THE EDDY ARGUS.

VOLUME 1. EDDY, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890. NUMBER 33

Notwithstanding the fact that town lots in Roswell and Eddy are held at high prices, you will see the owners thereof swearing like giants that they are "no account," when the county commissioners meet to adjust the assessments for this year.—Lincoln Independent.

Carloads, trainloads, thousands and tens of thousands, is the way steers are going out of New Mexico and Arizona. The southwest is unloading itself at last at prices which seem fair. Buyers from every feeding state west of the Mississippi are jostling each other in the hunt for cheap steers. Money will be plentiful in New Mexico this year. A subscriber who had not paid a cent for three years sent in a check in full the other day.—Stock Grower and Farmer.

There is one economic feature peculiar to New Mexico that is of the highest importance to its welfare, and is not nearly as well known as it should be. It is as follows: Of her total area of seventy-eight million acres, there is, at a liberal computation, not more than two million acres capable of being irrigated. The significance of this fact to the farmer cannot be easily overestimated. It is a truism, but an important one, that a surplus of ordinary farm products cannot be raised in a country where the agricultural area is too limited to admit it. The poor Kansas or Nebraska farmer is to-day seeking customers to buy his corn at 12½ cents a bushel. The enormous surplus of land to dispose of there reduces the value of the whole crop to starvation point. He is the victim of overproduction. The New Mexico farmer on the contrary, operating a country unable to meet fully her own requirements, is marketing his corn at from sixty cents to $1.00 a bushel, and receiving proportionate prices for his hay and other productions. The figure he receives at present, and which he can depend upon for the future, will be the price received by his less fortunate eastern brother plus the cost of carriage from the point of production to the New Mexico market—the charge of transportation in other words, being a high natural protective tariff in favor of the New Mexican farmer. Of the finer and more delicate varieties of fruits, a surplus for exportation will be raised in New Mexico; but the high value of such products, the ease and cheapness with which they are produced in New Mexico, the high quality of the article, and the comparative nearness of the country to market, compared with California, make them highly profitable crops to ship to eastern markets. It is probably not realized by the farmer in the humid regions of the eastern states that irrigation is a form of insurance against failure of crop. What would an eastern farmer give, not only to be able to control the rainfall upon his farm as a whole, but regulate it also upon each separate field? The ability to apply the exactly necessary amount of moisture upon a certain field to-day where it is required, and upon an adjoining meadow a week later, and so on through out the season, is the power that is placed in the hands of the farmer by irrigation. By a very simple process, and at a cost of only about $1.50 per acre per year, farming is thus brought to be as near a certainty as any human enterprise can be. And irrigation does yet more than this for the farmer; it keeps the soil constantly fertilized by the addition to it during each application of water of the rich alluvial wash which has been up to this time held in suspension in the current.—H. F. Grierson in Stock Grower and Farmer.

Notice.

All packages coming by the daily stage will be left at Meek & English's feed yard on Canon street. Those desiring to forward packages will leave them at the same place, with full directions.

F. J. GRESLER,
Proprietor Stage Line.

SOMETHING ABOUT EDDY.

The Opinion of a Colorado Man Who Has Been There for the Last Six Months.

From the El Paso Herald.

Mr. Thomas Bracken, an old resident of Nevada and Colorado, arrived in the city yesterday from Eddy, where he has been engaged in contract work on the big dam for the last six months. When asked by a representative of the Herald what he thought of Eddy and the lower Pecos valley, he replied:

"There is a lot of magnificent country out of doors in that section. Nature seems to have done all she could. There are three beautiful rivers there, the Pecos, the Black and the Blue rivers, and thousands upon thousands of acres of fertile land.

THE ONLY THING ONE MISSES

is trees, and there are very few of those even along the rivers, until you reach the mountains."

"What are the prospects of a railroad to Eddy?" was asked.

"I believe they are first-class. Before I left there, a Mr. Kelley, from New Bedford, Massachusetts, was there and made a thorough examination of the country in the interest of a Massachusetts syndicate, who are anxious to build the road provided the prospects and resources of the country would justify it, and he told me that what he saw was far beyond his expectations and it was probable that a railroad would be running into Eddy by the first of the year."

"WHERE WILL IT START FROM?"

"From the Texas and Pacific road about eight miles east of the town of Pecos. It will run up the east side of the river for about 25 miles, and then across the river and follow the general trend of the Pecos to Eddy, passing through what I have been told is one of the finest fruit and agricultural districts in the southwest."

"How about the big reservoirs and the canals?"

"The reservoirs will be finished and water in the canals by July 1st, enabling the settlers under the canals who have their land broken up to get in fall crops."

"How is the new hotel progressing?"

"That will be completed and opened by June 1st, and will undoubtedly be the

FINEST HOTEL IN NEW MEXICO.

It will not be so large as the Grand Central or Vendome, but it will have verandas all around it. The foundation for a national bank building has been laid, and work is progressing very fast. Before I left there I went out with Judge Nymeyer about 18 miles from Eddy to look at some coal prospects which he has, and I really believe if he sinks he will find a good quality of coal, and possibly oil. There are also some very fair silver lead ore prospects within 20 miles of the town."

"Isn't it a pretty rough ride from the railroad to Eddy?"

WELL, IT ISN'T QUITE LIKE RIDING

in a pullman, but Gessler's stage line makes good time and the road isn't very bad. I understand, however, that Levi T. Cochran, a stage man from Colorado, this state, has secured the mail contract from Pecos to Seven Rivers, commencing July 1st, and will make the drive of 90 miles from Pecos to Eddy in one day."

"Do you intend to return to Eddy?"

"I think it very probable. I like the town and the people. There is a first-class set of men there and a number of cultured and refined ladies. The business men are all energetic and enterprising. Mr. C. B. Eddy, the manager, is an indefatigable rusher, a man of splendid executive ability, full of practical vim and energy, who is generally successful in all he undertakes. Yes, I think that it is a good country. It has a big future and the fellow that stays with it is bound to make money. I won't say how much, but he will make money, sure."

If your watch needs repairing send it to Hickox & Hixson, Shelton Block, El Paso, Texas.

Announcements.

I announce myself a candidate for sheriff of Eddy county at the ensuing election November, 1890.

SAM. D. HOUSTON.

Fred. H. Peitz desires us to announce him as a candidate for probate judge of Eddy county.

We are authorized to announce D. L. Kemp as a candidate for sheriff of Eddy county.

I announce myself as a candidate for county clerk at the November election, 1890.

THOS. TENNESSEY.

Having been solicited by some of the most prominent men in the county, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for county assessor of Eddy county at the November election of 1890. I respectfully ask the support of the voters.

J. D. WALKER.

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for county clerk of Eddy county at the November election. I would like to have the support of the majority of the citizens.

W. G. CASS.

Pennebaker, Joyce & Co.,

Merchants and Exchange Bankers

Eddy, New Mexico.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND GRAIN,

HARDWARE, FURNITURE, DRY GOODS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, QUEENSWARE, ETC.

A COMPLETE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Fred H. Peitz,

U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Abstract of all Lands in Eddy County.

LOOKOUT, EDDY CO., N. M.

JERSEYS, HOLSTEINS,

AND MILCH DURHAMS.

ALSO

Driving and Saddle Horses.

Orders left at this office.
Correspondence solicited.

Guither and Brown,

El Paso, Texas.

The Eddy Drug Store Company,

Pure Drugs and Patent Medicines, BOOKS and STATIONERY, Pipes, Tobaccos and Cigars, Clocks and Watches.

H. C. VAN NORMAN, Manager.

EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

Caples & Hammer,

Contractors and Builders,

El Paso, Texas, and Eddy, N. M.

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.

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.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M., May 8th, 1890.

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 Tuesday, July 8th, 1890, viz: John Ambargey, pre-emption D. S. No. 5,711, for the NE¼ SW¼, NW¼ SE¼, lots 13 and 14, Sec. 3, Tp. 16 S, R 26 E.

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

John W. Turner, of Roswell, N. M.; William V. Bell, of Roswell, N. M.; John H. Stamper, of Seven Rivers, N. M.; James Hogg, of Seven Rivers, N. M.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

WINFIELD S. COHRAN, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M., May 12, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his desert land claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Wednesday, July 16, 1890, viz: Albert Johnson, on pre-emption D. S. No. 3,224 for the W½ NW¼, Sec. 9, and N½ NE¼, Sec. 8, Tp. 24 S of R. 27 E.

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

Thomas Morrow, of Lookout, N. M.
Harry Hart, of " "
W. E. Carr, of " "
George Carman, of " "

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and regulations of the Interior department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

WINFIELD S. COHRAN, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, N. M., May 8, 1890.

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, N. M., on Tuesday, July 8th, 1890, viz: John H. Stamper, pre-emption declaratory statement No. 5,727 for the NE¼ SW¼, NW¼ SE¼, S½ SE¼, Sec. 10, Tp. 18 S, R. 23 E.

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

James E. Livingston, of Seven Rivers, N. M.; Thomas H. Livingston, of Seven Rivers, N. M.; John C. Reed, of Seven Rivers, N. M.; John Ambargey, of Seven Rivers, N. M.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

WINFIELD S. COHRAN, Register.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSWELL, N. M., May 8th, 1890.

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 W½ and SE¼ of section No. 15, township No. 22 south, of range 27 east, before the register and receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Monday, the 7th day of July, 1890.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

Bart A. Nymeyer, of Eddy, N. M.; Edward Seegins, of Eddy, N. M.; Francis G. Tracy, of Eddy, N. M.; Geo. W. Blankenship, of Eddy, N. M.

WINFIELD S. COHRAN, Register.

MILLER & CO.,

House and Sign Painting.

Paper Hanging and Decorating a Specialty.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

The Grand Central.

Leading Hotel of El Paso, Texas.

SAM ECKER, Proprietor.

EDGAR B. BRONSON, President. CHAS. B. EDDY, Vice-President. WM. H. AUSTIN Cashier.

El Paso National Bank,

No. 3808.

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.

B. P. LINDSEY,

General Merchant,

Dealer in Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Grain, Etc.

Parlor Restaurant and Bakery,

EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

$6 PER WEEK,
35 CTS. A MEAL,
$25 A MONTH.

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., Props.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

ABOUT THE GULF STREAM.

Lieutenant Pillsbury Tells of the Variations of the Great Ocean Current.

Lieutenant J. E. Pillsbury, of the navy, has at the request of Professor T. C. Mendenhall, Superintendent of the Coast survey, written him a letter setting forth his views on the subject of the Gulf Stream and its variations. He says:

"I think the Gulf Stream does change its position to a slight amount, but not in the arbitrary manner or to the great extent stated by some of the newspaper writers of late. . . . While it is probably a fact that as a rule, a current from the equator is warmer and one from the pole is colder than the surrounding waters, it is not always the fact that the warmest flowing water is from the south, nor that the coldest is from the north. . . . The mere presence of warm water does not necessarily show that a current exists, nor does a change of temperature show that there is a change in current. . . . The Gulf Stream probably has a vibratory motion, as evidenced by our own anchorage off Cape Hatteras, and as previously noticed of Rebecca Shoal, Fla. Anchored there, on the northern edge of the stream, riding to the wind with a gentle current, the latter would suddenly become strong and swing the vessel until she was stern to wind, to remain but a short time, and then the current becoming weaker the wind would gain the ascendency. This was repeated a number of times.

"I believe that the daily volume of the stream varies but little except from that due to declination of the moon. Along the northern coast, however, it is not always on the surface, but is overrun by other currents. I think that its track through the ocean is absolutely fixed by law, and that its vibration is periodic, although the limit of the periodic change may vary a trifling amount. The generally accepted belief that a wind blowing across the current changes the position of its axis is, I am convinced, erroneous. Every temporary wind, however, does transport water (chiefly by means of waves), and with it goes its heat or cold.

"The fact of finding gulf weed within a few miles of Nantucket lightship does not so much prove that the current is nearer our shores as it does that winds have prevailed in the direction from which it comes. Its home is in the Sargasso Sea, from which it is drawn by the winds and the sea. A small amount finds its way into the Caribbean through the Antigua passage, but most of it passes north of the West Indian Islands. The break of the waves has more effect on its movements than a current, unless the latter is very strong, and in the Gulf Stream itself it is seen stretching in long lines in the direction of the wind and sea, and not in the direction of the current, except only in the case of a rip at the meeting of currents.

"Anchored on the edge of the Florida reefs, with a strong wind blowing directly from the Gulf Stream, which was only a short distance away, its clear blue water was driven by the sea and overcame the cloudy reef water, but no current accompanied it. In Key West harbor the water is usually cloudy. A southerly wind will cause a sea that will carry the clear water inshore, even in spite of an ebb tide. The wind shifting to the opposite quarter will at once alter it to milky whiteness."

After Dinner Ceremonies.

Ladies and gentlemen withdraw from the table together, or as is often the case, the gentlemen arise, and the ladies retire leaving the gentleman to smoke. Guests are expected to leave by or before eleven o'clock.

Even in dinners given to gentlemen alone, sometimes the wife of the host, or failing a wife, some dignified matron, is seated at the head or center of the table—a great advance upon the customs of former days. In my house those who wish to use the weed after dining, withdraw to the smoking-room in the topmost story, and in all the dinners, receptions and other entertainments in which Mrs. Childs and I have received large companies, conventionalities and courtesies of life have been strictly observed," said Mr. Childs. This was in answer to a newspaper paragraph which appeared that day to the effect that a good deal of comment had been made upon the fact that Ex-Governor Cornell at a late large public reception served nothing but ice-water and mineral water to his guests. It appears that Mr. Cornell, though a delightful entertainer, has been compelled to forego the use of wine by the hilariousness of the few who could not restrain their appetites. —*George W. Childs, in Good Housekeeping.*

Southern Phosphates.

The discovery of phosphate deposits in Florida is a matter of great importance to southern farmers who use large and increasing quantities of this fertiliser. Combined with cotton meal it makes an admirable fertilizer for both corn and cotton. It is easily transported and economically applied. It is now making the light sandy lands of south Alabama yield large and paying crops. It has revolutionized farming all over the south. Thus far South Carolina has furnished the bulk of the phosphates, producing last year 600,000 tons. The Florida article is said to be superior to that of South Carolina, and as the increased supply must lead to lower cost it will lead to a more rapid development of agriculture in the southern states than has ever been known.

Cannibals in the Hebrides.

In one of the small islands of the New Hebrides a trading vessel recently put ashore a sailor to buy some [illegible], arranging to call for him in a few hours. While he was waiting a band of natives attacked him and [illegible] him off into the interior, where [illegible] he was roasted and eaten.

A MARINE DISASTER.

Fifty-Odd Lives Lost by Drowning or Killed by Savages.

An Ohio Cyclone Deals Out Death and Destruction at Limaville.

A Fearful Cut in Railroad Rates Inaugurated by the Missouri Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 13.—News was received here Sunday night by the steamer Zealandia that in the great storm on March 4, the schooner Eliza Mary was driven on the reefs at Mallicolo in New Hebrides. There were on board at the time a crew of eighteen, two passengers, forty-four recruits and fifteen returning laborers, making a total of seventy-nine. The first boat which was lowered was manned by four white men and several of the black crew. The boat was dashed to pieces while going on shore and the white men drowned. Those who remained on board the ship were saved. Several of the recruits swam for shore and were either drowned or killed after landing. One boy had to fight his way from the shore to the mission station, distant ten miles. He, with twenty of his companions, went with some natives to a village near the coast. They were given food, but while eating the savages set upon them and began tomahawking the castaways. The boy ran and escaped. In all four white men and forty-seven blacks were lost.

Samoan Treaty.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—The steamer Zelandia which arrived Saturday night brings news from Samoa of the particulars of the signing of the treaty by King Malietoa and the American, British and German consuls on April 19. Great interest was manifested in the event, and a large number of natives and nearly all the white population of Apia assembled around the house where the treaty was ratified. The king and the three consuls gathered around a table in the king's house on which a copy of the treaty was placed. The certificate was read and translated and then handed to Malietoa, who signed it. The three consuls then attached their signatures. Several days before the treaty was ratified the three consuls sent a letter to Malieto enclosing a copy of the treaty as adopted by the Berlin conference, and giving the following explanation: "This treaty will allow the people of Samoa to form a government under their own native king strong enough to prevent further civil wars and to keep peace and good order in Samoa, thus offering every security for the future welfare of its people. The carrying out of the provisions will, it is true, cause considerable expense, but it is not on the shoulders of the people of Samoa, but it is on those of the foreign residents of the islands that part of the new charges are laid. It will, therefore, be for the best interest of Samoan people that this general act be as a whole assented to and accepted by the government of Samoa."

George Francis Train.

LONDON, May 13.—The cheerful cynic, George Francis Train, embarked safely on the Etruria for New York Sunday, a goodly company of admiring Americans being present to bid him bon voyage. The papers devote a good deal of space to Mr. Train, but some are quite puzzled as to his proper classification, whether among the geniuses or the cranks. The former rating is insisted upon by some writers who remember him as a brilliant inventor and orator of days gone by, and who reminds us that we are indebted to him for our train car system, while less favorable comment is made by others who cannot convince themselves that the genial philosopher's expressions of anarchistic sentiments should be considered. All agree at least that in his present enterprise he is likely to succeed in beating all present records.

Stabbed His Twin Brother.

VINCENNES, Ind., May 11.—Friday night at Edwardsport a deplorable tragedy was enacted in which John and Amos Lawson, twin brothers, were the chief actors. At the election last April it seems John, who is a Republican, offered his brother, who is a Democrat, $1 to vote the Republican ticket. This amount Amos refused to accept. After that ill feeling increased. Amos was standing on the steps of a store when John approached. A few hot words passed between them, when Amos suddenly leaped on his brother and plunged his knife into his side. John's wounds are thought to be fatal. Amos is in jail.

The Cherokee Commissioners.

GUTHRIE, I. T., May 13.—Judge A. M. Wilson, a member of the Cherokee commission, arrived here yesterday and joined the two other members who reached here Saturday. All the members of the commission are sanguine of success in the coming negotiations with the Kiowa Indians, with whom they treat first for the sale of their lands. The commission will leave for the Kiowa village to-morrow.

Storm Victims.

CANTON, O., May 13.—The cyclone which wrecked Akron last Saturday night visited Limaville, in the northern part of this county. Six houses were unroofed and others badly wrecked. The destruction of the home of A. Hart was so great that his wife and daughter are in danger of losing their lives from injuries received. A girl baby, aged 16 months, was instantly killed when the crash came.

Storm Fatalities.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 13.—Several violent storms in the form of tornadoes have occurred in different parts of North Missouri within the past two days and a large amount of property has been destroyed and several persons killed. In Harrison county a number of houses and barns were demolished and a large amount of farm property destroyed. William Wilson and his two small children were blown away with his house and killed and several persons injured. In Gentry county more than twenty buildings were destroyed and Mrs. Nathan Green was killed. Cattle and hogs were killed and a good deal of general farm property as well as crops greatly injured. Five or six dwellings and several outbuildings were blown away south of Memphis, Mo. Fences carried away and orchards swept down, but nobody killed. Near Blythedale, Mrs. Jane Moore and Mrs. Henry Young were fatally injured and a number of other persons more or less seriously hurt. More than a dozen houses were wrecked and other property destroyed.

Steamboat Disaster.

SHREVEPORT, La., May 9.—The levees on the Pandora place in Bossier parish, some seven miles above here, broke about 9 o'clock Wednesday night and the water rushed in with such rapidity that the people had to flee for safety. A large number of hands have been kept at work on this levee day and night for the past week and it was the hope of all that it could be saved. The water through it will cover a great area of Bossier and has also covered the track of the Shreveport and Arkansas road (Cotton Belt). No trains went out yesterday. The breaking of this and the Colquit levee in the same neighborhood caused a decline in the rise of Red river at this point and only three inches rise was reported yesterday. The streets are crowded with the flood sufferers and everything is being done for their comfort. To add to all the rest of the misfortunes a sad disaster happened yesterday morning between 9 and 10 o'clock. The United States steamer Howell, one of the most elegant in the engineer service, which has been tendered the relief committee, started down the river in answer to appeals coming from the terror-stricken people to save them. The whistle was blown to open the draw of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific railway bridge, which was promptly done. The lines of the boat were released, and, under the management of a pilot she was whirled with full force against a pier of the bridge and terribly wrecked. Four men are reported to have been knocked overboard and drowned and several others were scalded and otherwise injured. The pilot was taken from the pilot house and placed under arrest. The elegant steamer is badly wrecked and is jammed between the piers of the bridge in a careened condition. The damage to the bridge is not known yet. Thousands of people have crowded the levee all day sightseeing. This accident is doubly unfortunate, as there is no other steamer in port to rescue the people below upon whom the water is still rapidly rising.

An Unruly Mob.

MANNINGTON, W. Va., May 12.—Mrs. L. G. Robinson, of Fishing Creek, Wayell county, is the owner of some 5000 acres of land. She has thousands of feet of lumber cut off and extensive improvements. A number of squatters have settled on the land at various times and have given the owner much trouble recently. Mrs. Robinson built some houses and rented them to tenants. The squatters objected to this and threatened to eject the renters. Monday last a mob of 100 men gathered at one of Mrs. Robinson's houses and threatened its inmates, a widow with a family. Sheriff Wyatt of Wayell was summoned and ordered the mob to disperse but no attention was paid to him. The family was driven out of the house, the building wrecked and the debris set on fire. Warrants have been sworn out for the ringleaders and further trouble is feared.

Murder and Suicide.

OURAY, Col., May 11.—At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon John M. Winstead, while intoxicated, went to a restaurant kept by his wife and demanded money, which she refused to give. Winstead became very angry and pulled a large revolver and shot his wife through the heart in the presence of his 12-year-old son. The wretch then turned the weapon upon himself and sent a ball crashing through his right breast, which not proving fatal, he walked out doors, sat on the front steps and sent another ball through his heart. Both will be buried at the expense of the county, as all their property had been squandered by the husband, who was a dissolute fellow. The dead woman has relations in Marshalltown and at one time lived in Hutchinson, Kan. The man was from Tennessee.

A Mother's Crime.

PARIS, May 11.—An inhuman brute, in the guise of a woman, one Josephine Hoggell, has just been sentenced to penal servitude for life for the murder of her 5-year-old daughter. The poor child appears to have been the victim of ill-usage during the entire term of its brief existence. Crippled by the kicks and blows of its mother, it was compelled to lie abed, where it was frequently drenched with ice water. After tying her hands and feet, Josephine actually attempted to crucify the child, but finally succeeded in an effort to strangle it. The woman narrowly escaped lynching on her trial. She seemed entirely indifferent to her fate, except that she expressed a wish that her punishment might be death rather than imprisonment.

Cut Rates.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 13.—The Missouri Pacific announces that beginning to-day their rate from St. Louis to Kansas City will be $6, to Leavenworth $6.55, to Atchison and other points $6, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver $[illegible]. The prospect is that the rate to Kansas City will be down below $5 in a day or two. Other western roads will probably follow the Missouri Pacific.

GENERAL NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

The tariff debate still continues in congress.

Chicago carpenters compromised on a nine-hour day.

The bank of America in Philadelphia has suspended.

The gambling houses of Denver, Col., have been closed.

The New Orleans and Gulf railway is in the hands of a receiver.

An Indian was lynched for horse stealing at Los Angeles, Cal.

The Republicans of the house held a caucus on the tariff bill.

Carlisle is named as the most probable successor to Senator Beck.

Dr. Talmage paid a high tribute to the piety of Senator Beck, of Kentucky.

No strike took place in St. Louis, though the parades were long and imposing.

The New York carpenters secured the eight-hour work-day without trouble.

The Red river is rising still, tracks are flooded in Arkansas and traffic stopped.

Edwin Stokes was severely beaten by striking iron moulders in San Francisco.

The leading manufacturers of window-glass held an important meeting in Chicago.

Ex-President Cleveland has been admitted to practice before the supreme court.

A heavy frost at Pekin, Ill., killed strawberries, peaches and pears on the 6th inst.

The tariff and federal election bills will be pushed after they are reached on the calendar.

One thousand coal miners near Washington, Ind., have struck for an advance in wages.

Gibbon's, N. Y., has been wiped out by fire. All of its business houses are destroyed.

A drunken section boss near Clay City, Ky., fired into a train and fatally wounded a passenger.

Non-union carpenters joined the strikers at Detroit, Mich., making a total of 2200 men out.

The Clayton-Breckenridge investigation has been in progress at Little Rock, Ark., several days.

All low lands in Louisiana are flooded, and the water stands nearly two feet higher than in 1884.

A train was thrown from the track at Fountain, Col., by a misplaced switch and Fireman Sipes killed.

A joint resolution passed congress appropriating $7,000,000 for Mississippi river improvements.

Dr. Ryland T. Brown, one of the best known scientists, minister and scholars in Indiana, is dead.

Coal miners at Brazil, Ind., have agreed on 75 cents as a yearly scale, an advance of 2½ cents over last year.

Steamboats on Red river have their hands full saving life and live stock above and below Shreveport.

At Louisville, Ky., both employes and employers seem determined not to give a point in the carpenter strike.

Spokane Falls, Wash., is deluged with high water and her water mains for fire protection have been swept out.

A break in the Red river levee at Sunflower exposed to overflow plantations for 100 miles below Shreveport.

Patrick Gorman, committed to jail at Hartford, Conn., for breach of the peace, has refused food for two weeks.

At Freeport, Neb., a young man named Clark proposed to Miss McIntyre and upon her refusal shot her in the chest and blew out his brains.

James F. Graham, city editor of the World, has filed suit against ex-Judge Henry Hilton, of New York, for $50,000 damages for libel.

Helen Dauvray Ward and her husband, John Ward, the great shortstop, have separated. The footlights were too great an attraction for the wife.

Mrs. Butterfield, who was found murdered in her house at Denver, Col., is supposed to be the victim of a fiend who attempted to rape her.

Henry L. Sales, a member of the notorious boodle board of 1884 of New York, and who forfeited a $30,000 bond and fled to Canada, has returned.

The merchants' bridge at St. Louis was formally opened in the presence of the governors of Illinois and Missouri. It is a double track railway bridge.

At a session of the Oregon conference of the Evangelical church at Albany a row occurred which resulted in a division of the body into two factions.

One of the most brilliant meteors ever seen on this continent flashes across Iowa. Its passage was accompanied by a great noise, and fire and smoke followed.

Judge Creighton, of Springfield, Ill., has decided that tobacco is not a necessity, and a tobacco bill cannot be collected by process of law from a minor.

It is rumored that James T. Harper and Hon. Phil Davis of Elberton, Ga., parties to a recent cowhiding in that city, will finish the job with a duel by moonlight.

The poorhouse and insane asylum of Chenango county, New York, has been consumed by fire and eleven of its inmates were cremated in the burning building.

Burt Price and Allie Willard, two New York dudes, fought five rounds with four-ounce gloves to settle a dispute over a young lady. Willard drew first blood and won the fight.

Walton, the defaulting clerk of the Pacific Express company, is now in Montreal, Canada, and will appear as a witness against parties who fleeced him out of the company's money.

The report that John Brisben Walker, editor of the Cosmopolitan, had been drowned while fishing in Carolina, is untrue. He has recently returned to New York from Denver.

Attorney-General Watson, of Ohio, has brought suit in quo warranto in the supreme court to take from the Standard Oil company its charter for violation of laws in various ways.

Archie Jackson, a Connecticut colored brute, compelled his wife to hold a light [illegible] ing a gay time stamping her already lifeless body when arrested. Jealously is assigned as the cause.

The demands of the striking carpenters of Chicago have been conceded by contractors. Eight hours constitute a day's work and said work is to be performed under union foremen.

Representative McComas of Maryland reported to the house from the committee on elections of a president, vice-president and representatives in congress his bill to prevent gerrymandering.

In a prize fight between James Haley of New York and James Cannon of Buffalo for a purse of $1000 before the Savannah, Ga., Athletic club, Cannon won in the twenty-third round.

At Columbus, Ind., Mrs. Mary McManus, a lady in delicate health, while crossing a field fainted. Her body was attacked by hogs and almost devoured before discovered by friends.

Senator Fry reports a bill to place the United States merchant marine on a footing with that of other nations; also to provide for an ocean mail service between the United States and foreign states.

McCann on the witness stand in New York makes some sensational charges against Mayor Grant and Durham, of the firm of Durham, Buckley & Co. He swears he would not believe McCann on oath.

A mad dog in Memphis, Tenn., bit an Italian organ grinder, a colored child and several dogs. The police failing to kill the dog with pistols, citizens cornered it and knocked it out of existence with clubs.

The United States supreme court denied the application for a writ of habeas corpus in Kemmler's case, who is under sentence of death in New York by electricity, but will, on May 19, hear a motion for a writ of error.

Capt. Weston, who has charge of the distribution of rations to sufferers from the recent floods states that he has expended $38,000 of the $50,000 placed to his credit and asks that $50,000 more be added to the fund.

Isaac H. Vincent, the defaulting state treasurer of Alabama, now serving a fifteen years' sentence in the Pratt coal mine, has been elected treasurer by his fellow-convicts, some of whom earn money by extra work.

M. K. Goldman of Memphis shot and mortally wounded J. W. Howard of St. Louis at the European hotel, Atlanta, Ga. Howard thought he was bound to die and acknowledged that his true name was Edmund Skinner.

Herbert C. Stout, a Minnesota mail robber, who was sufficiently sane to successfully play the insane roll and enjoy the luxuries of an asylum for several months, has been pronounced all right by physicians, who say he was never crazy. He will now be tried for mail robbery.

The United States steamer Howell, which has been in charge of the relief committee, ran into the bridge of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific railroad while endeavoring to rescue distressed flood sufferers, completely wrecking herself, damaging the bridge severely and entailing loss of life.

A South Carolina colored rapist was removed from Lexington to Columbus for safe keeping. Lexington citizens made the governor believe the proceedings would injure the town in the estimation of the outside world and induced him to have the prisoner returned, promising to see that he was taken care of. He was returned but he has since been found dead with a rope around his neck.

At the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church south, held at St. Louis, the following states and territories were represented: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, California, Georgia, Louisiana, Kansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, Mississippi, Montana, Kentucky, Texas, Indian Territory, Tennessee, Oregon, Virginia, West Virginia, Illinois, Arizona Territory and Brazil and Mexico.

FOREIGN.

The strike of railway porters in Ireland is over.

A riot was quelled recently in Pesth by the military.

The Spanish senate has approved universal suffrage.

Senor Anostega, Mexican minister to Belgium, died at Brussels.

Capt. Castia, the African explorer, has entered the German service.

Emperor William is expected to spend three weeks in St. Petersburg.

The German bundesrath has accepted the colonial and military bills.

The Spanish strikes are collapsing except in Barcelona and in Valencia.

Robert Fleury Doyen, the French painter, is dead. He was 93 years old.

No agreement is reached between the strikers and mill masters in north France.

Famine is spreading in portions of Africa, and Massobouri is being depopulated.

Tranquility prevails in the Spanish provinces, but the strikes are spreading in Valencia.

There is a strike in the Austrian railway factories at Vienna, Prague, Pesth and Temervar.

Mayday passed quietly in Paris. The arrests and detentions over night were only 159, all told.

The hurricane which prevailed last week caused serious damage to shipping at Montevideo.

A fourth expedition leaves Valparaiso to hunt for buried treasure in the Cocos islands, Pacific ocean.

The striking bakers in Vienna have returned to work, a large number of military bakers having arrived.

The northwest territories bill passed the dominion parliament with the dual language clause knocked out.

A capitalist at Weimar, Germany, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for insulting an American girl.

Hamburg workmen to the number of 5000 were dismissed from work for absenting themselves on May day.

The experiment with sugar-beet seed from central Germany and Bohemia has been very successful in Ontario.

The Pesth bakers are out and 1500 are encamped in tents on an island in the Danube with abundant provisions.

Workmen at Barcelona [illegible]

PATENT MEDICINES.

How Almost Everyone Insists on Using Them for Aches and Pains.

The popular habit of self-doctoring with patent medicines is one of the most peculiar developments of our times. A prosperous druggist in New York doctors more persons by recommending and selling patent cure-alls than any ten physicians in town. Men form the habit of prescribing for themselves with a distinct formula that, taken in toto, rivals the pharmacopeia. After too heavy or frequent drinking they dose themselves with aromatic spirits of ammonia or acid phosphate; a tinge of rheumatism sends them to a druggist for St. Somebody's oil; a tired feeling too prolonged suggests to them a course of tincture of iron; for coughs and colds every man seems to have his own patent remedy, so numerous are they; patent preparations of pepsin, patent after dinner pills, mineral waters, and a veritable host of compounds, pellets, and draughts are resorted to against dyspepsia. But the list is endless. To appreciate it one should stand in a popular pharmacist's shop and hear the people as they converse with the clerks, two-thirds of them ordering their own remedies, and the others explaining their ailments and asking for prescriptions.

Patent medicines rise and fall like the waves of the sea. They are as much dependent upon continuous advertising as upon whatever merits they may possess. The signs upon the walls and the trade marks in the newspapers of 1868 would seem familiar as household words to a man of 40 years of age, but would convey no meaning to a youth of 21. "S. T. 1860-X.," the trade mark of a bitters, and supposed to stand for "Started Trade in 1860 with $10," stared at the public from every dead wall and newspaper at the close of the war, but that great gold mine to its proprietors has been worked out and succeeded by one after another of at least three similar nostrums in the last two decades.

But there is always uppermost at least one special medicine for each of the common ailments, and the trade in them is enormous. The physicians of Brooklyn were so disturbed by the volume of business they fancied themselves cheated of by patent medicines that three or four years ago they formed a combination which aimed to bring the druggists to terms and to lead them not to push the patent remedies. Each doctor agreed to make up his own prescriptions without extra charge—rather than swell the business of the offending druggists. But, of course, it did not work. It entailed too much bother upon the busy doctors, and as for the struggling ones, who were the keenest sufferers, they were allowed to struggle. That is the rule of the world, every time.

There is a remarkable craze for doctoring the nerves just now. Both sexes are victimizing themselves with all sorts of powerful sedatives like chloral and sulphonal and less harmful salts like bromide of potassium. Shrewd women, appreciating the weakness of their sex in this respect, are pushing patent preparations to lull disordered nerves. Those women to whom dissipation is a business, and those to whom it is a fashionable requirement, sustain their nervous system upon chloral. The women led the men in this respect, but to-day the druggists keep scores of standard special nerve medicines for male customers. The craze is more than foolish, it is wicked. The drugs that are used bring relief only for the time being and in the end leave the nervous system shattered, if not wrecked. The best nerve medicines are plenty of sleep, regular habits, a free movement of the bowels, a clear conscience and a fixed intention to drop business after business hours.

The New York doctors who have been questioned about patent medicines are not of the class that would feel any loss to their purses by the sale of these compounds, yet all discourage their use. This would be of no value unless these doctors advanced good reasons against what they condemn. But they do.

"The patent medicines that are of most good," said one of the most famous physicians in town, "are those which come from some scientific or expert doctor's prescription. Perhaps the Sun cholera medicine is as good an example of a safe and effective specific as one could call to mind. But as a rule, patent medicines do a world of harm. They do this not because they are all essentially harmful in themselves but because they prevent the persons who use them from appreciating the causes of their illnesses. What cures they effect are at the best only temporary. They serve precisely the end that a man gains by tearing off the top of a weed in his garden. The root is left, and the weed reappears. A man who goes to a doctor finds out how and why he is out of order; often the "why" is most important. Without knowing the cause of one's illness it is impossible to treat one's self intelligently, to know what to do besides the mere taking of medicine—what to leave off and what to modify. It is not alone necessary to hinder the symptoms of an illness, which is all that patent medicines can do; it is equally desirable to know what it is that is making us sick.

A Joke on Him.

A Cincinnati man went fishing, first promising his friends a supply of his catch. He fished all day, but didn't get a bite. Surprised at this, he examined his tackle and found that there were no hooks on his line. When he returned he bought several dollars worth of fish and sent them around to his friends. That night at the club he began boasting about his success and was laughed at. The same men who [illegible] the [illegible] out the hooks [illegible]

AN OLD-TIME CIRCUS.

DISASTROUS ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE A SPECTACLE OF BY-GONE YEARS.

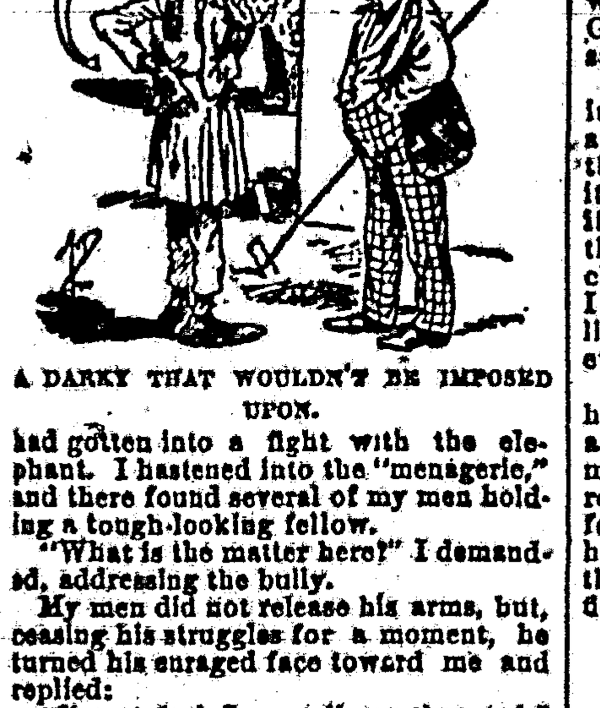
Too Much Familiarity on the Part of the Elephant the Leading Cause of Failure.

The disappearance of the old wagon-road circus has been the cause of lamentation on my part for some time past, writes Opie P. Read, in the Chicago *Times*. The mellow light of recollection threw a halo of fond endearment about the circus that formed in procession just without the village and then came triumphantly marching up the hill. I had heard so many men speak of this—had heard such universal denunciation of the great railroad show, with its three rings and new-fangled clowns—that I saw a fortune in the revival of the old-time circus. I sold my store, mill, and real estate, all at a sacrifice, but what I lost in realization of full value I gained in hopes that flow high in an atmosphere of determination to be a king whose royal colors should awaken a gladsome shout in many a sequestered community.

I had but little difficulty in securing actors, the girl to ride on a broad pad, the old-joke clown, and the fellow to swing on a rope, but my ability as an organizer was somewhat strained when I turned my attention to the collection of animals; and, as the season was advancing, I was compelled to content myself with a lame bear, a one-eyed wolf, and a young elephant that had seen a great deal of rough service.

We made our first break in the southwestern part of Missouri, in a community where a circus had not been seen since the early days of Dan Rice; and as we marched in triumphal review in front of the blacksmith's shop and the magistrate's office, I, standing in the band wagon and exclaiming that a free exhibition would be immediately given at the big tent, knew that the mellow light of recollection threw a halo about me. There was the freckled-face boy that had saved up his dimes from the commercial transactions of selling stolen eggs; there was the family that had come fifty miles in a wagon; there was the town marshal with his great swagger of authority, and there was the solemn-faced man, who would not have poked his nose outside the door but for the fact that he had to bring the children to see the procession.

Just as we were making ready to begin the ring performance, and when I was about to appear as clown, our regular band having fallen off the wagon and hurt himself, one of the men came running into the dressing-room and excitedly informed me that a local bully



A DARKY THAT WOULDN'T BE IMPOSED UPON.

had gotten into a fight with the elephant. I hastened into the "menagerie," and there found several of my men holding a tough-looking fellow.

"What is the matter here?" I demanded, addressing the bully.

My men did not release his arms, but, ceasing his struggles for a moment, he turned his enraged face toward me and replied:

"I'm no fool, I can tell you that, an' I want you all—this blamed valise-lookin' thing, too (inclining his head toward the elephant)—to understand it. I ain't never traveled around none, but if you pick me up for a fool you drap me, that's all."

"Who has picked you up for a fool?" I asked.

"Why, that blamed thing thar (again nodding at the elephant). I come in here expectin' to behave myself as well as the next man, and while I was standin' right over thar that wrinkled-up sign for a tan-yard reached out his old blow-pipe an' lifted up my coat-tail an' wiped his mouth on it. My name ain't Bob Hackett for nothin', I can tell you that. I bought this coat, I did, an' when a blamed thing that has wore all the hair offen hisself slidin' round the country comes an', without any cause whatever, wipes his mouth on the tails thereof, w'y he's jest got me to whip. I don't want nobody to come wipin' his slobber on me, an' I won't have it, nuther."

He began to struggle again and it was as much as the men could do to hold him. "I was goin' to a picnic tomorrow," he raved, "but now this coat's ruined by that slobberin' slouch. Bet $100 I cut off his blowpipe."

He broke loose, lunged at the elephant, and cut at him with his knife. The elephant understood the situation. He seized the fellow and threw him through the tent. Just as I turned away I heard someone exclaim:

"What's de matter wid you? Ain't you got no biznes fer tend ter sides flingin' dirt on er man's cloze?"

Looking round I saw an old negro brushing his coat. "What is the matter?" I asked.

"Er good 'eal de matter, sah. Come is yere tendin' ter my own biznes an' wan't p'sterin' nobody, an' de fust thing I knowed dat triflin' scoundrel [pointing to the elephant] come er flingin' dirt on my cloze. Wanter war dese garments to er funel termor an' I ain't likin' it er tall when dat scoundrel comes flingin' his trash on 'em. I doan know him er tall, an' he ain't got no right ter come er [illegible]

round er dirtyin' up dese garments, much less ez honery a lookin' straiger ez he is. You make him 'habe hisself or I gwine hurt him, an' when I hurt him I hurt him bad, I kin tell you dat."

During the whole time of the afternoon performance I could see that trouble was brewing, and just as we were getting ready for the evening exhibition the town marshal came to me and, drawing me to one side, said:

"Now, I want you to understand that I am your friend."

"All right; what is the matter?"

"Wall, now, you must know that your elephant has rendered himself mighty unpopular in our city."

"Yes, I cannot help but see that he has made several enemies."

"Ah, ha, an' that is what brings me to you. Now, Bob Hackett is a mighty full-blooded feller, an' that elephant done wrong when he wiped his mouth on the tails of Bob's coat. That wan't a polite trick, Cap'n—wan't gentlemanly no way you can fix it; an' ag'in, that nigger wan't treated right. Elephant had no right to throw dirt on his clothes. Now, the upshot of the whole thing is this: Bob's friends and the nigger's friend's air gettin' together an' if you want to keep him w'y you had better pull up your shebang right now an' hull out as fast as you can."

I couldn't afford to lose that elephant. I could have squeezed through without

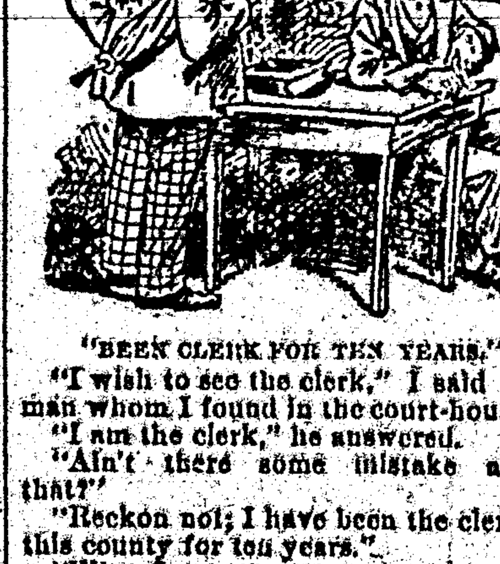
HE WAS AFTER THE ELEPHANT'S BLOOD.

the wolf and possibly could have worried along without the bear, but the loss of the elephant would have fatally crippled my menagerie, so I decided to take up the tent and quietly steal away. The night was dark, and we succeeded in starting off unobserved, but had not gone more than a mile before we heard a shout that told us too plainly that we were pursued. We hastened onward as fast as we could; and were greatly encouraged until we came to a creek. Then a difficulty arose. The elephant refused to cross the bridge. We tried to shove him on, but in vain. The shouts of the mob grew louder and louder. We shoved the elephant into the stream, but he climbed out on the same side. The mob drew nearer. At last we got the elephant on the bridge. The frail thing broke down and all of us went into the water. The mob was upon us. The rascal shot the elephant. We proceeded on our journey with the lame bear and the one-eyed wolf.

The next day I learned that we had a rival in the field. Jack Brock, an old showman, had whipped round and had stolen our territory. We were billed to appear at Green Briar, and I knew that if we made a good impression at that place we should soon be able to get another elephant. One day, when we were within about twenty miles of Green Briar, a man rode up to me and said:

"I want to see you on a matter of business. Jack Brock's circus is billed to appear in our town—Green Briar. It is the best circus town in the country, but it is necessary for you to get there first if you want to do anything. Now, I am the clerk of that county, and I am inclined to favor you. Give me $150 and I will promise not to grant Brock any license. By this means you will have everything your own way."

"This was my opportunity. I gave him the money, and feeling secure gave a performance at a little place a few miles from Green Briar. When I did reach the great commercial center I found that Brock had just left and that he had taken nearly every dollar out of the town. I hastened to the clerk's office. The rascal had deceived me.



"BEEN CLERK FOR TEN YEARS."

"I wish to see the clerk," I said to a man whom I found in the court-house.

"I am the clerk," he answered.

"Ain't there some mistake about that?"

"Reckon not; I have been the clerk of this county for ten years."

"Why, I met a man about twenty miles from here and he declared that he was the clerk of this county, and that if I would give him $150 he would not grant a license to Brock."

"Yes, I heard some of the boys laughing about that. The man you met was Jack Brock."

That night the bear died. I killed the wolf the next morning, and hired out to a farmer. There is no particular halo about my head. I have no love whatever for the old wagon show.

Little Willie Gets There.

Miss Brainy (of Boston)—I want to have you send home a suit of clothes for my little brother Willie. He is eleven years of age.

Salesman—Yes, madam. Should you say—er, that he was large or small for his age?

Miss Brainy—Well, I don't know that Willie has any superfluity of adipose tissue as compared with other boys of his age, but he is usually in the habit of arriving at his destination with both [illegible]

TWO HISTORIC HOMES.

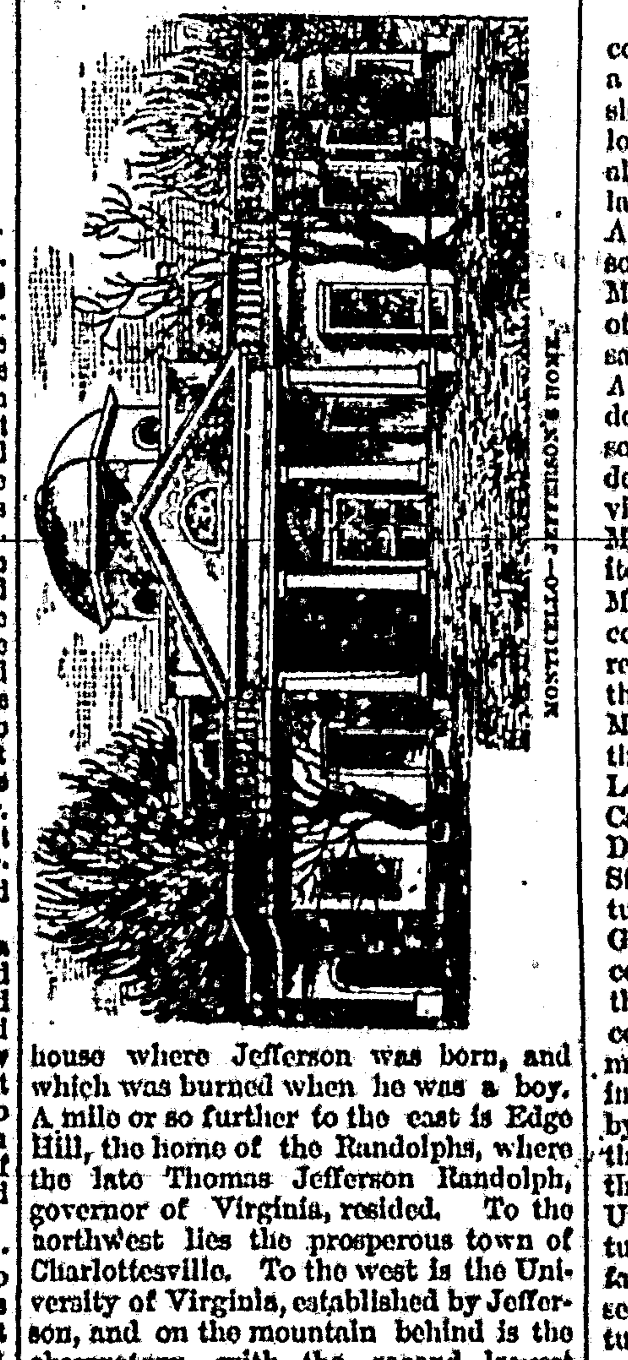
VISIT TO THE HOMES AND GRAVES OF JEFFERSON AND MADISON.

Present Appearance of Monticello and Montpelier—Private Life of the Third and Fourth Presidents—The University of Virginia.

The State of Virginia has within her borders the homes and graves of more great and celebrated men than any other State in the Union. At her zenith she produced a group of men that no other State has yet equaled, and who have made a lasting impression on the destinies of America. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Harrison and a host of our other early statesmen claimed her as their mother and loved her as such. But her glory seems to have departed; for to-day hardly one of her sons is recognized as an influence in the councils of the nation. However the old homes and graves within Virginia's borders are visited yearly by hundreds of admirers of those great statesmen, who are now numbered among the past, and they will always have a charm for the patriotic American.

The country surrounding Monticello, as viewed from the glorious old residence, is of wondrous beauty, and the tints of the woods on the Blue Ridge, Southwest Range and Ragged Mountains, which here blend together, resemble an aggregation of bouquets of flowers, so iridescent are the tints. Down at our feet meanders away the Rivanna river, called "the muddy stream" by Mr. Jefferson, and on its banks are the prosperous woolen mills of Charlottesville; on the opposite side is Pantops Academy; to the south are the ruins of the old flour mill built by Jefferson, and which in recent years have been washed away by freshets of the river.

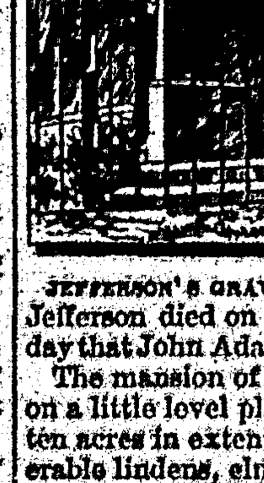
A little above the mill are the remains of a grove of trees, which led up to the



MONTICELLO—JEFFERSON'S HOME.

house where Jefferson was born, and which was burned when he was a boy. A mile or so further to the east is Edge Hill, the home of the Randolphs, where the late Thomas Jefferson Randolph, governor of Virginia, resided. To the northwest lies the prosperous town of Charlottesville. To the west is the University of Virginia, established by Jefferson, and on the mountain behind is the observatory, with the second largest telescope in the world. To the rear of the university are the Ragged mountains, with their wondrous contours and wooded heights. Sixty miles beyond, toward the south, Willis mountain, on the other side of the James river, can be seen. About a quarter of a mile from the house is the graveyard where the honored ashes of Jefferson are treasured. The shaft of his monument is of granite and was erected by the government, as was also a handsome iron railing. The graveyard has been left by the government in a somewhat incomplete condition. The railing has been made too open, and relic-hunters have slipped through and chipped pieces of granite from the shaft. The old cry of no appropriation can not be raised in this case, for nearly all of the last of the appropriations ordered by Congress remains unexpended.

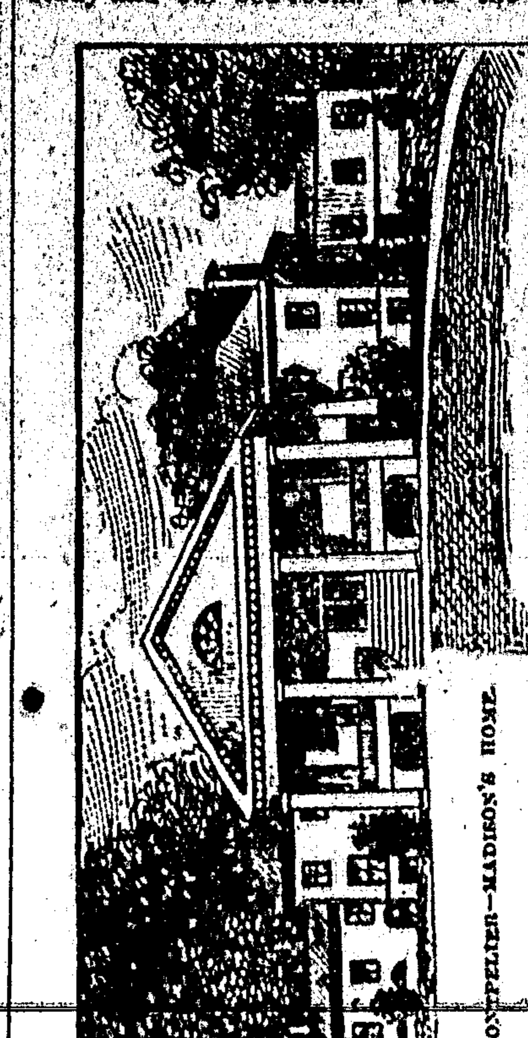
The graveyard was chosen by Jefferson under a compact with his friend, Dabney Carr, when they were both boys. The same oak under which they studied their lessons still stands guard over and shadows their graves. The compact was made that whichever died first, the survivor would see the remains buried.



JEFFERSON'S GRAVE.

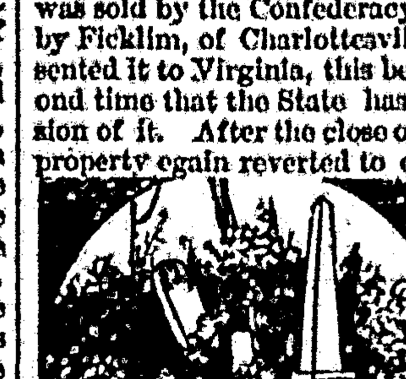
Carr died first, and Jefferson died on July 4, 1826, the same day that John Adams died.

The mansion of Monticello is situated on a little level plateau of ground, about ten acres in extent, surrounded by venerable lindens, elms, and birch trees. The lawn is as smooth as a billiard table. The house has two entrances, east and west fronts. It is somewhat after the Doric style of architecture. Entering the east front through the wide portico, a large hall is reached, surrounded by a gallery connecting the upper rooms of the house. In the center of the ceiling is the American eagle in bas-relief, surrounded by eighteen stars, representing the eighteen States when Jefferson was President. In the hall is the old tower clock that Jefferson had made on the place, having brought a celebrated clockmaker from Switzerland to take charge of the work. The floors are highly polished, and the walls are decorated with family paintings. From the hall the salon is entered through double glass doors by an ingenious mechanical contrivance invented by the President, the opening of one door opens both. The door of the salon was laid out in 1808 in cherry and birch, Jefferson drawing the design. The room is twenty-two feet high and the frieze work around it is of Egyptian design. On the walls are the Louis XIV. style of mirrors brought from France by the former owner when he was United States minister there. Leaving the entrance hall to the left are two rooms in which Jefferson studied and slept. In the larger room, which has a heighth of twenty-six feet, he slept. He died in an alcove situated between his study and his bed-room. Over the al-



MONTPELIER—MADISON'S HOME.

cove and reached by a secret staircase is a small room where his body-servant slept, and which has circular windows looking into the bed-room. The study is almost semicircular and looks out on the lawn. This study led to the library. Across the hall was a grand dining-room, some twenty-five feet in pitch, and here Madison, Monroe, Adams, Lafayette, and other celebrated men of that time have sat around the colossal mahogany table. Adjoining this room, with sliding glass doors, is the tea room,—one of Jefferson's favorite chambers. Every President since the time of Washington has visited the home of the famous sage. Madison and Monroe were frequent visitors, especially the former, who lived at Montpelier, only a few miles across the country. They had rooms at Monticello reserved for them and to-day, as then, these rooms are known as the Madison, Monroe, and Lafayette chambers. "After the death of Mr. Jefferson," said Mr. Levy, "the home became the property of Captain Levy, of the United States navy. Dying, he bequeathed it to the United States, to be used as an educational institution for orphans of naval officers. The Government being legally unable to receive it, it became the property first of the State of Virginia and then after a contest over the will by the heirs of Commodore Levy, it reverted to myself. During the war Monticello was confiscated by the Confederate government, with all the furniture and servants, for the reason that my uncle was a commodore in the United States navy. Some of the furniture has been recovered by me. The family pictures were religiously preserved by the Confederate soldiers and turned over to the Jefferson family. It was sold by the Confederacy and bought by Ficklim, of Charlottesville, who presented it to Virginia, this being the second time that the State has had possession of it. After the close of the war the property again reverted to our family."



MADISON'S GRAVE.

Leaving the hospitable borders of Monticello, I made my way down the hill, past the monument and through the prosperous town of Charlottesville. About a mile and a half from Charlottesville I came upon the University of Virginia, almost hidden among the dense masses of greenery.

A ride of fifteen miles over the rough country roads brought me to Montpelier, in Orange county, the home of James Madison, the intimate friend and neighbor of Jefferson and his successor to the Presidency. Mr. Jefferson named his own successor. Never were two men with tastes so different better friends. Jefferson was excessively fond of his home, and came to it at every lull in public life. Of Madison's home life not much can be said. He was strictly a politician, was very dignified and unbent with difficulty. He wrote many letters from his retirement, but they were almost exclusively about politics.

Scattered among discussions of alien and sedition laws, the war in Europe free goods in neutral ships, and other public topics, I find brief allusions to lathing nails which he depended upon Jefferson to supply. The house is very well preserved and is known as "Ash Lawn." The estate comprises more than 1,000 acres, much of it covered with a native growth of oaks, chestnuts, elms and cedars. The family burial ground is in a state of neglect, the weeds and briars making the path to the grave of Mr. Madison inaccessible. The shaft over his last resting place is overgrown with masses of tangled vines, making it almost impossible to decipher the inscription. The estate is at present owned and occupied by John E. Massey. I could not help thinking as I left the two historic homes that Monticello and Montpelier, as well as Mount Vernon, should belong to the nation, and be carefully preserved as sacred to the memory of the great departed, who grow grander as the years go by. [illegible]

STORY OF A GOOD BOY.

A MISDIRECTED PHILANTHROPIC IMPULSE.

Disastrous and Unexpected Outcome of Feeding Good Example to the Unregenerate Boy.

Charles was a good and kind lad, as near as can be gathered from the published records. He was the terror of his township on general, all-around goodness. I did not know him personally in my youthful and formative state, I regret to announce, or I might now be a better man and habitually ante up the pew rent more promptly. My youthful associates had more stone-bruises than morals, and took off their boots and used them as gripsacks in which to carry home snakes in which to scare their elder sisters. But Charles was not like this. He, as has been repeatedly set forth in small volumes of about seventy-five long primer pages leaded, was an excellent boy who went on errands for his elder sister and did deck-hand work for her in the way of holding skeins of yarn. He never crawled under the parlor sofa the nights on which the young man with molasses hair and lavender pantaloons called, to gratify a vicious and idle curiosity and find out what the excitement was which kept them up so late. Charles always said, "Thank you, kindly, sir," with great distinctness. He never, after burglarizing the jam-pot, wadded the family cat, or as much thereof as could be accommodated, into the same, driving the charge home with an unfaltering hand, all by way of furnishing his kind mamma with a claw that might be depended on. He never plugged stones at the windows of vacant houses and felt the wild, ecstatic thrill when a center shot and a rattle of glass told a tale of improved ventilation. He never smoked cigar stubs out behind the barn. The strap, the back wood shed, the poems of childhood days, were strangers to him. He was very good, and he never had the delirium tremens. Nevertheless that annoying thing, an early demise, came along and took him off, sadly interrupting his main business of scattering sunshine. His great pull was in benevolence, and his short life was one continual donation party. He gave largely to the heathen, and he even gave away his mother to the company that time she had to borrow some spoons and silverware from the neighbors to make the table look rich and affluent. But the demise mentioned above which occurred in the last chapter of the little book was the thing which downed him, and so he left us, with an example which has worked some harm, as I look at it, in the Jones household.

People wonder how I come to be so well posted on the good Charles' record. The fact is, I learned all about him through the agency of Jones, Jr., who has just been promoted out of the primary class at Sunday school into the intermediate department, where he is entitled to draw library books. Jones, Jr., usually draws all he is entitled to and a good deal more, so last Sunday he came home with the small red book about Charles and demanded that I should spend the afternoon reading it clear through to the funeral which so suddenly stopped Charles administering bounty to the indigent but worthy old people with which the volume abounded.

The efforts of the author of the work seemed to be bent toward making the young public believe that philanthropy paid over 100 per cent a month, and that it was a nice, clean, easy job with light hours, in which there would be plenty of time to attend base-ball matches. The chapters started out with the sun shining, the birds twittering, and all nature about as jocund as it ever gets in Chicago. It would probably be Charles' birthday, and his papa would probably give him a dollar as a present.

BEHIND THE BARN.

"And what will you do with this dollar which I so generously give you?" asked Charles' father.

"I will, father," answered Charles, "relieve distress, assuage grief, comfort the wretched, dry the tears of the weeping, save the starving from the unpleasant pangs of hunger, clothe the ragged, and make the indigent poor very, very happy. With what remains I will buy a doll for sister Lucy, though I would have dearly liked to have purchased a pup with the money."

The proud father shed tears of joy.

Later in the day uncle James appears on the scene and questions the young philanthropist.

"What did you get for a birthday present, nephew Charles?"

"I received," said Charles, "a large round dollar from father, which I wisely spent."

"Pray what did you do with it?" interrogated his uncle.

"I have been," promptly responded Charles, "relieving distress, assuaging grief, comforting the wretched, drying the tears of the weeping, saving the starving from unpleasant pangs of hunger, clothing the ragged, and making the indigent poor very, very happy. With what remained I bought a nice doll for sister Lucy, thereby scattering sunshine all along my pathway."

"Noble lad," [illegible] Uncle James. [illegible] fear you will never own a cable road. As a reward of your nobility I will give you this nice, crisp $3 bill to keep for your own."

Jones, Jr., is but 5 years of age, yet he absorbed this story with an eagerness and an appreciation which might become one much older. It impressed him wonderfully. Charles' untimely taking off, however, worried him a little.

"Would you like to have me going around doing good with a dollar and doing that thing to grief you read about?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Do good little boys always die just before they get big enough to have galluses?"

"Oh, no, not always. Now in my case I am still living, and am pretty lively."

"All right, it's a go," remarked Jones, Jr., with a fervor which indicated the recording of a good resolution.

Friday night Jones, Jr., came to me with a beaming countenance and an-

MR. INDIGNANT POOR.

nounced that he was ready to fix up our business deal. That was not his language, but it was what I was able to gather from his general talk.

"Now, Connie, tell me what you want," I remarked persuasively.

"I want my money for it."

"For what?"

"For doing good and scattering sunstrokes."

"What are you talking about?"

"Wy, this morning I heard a man, a black-looking man, with a big nose, 'n whiskers, 'n he was awful poor, an' he ast another man fer his olclose, an' the other man ast 'em what you given now, an' they talked, an' the other man wouldn't give'm any, and he was awful poor."

"Well? Go on."

"Then I ast 'em, the poor man with a big nose, if he was Indignant Poor, an' he said 'What?' and I said, are you Indignant Poor, for if you are I'm to give you clothes an' dollars an' things, an' he said, 'That is my name,' an' I told him to wait there. Then I ran home and I got him your long coat that you don't wear very often, and your shiny hat that you won't let me play with, an' sister's bank with the pennies in it, an' some milk tickets, and I give it all to Mr. Poor, and he was awful glad. I tink you otter gimme as much as ten dollars reward for all that, like Uncle James did Charles." The loss of a new silk hat, a Prince Albert coat, to say nothing of the milk tickets and the bank, was hard, but it was somewhat tempered by the knowledge that we have a financier in the family.—*Conflagration Jones, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

He Stood The Test Bravely.

A Woodward avenue dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reasons to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the office the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh! I dasn't," she gasped.

"But it really don't hurt you any, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, I would."

"Has she got a bad tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Yes, sir; it has ached for a week, and I've just succeeded in getting her down here. Come, darling, have it out."

"Oh! I can't!"

"But you must."

"I can't stand the hurt."

"Hurt? Now, then, I'll have one pulled just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back and opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps, when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Get out, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horse-Power.

The use of horse-power as a measure of an engine's work came naturally from the fact that the first engines were built to do the work previously done by horses. John Smeaton, the builder of atmospheric engines before Bolton and Watt had introduced their more important machine, had already set the working power of a horse as equal to lifting a weight of 22,000 pounds one foot high in a minute. Bolton and Watt agreed to place their engines "for the value of one-third part of the coals which are saved by its use." They also increased the horse power to 33,000 pounds per minute, lifted the height specified by Smeaton, so that their engines were half again as powerful, according to the way their builders rated them, as those of their competitors. In this way they established the horse-power as 33,000-foot pounds per minute, or 550-foot pounds per second.

Portable Coal Gas.

An English inventor claims to have a system by which coal gas can be compressed into 5 per cent of its natural bulk, and in that shape carried [illegible] and turned into an illuminant [illegible]

THE EDDY ARGUS

Entered at the postoffice at Eddy, New Mexico, as second-class matter, January 15, 1890.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
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Go to Miller for window shades.

W. J. Barber's child has recovered.

Ed Scoggin's corn is already about a foot and a half high.

There are now over twelve miles of well watered trees in Eddy.

Wm. H. Osborne will put up two business houses in Eddy this summer.

Who has a few shekels to bet that Lookout will not get the railroad?

There are more fiddlers in Eddy than any other town in the territory.

The roof of Finlay's lumber shed was blown off by Saturday's gentle blow.

Several new business firms will open up in Eddy during the next thirty days.

Mrs. C. H. McLenathen is spending a week at Holtwold, the guest of Mrs. L. Wallace Holt.

G. A. Richardson, the leading barrister of Roswell, spent several days of this week in Eddy.

The contractors are waiting for the iron for the new bank building front which is daily expected.

Now that we can get ice, an ice cream festival may confidently be expected in the near future.

It is reported on good authority that in less than sixty days Judge Peltz will join the vast army of benedicts.

We wish some other church would get up a festival. It's an awful attractive way to pass away an evening.

Who wants to make a barrel of money the coming summer by starting an ice cream parlor and lemonade counter?

The rain of Tuesday missed Eddy, but it filled all the water holes on the Robb and Rascoe ranches near town.

William H. Osborne, of Tecumseh, Michigan, who was in town this week, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Hagerman.

Captain H. V. Clark came to town this week on Bradbury & Co. business. Everybody wishes he had come to stay.

Albert Johnsen, the Black river sheep man, reports that he has 800 lambs, every one of which is doing well.

It is now pretty certain that Sam Stone, who, two weeks ago, was not expected to live 24 hours, will get well.

The furniture for the palace hotel of the Pearl of the Pecos is now on the way, and will soon be put in place.

Specifications are being made for water works and will soon be completed. And then contracts will be let for the work.

The melancholy month is near, the saddest of them all, when man perspires and stews and frets and wishes for the fall.

If people think we can't raise things in this country, let them call at this office and see some oats and alfalfa from the Lake View farm.

Dick Justice and a companion got into a friendly scuffle over a revolver at Wolftown a few nights ago, and the former got a shot in the hand.

We regret to state that McLenathen's "Muley," the Sacred Cow of the Pecos Valley, is in the habit of browsing on the succulent limbs of the young trees in town.

Mr. C. B. Eddy has been appointed by Acting-Governor Thomas an alternate commissioner to represent New Mexico on the World's Columbian fair commission.

Mr. Eddy left Thursday for El Paso and will be gone about a week. He went on railroad business. When he returns he will probably bring some cheering railroad news.

We think some kind of a testimonial is due Louis Hammer and Gus Amirault for the way they rushed work on the new hotel. Let some enterprising citizen take hold of this matter.

Here is another true fish story: The Rosaberrys went up to Rocky arroyah a few days ago and did not catch enough fish to have a respectable fry. (Affidavit furnished on application.)

J. L. Warren is now located at Meredith, Colorado, in charge of a big commissary store. In a letter to a friend he says: "I am actually homesick when I think of Eddy and the boys."

R. G. Van Norman, queen's counselor at Brantford, Ontario, writes a letter to his son, our Dr. Van Norman, in which he says: "If Eddy does not make a city it will not be the fault of the Argus editor."

Captain Clark brought up several pounds of ice from the railroad Saturday and presented it to Mrs. Captain Mann, and that good woman generously divided it among her friends. It was a great luxury.

Dave Kemp returned from Fort Worth Saturday and gave his partner, Tom Gray, such a glowing description of the Spring Palace that the latter packed his grip Thursday and started to see it. The last time Tom saw Fort Worth, fifteen years ago, it was no larger than Eddy is to-day.

"Were ice selling at half cent a pound," said a citizen to a crowd at Pennebaker, Joyce & Co's the other day, "I would not drink ice water." After the horse laugh which greeted this statement had subsided, the citizen continued: "Because, were ice selling at a half cent a pound, I could get beer for 11 cents per bottle."

Ash Hawkins recently expressed from El Paso a two hundred pound chunk of ice to his Eddy friends, and it arrived on Tuesday's stage. It was covered with sawdust and wrapped in a gunny sack. Only about ten per cent was lost in transit. This demonstrates that Eddy need not suffer for ice the coming summer. By-the-way, arrangements are being made whereby a steady and plentiful supply can be secured. Just think of it: Two hundred and fifty miles from ice—eighty-five miles overland—and yet Eddy gets it! Is this not sufficient evidence that there is nothing too good for Eddy?

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

On Tuesday Deputy United States Marshal J. C. Dugger, Deputy Sheriff Goodlett and Bill Stone came in from the Jim ranch with Tom Cartwright, whom they arrested on the charge of having stolen a couple of horses on the Comanche reservation last August. Tom claims that he did not steal the horses; that he bought them of a stranger and got a bill of sale. He is confident that he can establish his innocence, and that he will be able to return to Eddy shortly. The deputy marshal started with him to Pecos City Thursday morning.

The Pecos and Seven Rivers Stage Line leaves Pecos City every morning, Sunday excepted, at 8 o'clock, and goes through to Seven Rivers without delay For particulars inquire or write to P. J. Gessler, Pecos City, Texas.

The following is a special dispatch from Santa Fe to the St Louis Globe Democrat: "It is announced here on good authority that all bonds necessary to build and equip the Pecos Valley Railroad have been placed in New York. The line is to be 185 miles long, extending from the Texas Pacific in Ward county, Texas, up the Pecos Valley to Roswell, N. M. Next year it is intended to extend the line via Mahzano Valley to Cerrillos coal fields, where it will tap the Santa Fe. This line will give Central New Mexico a direct outlet to the Brazos deep-water harbor."

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

Poor Harry Sommerlot, after a long illness, died Sunday night and was buried Monday evening. He was a carpenter by trade, and many of his fellow craftsmen followed his remains to the grave. Jim McCoy made the coffin, and he generously and gratuitously put on many extra finishing touches. It was therefore the prettiest coffin ever made in town. Jim and Harry were old friends, and during the long illness of the latter the former did all he could for him. Let that fact always be remembered to the credit of Jim.

For the finest watches, clocks, jewelry and precious stones go to Hickox & Hixson's, Shelton Block, El Paso.

Arthur Mermod left for the east on Tuesday and will be absent five weeks. When he returns he will settle down permanently and grow up with the town. He will go into the real estate and brokerage business, and we predict that he will be successful for he is a man of energy and first-class business ability. He will prove a very popular and valuable addition to our population.

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.

The Argus is not as good as usual this week, and an explanation is necessary. The sub-editor had an aching tooth, which bothered him for three days. He decided to have it pulled. He went to Dr. Van Norman. The doctor pulled the tooth, but the patient yelled so loudly that he was heard all over town. Since then he has been ashamed to show himself in news centers.

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

William H. Osborne, of Tecumseh, Michigan, came in on Saturday and spent several days in looking over the country. He was so well pleased with it that he intends to return in a short time and make his home here. He is a man of ample means and it is fortunate that he is to become one of us. He was accompanied by his wife, who invested in several lots.

Mr. Jim Kibbee, of the Lincoln Independent, has been in town several days securing facts and photographs for his great special edition, which will appear about July 15. The paper will consist of sixteen pages and will be printed on fine book paper. An issue of 10,000 copies is guaranteed. Mr. Kibbee was very successful in Eddy, and made himself very popular with our citizens.

As will be seen by reference to another column, Major Tom Bracken did his duty in El Paso. That is to say, he hurled himself headlong into the presence of a reporter and allowed himself to be interviewed. The Eddy citizen who goes away from home and does not get himself interviewed is no patriot.

The ladies of "The Women's Guild" would respectfully announce to the people of Eddy and vicinity that they are prepared to do all kinds of plain sewing and mending, with dispatch, in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable prices. Children's clothing a specialty. Orders to be left at the house of Mrs. K. S. Mann, one door above McLenathen & Campbell's real estate office. Mrs. K. S. Mann, Secretary.

Take a picture of your tent or shack before you move into your brick dwelling. It will be an interesting picture to show your children years hence when you are residing in a palace on Hagerman heights.

The following item from the Lincoln Independent is nothing if not personal: "Just as we go to press we learn that Alec. Neadison is in town. That means a drunk and a measly fool in the town for the next 24 hours."

New alfalfa is coming in. It is selling on the farm for fifteen dollars per ton. When it becomes known that from four to six crops, averaging over a ton per acre, can be raised annually, our land will rapidly come under cultivation.

The Fisher Bros. have rented a thirty acre farm near Lookout and are putting in a lot of stuff. Next year, when they get plenty of water on their adjoining claims near Eddy, they will proceed to show what industry will accomplish.

The rain of Tuesday was not very copious, but it laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere, and the people are accordingly grateful for it. After all, the only necessity for rain in an irrigation country is to lay the dust and cool the atmosphere.

The finest farms in the southwest will in five years be located in the Pecos Valley in sections where at present nothing grows but mesquite brush, prairie dogs and jackass rabbits. Water in sufficient quantity will reclaim any desert, no matter how arid.

Fugitives from justice are finding out that the Pecos Valley is not a good hiding place, as our officers are doing some good work in running in desperadoes. There are a few toughs left, but they are under the watchful eye of officers and may be called on at any moment to go to jail.

A Splendid Ranch.

One of the most important real estate transactions that has occurred in this vicinity for some time was the sale of the Geyser ranch, formerly known as the Grapevine, to Mr. A. C. Rush, of Perry, Illinois. The price paid was $45,000; which includes 800 grade horses and about 1,500 Durham cattle. Being curious to see a ranch which is considered cheap at $45,000, a reporter of the Argus accepted an invitation from the new owner to visit it. The ranch is located near the point of the Guadalupe mountains, thirty miles by the present wagon road, from Eddy. It consists of about sixteen hundred acres of land, half of which lies along a secluded valley, and is easily irrigated. The soil is a dark sedimentary deposit and judging from the present condition of the alfalfa fields and other crops, is very fertile. The spring which makes possible this paradise among the hills is one of the most wonderful and abundant in this land of arid stretches and great springs. It has been estimated that the flow from the main spring, near the house, is enough to irrigate 1,000 acres and with storage reservoirs its capacity could be greatly enlarged. The water is clear, soft and cold. For several miles the stream winds along the valley among trees and vines, affording many shady nooks and cool retreats. The ranch house or houses are strongly suggestive of other days; of Indians, rustlers, and the time when a man's life depended on the amount of his personal armament, his steady hand and quick eye. Built of stone and hewn logs, well matched, around an open court, the generous hospitality and homelike comforts it now offers again in striking contrast to the troublous times in which it was erected. It is in charge of Superintendent Wafer, who did the honors as host in the owner's absence. Mr. Rush has had a large experience in the southwest, and the people are to be congratulated on securing his active interest in the valley. Before leaving town he made arrangements to return, making Eddy his headquarters. Success to the Geyser ranch and its energetic proprietor.

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A Supposed Horse Thief Killed.

About five o'clock Thursday a week a man riding a horse and leading another crossed the Greene street bridge, went through town and out to Tucker's farm two and a half miles west of Eddy, where he got breakfast. After breakfast he pursued his way. Mr. Tucker suspected that he was not all right, and two days after mentioned his suspicions to Deputy Sheriff Goodlett. Mr. Goodlett believed the man to be a horse thief, and, being unable to ride, started Sam Brown in pursuit. Brown followed the trail to the Miles T. Stone ranch, where he got Stone and one Timanus to join him. Together they followed the trail to Kimmel Bros. ranch, 115 miles west of Eddy. The balance of the story is contained in the following statement:

"We, the undersigned, would most respectfully submit the following as a true statement of our actions in a late trip made by us as a posse to assist Officer Brown in making an arrest, resulting in the death of one who is supposed to be named Coffelt. Being deputized on Saturday, the 17th, we immediately took his trail, coming up with him at daybreak of the 18th at the ranch of Kimmel Bros. Learning from Mr. Joe Kimmel that the man was in bed we approached the door of the cabin and, presenting our weapons, Stone said: 'Pardner, get up; we want you.' The man began to parley, turning over on his stomach at the same time. Stone said: 'Get straight up.' That instant Coffelt fired on us. Stone returned the fire. Neither shot took effect. We then fell back to the other side of the house. The officer ordered us to kill him if he would not surrender. That instant he was detected by Officer Brown taking deliberate aim at Stone. He quickly warned Stone, who brought his gun to his shoulder. Coffelt and Stone fired almost at the same time, Coffelt a few seconds in advance, Coffelt's shot doing no damage, Stone's taking effect on the right side of Coffelt's head near the top, passing through and coming out on the right side above the ear, from which he died a few hours after. We then notified the citizens living near, many of whom came to assist us. The weather being extremely hot we thought it was advisable to bury him as soon as possible, which we did.

Yours Respectfully,
W. E. Timanus,
Miles T. Stone."

Brown returned to town Wednesday with the supposed stolen horses and reported the result of his trip. When it was ascertained by our citizens that he had done what he did without a warrant much indignation was expressed. It appears that Brown, being an authorized detective, honestly believed that he was clothed with all the powers of an officer. He was placed under arrest shortly after his return to town.

There is little doubt that Coffelt was crooked. He was a stranger, travelling through a strange country with two horses which he wanted to sell. Jess Rascoe says he offered to sell them to Harry Hart. B. P. Lindsey says that a Coffelt in Texas, sentenced to the penitentiary sometime ago, recently broke jail and escaped; that he was last seen on a brother's ranch in New Mexico.

Deputy Sheriff Goodlett is confident that it will develop that Coffelt was a thief, and he does not regret sending Brown after him. He says he would have armed Brown with a warrant but he did not have time to get one. If he had stopped to get a warrant Coffelt would have got away. The horses are in Mr. G.'s possession, and the owner can have them by describing and proving property.

Friday morning Justice Orr, Constable Rasco and a coroner's jury consisting of E. T. Cusenbery, Jas. Jones, Thos. Crouch, Sam Brown, Powell and Thompson went out to the scene of the shooting to hold an inquest. They will be absent about ten days.

Alfalfa Seed.

Anderson & Sutherland, the famous Alfalfa seed growers of Colorado, have five carloads of alfalfa seed now ready for the market. Address,

Anderson & Sutherland,
Rocky Ford, Colorado.

A Special Edition

Of the LINCOLN INDEPENDENT will be issued on or about July 15, 1890, to be devoted exclusively to a complete write-up of the

Great Pecos Valley,

Its reservoir and irrigating canal enterprises, railroad certainties and possibilities, attractions for capital and immigrantion, etc., etc.

This edition will consist of 16 or 20 pages, FULLY ILLUSTRATED, with maps of the irrigating, reservoir and canal systems, views of prominent buildings, landscapes, noted ranches and farms, etc.

An issue of 10,000 copies is guaranteed, while the number printed will probably reach 20,000. The illustrations, quality of paper and general make-up of the edition will be first-class in every detail. For further information, address

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