

Probate Clerk's Office

THE EDDY ARGUS.

VOLUME 1.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890.

NUMBER 14

The Mexican government has lately ordered 1,000,000 grape cuttings from California, and will distribute them free to all who wish to plant them in Mexico. The government is determined to have something besides the old mission grape.

The true farmer prefers a small farm well tilled and well irrigated. The manure that is spread on two acres will give better results if applied to one acre, while the cost of tillage will be less. No farmer can afford to buy more land until he has brought up that already in possession to the highest degree of fertility.

A Santa Clara valley exchange says: Prospects were never better than now for both horticulturists and grape-growers. True, there have been times that promised higher prices, but never has the business so nearly approached a settled basis as at present, and the chances are for increased steadiness in the future.

They are having good weather even in billiard Kansas. Violets that grow out of doors were gathered on Christmas. But it is exceptional weather for that state. The winters there are generally very severe. It is generally conceded by people who have lived there that the state is colder in winter and hotter in summer than any other state in the same latitude.

The Argus expects in a short time a lot of sugar beet seed, which will be distributed in small lots to the farmers in this section. We wish to have a thorough test made, feeling confident that the beet will do well here. The soil and climate are especially adapted to its growth, and we predict that in the near future its cultivation will add materially to the wealth and prosperity of this section.

The Argus most earnestly recommends that some of our people set out at least a few walnut trees. It is a safe, sure and profitable producer. It makes a good shade, is a splendid windbreak and furnishes a good deal of wood every year. A few trees planted as a windbreak will, in a few years, pay all the taxes. The late walnut crop in Southern California brought over eight cents a pound on the trees. By all means put out a few walnut trees.

The illustrated holiday edition of the Silver City Enterprise is splendid. It is undoubtedly the finest thing of the kind ever attempted in New Mexico. The illustration of the terrace-plain at the big flume of the Pecos Irrigation and Investment company's big canal is very accurate, and the article concerning the Pecos valley and its irrigation enterprises which accompanies the illustration is well written. The holiday issue of the Enterprise would be a good one for Eddy people to mark and send east, north and south.

Professor Henry has well said that the man who keeps common cows in the common way, and markets their product as it is commonly done, will never rise to comfortable circumstances. Do you know whether all your cows are paying you a profit? Do you know how much it cost you to make a quart of milk or a pound of butter? Probably our friend McLenathan is the only man in this section who can tell exactly what it costs to keep a cow. Fruit raising, farming or dairying is like any other business; you must know as near as possible what it costs, or soon you will know but one thing, and that is that you are broke.

Religious Directory.
REV. JACKSON B. COX'S APPOINTMENTS.
First and 3d Sunday at Eddy. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Seven Rivers and Dark Canon, alternate third Sunday. Fourth Sunday, in the morning at Florence; 7 o'clock p. m., Lookout. Fifth Sunday at Slaughter's.
REV. J. MIDD HILL'S APPOINTMENTS.
First Sunday at Seven Rivers, 11 a. m., 7 p. m. Second Sunday, Lookout, 11 a. m.; Black River, 3 p. m. Third Sunday, Slaughter's. Fourth Sunday, Eddy, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Fifth Sunday, Dark Canon.

GROW ALFALFA.

Good Advice Which the Argus Wishes Some of Our Readers to Follow.

Some of our home-subscribers may think that the Argus has fallen into a bad habit of giving frequent and promiscuous advice. Maybe we have, but, friends, we, as well as yourselves, have the interest of this section at heart, and whatever suggests itself to us as beneficial or likely to prove so we give it to you for what it is worth, and now say to you—

GROW ALFALFA.
It will be nearly three years before the fruit trees and the vines you are setting out will return any considerable profit. In the meantime you must make a living, pay your taxes, water rates and improve your place. How are you to do it?

GROW ALFALFA.
A few acres of alfalfa and corn will raise and fatten enough hogs to do all these things, and leave you a nice little sum to beautify your home. Therefore

GROW ALFALFA.
As a hay it finds a ready market, and is a profitable crop. In the course of eighteen months we will have a railroad here, and you will have rapid and cheap transportation for your alfalfa crop and the hogs which it will raise and fatten.

GROW ALFALFA.
There is no section of the union where alfalfa grows better than it does here. With our rich soil and an abundance of water, five large crops is the average each year. Think of it: Five heavy crops of hay each year.

GROW ALFALFA.
Besides this, you will have pasturage for a few cows and the one or two idle horses you have about the farm. Your chickens, geese and turkeys like it better than any other grass, or even "gar den truck," and do well on it.

GROW ALFALFA.
In another way your alfalfa crops will give you large and certain returns. Suppose you do not want to bale and ship it as hay, or suppose you only wish to dispose of part of it? Then buy a small bunch of steers, if you have none,

GROW ALFALFA.
and fatten them on your spare alfalfa. It has been demonstrated that cattle do well on alfalfa. Some of the largest stock owners in Arizona, notably the Camerons, contract for fields of alfalfa in Salt River valley and drive their choice steers there and fatten them on alfalfa.

GROW ALFALFA.
The Chiricahua Cattle company, the largest cattle firm in Southern Arizona, has purchased thousands of acres of land in Graham county and sowed it in alfalfa, and every year fattens hundreds of heads of steers on these fields.

GROW ALFALFA.
If you raise nothing on your land, outside of your trees and vines, but corn and alfalfa, and as before stated raise hogs, you will make hundreds of money. Think over this subject well and we are sure you will

GROW ALFALFA.

Mistakes in Tree Planting.
Some mistakes in tree-planting are thus enumerated in Farm and Stockman:
(1) Getting varieties not suited to your soil and climate is often a serious error, because it may be some time planted before you are fully aware of it. (2) Failing to properly prepare the soil, thinking you can do this afterward, which, while it increases the eventual cost, it decreases the chances for the trees to become a success. (3) Failing to mulch properly, in the dry season, to prevent the young trees from being damaged before they have secured a root hold. (4) Letting the trees take care of themselves. Instead of cultivating, pruning and giving such attention as will induce a good growth. (5) Failing to protect the trees from the ravages of borers or other pests, that often, if they do not kill, at least seriously injure the trees.

This section of the beautiful Pecos Valley is destined, as the Argus has often asserted, to become in a few years one of the most flourishing and prosperous fruit growing sections in the union, and the pioneers in the business must exercise good judgment and discretion in ordering and planting their trees.

Building and Real Estate Notes.

There is some talk of making an auction sale of lots about the fifteenth. Lookout out for another jump in lots.

Town lots yesterday morning were in great demand, as some merchants were desirous of securing a good location for a building, and the boys were all afraid to say what they would take.

Mr. R. H. Pierce will commence the creation of a residence about February 1. He will open his new store about that date with a twenty-five thousand dollar stock, which will be doubled as soon as additional room can be added to his already large store.

There are now under construction five brick and four wooden buildings, and contracts have been made for three additional brick buildings. With all these buildings, in connection with our twenty thousand dollar hotel, which is now under way, things must boom in Eddy.

"La Grippe."

The epidemic called "la grippe," which created such a scare in Paris and the principal cities of this country, has appeared in El Paso. Doctors who have thoroughly diagnosed the disease pronounce it "a bad cold and imagination." But whatever it may be it is very short lived and only lasts from two to seven days. It is such a ridiculous epidemic that the comic poets everywhere are making fun of it. The bard of the Atchison Globe thus refers to it: "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, give me the nose that I breathed through last night! Bring back the smeller that two days ago, knew not the torment of continual blow. Wipe from my mustache the moisture of sneeze, put wooden splints on my poor weakened knees; rub my red nose as you oft have before, with tallow, dear mother; oh, it is so sore. Backward, flow backward, oh tide of the nose! I am so tired from my head to my toes; tired out with mopping and coughing and sneezing; weary from handkerchiefs constantly seizing. Slip my poor head in a big pillow-slip, and sew it up, mother; I have the la grippe."

Harry Hart, who owns a horse ranch on Black River, has a frame house of three rooms, complete in every particular except ceiling on the sides, and it cost him only \$400 in cash. He built it himself, and although it was the first carpentry work he ever attempted, it would reflect credit on a master workman.

Dr. H. C. Van Norman,
Physician and Surgeon,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.
Office in McLenathan Block.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE at LAS CRUCES, N. M., }
November 29, 1889. }
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 and receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on January 18, 1890, viz: George W. Blankenship, on D. S. 3,508 for the W¹ of NE¹, NW¹ of SE¹, NE¹ of SW¹, Sec. 12, Tp. 23 S., R. 28 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edward Scoggins, of Eddy; Jessie J. Rascoe, of Eddy; Geo. W. Witt, of Eddy; Henry Mann, of Eddy.

EDMUND G. SHIELDS, Register.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, }
LAS CRUCES, N. M., Nov. 29, 1889. }
Notice is hereby given that William D. White, of Chaffee county, Colorado, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert land claim No. 558 for the SE¹ and SW¹ of NW¹, Sec. 15, T. 22 S., R. 27 E., before the register and receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Saturday, the 18th day of January, 1890.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: George W. Blankenship, of Eddy county; Edward Scoggins, of Eddy county; George W. Witt, of Eddy county; Henry Mann, of Eddy county.

EDMUND G. SHIELDS, Register.

Trees! Trees! Trees!

The Riverside Nursery Co

Will be ready to fill all orders for

Fruit Trees, Grape Vines,

And all classes of

Trees for Timber Culture,

For fall and spring planting. All stock first-class. Catalogue will be ready by November 20, 1889. Send orders to

Riverside Nursery Company,
Eddy, Eddy County, New Mexico.

B. A. NYMEYER,

Surveyor of the P. I. & I. Co.,

Notary Public & Land Agent

Reliable information given regarding valley land.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Witt Brothers,

Contractors and Builders

Public buildings a specialty.

Estimates given on short notice.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

F. V. PIONTKOWSKY,

Late Chief Clerk U. S. Land Office at Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Real Estate Agent,

Land Attorney and Notary Public.

Has Complete Abstract of all Lands in Eddy County and the Pecos Valley.

Office in P. I. & I. Building,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Chas. Wallis,

Practical Carpenter,

Contractor and Builder.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Laird & Welden,

Contractors,

Eddy, New Mexico.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

W. A. HAWKINS,

Attorney at Law,

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

ROBERTS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

104 San Antonio St.,
EL PASO, TEXAS.

We carry a full line of Fancy Groceries, and give

Special Attention to Open Orders

Which will be promptly filled and goods guaranteed.

EDGAR B. BRONSON, President;

CHAR. B. EDDY, Vice-President;

WM. H. AUSTIN, Cashier.

El Paso National Bank,

No. 3608.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

Capital, Surplus and Profits.....\$200,000

Collections promptly made and remitted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold.

SPECIAL FACILITIES OFFERED ON MEXICAN BUSINESS

Customers are offered the convenience of our Herring's Safety Boxes in fire and burglar-proof vault.

Feed Store and Wagon Yard

BAZE & WILSON, Proprietors.

KEEP HAY AND GRAIN FOR SALE.

Feeding Stock a Specialty. Come and see us.

EDDY, : : : NEW MEXICO.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

The Grand Central.

Leading Hotel of El Paso, Texas.

SAM ECKER, Proprietor.

Fred H. Peitz,

U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Abstract of all Lands in Eddy County.

LOOKOUT, Eddy Co., N. M.

The Occidental Saloon

LOOKOUT, NEW MEXICO.

KING & BAIRD, Proprietors.

WATER IS KING!

The Pecos Irrigation and Investment Company is now engaged in the most GIGANTIC IRRIGATION ENTERPRISES in the West.

Its canals will reclaim more than 200,000 acres of wonderfully fertile land.

Limestone Soil, Plenty of Water, Abundant Sunshine,
A combination of elements that never fail to reward the farmer for his labor.

Water Rights are now selling for \$7.50 per acre, payable in seven annual installments. Only \$1 per acre annual water rent. These terms are more advantageous to the farmer than can be obtained in any irrigation country IN THE WEST.

FOR CIRCULARS OR FURTHER INFORMATION-ADDRESS
THE PECOS IRRIGATION AND INVESTMENT CO., EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

EDDY ARGUS.

ARGUS PUBLISHING CO., Proprs.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

An English endeavor to form a playing card trust in this country has proved futile. But a trust in playing cards is a good deal more general than it should be.

A **COURTSHIP** club is an association of more or less rich young men who are more rather than less idle, and who desire to play the part of sportsman with the least possible danger of fatigue to themselves.

A **SAN FRANCISCO** reporter who inspected a private locker belonging to a sea captain found two revolvers, a bowie-knife, a slung-shot, a pair of brass knuckles, a box of strychnine and a stick of dynamite. It was his usual outfit to make life on the waves happy for the common sailor.

Since he returned to Tahoran the Shah of Persia has shown signs of an inclination to adopt certain civilized methods in his domain. He has had a number of four-wheeled houses pulled down and has ordered a system of sanitation for the Persian capital. His subjects think he has lost his mind.

Dr. GAYVONNE, a noted European physician, informs a more or less hairless generation that he has discovered the bacillus of baldness. The importance of this announcement can be appreciated only by those who have watched the descent of man towards a bald-headed and unornamental condition.

The development of the accident-insurance business in this country of late has been very wonderful. All over the country employers in large numbers are insuring all their employees in the accident companies because it can be done for less than by co-operation among the men of a single concern.

Taxes in Turkey are calculated to be just high enough to prevent any poor man from getting enough money to leave the country on. The exact sum is left to the collector to determine, and he has power under the law to give any citizen fifty blows with a stick. Rhubarb and rugs come from Turkey, but that's all the good there is in her.

A **BOSTON** item says that the author of "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Humphrey Ward, looks askance on the woman's rights movement, and has a sister married to Professor Huxley. She abuses publicity, writes a singular unscientific hand and is a complete enigma to her own family, who are still trying to find out what all the fuss is about.

A **SCOTCH** society in London professes to have found a treasure in a portrait of Robert Burns, painted by the famous Sir Henry Raeburn, which was unearthed somewhere in an old picture shop, and is supposed to have been lost for ninety years. An artist is restoring it with a view to exhibition in Edinburgh and ultimate sale to some rich American.

The present Sultan of Turkey is the son of a Kurd slave who was in the harem of his reputed father. His real father, it is believed, was an Armenian coachman, attached to the court. Far from being mad, he has all the sharpness of an Armenian. He is an object of awe to his subjects, and is probably making a purse for himself, as he is as ready as any pasha to take bribes.

A **NOY** in Baltimore is known as a human magnet. His hands and fingers possess a peculiarly attractive force. Pins and needles cling and dangle from the tips of his fingers as from a magnetized bar. Smooth and dry like glass and metallic substances he lifts by merely placing the open palm of his hand on them. He has thus raised pieces of glass tubing weighing as much as five pounds.

The lesson which our sister republic on this continent most need to learn is not liberty, but union. It is a more fundamental idea than many people suppose. It is the cohesion of states, its basis is the adhesion of individuals. Spanish-Americans have readily grasped the thought that no despotic shall rule them; they have been slower in conceiving the idea that they must rule themselves.

HEADSTONE has opinions on all subjects. He thinks that Beethoven is the greatest composer; that the best women singers are those that are healthy, strong, and inclined to obesity; that 80 per cent of the London opera-goers care only for the singers, and take little interest in the works which are represented; that the pure, frank voice of a boy chorister is more pleasing and soothing than the voice of any female soprano.

Of all royal personages, the Prince of Wales is the most noted for the enormous quantity of luggage which he carries to be sent with him on his journeys. He takes whole boxes of hair and hair brushes, a dozen suits, morning suits and other changes. He makes a point when visiting anywhere of not being seen twice in the same spot, and the variety of his garments is so astonishing that the tailor's bill for them must be large.

WARFARE IN ALASKA.

Bitterness of Rivalry Between Two Tribes of Indians.

In Spite of Civilization the Fend Is Still Alive—Massacre of Long Ago—How They Fought and Planned to Avenge Death.

The advent of the American in Alaska is not only materially changing and modifying the habits, customs, and usages of the native people, but their own history is rapidly becoming obliterated. In all that has been written of the country little has been said of the wars that have been carried on among the various Indian tribes during the past forty years. Thirty years ago the Sitkan tribe, at the mouth of the Sitkan river, one of the few navigable streams of Alaska, numbered over 2,000. Now there are not more than 100—men, women, and children. At the same time, the Sitkans, whose principal village has been, from time immemorial, near the present town of Sitka, were quite as numerous as the Sitkans. About twenty years ago the small-pox broke out among the Sitkans and carried off more than 1,000 people in one winter.

The population of the Sitkan Indian village is not wholly made up of Sitkan Indians. A few Sitkans have settled there and intermarried. One of these is a man over 40 years of age, named Charles Kio, who has spent a great deal of his life among white people, who speak English very fluently.

The other day I sat with Kio on the knoll overlooking the bay and the spot where the bones of over 200 men, women, and children of the Sitkan tribe had been allowed to bleach in the rain and the sun and the bodies to crumble into dust without burial. I finally got Kio into a talkative mood.

He related a long story of intrigue and murder between members of the two tribes leading up to a grand tragedy. It was at last decided that the Sitkans should be invited to the Sitkan village to engage in a round of feasting and dancing, as was the Indian custom, as a sign of the permanency of peace between the tribes. A large log house, the largest in the village, standing where the dwelling occupied by the noted Indian Princess Timonow is, was selected for a dance. The Sitkan women did not take part in it, but this aroused no suspicion, and none was in the house but the Sitkan men, women, and children and about fifty Sitkan warriors. The men, covered with furs and feathers, danced in a circle, while the women sat on the floor behind the circle and sang in a cadence suited to the dance. A few moments after the fourth dance began a Sitkan, who had been stationed on the roof, near the usual smoke outlet, made a noise like the bark of a wolf, and that was the signal for the work of murder to begin.

Aukoon and his party drew knives from under their dresses and began killing. Spears and firearms had been concealed about the room and all eyes were prevented, and in a few moments hell itself broke loose among the unarmed Sitkan men, women and children. The dead bodies lay on the beach for days while the Sitkans engaged in the massacre indulged in a heavily drunken orgy in celebration of the achievement. Nearly 200 dead bodies were finally carried down to a little point on the bay about three-quarters of a mile north of the village and there left without burial. I passed over this Golgotha with Kio, and many of the bones lie bleaching there still.

The news of this treachery and murder reaching the mouth of the Sitkan river, the entire village was bent on revenge. Forty-eight large war canoes were fitted out and manned, headed by Skaks, the head chief of the Sitkans.

The fleet went into Jamestown bay, five miles southeast of Sitka, and killed three women picking salmon berries and one Indian fishing. Then the Sitkan warriors paddled to the Hot Springs, twenty miles southeast of Sitka, some miles below a Russian redoubt established near Whale bay, and encamped. The Russian commander sent a small party of soldiers to warn the Indians away from the springs, but they refused to go, saying that they came to encamp and not to engage in war. Believing that the Russians had something to do with the massacre of their friends at Sitka, they surprised the small redoubt and its garrison the next night, drove out the whites and reduced the trading post, the stockade, the church, and all the surrounding buildings to ashes, and then fled to their village on the Sitkan.

The distance from Sitka, the base with which the Sitkans could ascend the river in their canoes out of the reach of the Russian ships, the meagerness of the garrison at Sitka, and the formidable number of warriors in the Sitkan tribe compelled the Russian governor to forbear attempting any punishment for the outrage at the redoubt.

Years have not obliterated the spirit of revenge, and though the Sitkan tribe has been reduced to not more than 100 fighting men, if the influence of the whites were withdrawn that spirit would manifest itself by the waylaying and murder of any detached fishing and hunting parties of Sitkans along the coast. Old Anashoots, now over 70 years of age, has been trying for a long time to beat the fowls before he dies. He has frequently invited the Sitkans to come to Sitka and put the leather in the hat, which means that permanent peace has been established and that bygone are all forgotten and buried. His overtures so far have been wholly unheeded. From present appearances both tribes will soon be either extinguished or absorbed, and the memory of those outrages will die with them. —New York Times.

A SMILE AT "SOCIETY."

The Hellow Meekery of Much of Our Social Life.

dreamed rosy dreams of the time when I should come into my share of the swallow-tailed glories that flashed their boreal gleams athwart my sky. The pictures that my young imagination painted on the canvas of the future, which seemed so far off, were of men and women come together to exchange valuable ideas; to talk of travels, of art, of poetry; to plow and to sow seed in the fair fields of mind, and to reap the ripened harvest of industrious and ever-pleasurable endeavor. In short, to suck the honey of congenial and sweet companionship and to gather strength from those who had it in abundance to impart.

Though I have long been aware of society's grotesque affections, its despicable and cheap conventionalities, its pitiful competitions, its amoral jealousies and its monstrous and unnatural appetites for eating out its own heart, Humpty Dumpty still diverts me. I do not laugh less rolisably for laughing at the last.

The difficulties that seem to bar the way to Society's Holy of Holies are only wooden guns. Assurance is the open sesame, and a dress suit (a thing not to be despised on this account) the unquestioned symbol of initiation. If you are well changed with the small shot of conversation you may fire away in the certainty of vanquishing those who are charged merely with brains, and win applause for your achievement. These skirmishes seldom have a different result. The reason is obvious. Men who have tried to adjust their lives to larger aims than those that engage the society professional sufferer a kind of vertigo upon society votes them stupid and puts another feather—may, a whole peacock's tail—in the cap of the party-giver who keeps up his pop-gun fusillade of twaddle. I cherish the sardonic hope that the phonograph will one day be made available as recorder of an evening's conversation in society. —Singer's Blux.

BEST THINGS.

- The best law—the golden rule.
- The best philosophy—a contented mind.
- The best statesmanship—self government.
- The best theology—a pure and boucculent life.
- The best war—to war against one's weakness.
- The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.
- The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.
- The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.
- The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.
- The best biography—the life which writes charity in the largest letters.
- The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.
- The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.
- The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.
- The best journalism—printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's tablet.
- The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of perpetual contention.
- The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

Dr. H's Punch Bowl.

Scientific inquirers are puzzled by certain mysterious water-holes in the ledge on the shore of the Boothbay Land Company's territory in Maine. They are on the eastern side of Spruce Point, close to "Lower's Walk." There are three of them, eight inches to a foot in diameter, and about ten inches deep. They are bowl-shaped and perfectly circular. Locally they are ascribed to have been used for pounding corn, but a more convenient arrangement cannot be imagined. The sea fills them twice a day, and fresh water constantly trickles into them. In winter they are frozen up. Besides, the Indians were too lazy to take such pains. It seems, from the conformations of the surrounding country, impossible that there could ever have been a water course there. Their origin is a mystery. Two are perfect. One has a cracked side.

Who Was Best.

A dastardly tramp, knowing that she was entirely unprotected, entered the home of a frail, meek-eyed little woman in Montana and said savagely: "Now, madam, you want to just fly 'round and get me up a square meal, 'n' a mighty good one, too. Don't let no grass grow under your foot while you're here, 'n' neither, or I'll—"

Half an hour later the frail, meek-eyed little woman halted a passer-by and said calmly: "I've got a feller layin' on my kitchen floor tied up with a clothes-line and gagged with a towel, that I'd like you to help me dump him into my wagon so I kin take him to town. I've an idea a couple of his ribs is broke, an' his head needs sawin' up in three or four places, an' his shoulder 'pears to be out of 'jint. He got kinder savvy 'n' I had ter let 'im know who was boss, yer know." —Drake's Magazine.

Someone has been hunting up some and figures about pirates, and has discovered that every event noted in a violent death and that without any payment of his ill-gotten wealth. The best is a busy bee to see what he can do to get out of the world.

A TALK WITH BOYS.

You Can't Expect All of Them to Follow Their Fathers.

"I am a farmer's son. I don't like farm life. Please tell me what chance there is in the city?"

Out of twenty letters received from farmers' sons at least seventeen will read as above. One might argue from this that there was general dissatisfaction with the avocation, but such is not the case. A proportion of farmers' sons have always left the farm to learn a trade or profession, and perhaps the proportion to-day is no larger than it was twenty years ago. To argue that every boy born on a farm must become a farmer would be as bad as to argue that every carpenter's son must naturally learn his father's trade. A fair per cent of our famous men were born and reared to country life, but it was not their natural bent. The farmer who has a boy anxious to break away and learn a trade or study for a profession should encourage that ambition. In days gone by people argued that any sort of a man could make a farmer. If he had failed at everything else he was advised and encouraged to try farming. In these days we all know that one must be adapted to his work—the farmer as well as the machinist. One will do his best only in that which comes the most natural to him.

Nor is there any danger that the agricultural districts will be deserted by the young men because a hand is held out to those whose natural bent lies in some other direction. Statistics would doubtless show, if any such had ever been gathered, that at least one boy out of every three born on a farm grows up to pursue that avocation for life. The ratio among lawyers, doctors, journalists, machinists, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., is no greater. The farmer who should be to find a certain carpenter, painter or wheelwright with four sons was determined that each one of them should learn his trade would smile in contempt. And yet the average farmer thinks it a singular thing when one of his boys detests farm-work and feels that life contains something better for him.

While the boy of 15 may be inquiring: "What trade shall I learn, or what profession shall I pursue?" it is in no way a settled thing with the boy of 18. He has discovered his furt and is making arrangements to pursue it. No boy should permit circumstances to force him into a trade against his wishes. If he is obliged to earn wages, it is much better that he do general work until the right sort of opening appears.

No father has any right to dictate in this matter. He is not to be guided by a selfish spirit. If his boy can earn \$1 per week as apprentice to a machinist, he would decide on the former trade without reflecting as to the boy's natural bent. After two or three years, when the lad has discovered that he was cut out for something else, he has lost valuable time and much of his ambition. And, too, the father who notes the successes in the professions is quite apt to argue that what one does another can do, and therefore shapes his son's career in that direction, no matter what the boy thinks about it. It is this argument that fills the land with shyder lawyers, half starved doctors and sharpers who must beat their bills to get along from year to year. The number of men who earn anything more than a bare living in any profession is surprisingly small.

Light in the Sitkan.

The custom prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings, that the occupant of the sitkroom in the private house should be kept all hours in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sitkroom in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun, says the Scientific American. Almost invariably, before we can get a look at the face of a patient, we are obliged to request that the blinds may be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Too often the complacence with this request reveals the condition of a room, which in a state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere; foods, medicine, furniture, bedding misplaced, dust and stray leavings in all directions.

In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sitkroom; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and, if the reason for it be asked the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light; as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it was necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstitious practice, which once prevailed so intensely that the sick, suffering from the most terrible diseases, small-pox, for instance, were shut up in darkness, their beds surrounded with red curtains, during the whole of their illness.

A Modern Invention.

Mrs. Kawler—Why, how exquelytely your parlor is furnished, dear. I think those plush chairs are too sweet for anything. But what is that great homely hard wood chair? It is awfully ugly.

Mrs. Staythome—Why, dear, that is my moose chair. Dear Arthur complained that every time I jumped on one of the nice chairs at seeing a mouse I pulled it. So I had him get me this one. O—o—o—h! There's one of the hurred creatures now. Jump up here with me, dear.

As Early Riser.

"Yes, you must be an early riser. I always had you at work the first thing in the morning."

MY EXECUTION.

I was walking home from my office some time ago, revolving how I should meet my payments, when I was solicited for charity by a respectfully dressed woman, who stated that she had arrived from Cork a few days ago her husband having sent the money to pay her passage to New York. Upon her arrival she found that he had been killed by a drunken rowdy, and as she was penniless she asked me for a trifle to get a night's lodging.

Having been imposed upon the previous day by a tale of the same kind, I passed on without heeding her piteous appeal.

I had walked but a few paces when a feeling of regret came over me for my harshness, and I turned round to re-love her, distress, but she had gone. I stood musing, undetermined what to do. I felt I had acted with inhumanity; but it was so unlike my usual conduct that I consoled myself with the reflection that I always had been the friend of the outcast, and that very likely the woman was not, in actual want—this the respectability of her attire led me to adopt as a fact, and resolving to banish the transaction from my mind, I walked homeward.

When I reached the corner of Wall street I saw, apparently the worse for liquor, asked me for charity, and with an eagerness which evidently astonished him I gave him some money.

This somewhat eased my mind, although I felt that I had relieved the wrong object. As I passed St. Paul's church I saw by the clock that it wanted a few minutes of my dinner hour, and I was always so punctual that I knew even a few minutes' delay would cause the greatest anxiety to my wife and daughters, whose affection for me was the great comfort of my life.

Resolving to crush the haunting feeling I halted an omnibus and jumped in; but a new torture now seized me; the noise of its wheels seemed to echo the woman's appeal for charity so visibly that I involuntarily looked out of the window to see that she was not running at its side rocking her tale of sorrow and destitution.

Getting out at the corner of Washington street, I walked hastily to my house and paused an instant on the steps, half resolved to go on a wild-goose chase in search of the mendicant. Finally I pulled the bell. When the door opened, instead of following my usual custom of entering the parlor to greet my wife and daughters, I walked straight up to my dressing room, where I sat for some time in gloomy abstraction; then, bathing my head with cold water, I mechanically changed my dress and again seated myself, in the deepest dejection.

I was aroused by my wife, who, surprised by my unusual conduct, asked tenderly if I did not feel well.

"Yes," I replied; "but very tired. The weather tries me. But, however, let us go to dinner."

My daughters and niece who was on a visit came round me and playfully scolded me for being so naughty. At last I sat down to the table, but could not eat a mouthful. After several attempts to eat I requested my butler to bring me the brandy decanter, which surprised them all, as I was a strict temperance man and merely kept wine and liquors for such of my guests as did not share my scruples.

When the brandy was brought I filled a goblet nearly full of the "liquid damnation," as I had recently called it in a speech I had made at a temperance meeting, and drank it off at a single draught. This somewhat relieved me and enabled me to swallow a few mouthfuls of dinner.

My spirits somewhat returned and we all adjourned to the drawing room. The arrival of some visitors of my wife and daughters afforded me an opportunity of leaving the room unobserved. I put on my hat, to call upon a friend who lived in the next street.

Not finding him at home I strolled on. The evening was fine, and before I was aware of the distance I had walked I found myself near the North river. Attracted by a crowd which had gathered round the end of one of the piers, I went towards it, and was told by a policeman that a poor woman had just been taken out of the water.

I pressed forward, and exclaimed aloud, on the impulse of the moment, when I gazed upon the lifeless form: "Great heaven! the very woman I treated so brutally not an hour ago."

The words were scarcely out of my lips when a strong hand grasped my collar. It was the policeman who had just spoken to me.

coroner's inquest, which brought in a verdict of willful murder. I will say nothing about the agony of my first interview with my family. The horror of my situation was increased by the evident doubt my wife had of the truth of my explanation as to my strange conduct on the night of the murder. She did not say so in words, but her manner showed that she had great misgivings.

The day of trial came at last. Oh! the anguish of standing in jail court, accused of so revolting a crime! Not one of the numerous friends who had formerly attended my dinner parties and my wife's balls was present. They had abandoned me en masse, as it might peril their own respectability; for it was an undoubted fact that no persons are so severe in their remarks or so scrupulous in disowning the friendship of the unfortunate or criminal as that class of respectable rouses who, living themselves in the secret practice of every species of villainy, are afraid to give the slightest excuse for calling attention to themselves. Depend upon it, no woman is so severe on the frail as the faithless wife. She is obliged to follow Shakespeare's maxim, "Affect a virtue, though she has it not."

The only man who remained true to me was my lawyer, Mr. Malcolm Campbell. He set to work manfully to defend me. He said the press were awfully down on me. Numerous biographies were published of me, which brought to light events in my life never before known, other to my parents, myself, or any of my relatives. One paper called attention to the significant fact that many murders had been committed during the past twenty years which have never been traced, and that most probably my exterior respectability and hypocritical piety had averted all suspicion from myself, and that no doubt many an innocent man had been hanged for my crime.

At the trial my wife and daughter deposed, as they were bound to do, to my unusual behavior on that emphatic evening.

My standing on the steps of my door before I rang the bell, was observed by a villainous, prying old maid, who came forward and deposed to facts in addition which were pure inventions. My swallowingly brandy at dinner, as admitted by my own family and domestics, was the occasion of some eloquent leaders in the papers, the gist of which was that I deserved hanging even for that alone.

The prosecuting attorney called attention to my physiognomy, in which he read more murders than a dozen Newgate calendars, and concluded an eloquent address by warning the court that if I was acquitted he felt sure that some fine morning, like the Assyrians of old, all New York would awake and find themselves to be dead men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, especially the judge and jury, who would deserve their fate if they turned such a notorious murderer loose to prey upon the citizens of New York.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of my counsel, Mr. Malcolm Campbell, who positively surpassed himself, and knocked Demosthenes and Cicero into the middle of next week, all seemed dead against me.

The explanation I gave of my unusual behavior was pronounced by all as being too ridiculous to merit a moment's consideration.

The judge who presided, and who had turned a deaf ear to every mendicant since he had been possessed of a cent to give away, said that he had never given anything to a beggar in his whole life, and that it had never made him miserable.

"Indeed," sarcastically added this light of Christian law, "it would have made me more miserable if I had ever given a penny away."

The whole audience roared with laughter at the judge's wit, although it stamped him as being a heartless brute.

He summed up dead against me, and, as I had not taken the precaution of buying up the jurors, I was found guilty of willful murder and condemned to be hanged!

The fatal day arrived. Hardly able to walk, I was carried to the scaffold. The reporters crowded around me, shaking hands with me as though they were proud of being introduced to a gentleman who occupied such an enviable position. The rope was put around my neck, the cap was drawn over my face, I heard a sharp click and felt the rope tighten. I was suddenly thrown up into the air as a flood of fire rushed from my brain and filled my eyes.

Convulsively I threw up my arms. I heard a tremendous crash, as though all creation was crockery, and had suddenly been smashed. I opened my eyes, not upon another world as I had expected, but to see that I had knocked over the table, broken into a thousand pieces my wife's best china tea-service, spilled her new satin dress, scalded her pet spaniel, which was howling like a Methodist ranter, and that all the buttons were in my daughters' laps, who were all dressed to go to the opera.

Since then my wife never lets me more in my easy chair after dinner.

Freezing Vicious Transactions.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Fyazound, "I never saw such an old gadder in all my life as that Mrs. New-croft is. Actually, yesterday I called across home at her house and caught her in a trap."

THE EDDY ARGUS

Issued Every Saturday.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Copy, one year..... \$2.50
One Copy, six months..... \$1.25

Hurrah! We now have a daily mail. Yesterday was a regular old-fashioned April day.

The cribs for the Greene street bridge have been completed.

The tents in Eddy must soon give way to brick houses.

Wilson, the plasterer, is about the busiest workman in town.

Four railroads for Eddy four years hence can safely be relied upon.

B. Wilson left last Monday on a flying trip to Nogal, N. M., on business.

A. B. Laird received the sad news Tuesday that his mother was dying.

Sam Daniels has retired from the restaurant business and will go on a sabbath.

We are afraid the boys have not kept up their lick this week; they have not had a dance.

The town company wishes to make a contract for six thousand shade trees for our streets.

This world would not be such a poor one to live in were there a soft situation for every man.

The brick work on the Pierce building has been completed, and is now ready for the carpenters.

A. B. Laird and a force of men left for the Hook dam today to put in the culvert for the scourgate.

Our streets are now leveled, and are putting on the appearance of a city of fifty thousand population.

Mr. E. O. Shields last week received the sad intelligence that his mother was dead. She resided at Hannibal, Missouri.

What Eddy doesn't want she seldom gets, and it is therefore not probable that she will receive a visitation of the grippe.

C. H. McLenathen will have an advertisement in the Argus next week that will captivate the eye of every beholder.

The forty acre farms near town are putting on the appearance of real down-right farming, and are going to be garden spots.

If Pecos City ever again becomes a freight point for an interior town, it will profit by experience and treat the town decently.

When Mrs. M. E. Fox reached the railroad last week she received a telegram announcing the death of her husband at Fort Worth.

Mar Wing and Ah Sing have purchased Mr. Daniels' restaurant building and are now fixing it up preparatory to opening a first class chop house.

It will always remain a mystery to the sub-editor of the Argus how Mr. Luckey can work while a dozen men are sitting around and about him swapping yarns.

It is to be hoped that Judge Nymeyer's mother will talk to him earnestly, and that he will return to Eddy with renewed faith in the bible, the best of all books.

Mr. Eddy writes from Colorado that our town should be prepared for a large number of visitors during the next thirty days, as many are now on the way. How badly we need our new hotel.

Major Tom Braeken is a worker from Workersville, and it is to be hoped that when he gets through with his job on the Greene street bridge he will be given some other job that requires expedition.

"I haven't any money to throw away," said A. B. Laird this morning, "but I will be one among a hundred citizens to give \$1,000 toward the erection of an opera house that will be a credit to the city."

W. C. Bradbury & Co. have transferred all their business to Toyah, along with the different companies. Toyah will no doubt have a boom, and we hope she will go hand in hand with our thriving town, as our interests are mutual.

B. A. Nymeyer left today for Indiana to visit his parents whom he has not seen for twenty years. He was accompanied by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Meskan, who returns, after a two month's visit, to her home in Missouri.

Richard Role is expected in Eddy about next Wednesday. By the way, when he comes here to stay he will not be called Richard. It will be "Dick." Were he a small man like his sub-editor, he would be called "Dicky." It is the fate of small men to have pet names.

Eddy now has a daily mail. While the equipments of the line are not as good as the people wanted, still they will answer for the present. One great point has been secured; we've got a daily mail. We'll soon have Concord coaches and fast horses.

Owing to the illness of our society reporter, our society news is very scarce this week. Only one item is reported, and that was handed in by a substitute. It is as follows: "Mrs. J. A. Rabbit is visiting her niece, Miss O. T. Rabbit, in the suburbs of the city this week." The item is unimportant, but as we are the 1st of news we will let it slide.

"If I owned ten acres of land at the great dam," said A. B. Laird yesterday, "and could transfer it to within ten miles of New York, it would take the wealth of the Vanderbilts to buy it." "It must be mighty good-land," remarked a friend. "The land is not so good, but the building stone beneath it cannot be beat anywhere in the country. It lies in perfect ledges, and in inexhaustible quantities. When a railroad comes through here the man who owns that land will roll in riches."

Brick for sale at Baze & Wilson's

Social lines are already being sharply drawn in Eddy. One of the tables at the Eddy house has twice been referred to by a merchant as the "scrub table," although it is occupied by mechanics and contractors. At this rate of social evolution, how long will it be before merchants and other men in trade will occupy a secondary place in the social scale in this town?

Standard and colored glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

Again we are constrained to remark that a printing office is no place for loafing. Indeed, we violate no confidence when we say that no office where men are busy is a place for loafing. It certainly is no loafing place for the man who whistles, or beats the stove with a stick, or taps the floor with his heels, or spits on the stove to hear it sizzle.

Window glass carefully packed for shipment by Ben Small, wholesale and retail dealer in paints, glass and wall paper, El Paso, Texas.

Last Saturday night No. 120 Canon street was a vacant lot. Sunday morning it was covered with a magnificent tent bearing the conspicuous legend, "Photographs." The first patrons of the artist were Gus Cavanna and Lon Bateman, who stood in pretty attitudes in front of their tent and had their pictures taken.

Write for wall paper samples at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

Louis Hammer, of the firm of Caples & Hammer, of El Paso, who have the contract for the new hotel, arrived in town Wednesday with two workmen. Seven more workmen are on the road. Mr. Hammer says that if he is not deterred in securing material he will rush the building to a speedy completion.

This has been a rather dull week so far as local news is concerned. It is during such weeks that the sub-editor of the Argus wishes he were not too conscientious to draw on his imagination. An imagination often helps an editor out if he has no scruples against using it.

A catalogue of wall paper will be mailed free to anyone sending his address to Ben Small, of El Paso, Texas.

Bricks are not as easily obtained as lumber, but they are cheaper, hand-somer and more durable. Let us therefore make haste slowly. There is no good business sense in putting up a frame now when by waiting a short time you can get material to put up a brick.

Paints, oils and window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

The man who goes into a local newspaper office, asks for a copy of the paper, sits down and reads it through, and gets up and goes out without paying for it, remarking that it is not as good as usual, has so much gall that he compelled to have two sacks to carry it in.

Ready mixed roof paint in quantities to suit for sale by Ben Small, wholesale and retail dealer in paints, glass, wall paper, El Paso, Texas.

The most unfortunate man in Eddy is connected with this paper. He was invited, along with several other citizens, to partake of a game dinner with Capt. H. V. Clark, the epicure, but he forgot all about it, and he is now walling with exceeding loud wails.

Fred Plontkowsky has just completed a map which demonstrates that four trunk railroads, in order to make certain absolutely necessary connections, must either pass through, under or above Eddy. They can't possibly pass around it.

A petition to appoint Wm. Goodlet deputy sheriff at this place has been sent to Sheriff Nowlin at Lincoln. The paper was numerously signed. By the way, Mr. Goodlet is a candidate for constable at next Tuesday's election.

Besides the purse of \$125 for the first twins born in Eddy (provided they are twins respectively Eddy and Pecos) the Argus offers a year's subscription to the happy father.

If you want to bag ducks in great numbers, start for Black river, about six miles above Lookout, at four o'clock and arrive there about seven. That is the time of day to get good shooting.

Dr. James A. Tomlinson's material for a drug building is on the ground opposite the Argus office, and work on the structure has been commenced.

The stroke of the hammer and the ring of the trowel is the principal music heard in Eddy just now, and it is mighty sweet.

The new photographer seems to be doing the leading business in Eddy this week.

Dr. Van Norman is the best miler of the English dude in the southwest, and every Eddy man will bet on it.

N. H. Pierce has started east to lay in a magnificent stock of goods for his new store on upper Canon street.

A Hunt with Hawkins.

Envious persons having created the impression that W. A. Hawkins always bought his game of one Castleberry when he went shooting, he determined to go out with a witness whose testimony was unimpeachable. Accordingly he approached the sub-editor of the Argus.

"I am," he said, "going over to Black river to-morrow after ducks. How would you like to go along?" "I never fired a gun in my life," replied the sub-editor, "but I like to see duck shooting, and I would like to go with you first rate."

"Well, then," said Mr. Hawkins, "prepare yourself, for we will start Tuesday morning at seven o'clock."

Tuesday morning at the stated hour we were prepared. Not being accustomed to exposure, we had put on two suits of flannel underwear, a thick woolen overshirt, the thickest trousers, vest and coat we possessed, an overcoat and a "slicker." We also had ear-muffs and woolen-lined gloves in our pockets, and a pair of Arctio-Oxy-shoes in our hands. When Mr. Hawkins drove up to the office door at seven o'clock and saw how we were "prepared," he smiled, but said nothing. He wore nothing but the regulation shooting costume.

The trip to Black river was uneventful. We passed through thousands of acres of wild land that will soon be under a high state of cultivation, crossed the greatest ditch on earth, and in a shorter time than it takes to write it were at Black river, two miles below Harry Hart's ranch. Here we hit our horses, and got everything in readiness for the day's sport.

"You are not going to wear all that clothing?" said Mr. Hawkins.

"Certainly," we replied. "It is a chilly, drizzly morning, and we cannot afford to run the risk of exposure."

"All right," said Mr. Hawkins, seizing his gun and calling his dog "Son," "come along."

At first we had no trouble in keeping up with him, but as his blood began to warm up we had to increase our pace, and at the end of two miles we were pretty well winded, while a foam of perspiration covered us. In the meantime Mr. Hawkins had killed nine ducks, all of which had been retrieved by his splendid setter, "Son."

"Have we not had enough sport?" suggested we.

"Enough!" sneered Hawkins. "I have only fairly commenced."

"What will we do with these fowls? Leave them here until we come back?"

"Leave them here? No, indeed. Leave them here and let some one find them, take them to town and exhibit them as evidence of his skill? Bah! Pick up the game and come on."

Saying which Mr. Hawkins started up the river. We kept up with him for a couple of miles, when we sank to the ground completely exhausted—as we thought.

"We can go further," we said. "Let us stay here until you come back."

"What!" said Mr. Hawkins, fiercely. "Let me go on and come back with a lot of ducks and have Andy Laird and other cynics declare that I bought 'em of Castleberry? No, sir. I brought you along as a perfectly reliable witness and you must follow me until the day's sport is finished. Get up and come on."

"But," we pleaded, "we are played out and cannot go a step further."

"Get up," cried Mr. Hawkins, saying, "and come on. And be sure you bring all the ducks. I cannot afford to lose one."

He assisted us to our feet, tied the ducks over our shoulders, and on we went through tickle-weeds, corn stalks, barbed-wire fences, etc., until we came to the Witt farm, six miles from where we started. Here we sat down and positively refused to budge another inch. Mr. Hawkins was at first very much annoyed, as he wanted to go two miles further up the river where he had been told there was perfectly splendid shooting, but upon looking at his watch he saw that it was time for us to return.

"You have done nobly," he said to us, kindly, "and as a reward I will carry the ducks."

Although there were twenty-seven of them he hung them lightly over his shoulder and started off briskly.

We followed, but how we ever got to the Hart ranch, four miles below, we will never be able to tell. But we got there, and an excellent lunch with a couple of cups of coffee prepared by Mrs. Hart, and cigars presented by Mr. Hart, soon revived us. At 4:30 Mr. Hawkins and the writer started for the bunkboard two miles further on, at six they started homeward and at eight they arrived in Eddy. We shall never forget how considerably Mr. Hawkins treated us after we got into the bunk-board. He wanted us to take all of the laproth, alleging that he was glowing with heat. He even offered us his overcoat to throw over our knees, declaring that it was an encumbrance to him. His kindly solicitude at the time almost brought tears to our eyes. But we have since suspected that it was all prompted by a feverish desire to get us safely to town so that we could testify that he secured the game in a perfectly sportsmanlike manner. Everybody recognizing our veracity, he knew that our word would be implicitly believed.

It was a tough hunt for us, but we are glad we took it, if for no other reason than that we are able to testify to the experience of a Nimrod who has hitherto been so grossly maligned.

In this connection we desire to say that although the twenty-seven ducks slain by Mr. Hawkins were lost between the river and Eddy, and they were all canvas-backs.

The True Story.

Jim Baird, of Pecos, was in town the first part of the week. Jim is a brother-in-law of the distinguished Governor Tom Taylor, of Tennessee. During the campaign which resulted in the election of Tom, a story gained currency to the effect that during his early manhood he was very lazy and good-for-nothing; that he spent his time in fishing and hunting and loafing and telling stories; that he finally fell in love with and proposed marriage to his present wife; that she refused his proposal until he should brace up and become a man; that he braced up, became a man, and finally married the woman of his choice. Mr. Baird was asked if this story was true. "In the main, yes," replied Mr. Baird. "The only inaccuracy about it is that my sister did not refuse Tom. She referred him to father, who would not sanction the marriage until the young man quit loafing and demonstrated what he amounted to something. Tom accordingly got down to work (he had a good legal education) and in a short time he showed that he was made of good material; father-sanctioned the marriage, and it took place. That's the true story."

Constable Henley returned from Lincoln Tuesday, after lodging the Mexican murderer in jail. He returned to that place Thursday with Jube and John Frier, charged with horse stealing. They were recently captured by Miles Stone and others, and on Tuesday were brought before Justice Nymeyer, who, in default of bail, sentenced them to jail until the next term of the district court. Miles Stone and the men who assisted him in the capture will get a handsome reward from the Arizona Cattle company.

Ben Small, of El Paso, Texas, sells ready-mixed house and carriage paints. Send for card colors.

Leave orders for fruit trees, trees for timber culture, grape vines, etc., with the Riverdale Nursery of Eddy.

"How long will it be," said a citizen the other day, "before the Argus will announce that it will accept mesquite roots and country produce on subscription?" The time has already arrived so far as the mesquite roots are concerned, and we hereby state that we will take a few cords of them in exchange for our valuable paper. Next summer, when the non-resident editor, who has a family, comes here to stay, country produce will be as good as cash in securing a subscription to this Journal.

Window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

If you want trees for spring planting, now is the time to order of the Riverdale Nursery, of Eddy.

Mr. L. M. Collier, of Eddy, and Mrs. Betty Rasco, of Lookout, were married at the residence of the latter Wednesday night, Judge Peltz performing the ceremony. After the couple were united a supper was served, and we'll bet it was excellent, for Mrs. Rasco, who conducts the Lookout hotel, is famous as a caterer. It is hardly necessary to say that everyone who knows Mr. and Mrs. Collier wishes them happiness.

Wall paper and window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

Trees for timber culture can be supplied by the Riverdale Nursery of Eddy.

Sam Smith is negotiating for a building and will soon open out a stock of dry goods, groceries and grain. He will sell for cash on commission for Johnson, Gibson & Co., of Pecos City, who propose to put a \$20,000 stock of goods in Eddy as soon as they can erect a suitable building. Mr. Smith has received only a small portion of his goods. The rest are between here and Pecos.

Samples of wall papers will be sent free on application to Ben Small, of El Paso, Texas.

The International Pharmacy, of 115 San Antonio street, El Paso, is the headquarters for all kinds of fresh drugs and patent medicines. All postal orders will receive prompt attention.

Whenever a Pecos Valley ranchman wants a mess of quail, he gets his gun, has one of the family raise a window and fire into a bunch, killing half a dozen or more. By the way, speaking of quail, there is a tradition that a man cannot eat one a day for thirty days. Harry Hart declares that during a six weeks trip, a few years ago he ate three a day and that he was quail hungry all the time.

A parlor, drawing-room, bed-room and kitchen wall paper at Ben Small's, wholesale and retail dealer in paints, glass and wall paper, El Paso, Texas. Samples sent free on application.

Ed Plontkowsky came in on Thursday's stage and took his brother Fred completely by surprise. He is younger and handsomer and better dressed than Fred, but he will get over that after he has been pioneering a while. Fred was an attractive man before he came west.

When you need a hair cut or a shave, go down in Baze & Wilson's. Frank Baze will fix you up in style.

The different companies are now transferring all their business to Toyah, as the road is much better and the distance shorter than to Pecos. Rates of freight are much less, which will be a great benefit to our town.

W. A. Hawkins and E. V. Plontkowsky will leave for Roswell in a day or so to look after company business, and will be absent some three weeks.

W. C. Bradbury & Co.

Grain, Groceries and Provisions.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Including Boots and Shoes.

CARLOADS OF

SUGAR, FLOUR

AND

Canned Goods.

LIFE INSURANCE AT ABOUT HALF THE USUAL COST.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,

OF NEW YORK.

\$2,300,000.00.

CASH SURPLUS RESERVE and EMERGENCY FUNDS
\$200,000.00 \$150,000.00

Deposited with Insurance Department of New York. Deposited with Ins. Dept. of Canada and the Bank of England.

TOTAL DEATH CLAIMS PAID OVER

\$7,300,000.00 OF DOLLARS.

Easy Payments, with a Maximum Limit.

LUCIUS M. SHELDON, Jr., Gen'l Agt.,

Room 64 Sheldon Building, EL PASO, TEXAS.

Gentlemen of Eddy and vicinity, when you are in El Paso, call and see Mr. Sheldon, known and recommended by the editor of the Argus. He will be glad to see you, whether you want any insurance or not.

THE Opportunity of a Life Time

May be lost by not becoming familiar with the growing town of Eddy and the rich Valley of the Pecos.

Lots for sale in all parts of town. Send for maps and circulars or any specific information.

C. H. McLENATHEN,

Real Estate Agent.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

P. V. L. & D. Lumber Yard.

—ALL KINDS OF—

LUMBER,

Shingles, Doors, Window Sashes

AND BUILDING MATERIAL

AT LOWEST PRICES.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

The Eddy House,

B. A. NYMEYER, Proprietor.

Accommodations First Class in Every Respect.

Connected with the hotel are stables where stock will be cared for.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO

MILLER & CO.,

House and Sign Painting.

Paper Hanging and Decorating a Specialty.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.