only the



Mimi.

Frenchman has solved the problem. There is care and labor and striving in France, as is the lot of human kind everywhere. But the Gaul, with his genius for precision, has resolved to have one place where one may at all times exercise the dull specter of lives that must at some stage knit its brows; where life may be gay and joyous in any measure, from the sober, sedate pleasures of the steady-going, to the wildest fantasies of the foolish spendthrift. All are served at Paris, whether bright or dull, rich or poor, sordid or spiritual, banal or not.

The French have always said so, and the world to-day makes the fair city on the Seine its playyard. Amusement has there become a fine art. How it is done becomes therefore howdays worthy of a serious study. F. Berkeley Smith has ventured, not perhaps a very serious attempt, but a light-hearted commentary by one evidently having a full knowledge at first hand of his subject. His "How Paris Amuses Itself," published by Funk & Wagnalls, bears on its face the impress of the real observer, who tells not how it may be done elsewhere, for that would need a Parisian tradition to make possible, but how Paris meets the task of amusing.

"What shall we do next?" says the weary new arrival in Paris, and Smith shows what he may do. There are the cafes, open as the air, where the passing throng may, if it will, appraise



A Popular Chatterbox.

your mood, or envy your appetite. There is everything to see, often too much for one's eyes, but art is not all that is seen, and why the art of the Frenchman? The Frenchman is not

the evening, glittering or not, as the purse may prompt the choice. Here good taste and refinement rule; there, they do not, and, having dined, there are the smart circuses, permanent and complete like the Cirque Medrano, the Nouveau Cirque, the Cirque d'Hiver—not the draughty temporary world of canvas the rest of the world delights in. There is a choice of "pops" from the small Boule-Boules, through the open-air concerts of the Champs-Elysees, the Concert des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Eto; the music halls, like the Folies Marigny, the Jardin de Paris, the Folies Bergere, the Casino and the Olympia; then the Opera, the Opera Comique and the Bouffes Parisiennes; smaller but more serious, musical affairs like the Concert Rouge; the shows and cabarets of Montmartre and those in the left shore, like the Noctambules and the Grillon; the cheap and decent suburban theaters, as well as the expensive and not so decent Palais Royal and Rabelais in the heart of the city; the darling, independent Theater Libre, the original Theater Antoine, the scenic displays of the Chatelet, light comedy at the Vaudeville interpreted by Rejane, the divine Sarah in her new theater, and the historic Francais—the list is well nigh endless.

The Paris restaurants "Vestors"; they are not merely places where one gets something to eat. The choice is endless. Here is the place where the chef resigned a year ago because the proprietor put prices on the menu. As if, forsooth, one could tell beforehand whether a "Fot d'ours a la Francois Joseph" would be worth \$1.00 or \$2.00 when served. Yet even in these exquisite restaurants there is to be had



In the Mar Du Helder.

an edition of the menu with prices that is apologetically handed to you when the maitre d'hotel discovers you are not a millionaire, or a fool.

The story that Mr. Smith tells so charmingly might better be entitled "How Paris Amuses," not "Itself," but "Others." Paris amuses itself, as Boston amuses itself, soberly, decently, cheaply in the main, or, at least, economically, sacrificing nothing to ostentatious spending of money, unless a good profit is within reach. For the foolish visitor painting the Frenchman's beloved town "red," the Parisian will spread delectable traps for his money, traps that work with uniform success from every point of view, whether in immediate cash box results or in training unconscious advertising agents, who will spread the fame abroad to other gudgeons of the charms of the city by the Seine.

It is thus that the banalities of the numerous cafes, concert halls and small theaters earn a rich harvest. Thus at, say, the Rabelais, where the curtain falls discreetly upon situations so risqué that even the Rabelais must draw the line. Yet there are many places like the Meditators, for example, that a Sunday school convention might safely include in its program. All tastes are served. The sober and decent enjoy their intellectual treats, the others enjoy the other kind, and are to be content in comment at home, either in frank approval or in the in-

evitable criticism of the lapsed and recon-verted.

It is possible at the "Quat'Z'Arts" for a modest sum to hear Bonnaud sing. He has been secretary of Prince Bonaparte, been around the world several times, and is an accomplished man in many ways; or to hear, in the old songs of France, Bataille, who has been a successful lawyer and was once secretary to the minister of the interior; or to hear Georges Tiercy, of the same type of man, or Paul Delmet, or Henri Furay, or Mlle. Odette Dulac, or Mme. Lawrence Deschamps. One may applaud, and enjoy their talent and not be ashamed to tell of it.

These are the bal masques, the side shows, the fetes des foraines, and then the programs, for it appears that three-fourths of vaudeville artists are Americans, English or Austrians, and in Paris the lady billed as "Miss Daisy Smith, Queen of the High Wire," will appear in London as "Mlle. Daleo Smythe, Reine du Fillo de Fer," just as in London or New York what is on the bill of fare as "Chateaubriand aux pommes souffrees" becomes in Paris "Steak and fried potatoes." Thus does "Paris Amuse Itself."—Boston Herald.

TRAGEDY OF THE CAUCASUS.

Peasant Murdered His Son "at the Command of God."

In the village of Bayandour, in the Caucasus, lives a man named Ivan Aslamazon, who a few weeks ago started the community by cutting the throat of his seven-months-old son on the threshold of the church. He was at once arrested and taken before a judge, whereupon he gave an extraordinary explanation of his conduct.

A few years ago, he said, he was very sick, and one night St. John appeared to him in a dream and took him into a valley, where he saw God seated on a throne of gold. The Almighty, he continued, then said to him: "Ivan, I will restore your good health to you, but in time you will have a son, and as soon as he is seven months old you must offer him up as a sacrifice." Aslamazon said that many times since then he had prayed God to spare his son, but that, as the Almighty made no response, he considered it his duty to sacrifice him.

His story made a great impression on the people, and the general opinion was that he had acted like a saint and that the authorities had no right to arrest him.—New York Herald.

Links Past and Present.

A man who sang in the Rev. Patrick Bronte's choir in Haworth has just died, and the circumstance has directed attention anew to the fact that Charlotte Bronte's husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, is still alive. He lives near Banagher, in Kings county, Ireland, and is described as a hale and hearty octogenarian. The author of "Jane Eyre" died forty-eight years ago. Though Mr. Nicholls married again, he reverently observes the anniversary of the birth and death of the famous woman who was his wife for a brief and pathetic period.

The New Jersey Skeetmobile.



Aerial navigation will probably be solved by the evolution of the skeetmobile.

Maine's Long Season.

Maine's season in a straight line is 336 miles, while following the ice and snow it is 2,486 miles. Between Hickey point and Quoddy head there are six-hundred light-houses.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Their Use.

"What I don't see," remarked the cheerful idiot, "is the use of scientists discovering new metals like radium and polonium, that costs thousands of dollars an ounce."

"It is done for the benefit of the future trillionaires," replied the wise guy. "They can get rid of some of their money by building yachts, automobiles and airships out of those metals."

A Fish Dinner.



Charlie once said that there was nothing he liked better than a good fish dinner. This would have been rather conceded of Charlie had he known at the time he himself was destined to be one.

In a Pitiable Plight.

"No," said the beautiful widow, "I couldn't sleep for weeks after my husband died."

"How pitiful," put in her sympathetic friend.

"You see, I had mislaid his insurance policy, and for a while I was really afraid I'd never be able to find it."

Not Fit for Publication.

She (at the ball game)—What do they call the man who throws the ball?

He—The pitcher.

She—And what do they call the one who seems to act as judge?

He—Well, I'd hate to tell you some of the things they call him.

It's Usually So.

"I understand Goodman is a candidate for mayor of your town."

"Yes; but so is Crookley."

"Goodman is surely better able to fill the place."

"Yes; but Crookley's better able to get it."

His Acknowledgment.

"I never heard Dinmore acknowledge that he was growing old before to-day."

"How did he acknowledge it?"

"He announced that he felt just as young as he ever did."—Detroit Free Press.

Boyhood's Hopes.

"I tell you, I'll be master of my house when I'm a man!" said little Bennie.

"That's what your father thought when he was your age, Bennie," replied the boy's mother.

Put to the Proper Use.

Wife—You know, dear, you told me to invest that money so that I'd have something for a rainy day.

Husband—Yes.

Wife—Well, here's the investment. Did you ever see a lovelier rainy-day shirt in your life?

So Many Kinds.

"Well, I declare! Another Turkish strategy." "Trag, cigarette of tobacco and..."

CAPITAN NEWS.

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SILAS MAY Business Manager.

Entered at the post-office at Capitan, New Mexico, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter, March 11, 1901.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One year... Six Months...

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N.M., August 27, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N.M., August 27, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, August 20, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, August 26, 1902. An application for a hearing (as allowed by the Honorable Commissioner of General Land Offices under date of April 14, 1902) having been filed in this office by T. M. Nichols, protestant against E. W. Hulbert's Additional Homestead application, filed December 8, 1901...

DELINQUENT TAX LIST OF LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M.

Amounting to Not Less than \$25. And notice of application to the District Court for judgment and sale for second half of taxes for the year 1902, delinquent on June 1st, 1903 with penalties and cost.

TRINITY OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN, 88. In accordance with chapter 22, of the laws of the Territory of New Mexico 33rd Legislative Assembly thereof...

And notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of said county of Lincoln, will apply to the District Court, held in and for said county upon the next return day...

TERMINAL ESTATE. American Gold Mining Co. Mining district: tax 222.71, penalty 219.25, costs 160.00.

Kear's Mining & Improvement Co's. Bonito mining district: tax 189.51, penalty 3.11, costs 280.00.

M. W. Hoyle. Lots 2, 3 & 4 Grand Utility Lode Add. W. D. White Oaks.

John Y. Hewitt. Lot 2 & 3 Willow Lode Add. White Oaks.

John Y. Hewitt. Lot 2 & 3 Willow Lode Add. White Oaks.

lot 2 bk 35 and lot 2 bk 36, Noyal: tax 40.47, penalty 2.06, costs 1.50, total 44.03.

Robertson Dolph & Co. Emma Placer: tax 41, penalty 26, costs 30, total 97.00.

Topoka Mining Association. Lot 4 sec 1 twp 9 N range 19 E: tax 71, penalty 20, costs 20, total 111.

Vera City Mining Company. Vera Cruz mine: tax 24.25, penalty 1.75, costs 20, total 26.

American Placer Co. tax 113.35, penalty 8.70, costs 20, total 142.05.

Delinquent Tax List of Lincoln County, New Mexico

Amounting to Less than \$25. And notice of sale for taxes, penalties and costs, second half of 1902.

TRINITY OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN, 88. In pursuance of the laws of the Territory of New Mexico, I, the undersigned, Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of said Lincoln County...

And notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of said Lincoln County, will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash...

TERMINAL ESTATE. I. L. Anala. Wit. sw 1/4 sec 34 and sw 1/4 sec 35 T. 9 S. R. 12 E. Tax 2.24, penalty 11, costs 70, total 83.33.

REAL ESTATE. I. L. Anala. Wit. sw 1/4 sec 34 and sw 1/4 sec 35 T. 9 S. R. 12 E. Tax 2.24, penalty 11, costs 70, total 83.33.

PERSONAL PROPERTY. American Placer Co. tax 113.35, penalty 8.70, costs 20, total 142.05.

FANCIES OF FASHION

HINTS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PREVAILING MODES.

Pretty Costume to Be Worn by "The Littlest Girl"—Another for Her Grown-up Sister—To Keep Curis in Shape.

Old Styles Revived.

Old-fashioned styles are recalled this season not only by the return of gown models to the early Victorian period of drooping shoulders and cakelike trimmings, but by many of the materials themselves. This is notably true of the designs seen in muslins and organdies, many of which are printed in large, quaint flower patterns. These printed muslins, with their sprays of roses, lilacs, poppies and other large flowers, made over slips and in more or less of an old-time style, are picturesque and becoming to tall, graceful figures.



TEMPTING TABLES
In summer time all dainty vegetables are served as natural as far as possible. The more a cabbage can be made to look like itself



the better. It is placed in a cup of the outside green leaves of the cabbage, and so in a measure presents its own form and color.

The skill of the cook is required with spinach, which loses its form in cooking. It is molded and its color is heightened. A basin is buttered, the whites of hard-boiled eggs and croutons are ranged around and the spinach placed in the center.

Crumbled yolk of hard-boiled egg sprinkled over spinach enhances the green.

Green things never present the appearance of having been turned carelessly into the platter.

The size of the platter is proportioned to the quantity served and the vegetable is placed in conformity to the shape of the platter.

A neatly folded napkin is used under dry, unseasoned vegetables, like asparagus, artichokes, or corn.

If cold dishes are served in shapely pieces they are simply sprinkled with chopped parsley, chopped white of egg or crumbled yolks, and dressed with any of the greens used in salads.

Flowers sometimes add in the adornment.

Keeping Curis in Shape.

Damp weather is ruinous to curls that are not natural curls, and there is little that a girl dreads so much as, having her nice waves gradually melt down to the misty influences and become stringy and unmanageable.

Here is a bold which, 'tis said, will work wonders keeping 'em locks wavy: One-half ounce borax, 15 grains gum arabic, 5 fluid drams of spiritus camphor, 5 ounces warm water. Massage the scalp in the warm

water, and when cool add the camphor. Dampen the hair with the liquid and roll on kids until it is dry. —Exchange.

For Dinner Table.

A pretty floral arrangement for the table of the country home is to take small baskets, painted green, and place in each one a four-inch pot of maidenhair or some of the pretty varieties of fern and vines that can be grouped together in the center of the gathered in the woods. They can be table or placed here and there to accent some decorative scheme. Strawberry and raspberry baskets could be utilized in this way, if one had no other more decorative.

Girl's Frock.

One of the most popular styles of the season is the little-French blouse dress. It is a style that is easily made and is more desirable for thin materials, and these warm days we are not thinking of such else. In this pretty little frock a white vest front and a big collar edged with white ruffles enter into the ornamentation. The full blouse and square neck are decidedly pretty and childish looking. The skirt is the full gathered one. The waist line is decorated by a cash with large bow in the back. The material may be white or colored. A very pretty combination would be of tiny pin-dot lawn in one's favorite color, using white for vest and embroidery ruffles and insertion.



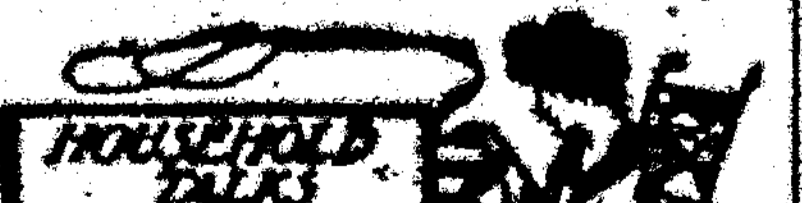
Ladies' Suit for Outing Wear.

With the advent of summer the demand for frocks suitable for a day's outing or traveling becomes an all-important subject. For the one who is planning a suit that will be suitable on a variety of occasions and will stay in style for more than one season, this jaunty mode will be a wise model to select. The blouse is something new

in the sailor style, having a fanciful yoke shaping, a new-style sleeve, and a very smart collar, which may have either square or round shaping.

The skirt is the popular tucked design and may be made in any length golf, short or walking. It is cut in five gores and may be made with a yoke if desired.

The combination of this blouse and tucked skirt makes it a most chic and becoming design—an ideal suit for travel, country or seashore. The material may be of linen, pique, crash, mohair, serge, pongee or any of the popular suitings. A very smart costume could be made of white serge or white mohair, embroidering the emblems on shield and sleeve and wearing a bright-colored tie of one's favorite color jauntily knotted in the front. A colored or white belt would complete a stylish costume.



Ice mallets of wood come at 12 cents.

Fifteen cents buys a dish-scraping knife with a rubber blade.

Wooden jelly spoons and egg-lifters cost ten cents and upward.

A glass lemon reamer is more desirable than the average specimen.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A FEW MERRY MOMENTS WITH THE JESTERS.

Why Algy Thought Miss Gayleigh So Strange—Gritty George Emulates the Great Opera Singer—Supreme Happiness.

Sallie and Willie.

"Strange about giddy young girls, isn't it, Sallie?"
"How so, Willie?"
"Why, there's a girl in town who used to boast that she was kissed by President Grant when she was a baby, but she now declares it was President Hayes who kissed her. In a few years she will be claiming that President Roosevelt kissed her when she was a mere child."—Roller Monthly.

Fortunate Reminder.

"Noah," exclaimed the grand old sailor's wife, "what are you slapping at?"
"Confound that mosquito," he answered, "I'll smash it yet, see if I don't."
"Henry W. Noah, what do you mean? Have you forgotten that we have only two mosquitoes in the ark?" —New York Herald.

Another Prediction.

"Yes," sighed the youth in purple suspenders, "the old gentleman caught me hugging his daughter and then there was a storm."
"You should have sent a report to the weather department," chuckled his friend in duck trousers.
"What should I have sent?"
"The storm, was caused by heavy local pressure."

Not That Kind of a Stove.

Housekeeper—I'll give you a good meal if you'll light the fire in the stove for me.
Weary Willie—All right, lady.
Housekeeper—Very well, here's a hatchet. Just chop some of that wood out there.
Weary Willie—Oh, see here, lady, I thought it was a gas stove you had! Good-day!

Unappreciated.

"Do you believe," said the lady with the red and yellow, "that the good die young?"
"How could I?" exclaimed the flatterer, "how could I and you so good—er—that is—"
"Sir!"—Baltimore News

An Appropriate Pen Name.



Author Algy—What an absurd creature that Gayleigh girl is. When I told her I was down here musing 'round for material and local color she asked me if by any chance my pen name was Fizz.

Supreme Happiness.

"If you could choose, which would you rather be, Rochester, J. Pierpont Morgan or John W. Gates?"
"Oh, Gates, by all means. I understand that Rochester and Morgan sometimes worry what the world may be thinking of them."

First Come, First Served.

We would rather sell our fine San Luis valley lands to Colorado farmers. Best water rights, fertile soil, low prices, easy terms. If easterners come first—and they're coming fast—we will sell to them, of course. Send for our new booklet and see what you're missing. The Colorado Bureau of Immigration, 212 Majestic Bldg., Denver, Colo.

County Exhibits at State Fair.

It is very important that this county be represented at the State Fair to be held at Pueblo, September 14th to 18th. The county commissioners are empowered by law to appropriate the sum of \$500 for the purpose of making a creditable exhibit at the State Fair and power is also granted to appoint a proper person to take charge of such exhibit and see that same is properly displayed at the fair.
Every one is urged to prepare their exhibits at once as it is only a short time till the big fair opens.

A back country paper says: "A mad dog bit Major Konk on the left leg recently. It was a sad happening, but the dog is slowly recovering."

Those Who Have Tried It

will use no other. DeLancey Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

Little Hiram—Grandpa, did you see the two-tailed comet? Farmer Hump-crop—No; b'jings! I been so busy harvestin' I didn't even git ter see the circus, let alone the side shows.

A smile of satisfaction comes with one of Baxter's "Bullhead" 4-cent cigars.

Mixem—I say, Swigg, won't you join us on a fishing trip next week? Swigg—Sorry, old man, but you'll have to count me out. I've quit drinkin'.

FALL TERM OF CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE OF DENVER opens Sept. 1st. Courses: Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Telegraphy.

There is no use crying over spilt milk. The milkman probably watered it sufficiently before you bought it.

I am sure Flee's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. T. M. HOBBS, 1000 Main Street, Newark, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1904.

William Tell had just shot the apple from his son's head—"It was green," he exclaimed nervously, "and I had to do something quick before the boy ate it!"

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep DeLancey Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 cent brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 cent pkg. DeLancey Starch for same money.

Sto—What do they call the man who seems to act as judge in the baseball games? He—He'd hate to tell you some of the things they call him.

"It beats all" how good a cigar you can buy for 5 cents if you buy the right brand. Try a "Bullhead."

"There's a hole in the bottom of the sea."—That is to say, scientists declare that the bottom of the Canadian sea is gradually falling.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; when cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

She—Do you remember before we were married, dear? He—Why, it's among my happiest recollections.

Why It Is the Best!

is because made by an entirely different process. DeLancey Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Mrs. Winkler's Teaching Spring. For children's pocket, contains the alphabet, numbers, colors, etc., etc. 25c. In a bottle.

Merchant—I have changed my mind about yesterday. Please—Let me concentrate on you. I am sure you've made a bargain.

If you have needed a full-sized baby, please you know how good this one is. You have not better of this.

J. J. JAFFA,
Merchant and Banker

Successor to Lincoln Trading Co.
Lincoln, N. M.

Transacts a general mercantile and banking business.

Largest and Best Stock of Goods in Lincoln County

JACKSON, GALBRAITH, COMPANY.

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash, etc.

WINDOW GLASS AND FRUIT BOXES.

Plate Glass A Specialty.

... PRICES TO MEET COMPETITION ...

Capitan,

New Mexico.



In connection with the

Rock Island System

Is the short line between El Paso, the Great Southwest, and Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and principle points North, South and Southeast.

Elegant Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleepers, Free reclining Chair Cars and Day Coaches on all trains.

Dining Car Service Unexcelled.

N.B.—For a handsomely illustrated booklet descriptive of

CLOUDCROFT

the premier Summer Resort of the Southwest, send four cents postage to the undersigned,

Call on nearest agent for full information, or address

A. N. BROWN, G. P. A., El Paso, Texas,

J. E. JOHNSON, Agent, Capitan, N. M.

The One-Price Store.

W. A. HYDE, Proprietor,
J. C. WHARTON, Manager.

Condo, N. M.

Hay, Grain and Flour in Carload Lots.
Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Etc.

Paints and Oils, Harness, Saddles, Wagons and Farm Implements.

Also, Fine Whiskies and Cigars.

Highest Prices Paid for Produce.

The Way to Lincoln and Roswell

Is by the Stage. You get there quick, in a comfortable, easy-riding conveyance, and save money.

Why Pay Two Prices

For a special rig that is no faster, nor as comfortable or safe.

D. W. SCOTT, Proprietor.

Stage leaves Capitan at 12:30 p.m.
From McCorkle Hotel.

DOYLE MURRAY, Mgr.

GUY H. HERBERT & CO.

THE HEIGHTS SALOON

(North Side of Railroad)

FINE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.

We Have the Best Whisky in the World.

A Share of your trade solicited.

Courteous treatment to all.

CAPITAN, NEW MEXICO.

Henry Pfaff.

110 San Antonio street, El Paso, Texas.

WHOLESALE OF

Liquors, Brandies, Wines and Cigars

SOLE AGENT FOR

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis, Mo.
Manitou Mineral Water Company, Manitou, Colorado.
Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony, Asti, Cal., Fine Wine
G. H. Mumm & Co., Reims Champagnes.
P. A. Mumm, Frankfort, O. M., Rhine Wines.
Landau Fils, Bordeaux Cognac.
Sergnoiret Freres, Bordeaux Clarets.
Dr. Alexander, Ciudad Juarez, Mex., Native Wine

Branches at North Capitan and Capitan, N. M.

THE LITTLE CASINO SALOON.

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BEST AND FINEST

Imported Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

OLD FASHIONED IN CONNECTION.

SOLE AGENT FOR GREEN RIVER WHISKEY.

White Oaks, N. M.

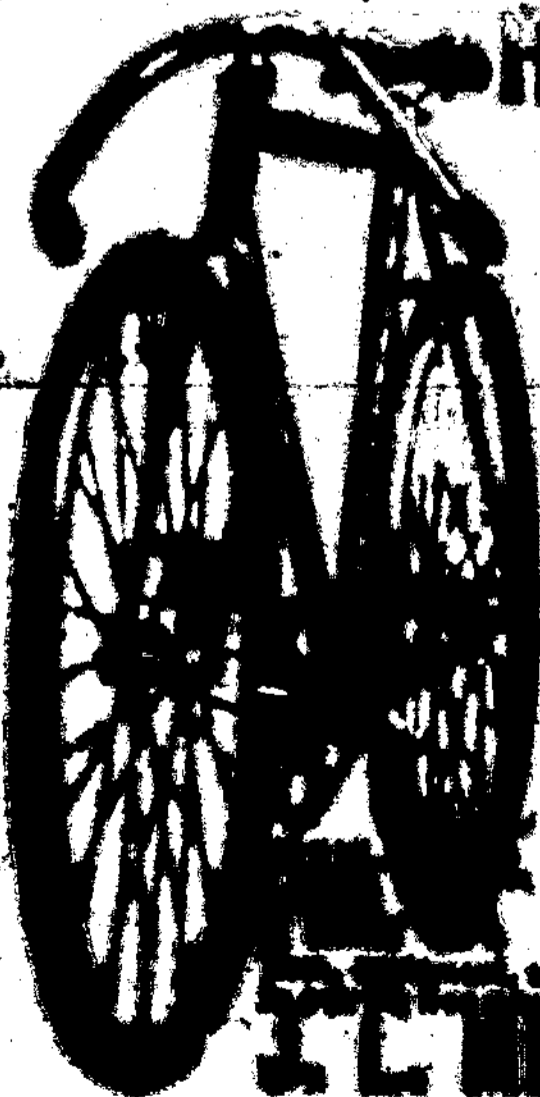
East of Exchange Bank.

EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST.

DR. ARNOLD ARONSON, one of Chicago's leading Graduate Opticians, arrived here today (Friday, Sept. 25), and will remain until next Monday at noon. While here he will make a specialty of testing and fitting defective eyes. These checking treatments are requested to call at once.

At Post Office, Capitan, Until Monday Only.

NO CHANGE FOR DELICIOUSNESS.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

In each town to take orders for our new High Grade Guaranteed Bicycles.

New 1903 Models

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|---------|
| of Delia , ⁷⁷ | Complete | \$22.75 |
| of Clanston , ⁷⁷ | Guaranteed High Grade | \$16.75 |
| of Siberian , ⁷⁷ | A Heavy | \$12.75 |
| of Memphis , ⁷⁷ | Road Race | \$14.75 |

No better bicycle at any price. Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. Strongest guarantee.

We **SHIP BY APPROVAL C. O. D.** to any one without a cent deposit and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** before purchase is binding.

200 Superior Street, Chicago, Ill.

100 Superior Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. L. HALL & CO., Chicago, Ill.

TO A GOOD BOOK.

Come, friends, and sit with me;
We two are company
Who, in our calm retreat,
Need nothing from the street.
Nor opera, nor play, nor dance,
Nor club, nor dinner, to enhance
The pleasure that it is to be
Each in the other's company.
You give me everything, while I—
I give you nothing, and I sigh
Because—what do you say?
I love you and no other pay.
You ask for your oiling cheer?
Is that enough? It is so easy, dear,
To love you that it seems to me
I give you nothing for your company.
—William J. Lampton, in the Reader.



His Eyes Opened

When Natalie Hall married Clarke Dexter the people who prophesied that she would not be happy were so very much in the minority that no one paid heed to them.

"Dexter's opinion of himself will have to be whittled down several inches before he'll make any woman's life what it ought to be," one man had said.

But every one knew that the speaker would gladly have stood in Dexter's shoes, so he did not count.

Nevertheless, not many months had passed before a vague uncertainty began to grow in the heart of Natalie Dexter, which, had the minority known it, would have caused them to exclaim complacently, "I told you so!"

As to Dexter, while still very much in love with his wife, he frankly admitted to himself that a woman of more penetration, in other words, and more keenly alive to the rare intellectual qualities of Clarke Dexter, attorney at law, might have proved a more congenial companion.

It was a warm day in early summer. After a hard five hours in court Dexter ascended the steps of the pretty suburban villa which he called home somewhat before his usual time. With



Found himself listening intently for the reply.

the length of the day still on his nerves he dropped into a low chair on the piazza.

Presently his own name reached him as through a haze. Dexter opened his eyes fully, realizing that for a moment he had been bloodily unconscious.

"But surely, dear, you and Clarke are very happy?"

The answer came, clear

and softly stirred some light draperies, pricked him into complete wakefulness. An aunt of his wife, who had been to her as a mother, was visiting them. Dexter recognized her voice.

He found himself listening intently for the reply. It came gradually.

"If you mean do we get on, Aunt Grace, I suppose we do, as well as hundreds of the people we know, perhaps."

"But, my dear, that is different from the married life I had hoped for you." "It is different from the married life I had hoped for myself."

Dexter sat up, too annoyed to realize that he was listening to a conversation not meant for his ears.

"The fact is—" Natalie Dexter paused.

"What, dear?" "It seems abominable to say, but you are the only mother I have ever known. There would be a greater chance of happiness for Clarke and me if—something occurred to disengage him a little with his own attainments."

Had Clarke Dexter walked against a stone wall on a clear day he would not have so surprised as he was by these words in his wife's voice.

"But, my dear, Clarke has surely come right to feel complacent with his attainments. Not yet 30, and fast climbing to the top of the tree in his profession."

Dexter blessed Miss Hall in his heart.

"Don't I know that, Auntie? In the hours that I have sat and thought it all out I have come to this opinion—that all his life long everything, even his wife, has come to Clarke too easily. It must have begun so at school and college. His grasp of a thing is so immediate and absolute that it makes him intolerant with what he considers the stupidity of others, especially with mine."

"Yours?" Miss Hall's voice bristled with indignation.

"Yes, mine. The one fact which Clarke does not seem to have mastered is that a woman's mind may be as keen as a man's and yet remain feminine."

"Yesterday," she went on, "he stood and watched me when I took up this embroidery. It pained and almost irritated him that I could be interested in what was to him so trivial. When he turned away the very angle of his shoulders said as plainly as words that the mind which could find absorption in a bundle of colored silks and a piece of fine linen must be a small affair."

A slow red mounted painfully to the cheeks of the aunt of the aunt, on the piazza.

"The fact is, dear, you and Clarke

"No, dear." Miss Hall's voice was dull with distress.

"One of your days 'at home' in Washington. When most of the people had gone Judge Doane dropped in for his usual cup of tea. I was finishing a tea-cloth for your birthday and he came and stood beside me. Presently he said 'I wonder if a woman's hands ever look so charming as when they are occupied with needlework.' And when you told him that I had arranged the orchids on a table and copied them with my needle he exclaimed, 'Why, child, you are an artist! That is literal needle painting!'"

Clarke Dexter's eyes, which a few hours before had scintillated with the joy of laying skillfully concealed traps for the feet of an unwary witness, stared before him in blank amazement.

Judge Doane! Only that morning he had held in reserve a decision of the great justice and played it as his trump card. And this man had found time to admire his wife's hands and be interested in her daily work.

When she spoke again her tone was so hurt that Dexter felt something clutch at his heart.

"I don't think Clarke would believe that I could originate anything—even a design for fancy work—and the worst of it is that I am fast descending to the level of his opinion."

The unhappiness in her voice had been like a stream restrained at first, but gaining such force from the tributaries of thought that the weak barriers of caution were swept away.

Her next words revealed its true depth and current appallingly to the



"The improvement," he said slowly, "is the result of an unprofessional opinion."

man who had taken her young life into his keeping. He could have knelt in contrition and kissed the hem of her pretty gown.

"I shall not offer this cloth to the church after all," she said firmly. "I have attached so many bitter disillusion with life into it, that it would be sacrilege. There are places I cannot bear to look at, for every thread was a protest against God."

"What was that?" Miss Hall looked up at a sound on the piazza.

Natalie Dexter went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Someone was disappearing around the corner of the house, but her vision was too blurred to distinguish who it was.

It was almost a year later. Winter seemed to have stepped back and taken the reluctant earth in a last embrace.

Before a blazing log fire in the library Dexter and his wife sat, indulging in one of their many witty discussions, which were as the striking of flint and steel.

More than once he had risen and paced the floor, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, when his wife's keen wit and woman's instinct met and baffled him.

"Come," he said, holding out one hand to her, "I can't admit that I'm happy by any means, but I have no

idea if we can't find something cold in the larder."

Natalie Dexter rose and laid her hands on her husband's shoulders. The eyes which looked into his were so caressing that he went toward her, but she held him back.

"Clarke," she said slowly, "here's something I want to ask you . . . You have grown so immensely in the past year, there is not a trace of the—the—you will forgive me, dear!—little touch of intolerance—of egotism—which—"

Dexter took the glowing face between his hands and paused to kiss the halting lips.

"The improvement," he said slowly, "is the result of an unprofessional opinion."—M. Louise Cummins, in Boston Globe.

WESLEY AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

Helped to Lessen Bitterness and Draw Good Men Nearer Together.

It would be unjust to ignore what John Wesley did for Christian unity. Religious differences were more rancorous in his day than in ours. Macaulay often exaggerates, but he did not exaggerate in describing the old-time country squire whose "animosities were numerous and bitter. He hated Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews." It did not require much provocation for a mob to pull down a dissenting chapel or throw stones at a Roman Catholic priest. In this world of fierce denunciation moved a scholar who gladly acknowledged his indebtedness to good men of widely different tenets. Wesley had learned a good deal from the early fathers, he had read the great divines of the Church of England, some of his warmest friends were Moravians, he admired the saintly characters of the Roman and of the undivided Catholic church, his sympathies, naturally quick, had been broadened by reading. Since De Maistre warned the Roman church not to forget the claims of her Anglican sister, since the Evangelicalists gave new force to the Church of England, since the Oxford divines made dry bones live, many lessons have been learned. An increasing number of persons is gradually awakening to the difference between the faith once delivered to the saints and the opinions which merely date from Augustine or Calvin. John Wesley was in advance of his time. Should organic unity come within a century or two, he will be counted among those who helped to lessen bitterness, and to draw good men nearer together.—The Living Church (P. E.).

I look to End Perfection; and the mocking stars disclose
A solid spot on the sky and a canker in the rose.
A lovely woman hardened with self-conscious unrepent.

I look for Wisdom; and I see a preacher, fresh from school,
Lay off the way to heaven with a compass and a rule.
A doctor that's a charlatan—a teacher that's a fool!

I look for Virtue; they are flies, who lose their souls for honey.
The women see their dragged wings, and laugh and think it's funny.
And scorn their fallen sisters—and wed a man for money!

I look for Inspiration; from what cesspools poets pump it?
Why, even, kissing toolies on a penny powder-trumpet.
And Homer sang the Trojan war—a struggle for a strumpet!

I look for Honor; stay awhile—what honest men are these?
A politician out for plums, a lawyer out for fees—
(Go to! I'll get a lantern and John Dugan's keys!)

I look for Gods; I find poor things that make the angels weep—
Jehovah killing cannibals and eating slaughtered sheep.
And Jove debauching women and Buddha sound asleep!

Perfection, Wisdom, Virtue, Inspiration, Honor—poor!
They all go up in smoke—they're made of very fragile stuff—
And yet I'll bet there's not a man on looking long enough!
—Miss Maudie Robinson in Indianapolis Sentinel.

Chinese Sellers.
Over 1,000 British vessels plying in waters where are wanted by Chinese crews.

FADS OF FEMININITY

SOME OF THE LATEST DECREES OF DAME FASHION.

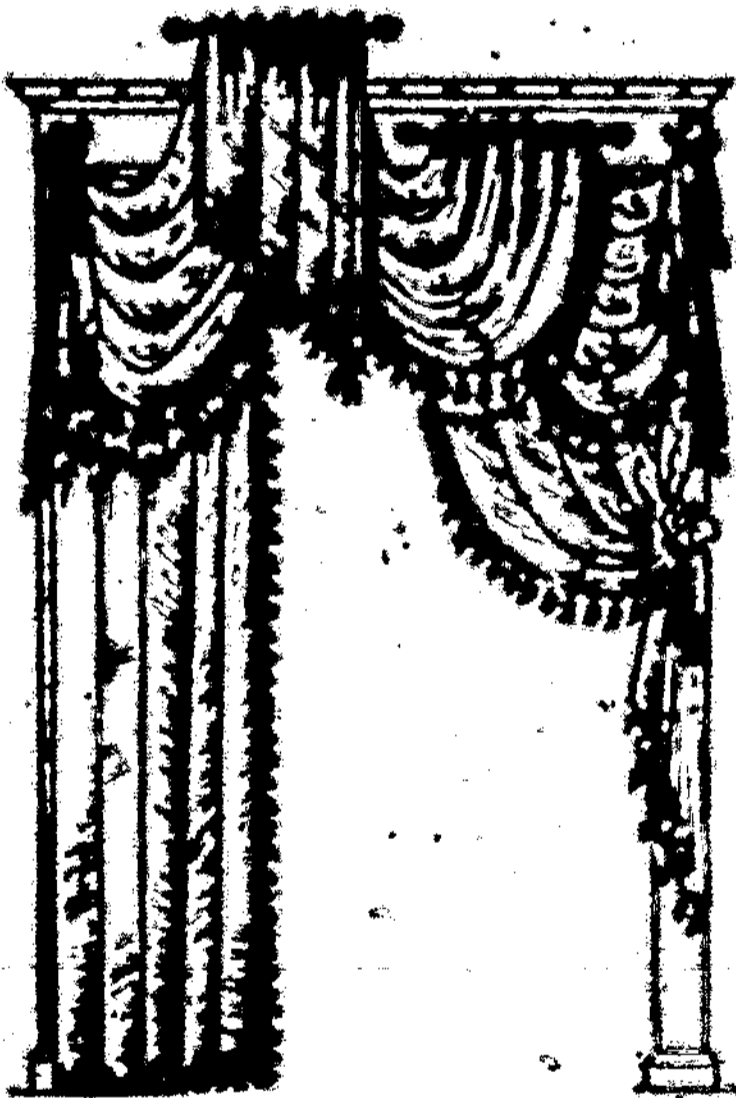
Evening Gown of Lamen-Colored Organza With Hand-Painted Wreaths—Pale Blue-Lavender is Very Effective.

The Short Skirt Suit.

A pretty way of making a short skirt suit is shown in a costume of heavy tulle, in a white and black quadrille pattern. The skirt is trimmed on the sides by clusters of long tabs, growing broader toward the bottom, where they finish with a point and small gold buttons. The bolero has a collar making a point over the sleeve, and a stole in front that finishes at the bottom of the jacket with pointed ends. Buttons are also used here. There is a little inner vest of tomato red linen, trimmed with buttons. The costume is completed by a white linen shirt and a white leather belt.

Artistic Drapery.

Little really artistic draping of doors and windows is seen. For some reason most people seem satisfied with that which is trivial and without meaning. The beauty in artistic drapery lies in the gracefulness of its curves and the irregularity of its arrangements. A room may be made to look larger or smaller by the proper arrangements of its draperies. Color schemes, too, have a tendency to produce the same effect, but it requires a draper with more or less tact and experience to produce these desirable effects. The material used in the drapery illustrated herewith is 59-inch



double-faced velour, which comes in solid color only. The over drape is in old rose and the straight hangings in Nile. The design is fringed in contrasting color.

Tailor Costumes.

There is no time of year when this class of dress is not a necessity in a woman's wardrobe; it must adapt itself to circumstances. To meet the needs of spring and summer the coat must either be detachable or suitable to wear indoors and out. Many are worn without a skirt or blouse or underbodice of any kind, only a vest at the throat, generally transparent, or a lace scarf daintily tied.

This sort of garment has rather extended its field and is being made, not only in glace sometimes, but very often in tulle, canvas, grenadine and even in voile and crepe de chaine. So it happens that the tailor takes the dressmaker's place; and that the dressmaker is doing tailor's work and is even sending out serges, frizzes or cloth suits.

For Struck Flannel.

It is possible to wash flannels without shrinking them, but the average housewife does not know the process. Therefore it is worth while to know

their original size, or something like it. Try laying the article to be restored on the ironing board, and lay on it a piece of cheesecloth which has been wrung out of cold water. Press with a hot iron until the cheesecloth is perfectly dry. The garment will show a marked improvement.

Of Pale Blue Lavender.

A costume of pale blue trimmed in lavender and blue lace leaves. Lavender



der floss is used in appliqueing the leaves to the blue foundation. The pale blue parasol is barred with hollow tropes.

Decorated Larkspur.

Larkspur is becoming popular for floral decoration and the new varieties of it are much handsomer than the old-time blossom with its deep blue petals. The modern flower is lighter in tone and much larger. Of these lighter varieties there are two distinct shades and they are more decidedly blue than the larkspur of our grandmother's day, for that suggested purple colorings.

Idea From France.

With his costumes tailleur, which are so near to tailor-made gowns as French dressmakers approach, a celebrated man milliner supplies very light slips of fine batiste incrustated all over with lace insertions. They are designed to relieve the severity of the outer gown, as the popular lingerie waistle relieves the plainness of the two-piece linen walking gowns.

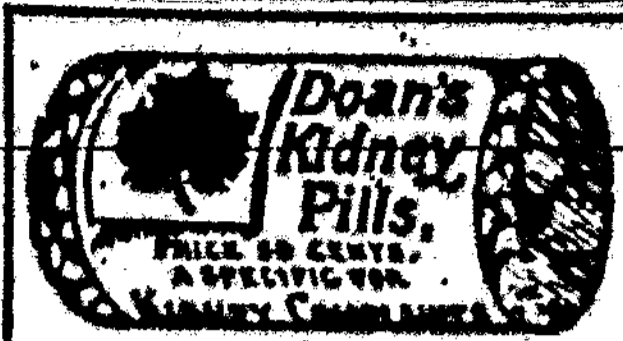


Refrigerator hints:
Do not flood it with boiling water. Keep the ice compartment full of ice.
Do not put hot foods into the refrigerator.
The more the ice the greater the economy.
Ice-saving schemes are absurd, defeating the purpose of the refrigerator.
Overripe fruits and vegetables are a menace to the health if left in the refrigerator.
If much ice be used on the table and for other purposes an authority advises a storage box for this extra ice.
It is the food that is to be kept instead of the ice. Keeping ice in the sick room or at a picnic is another matter.
A cellar or other damp place is no place for the refrigerator. On the other hand, it should not be put out of doors unprotected.
It should be sponged out often with warm water in which a little soda has been dissolved and the drain should not be clogged.

FREE PROOF FORBIDS DOUBT.

WATSON, Pa., August 9, 1908.—"I received your sample of Doan's Kidney Pills and since have taken two boxes, and I can truthfully say that they are as good as they are recommended to be. When I began taking them I could not bend my back enough to pick up a stick of wood—sometimes could not walk or move my feet—had two doctors but did not get relief. I saw your ad. and got a trial box and have taken two boxes, and I am able to do a very hard day's work. Doan's Kidney Pills are a Godsend to humanity."—Mr. KATH A. MATTHEW, Walnut, Pa., Box 154.

The great fame of Doan's Kidney Pills is won by the wondrous power of the free trial to demonstrate surprising merit.



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EDWARD WATSON.

CAMBRIDGE, WYO.—"Previous to taking the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills I could scarcely hold my urine. Now I can sleep all night and rarely have to get up, and that's all across my back. A little advice my wife, in 1902."
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