Probate Clerk's Office

THE EDDY ARGUS.

VOLUME 1. EDDY, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890. NUMBER 35

The Spring palace, the glory of Fort Worth, was destroyed by fire a few days ago. It cost about $300,000. Six or seven thousand people were in the building when it took fire, but they all escaped.

A north and south railroad, up and down the Pecos river, will be built within twelve months. It will then be suddenly discovered that New Mexico has all the possibilities of California and none of its drawbacks. Our climate is milder than that of Colorado and our agricultural area as two is to one compared to that state. New Mexico is attracting railroads and its era of great developement is dawning. Irrigation will be our watch word. Farming, cattle and sheep growing our sources of wealth.—Stock Grower.

A MODEL FARM.

What Intelligent Cultivation and Irrigation Will Accomplish.

Probably the most remarkable farm in the Pecos Valley is the Lake View, on the east side of the river, about sixteen miles below Eddy. There are older farms in the valley, and some of them are probably more attractive. But for a new farm the Lake View cannot be surpassed. It embraces a tract of 2,500 acres, 550 of which are under cultivation. Five years ago this farm was a barren plain. To-day it is a veritable garden spot. Everything that can be produced anywhere in the north or east is growing upon it. Eighty acres of alfalfa, eighty acres of oats, a patch of wheat, a pasture of salt grass, a field of millet, a field of corn, a field of barley, and a field of cane. And all these crops look fine. The alfalfa and oats especially show up magnificently. The first crop of alfalfa has been cut and sent to market, and the oats will be harvested next week. There is one peculiarity about these crops, and that is that they are all thrifty and healthy looking. One crop seems to do as well as the other. And the explanation is simple: Give vegetation sufficient water and plenty of sunshine and it cannot help growing. There is another peculiarity: The crops are not bothered by any kind of insects or worms. And still another peculiarity: There are few weeds of any kind to choke the crops. Hence cultivation is a very easy matter. On Lake View farm only eight men for all purposes are employed.

Three years ago there was not a shade tree on the Lake View farm. To-day there are hundreds of cottonwoods from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and various other trees, including the ash, umbrella china, maple, etc. Five years ago there was not a fruit tree on the place. To-day there is an orchard of ten acres, and it is in a splendid condition. Among the trees are apricot, peach, apple, pear and olive. The latter are bearing this year, and Mr. Shields, the manager of the farm, will have his pickled olives the coming fall. They are the only olive trees in the Pecos Valley, and the rapid manner in which they have grown and the profusion in which they bear demonstrates that this valley is the home of the olive. There are also several almond trees in the Lake View orchard, and the way they shoot upward is remarkable. The vineyard, consisting of many acres, is also looking fine, and Mr. Shields calculates that in two years he will be putting up great quantities of wine. Indeed, he is so sure of it that he is already collecting bottles.

Garden truck of all kinds does well on the farm. Beets, onions, radishes, lettuce, beans, peas, etc., in profusion and of excellent quality. Sweet potatoes on this farm grow to enormous proportions. Pumpkins and squashes and watermelons and cantaloups strike admiration to the hearts of all beholders.

The man who is the least bit skeptical about the possibilities of this country should go down and see the Lake View farm and become a howling enthusiast.

The farm is irrigated from the canal of the Hagerman Irrigation and Land Co. This canal is taken from the river a few miles north of the farm and runs along the west edge of the same, and about eight miles below. Among the tracts it irrigates is a thousand acres of the prettiest land on the Pecos river, about three miles below the Lake View farm. Three miles from this tract the canal empties into a natural reservoir one and a half miles long, and about a mile wide at the widest point. The dam for the reservoir is 1,100 feet long and the highest point 16 feet. The water goes into the canal as dirty as it can be, but when it re-enters the canal at the dam it is as clear as crystal. Between the dam and the lower point of what is known as the "big cut" there is a fill of $6,500 feet. The "big cut" is a cut through rock 1200 feet long and 22 feet at the highest point. The dam, fill and cut is the work of Messrs. Thompson & Talbott, and they will complete their work by the 10th inst.

A great many Eddy people have an idea that they have the only canal worth mentioning in the Pecos Valley. To such we would say: Go and see the Lake View farm and the splendid canal that irrigates it. The reservoir is especially worth seeing.

Great credit is due Mr. E. G. Shields for the way in which he has managed the farm, as well as the business of the Hagerman Irrigation and Land company. He is bound to make money out of the farm this year with alfalfa at $18 a ton, oats at sixty cents a bushel, and other things in proportion. Besides being a good business man and a good farmer, he is a splendid entertainer, and no one ever visits him without wishing he could stay indefinitely.

As nothing convinces like facts and figures, we submit the following: The second crop of alfalfa on the Lake View farm will be cut June 13th. Remember, the second crop.

The yield of oats will be about 75 bushels per acre (estimated.)

Corn will run about as much per acre as it does in Kansas, and will bring two cents per pound.

Other grasses and grains will yield their proper proportions and will bring proportionate prices.

It is foolish to compare farming in an irrigated country with that in a country that depends upon rainfall, for one is certain and the other is not.

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.

P. J. Gessler,
Proprietor Stage Line.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
May 27th, 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 Friday, July 18th, 1890, viz: Edmund G. Shields, pre-emption D. S. No 1, for the SE¼ SE¼, Sec. 8, S½ SW¼, NW¼ SW¼ Sec. 9, Tp. 22 S, R. 27 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: F. G. Tracey, of Eddy, N.M.; C. A. Martin, of Eddy, N. M.; Henry Bole, of Eddy, N. M.; F. V. Piontkowsky, of Eddy, N. M.

W. S. Cobean, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Roswell, N. M.
May, 27th, 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 Friday, July 18th, 1890, viz: Henrl Bole, on pre-emption D. S. No. 3,701, for the S½ NE¼, S½ NW¼, Sec. 8, Tp. 22 S, R. 27 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: E. G. Shields, of Eddy, N. M.; F. G. Tracy, of Eddy, N. M.; Chas. Martin, of Eddy, N. M.; F. V. Piontkowsky, of Eddy, N. M.

W. S. Cobean, 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. 3,737 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 Amburgey, 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. Cobean, Register.

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.

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$2,300,000.00.

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EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

B. A. NYMEYER,

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

Notary Public and Land Agent

Reliable information given regarding valley land.

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Dr. H. C. Van Norman,

Physician and Surgeon,

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Office in McLenathen Block.

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 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. Cobean, Register.

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 Amburgey, pre-emption D. S. No. 3,711, for the NE¼ SW¼, NW¼ SE¼, lots 13 and 14, Sec. 3, Tp. 16 S, R. 25 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. Cobean, Register.

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Mutual Life Insurance Co

OF NEW YORK.

Assets, $126,082,153.56.

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For insurance that insures, apply to

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EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Caples & Hammer,

Contractors and Builders,

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

W. A. HAWKINS,

Attorney at Law,

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

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.

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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.

THE share-holders of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette have compelled the retirement of Murat Halsted as editor.

THE interest-bearing debt of the United States is less than $800,000,000, and is steadily diminishing. The debts of some European nations exceed $3,000,000,000, and steadily increasing.

WE have gained the reputation of being a solemn if not a sordid people, and are regarded as such by those who visit us. We have liberty and wealth. What we now want is happiness.

WITH the Alliance, Knights of Labor, Republican, Democratic, Resubmissionists and Prohibition clubs, organized and to be organized in Kansas this summer, the state will not suffer for lack of organization.

THE Mahometans considered silk unclean, from its being produced by a worm. Hence it was decided that a person wearing a garment made entirely of silk could not lawfully offer up the daily prayers enjoined by the Koran.

THE New York Sun has a radical and rapacious way of getting at the root of things that is impressive. For instance, it holds that the only way to repress, suppress and eradicate trusts and combinations of all sorts is to prohibit all of them.

So long as American heads are clear and American common sense cool, the United States will not allow herself, like Africa and India, to be a dumping ground for the labor that sustains kings, emperors and despotic governments in Europe.

NOT a nation on the face of the globe would undertake aggressive war upon the United States. They know full well that mere temporary advantage, possible because of an unguarded American coast line, would be followed by terrible retaliation, provoked and just.

THE finest pineapples in the world are produced in the green house of an English nobleman. They sell for a guinea apiece, while ordinary pineapples retail for a six-pence. We can raise better pineapples in this country than they can in England, for the reason that we have more sunshine.

[illegible] cided that upon the death of a husband, the wife not only inherits title to one-half the real estate, but inherits the shares for children who died in infancy; and that where a daughter married and died without children, her husband inherited her share. This is a new decision.

NO foreigner in America clings longer to his old habits than the Englishman. If you see an aggressive, oddly clad man, pipe in mouth, elbowing his way along a crowded street, ten to one he is a Briton. It is hard to guess what becomes of the strange garments in which other foreigners reach these shores.

IT may be said in brief that strikes injure everybody, and therefore arbitration, which implies compromise, should be the only method to adjust these recurring difficulties. Arbitration is yet in an inchoate state, but when its results are made compulsory on both parties the strike day and the strike fever will end.

UNWILLING service is seldom, if ever, good service. The best work of every kind is performed by those who engage in it voluntarily. The fact that a person desires to do a thing furnishes strong evidences that he will do it well, or at least will make his best endeavors to do it. Volunteers make better soldiers than conscripts.

IMMIGRATION is maintained at a high point. The peasantry of Europe, if they show any sluggishness about packing up, bag and baggage and coming over, are stimulated by the rose-colored accounts of America, given by the agents of the steamship lines, and thus thousands are induced to come to this country, who had far better remain away.

THE Czar is perhaps preparing for himself the fate of a Louis XVI. The revolution, when it comes in Russia, will be no peaceful affair like Brazil's. The world is likely to see, when the wave at last rises, a succession of horrors that will far surpass those of the French uprising a century ago. The aristocracy of Russia is running up a long bill against human rights, but will have to p y in full some day.

SECRETARY RUSK has shown that there are more than $250,000,000 of imports of agricultural products which ought to be produced upon our own soil. If the farmer would investigate this and turn his attention and labor to that production, it would certainly seem as if he could do it to his greatest advantage.

If This Old World Turned Round.

If this old world of ours turned around the other way,
Would there be more of joy in store than we may find to-day;
Would all the cares that fall across the weary hearts of men
And all the sin and all the grief be quite forgotten then;
And would the glad and gracious dreams we sometimes dream come true,
And skies so darkly clouded now be one eternal blue;
Would all our cherished ships come in that tides and winds do [illegible]
If this old world of ours turned around the other way?

If this old world of ours turned around the other way,
Would faith and doubt play in and out our changeful hearts for aye;
Would vice and virtue, joy and grief, sunshine and shadow blend,
Could we not clearly choose between a foeman and a friend;
Would roses sweetly blossom without the cruel thorn
And lilies in the heat of noon retain the dew of morn;
Would there be softer music in the babbling brooklet's play
If this old world of ours turned around the other way?

If this old world of ours turned around the other way,
Still you and I would sadly sigh and all our pleasures slay;
We'd miss the tender beauty of the azure summer skies
Because of self-made clouds we'd place before our blinded eyes;
We would not prize the roses fair nor hear the brooklet's song,
Each gracious gift that crowns the right we'd forfeit with a wrong;
We'd have the grief and joy and doubt and hope we have to-day
If this old world of ours turned round the other way.

—Chicago Herald.

ONE AMONG A HUNDRED.

"Amy, thar cums Hugh Peterson down the lane. Jes' run in and put on yore blue caliker. I'll talk long wi' him till yo' cums out."

The speaker, a tall, dark-eyed, elderly woman, addressed a gentle-faced girl of about 20, who was gathering a bouquet of roses by her side.

It was winter, but in Florida roses are especially fine in December, and Amy Wilson had the rarest collection in the country.

She turned slowly toward her mother, adding a bud here and there to her basket, already piled, as she did so.

"No, mother. This dress looks well enough, and I cannot entertain him this afternoon. I promised to carry this basket of flowers to Lena Pratt, to help decorate the church to-morrow, and she will wait for me."

"I do b'leeve yo' got no grain o' sense, Amy Wilson—to turn yore back on a good-lookin' well-to-do young feller like Hugh Peterson! To jes' snub him straight 'long! I declar', yo' vex me!" with a frown on her unusually placid brow, as she looked searchingly into the fair face of the girl before her.

Amy laughed, and tapped her lovingly upon the cheek with brown, but slender fingers.

"He is almost here, mother, and I will go in and slip out the back way. You can make excuses for me, for indeed I cannot disappoint Lena."

And she was gone before her mother could add a word.

The day was perfect, and, walking through the sweet-smelling pines, Amy sighed contentedly. The pleasant green of the woods never framed a sweeter or fairer picture than she made, with her basket of roses on her arm and her deep-gray eyes turned dreamily upon the familiar prospect around her.

Her parents belonged to the "cracker" caste, but they were thrifty and industrious and had given their children the best advantages their means afforded.

Amy, being the youngest and best beloved, had fared even better than her brothers and sisters, and was regarded in the neighborhood as quite a prodigy in the way of learning and accomplishments.

At the foot of an immense pine tree she paused, and pressing her hand caressingly over some rude letters carved upon the trunk, she whispered:

"True till death!' That was his promise. I will never doubt you, Rob, nor give my heart to another. What does it matter that I have not heard from you for two years? When you have made a home for me, however humble, you will claim me, and I can wait!"

Ah, Hugh Peterson, could you have seen her tender eyes a moment ago, you would not rein in your horses so confidently, as you reach her side, nor so hastily dismount and take masterful possession of her basket of roses!

She looked up into his really handsome, manly face, and said, coldly:

"Why did you come? I told you yesterday that I should not be at home."

"You always tell me that," smiling down upon her with tender eyes. "If I waited for an invitation from you, I should never see you. But your mother is my friend, and your father, too; and with them on my side, I shall not despair. Are you made of stone that you care so little for my love?" sudden passion upon his face and breaking tremulously through his voice.

Before she could answer, he added, hastily:

"No, I will not listen to what you say, for I know you mean to snub me as usual. I believe I can win you in spite of your coldness, and I shall never give you up until I see you married to another."

She turned her eyes full upon him.

"Your hope is vain. You will not believe me!" earnestly, solemnly. "You know why I cannot love you. Why waste your heart and time upon me?"

"Because I know how girls change," laughing lightly, "and because I know I am more fitted to make your life comfortable and happy than Rob Stewart."

With his broad acres, prosperous store, and beautiful home, it was no wonder he was sure of success.

He loved her ardently and tenderly, and she was the only girl who had ever looked upon his handsome, laughing face with coldness.

Of course this piqued him, and as she was the first woman he had ever cared to win for his wife, he would not easily give her up.

At his last words she threw up her head proudly.

"If we are to be friends at all, you must not speak in that tone of Rob."

"Very well. I meant no disrespect, for Rob is a fine fellow, if he is unfor-[illegible]

Amy sighed softly, but answered, resolutely:

"He will come back some day and surprise them. You will all feel sorry then that you talked about and doubted him."

Hugh Peterson, being an adroit as well as an earnest lover, left no means untried by which his lady's favor might be gained.

He organized a picnic, to be held in the lovely oak grove which gave his beautiful home — "The Oaks" — its name, hoping that a close inspection of the fine old place might aid him in winning Amy's regard.

He could not believe her insensible to the desire—present in the heart of every girl—of being the loved and honored mistress of a perfectly appointed home.

Nellie—Amy's sister, only a year her senior, and as gay and coquettish as Amy was modest and shy—was in raptures over the fine house, the lovely grounds, and finely cultivated plantation.

"What a goose Amy will be if she turns her back upon all this, with handsome Hugh thrown in! And all for plain, impecunious Rob Stewart! I do believe the girl is bewitched. I am sure any one might love Hugh; he is so merry and splendid-looking"—throwing a laughing glance from her black eyes toward the spot where their gallant young host was striding about the green-award attending to the comfort of his guests.

Amy was invisible, but Hugh knew just the pretty niche which held her—a lovely spot down by the spring—and he was well content to have her there.

Would he not not join her soon? And might not the pleasing prospect all around her soften her heart toward him and his love?

Could he have seen Amy at that moment his face would have been less bright, his heart less buoyant.

She was reading, with happy, impassioned eyes, a letter from Rob Stewart. She had received it the day before, and not a soul knew of it but herself.

"My Own True Darling: At last I am coming to claim you. My home is very humble, only a log cabin, but love will glorify it, and we are young. I have had a hard time, but I would not distress you with my troubles until they were so far over that I could see daylight ahead.

"I cannot write my love, but will wait and tell it when I am by your side. God bless and keep you. Always your own. ROB."

With this precious missive on her breast it was little wonder, with her constant and steadfast nature, that Hugh Peterson's handsome possessions failed to impress her.

Pretty Nellie might rave and wonder and pout that the chance of being mistress of "The Oaks" was not given to some one who would appreciate it—meaning herself, of course—but her sister went serenely on her way, only conscious that her lover was true and was coming very soon to claim his wife.

Three days later, as Mr. Wilson was standing at his front gate at sunset, watching to see that the cows were properly brought home, a young man, neatly dressed in a well-fitting business suit and wearing the happy air of a man at peace with himself and all the world, approached him unnoticed, and surprised him by grasping his hand cordially and exclaiming heartily:

"Well met, Mr. Wilson! I am bound for your house, and was just thinking I ought to have a talk with you before I saw your daughter."

"Wal, Rob, your comin' is so suddent like, I am that tuk back I skercely knowed ye! Bin putty hearty sence you went west?"

Something in his tone and manner, a coldness utterly at variance with his habitual warmth and heartiness, struck an unpleasant chill on the young man's heart.

"At first I was sick, had chills, and they almost used me up. But I went still farther west, into Utah, and since then I have been all right," briefly, and with his clear, steady glance striving to read the meaning of the old farmer's uneasy manner.

"Is you settled that fur west? That that's a long ways from here. 'Pears like you might almos' ez well be dead," rubbing his hands slowly and looking down the road.

The young man laughed lightly.

"Oh, no! It's a fine country, and you would enjoy a trip out there. But, Mr. Wilson," very seriously, his frank face growing positively handsome with the tender light which broke over it as his pleasant voice deepened, "I have come to carry your daughter back as my wife. We have loved each other for years. Have I your consent?"

The old man turned slowly and looked full into the clear, frank eyes.

"Hev ye a home fitten to take her of?"

"No, not good enough; it is only a log cabin, but it is paid for, and I own a good farm and plenty of stock. It will be hard work for a few years to pull through, but we are young and strong and we love each other!"

"Now, Rob, it won't do. My gal hes bin keerfully raised; never done no hard work in her life. An' you lives too fur away. Amy's the baby, you know, an' we all set by her mightily. Besides——"

Here he hesitated.

"What else?"

The young man's voice had lost its pleasant ring, and his face was pale and stern.

"Wal, I dunno but I better tell ye all 'bout it. Hugh Peterson, a good and likely lad, ye remember, and thrifty and forehanded, is acourtin' the child. Her mother's heart is set on seein' her his wife, and I'm willin' to 'low that I feels jes' the same way."

A minute's silence followed these words, when nothing but the deep breathing of the young man broke the stillness.

Both were too absorbed to notice a graceful figure coming leisurely down the road, swinging her hat by its ribbons and dreamily watching the sunset slowly fading into night.

"You mus' give her up, Rob, once and shore! If you do that, she will marry Hugh, for it don't stand to reason that a gal o' sense would go runnin' off from all her folks to that pesky Utaw to live in a log cabin and work herself to death, when here, right at home, is a good-lookin' man, [illegible]

Here a low but joyful cry was heard, and Amy, rosy, palpitating and tender-faced, stood before her lover.

Both hands were outstretched, and Rob, as he eagerly clasped them, for a moment lost his self-control.

"Remember what I tole ye," said Mr. Wilson, almost roughly, as he noticed the girl's happy face. "Ye cayn't have her."

"Amy," and her lover's voice was almost stern in his effort for self-mastery, "you know that I love you with all my heart, and that your happiness is my first thought."

"Well?" expectantly, and with tender, wondering eyes fastened upon his agitated face.

"I am but a poor man, and as my wife your life for years will be one of toil and privation. If you marry Hugh Peterson, ease and luxury await you. My darling it is hard to say the words, but I free you from your promise."

She gazed into his face for a moment, and reading there his undying love, laughed softly.

"And this is my answer!" she breathed, raising her arms to clasp them around his neck, and resting her head against his throbbing bosom.

What man that ever loved could resist that?

Certainly Rob Stewart could not, and love came off with flying colors, and two hearts in this world of trouble and sorrow believed themselves in paradise.

Did Amy ever regret her choice? Oh, no! Love glorified her life, and crosses and hardships ceased to be such when met by the brave and happy spirit which a contented heart always brings.

Ease and wealth came at last, and merry children grew up around her hearth, and sheltered in her husband's love life was sweet and beautiful.

Coquettish Nellie became the proud mistress of "The Oaks," and basking in her sunny smiles, Hugh Peterson sometimes asked himself how it was that he had ever been such a "muff" over shy little Amy.

Such is man's constancy!—*Saturday Night.*

How Some Brave Men Died.

It was at the battle of Mobile Bay, Aug. 5, 1864, that Admiral Farragut was lashed to the main yard, up to which he had climbed in order to be above the smoke and so be able to oversee the operations of the fleet. All the world has heard of the Admiral's courage, but comparatively few will, perhaps, so much as remember the name of a man who, in this same battle, performed a deed of still nobler heroism, says the *Youth's Companion.*

Dr. Hutchinson, in his account of the battle says that the Confederate ram Tennessee started out from behind Fort Morgan just before the head of the Federal fleet was abreast of it, intending to attack the ships one by one. On receiving two or three broadsides, however, she changed her course and ran back, closely followed by the Federal monitor Tecumseh. As the Tecumseh neared the fort, pounding away at the ram with fifteen-inch solid shot, she she struck a floating torpedo and exploded it. As was afterward ascertained by the divers, the explosion tore a hole in her bottom more than 20 feet square, and she sank like a stone, turning over as she went down in eight fathoms of water. By this frightful disaster 110 out of 120 men were lost in a single instant. Commander Tunis A. M. Craven, one of the most gallant officers in the service, lost his life through his noble disregard of self. He was in the pilot house with the pilot, close to the only opening in the whole ship, and this only large enough to allow one man to pass at once. Capt. Craven was already partly out when the pilot grasped him by the leg and cried, "Let me get out first, Captain, for God's sake! I have five little children!" The Captain drew back, saying, "Go on, sir," and went down with the ship, while the pilot was saved. A week afterward, when the divers examined the wreck, they found nearly all the crew at their posts, just as they had sunk. The chief engineer, who had been married in New York only two weeks before, and who had received from the flagship's mail his letters as the line was forming, stood with one hand upon the revolving bar of the turret engine, while the other held an open letter from his bride, which his dead eyes still seemed to be reading.

French and Irish Wit.

When Judge Rombauer was on the bench he one day made a ruling against a young attorney, whose superfluity of diplomas was only equaled by his scant knowledge of law. Much disgusted, the lawyer said:

"I don't know where your honor goes to find such law as that."

When ruffled Judge Rombauer speaks with a strong Bohemian accent, and he replied in very emphatic language:

"I am not surprised, Mr. ——, zat you know not where I go to find ze law, for I find it in ze books."

The second incident was that wherein a judge had overruled a motion of Counselor Garvey, one of the best known lawyers of the St. Louis bar. The counselor is usually most respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time, and declared in his broad though rich and cultured brogue:

"Your honor, I hope for your honor's honor that it will never be noised abroad to your honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to his own honor."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Buried Japanese Treasure.

The has long been a tradition in Japan that once a treasure of gold bars, worth now $600,000,000, was buried far beneath the earth somewhere in the inclosure of the castle of Yuki Haruhomo. Three attempts to dig it out were abandoned on account of accidents to the work. Last May excavations were begun again, and the workmen have come to pieces of boxes covered with plate-iron and other indications of what is believed to be approaching success.

It's Hindoo or a Burmese makes false statement his friends and [illegible]

MR. BOWSER'S ADVICE.

His Wife Follows Instructions and Makes Him Tired.

I had a caller the other afternoon when Mr. Bowser came home, and after she had gone he asked:

"How long was Mrs. Blank here?"

"About half an hour."

"And you talked about fashions, I suppose."

"Yes, mostly; what should we talk about?"

"Mrs. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyour millinery and dress goods and dress-makers?"

"How?"

"How? Why select some subject of sense—art, science, mineralogy, the labor question, or self-government—and discuss it with calmness and justice and learn something worth remembering for half an hour. You women folks might as well have been born with a pumpkin on your shoulders in place of a head."

I made no reply to this, but determined to catch Mr. Bowser in his own trap before the week was out. Fortune favored me. It was two days before a neighbor called over as he was at work in the back yard, and for two long hours those men sat down on a ladder and discussed the question whether a back gate should open inward or outward, and the advantages offered by either situation. Mr. Bowser contended for the gate opening outward and the neighbor for the opposite, and the discussion resulted in Mr. Bowser getting red clear back of the ears and jumping up to exclaim:

"Well, let's drop the subject right here. There can be cranks on alley gates as well as on politics and religion."

"And there can be lunatics outside the asylums," hotly replied the neighbor.

"Don't call me a lunatic."

"And don't you call me a crank."

"Go home and hang your old gate to the moon."

"I'll hang it according to the rules of common sense, and don't you forget it."

When Mr. Bowser came in to wash his hands, I observed.

"Mr. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond hanging a back gate?"

He replied with a "humph" of disgust.

"Select some subject of sense, Mr. Bowser—art, science, mineralogy—the labor question or self-government, and discuss it with calmness and judgment and learn something worth remembering for half an hour!"

He looked around in a desperate, helpless way, and put on his hat and went off without a word in reply. I wasn't going to let him off on that, however. When he came home that evening I had Mr. Orfendorf over to supper, and as soon as we were seated at the table I queried:

"Doesn't it strike you that Germany's policy on the Samoan question is one of conciliation instead of aggression?"

"It certainly does, she replied, "but there may be a hidden motive behind this seeming submission. Trace the record of the man back as far as you will, and his policy has been either aggression or strategy."

Mr. Bowser looked from one to the other of us in astonishment. "I notice," said I, as I passed the biscuits, "that the Spanish colonial policy is working toward a radical change. Incited by the example of other and stronger nations, it is about to extend its arms and enfold new possessions."

The stare Mr. Bowser favored me with made my flesh creep.

"I do so hope you can come down to the next meeting of the Woman's Scientific Political and Literary club," said Mrs. Orfendorf, as she toyed with her strawberries. "Those gatherings are very interesting. At our last meeting we discussed the 'Drift Period,' and at the one next week we shall discuss 'Two Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.'"

"Oh, I'd like *to go* ever so much, and I think I can promise you I will be there. Can Mr. Bowser come too?"

"Well, hardly. Men take such little interest in such things that they are obstructions."

And Mr. Bowser sat there, turning red and pale by turns, until his chair grew so hot that he had to pretend a headache and get excused. I anticipated an awful tragedy after my visitor took her departure, but Mr. Bowser contented himself with saying:

"Now that that shallow-pated, long-nosed old nuisance has finally taken her leave let's go to bed."

He regained his assurance after a couple of days, however. I was talking to our two-year-old baby, and talking as all mothers talk, when Mr. Bowser flung down his paper and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser, you make me tired talking to that youngun that way. No wonder so many children grow up to be sap-headed!"

"How shall I talk?"

"Talk sense—the same as you would to an adult. He's old enough to understand, and I believe he will appreciate it."

"Very well; I'll try."

"Thank you. It's more than I expected you'd do."

The trial came that night. We had scarcely got to bed when baby awoke and began to whine. He had got cold and was feverish.

"Now, Harry," I began, "snug down and try to go to sleep. It's nothing serious, and I object to being kept awake."

He howled more lustily.

"My son," I continued, this exhibition of ingratitude astonishes me, and I insist that you change your course of conduct at once, or leave my house. Final request, if nothing——"

"What are you talking about!" roared Mr. Bowser, as he sat up in bed.

"I'm talking sense to the baby."

"Not by a jugful you ain't!"

"Then you try it."

"I'll try it by wringing his neck if he doesn't shut off steam! He's howling out of spite!"

"Then warn him that you may be compelled to inflict due chastisement, but do it calmly and grammatically."

"! ! ! ! ! !"

That's what Mr. Bowser said as he jumped out of bed and disappeared into the spare room, and that was the last I saw of him until morning.—[*Detroit Free Press.*

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"I hold heah in my hand," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened in due form, "a lettah from de office of de Mayor of Cincinnati axing me if I will be a candydate fur President in 1892, an' addin' dat I am called by six millyon cull'd people. De seckretary of dis lodge will write him a letter in reply. He will write de word 'Chestnuts!' sign my name below, an' direct it to dis anxious inquirer. Dat word exactly expresses my feelins.

"In de fust place, I ar' no mo' fit to be President of dis United States dan a 'possum ar' to teach Greek. In de next place, I hev l'arned from sad experience dat sich honeyed words conceal an object. Eight y'ars ago a man in Chicago announced dat I was de choice of twenty states fur President. He cum on yere ten days arterwards an' borrowed $20 of me an' I hev nebber seen him since. Fo' y'ars ago a pusson in Buffalo predicted dat I would be nominated on boaf tickets, and a week later he showed up heah an' boarded on me two weeks an' skipped out wid my best suit. It was suggested last y'ar dat I be nominated fur Guv'nor of dis state. Dat suggestion cost me $15. Dis yere individual in Cincinnati will be sloshing around dis way next week, if he doan' git dat letter, calkerlatin' to hit me for $10 an' a week's board.

"I say to you, my friends, de wust befooled man in de kentry am de man who wants office. He's everybody's game. De man who thinks he's got a political call has made a mistake. What he takes fur de voice of de nashun am simply de voice of de fool-killer. Fit or unfit, I want no office, nor will I accept of any nomination. If dis yere Lime-Kiln Club kin lead dis kentry on to fame and glory dat's honor 'nuff fur any of us. I say yere an' now to de people at large dat it will be useless to waste any postage on me, an' de man who soft soaps me agin has got to do it while I ar' asleep."

Brother Stepback Smith wanted to inquire if Brother Gardener would not change his mind in case his nomination was spontaneous.

"No, sah!" was the vigorous reply. "Dar am no sich thing, to begin with. De people of dis kentry doan' git up an' howl fur any perticular man. Dar's too much good timber. Whar' any howlin' is dun, it is paid fur at so much per howl. Sot down, Brudder Smith—sot down an' feel mo' dan eber determined to wash yere hands of polilics an' what it leads to." *Detroit Free Press.*

The Effect of Thunder on Dogs.

An interesting story was told last year of a supposed mad dog out in Litchfield county that was killed because of its strange conduct, and afterward it was found to have been only frightened by the thunder. It had run twelve miles and then taken to a strange house, run upstairs, and refused to stir, and so was shot. It was a Scotch collie, and those dogs are peculiarly susceptible to and utterly cowed by thunder.

There is one in this city not quite so bright as the sunshine in fair weather that becomes an utter imbecile as soon as thunder or even a fire cracker is heard. Yesterday afternoon, amid the distant rumble of a far-away storm, he laid aside his intelligence and ran wildly off from home without it. A long search for him proved futile, but in a couple of hours he turned up, all wet and muddy, at his owner's office ready to be escorted home. On the penitential journey homeward they met another dog, not quite so big as this one, and, at sight of the large and ruffled collie, the strange dog dropped flat upon his belly and lay cringing and trembling, the victim of abject fear, until the dog scared by a crack of thunder had walked proudly by. There are all sorts of cowards.—*Hartford Courant.*

Foundlings in Russia.

According to official statements relating to the Russia foundling hospitals at St. Petersburg and Moscow, about one million new-born children have been given over to them during the last hundred years, most of them illegitimate. Of this large number nearly eight hundred thousand have died in the first months or first years of their existence. The well known authority on statistics, Alexander von Oettingen, who, in his "Moral statistics," has treated of the state of things in these Russian hospitals, satirically calls it "chronischer kindermord auf Staatskosten"—"chronic infanticide at the cost of the State." It is now asserted that the Russian government intends to carry out a radical reorganization of both hospitals. Probably, says our St. Petersburg correspondent, a number of smaller foundling hospitals will be established in the provinces to take the place of the two large central hospitals which now receive about thirty thousand infants annually.

Balance: A weapon is anything that can serve to wound; and sentiments are perhaps the most cruel weapons man can employ to wound his fellow-

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Vicksburg Thronged With Visitors to the Veteran's Reunion.

A United States Marshal and a Moonshine Prisoner Enjoy Themselves.

A $44,000 Check Stolen from Stamp Deputy Petty at Lawrenceburg, Ky.

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 27.—Since Sunday visitors to the blue and gray reunion have been thronging into town by rail and by river. Every train and every boat has been crowded, and the city's accommodation will be taxed. It has been a wet, miserable day, but the weather is now clearing off. Crowds were at the cotton exchange all day Monday. At noon Monday the reunion was opened by artillery from the courthouse grounds and by the chimes of St. Paul's church bell, which played many national airs, and a second salute welcomed the arrival of Gen. S. D. Lee Monday evening. Gov. Stone arrived at 9 a. m. to-day and a salute was fired.

The parade delegations from Jackson, Natchez, Greenville, Woodville and other Mississippi towns and from New Orleans, Shreveport and Louisiana in general have arrived. Post Commander in Chief Kountz of the grand army of the republic arrived to-day.

"Amanda is Dead."

BATH, N. Y., May 24.—The little village of Winkopville, Lawrence county, has a unique sensation. Ten years ago the wife of George A. Miller, a carpenter of Winkopville, ran away with a young lawyer named Sam Graves, the son of a prominent citizen of the county. The runaway woman was only 17 years old. Young Grave's father died within a year after the elopement and left his property, valued at $75,000, to a distant relative as his wife was dead and the runaway son was the only child. The old man in his will disowned the son in unmistakable terms. Nothing was heard of the eloping couple. Miller remained in the village and worked at his trade. Last Sunday night a carriage stopped in front of the village postoffice and a man who was in the carriage asked a passer-by where George A. Miller lived. The house was pointed out to the stranger who drove on. This was about 9 o'clock at night. On Monday morning Miller saw a package on his doorstep, which he picked up, as it was addressed to him. He opened it and found it was a package of bank notes. On the top was a note in which was written the following: "Amanda is dead—five years ago. Since then I have saved the inclosed. If it is any recompense for the injury I did, for God's sake, take it. S. G." Amanda was the name of Miller's runaway wife. The package contained $50,000 in $100 bills.

A Clever Prisoner.

TEXARKANA, Ark., May 27.—A deputy United States marshal of Harrison's issue came in last night from Buckner, situated in Columbia county, Arkansas, having in charge a party charged with the offense of moonshining whisky. The county in which the alleged offense was committed is a dry territory and the deputy, presumably a devout prohibitionist, on alighting from the train here the goodness of his heart induced him to give the culprit an opportunity to tank up before incarceration in jail. Immediately after crossing the Rubicon and in the midst of the festivities the prisoner left and went his way. At a somewhat later hour the representative of Uncle Sam was found by the police and was arrested. Despite the dignity of his office he slept all night in the county jail, while the prisoner, after enjoying the freedom of the town, turned up fresh as a pink next morning, having made no effort to escape.

Freight Train Wreck.

PAOLA, Kas., May 26.—A south-bound freight train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad from Paola to Parsons was wrecked six miles from here yesterday morning. The wreck was caused by a switch being raised too high by workmen who had repaired it. The engine and six cars were derailed and demolished. Engineer Caskey was terribly scalded and Fireman Downes was badly injured about the head and face. Both died yesterday evening from the effects of their injuries. Brakeman Delano was badly injured, but he will recover. A construction train standing on the sidetrack was run into and an Italian laborer hurt.

Controlled by Cottrell Influence.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The secretary of the treasury has received a telegram from Collector Pinkerton, at Cedar Keys, Fla., saying that the town is still controlled by the Cottrell influence, the situation being critical, and that there will be no safety for United States officers there until he is arrested, especially if the revenue cutter should leave there. Orders were issued by the treasury department for the McLane to remain at Cedar Keys until it is considered by officials that her services are no longer required.

A Check Stolen.

LAWRENCEBURG, Ky., May 26.—Early last week T. B. Ripy gave to Stamp Deputy Petty a check for $44,647 in payment for tax on whisky. Petty placed the check with others in a drawer in his office. At night he carried them to his residence, where he kept them. Having no stamp at the time of receipt he held it for a few days. When he began to issue the stamps he found the check missing. Petty came here last Friday and steps were taken to prevent, if possible, a loss to any one. There is no clue to the thief.

Pluck Saved His Life.

NORWICH, Conn., May 26.—A lively 14-year-old lad named Jones, of the village [illegible] had an [illegible] the other day, the memory of which will abide with him. In the rear of his home, near the Shetucket river, is a very deep well, the [illegible] of which is of a section of big [illegible] tile smoothly dovetailed together. In leaning over the well-curb to recover his jack-knife which had fallen on the well he lost his balance and, like a plummet, plunged headfirst down the dark cylinder. It is forty-five feet to the water and fourteen feet further to the bottom. He caught the well rope, broke it and the boy and rope went to the bottom in an instant. He then came to the surface and being an expert swimmer easily kept himself afloat. He called for help in vain, then swam around the sides of his perpendicular prison a few times, and the desperate condition was apparent, but he was plucky. If he kept on swimming long he knew he would soon be exhausted and sink, so he managed to fix his head and shoulders against one side of the well and his feet against the opposite one and in that position rested for several moments. The boy decided to make the effort to climb to the top of the well. The well tile is very wide but he was barefoot and his muscular toes and fingers stuck to the smooth curb like the feelers of a leach. Up he went slowly and without a slip until within a foot or two of the top and then suddenly his clutch slipped and a second time he shot down, going to the bottom. He came to the surface of the water and after a moment's rest again began his toilsome, upward climb, and again when within a foot of the top, he lost his hold and plunged again to the bottom. A third time he essayed the feat, and that time was successful. He pulled himself out of the shaft, stepped over the well curb and fell breathless and exhausted on the ground. The flesh had been stripped from his fingers by the cutting grain of the drain [illegible] his finger nails were worn to the quick.

Murdered a Cripple.

CATTLETTSBURG, Ky., May 23.—Advices just received from south of the Pigeon river, West Virginia, give the details of a most atrocious murder which occurred there last Saturday. Jim Brewer shot and killed Ike Brewer, Jr., in the storehouse of E. Walker. The shooting was caused by the reopening of an old feud. Ike Brewer, Jr., was sitting in the store. Jim Brewer came in and without a word of warning struck Ike a blow with his Winchester rifle across the neck, breaking it. After the already dying man fell to the floor Brewer put the muzzle of the rifle to his shoulder and fired, scattering the unfortunate man's brains in every direction. Brewer was arrested and is now confined in the Logan county jail. Brewer has gained considerable notoriety by being a leading character in the killing of the Bilden brothers three or four weeks ago. Ike Brewer, Jr., was a cripple, being minus one leg.

Prayed With His Slayer.

OZARK, Mo., May 24.—Fletcher Kirley, the assassin of an aged school teacher named Rogers last December, has been lodged in jail here. He has confessed his crime and says that he was induced to do so by an accomplice whose name has not been made public. He says that he induced the old man to accompany him into a piece of woods, where he shot and robbed him. After the tragedy, Kirley says, he felt so badly that he was tempted to kill himself. He went to Rogers' side, who was still alive, and told of his sorrow over the act he had committed and then knelt down beside the dying man, who prayed with him and said that he forgave him for what he had done, telling him that he must live to redeem his past life.

Crawford Escaped.

NEW ORLEANS, May 22.—The question of whether Crawford was arrested in Spanish Honduras and brought to this country or whether he escaped was positively settled yesterday. The British steamship Stroma, from Puerto Cortez by way of Beliza, British Honduras, brought up $37,320 in United States currency. This is the money taken from Crawford and was forwarded by the Pinkerton detectives. The latter are now at Beliza awaiting the arrival of a steamer bound for New York, not desiring to be detained at quarantine here. Crawford, as already published, escaped from the detectives at Puerto Cortez and when last heard of was at Monkey river in British Honduras and likely to remain in Central America.

A Judge's Charge.

NEVADA, Ia., May 22.—Judge Henderson of the district court, in his charge to the grand jury at the opening of court, took the ground that notwithstanding the late decision of the United States supreme court no person has a right in this state to keep a place for the sale of intoxicating liquors of any kind, either in original packages or otherwise, and that it was the sworn duty of the jurors to report to the court by indictment any person charged with keeping any such place, without regard as to where such liquors came from. He maintained that the interstate commerce law has nothing to do with the question and that the keeping of a place for the sale of liquors is a nuisance, no matter how they are dealt out.

Pinned by a Bull.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 23.—Wednesday R. J. Watson, a prominent citizen of Moore county, was pinned to a gate between the horns of a mad bull. A woman came to his assistance and beat the animal over the head with a rail. Mr. Watson made his escape when the gate gave way under the weight of the bull, but received such injuries that he will probably die.

American Medical Association.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 22.—The American Medical association convened in annual session at the theater Vendome in this city yesterday with 800 delegates present, every state and territory in the Union being represented. The mayor made a welcoming address and after the transaction of some unimportant business adjourned until to-day.

GENERAL NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

Helena, Ark., is flooded with spurious nickels.

Warts, the forger has been arrested in Wichita, Kansas.

Alex Starks was hanged for rape at Donaldsonville, La.

Louisiana farmers are replanting in the overflowed districts.

The bank of Middle Tennessee, located at Lebanon, has failed.

Dracut, Mass., has but one saloon, which runs under an $8,000 license.

Congress refused to take off the lead duty on Mexican composite ores.

Georgia Democracy will assemble August 7, to nominate state officers.

The Republican state convention will meet at Nashville, Tenn., June 18.

The public grain and stock exchange of New York has gone to the hall.

City of Alexandria, reported ashore on the Florida coast, arrived at Havana.

Topeka women will raid the original package saloons and smash them up.

The Ohio Republicans will hold their state convention at Cleveland, July 16.

A severe hail storm ruined crops in the northwestern portion of South Carolina.

A fine salt mine has been discovered within the city limits of Cleveland, Ohio.

George Francis Train reached New York and took a special train for Tacoma.

In Chicago, Peter Devitt cut three men in a fearful manner in a street rencounter.

At Toledo, O., a $100,000 fire originated in the Crescent Candy company's establishment.

Stanley, the African explorer, is soon to wed Miss Dorothy Tennat, an English artist.

Senator Stanford, of California, will soon visit Europe to improve declining health.

The farmers of South Dakota are jubilant over the crop prospects for the present season.

The editors of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory have organized a press association.

Rechartering the Louisiana state lottery is being fought by nearly every parish of the state.

Missouri, Kansas and Texas has leased the line of the Kansas Pacific for ninety-nine years.

The river and harbor bill is said to be in jeopardy, owing to appropriations running so high.

A. G. Haygood and O. P. Fitzgerald are the bishops-elect of the Methodist church south.

In Illinois all the miners of the Peoria and Canton districts are on a strike for higher wages.

A white man and woman sold a little child at Younsboro, Alabama, for two pairs of shoes.

Ohio wool-growers think the clause defining carpet wools is not specific enough in the tariff bill.

Leavenworth practically imposes a $100 license by her system of arrests and fines for selling liquor.

Near Yorkville, Ill., Arthur Bell, Frank Griffith and James Wilcox were drowned while out fishing.

New York hotel waiters telegraphed striking Chicago waiters they would stand by them to a finish.

The cloak makers' union of Philadelphia struck on account of bosses employing non-union men.

Fred Kennedy, a cowboy, was shot through the body and killed near Purcell, I. T., by Tom Logue.

The contract labor laws of the United States are obnoxious to Mexico and reprisals are demanded.

The Orell Cabinet company at Grand Rapids, Mich., was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $150,000.

A gigantic flour trust to control the prices and output in the southwest has been formed at St. Louis.

United States customs officers recently seized several parcels of fine clothing consigned to New York dudes.

It is stated that if the McKinley tariff bill passes a $500,000 tin plate mill will be erected at Pittsburg, Pa.

Irene Watson, colored, was choked to death by her husband at Columbus, S. C., from whom she had separated.

Judge Stewart, of Baltimore, Maryland, holds that ex-State Treasurer Archer cannot be tried for embezzlement.

Robert Teamon, colored reporter of the Boston Globe, was unanimously elected a member of the Boston Press Club.

J. M. King has been jailed at Fort Valley, Georgia, on a charge of outrage upon his daughter. He is sixty years old.

Elzo Allen, confidential clerk of a Kansas City investment company cannot be found. He has $20,000 of the company's money.

Lawyer Clinton G. Reynold, who was shot in New York by Alphonse J. Stephanis over financial matters, died from his wounds.

Covington, just across the river from Sioux City, Ia., has been wiped out by fire. Nine houses burned and six of them were saloons.

Right of way through the Cherokee nation has been affirmed by the United States supreme court to the Southern Kansas railroad.

At Woodside, L. I., James Purcell, while excavating struck quicksand, and before assistance could be rendered he sank out of sight.

Saloon men of Topeka, Kansas, paraded the streets in a hack with whiskey, brandy, beer and wine displayed to the public in original packages.

Lighting struck a school house at Mansville, Pa., wrecking the building and knocking several children senseless, but killing no one.

E. P. Cook of Wellfleet, Mass., received a cowhiding at the hands of Mrs. Justus Higgins, a pretty young married woman, for alleged slander.

George H. Ives, assistant district attorney of Essex county, Massachusetts, received eight and a half years in the penitentiary for forgery.

Ten crates of bees, each containing four swarms, were recently shipped from Mount Dora, Fla., to Marcellus, N. Y. The crates were securely made and ventilated, and the busy bees will have things all to themselves during their passage.

Lee May and Mrs. Lou Polk, his paramour, of Casper, W. T., quarreled and May cut her nose off for spite while the woman begged for mercy.

Judge Edwards of Call county, Missouri instructed the grand jury to indict all gamblers with whom State Treasurer Noland lost the state's money.

The dead body of a colored man named Boss Jackson was found floating in the river near Shreveport, La. He is supposed to have been murdered.

A farmer named Tucker was rowing on a small lake with his two children near Stanton, Neb., when the boat was overturned and the three were drowned.

Detective Jackson, of Tuscola, Illinois, who has been informing on liquor dealers for a fee of ten dollars for every indictment secured has been indicted for perjury.

Dr. W. T. Briggs, of Nashville, Tennesse, was elected president of the American Medical association and Washington was selected as the next place of meeting.

Miss Margaret Isabella Blaine, daughter of Secretary Blaine, and Walter Damrosch, of New York, were united in matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents at Washington.

The supreme court declared the Minneapolis law requiring all fresh meats sold in the state to be slaughtered there and inspected within twenty-four hours of killing, unconstitutional.

Overissue of stock to the amount of $75,000 in the C. T. Jewett publishing company of Boston, Massachusetts, have been discovered and the whereabouts of its president is unknown.

The recent mine explosion at Ashley, Pa., in which a number of miners were victims of the horrible flames, is said to have been caused by the carelessness of a mine boss in lighting his lamp.

The Kansas Farmer, organ of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, advocates the defeat of Senator Ingalls, upon the ground that he is not in sympathy with the masses, especially the agricultural classes.

Excise Commissioners James Fitzpatrick, James Koch and Alexander Makim, of New York, have been indicted by the grand jury for failing to investigate violations of elections which were brought to their attention.

At Camden, N. J., Miss Cora Walls horsewhipped Mrs. Annie E. Reed, upon whom, Miss Walls alleged, her brother had been lavishing his money and allowing his little children to go in rags and want for bread.

On the Sisseton Indian reservation, South Dakota, Mrs. Thomas, an Indian woman, and an Indian buck with whom she was living, were shot and killed, it is supposed by the woman's husband or the buck's squaw.

The residence of Mrs. E. H. Craft of Tallahassee, Fla., was fired into by unknown parties. United States Marshal Weeks is engaged to the lady and she is on his bond. The marshal gives that as the reason for the outrage.

An Iowa school teacher who was too familiar with the wife of C. M. Chambers, who resides near Thurman, was tarred and feathered some time ago for his conduct. The teacher sued for $25,000 damages and was awarded $700.

Danillson and Anderson, two Manchester, N. H., boys, were arrested upon a complaint of a Mrs. Howe, charging them with sticking pins in every part of the anatomy of her 10-year-old son, burning his face with powder and leaving him for dead.

Senator Blair introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution providing that neither the United States or any state shall pass a law authorizing the establishment or maintenance of any lottery or distribution of prizes by chance.

Recently, in digging a well on his place, Capt. William Chestnut, who resides five miles from Melrose, Fla., struck a substance which he at first thought was phosphate. On obtaining a sample and forwarding it to Fernandina to have it analyzed, it proved to be pure yellow ochre. The stratum is supposed to be quite thick.

FOREIGN.

The French have captured Onsebougan in Dahomey.

Belgium will manufacture her own cannon hereafter.

The Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia are at Windsor Castle.

Boulangerists will reorganize their forces in the deputies chamber.

A dynamite explosion at Topic, Mex., kills four and injures six persons.

Nothing is known in Berlin and Vienna in regard to Russia's reported change of policy.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is in London. She will visit Queen Victoria at Windsor.

Relic hunters are worrying Stanley, the African explorer, in an effort to purchase his old clothes.

The police of Berlin are permitting the return of a number of persons who were expelled under social law.

Canada fall wheat is patchy, but fair; spring wheat is in excess of last year and barley is diminished in acreage.

The socialists of Berlin are forming a central strike committee composed of all trades to counteract the employers' associations.

At the papal consistory to be held in Rome in June the bishop of Geneva and the papal nuncio at Lisbon will be created cardinals.

The Brazilian government has decreed that after July 1 custom duties to the minimum amount of 30 per cent shall be payable in gold.

Bismarck declares that he has retired from the affairs of government to stay, and that Germany will not attack France or provoke her to attack.

Francisco De Silva, the Venezuelan consul, son of Francisco A. De Silva, the venerable consul to the port of New York, was killed in the streets of Havana by the explosion of a barrel of powder.

Negotiations between England and Germany for the delimitation of their territories in East Africa are proceeding rapidly. There have been no definite results as yet each side adhering firmly to its original demands.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—June 8.—Teaching to Pray.—Luke 11:1-13.

Golden Text.—Ask and It Shall Be Given You; Seek, and Ye Shall Find; Knock, and It Shall Be Opened Unto You.—Luke 11:9.

The time and place of the instruction in to-days' lesson are very uncertain. The teaching is the same wherever it was spoken. The Lord's prayer as given here is not probably an abridged form of the Lord's prayer as given in Matthew (6:9-13), but was spoken on a different occasion. It is not strange that Jesus should give a model of praying to different persons in different circumstances, for both the fact of praying and the method of praying are very large factors in the Christian life. Jesus is now nearly 33 years old, and but a few months before the crucifixion.

1. And it came to pass, that, as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2. And he said unto them, when ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth.

3. Give us day by day our daily bread.

4. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5. And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves;

6. For a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

7. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9. And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12. Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

None can teach to pray but those who have first learned to pray. The exceedingly great and precious promises of God, the testimony of men of prayer to its reality and blessedness, are great encouragements to prayer.

Private prayer, family prayer, social prayer, public prayer—steps in the spiritual ladder by which the soul ascends to God.

The Lord's prayer is a model prayer. It embodies all essential desires of a praying heart, yet in the simplest form, resembling in this respect a pearl on which the light of heaven plays. It expresses and combines in the best order, every divine promise every human sorrow and want, and every Christian aspiration for the good of others. In Matthew is given the reason for perfect faith in God that he can and will answer the prayer. "For thine is the kingdom and the power."

The answer to prayer is assured. Verse 9-10. The promise is even repeated to make certainty more certain.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,—
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the city immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

ASK—SEEK—KNOCK. (verse 9) The three words imply different degrees of intensity. There is the "asking" in the spoken words of prayer; the "seeking" in the efforts and labors which are acted prayers; the "knocking" at the gate with the urgent opportunity which claims admission into our Father's house. This threefold repetition presents prayer under different aspects, and forms a climax. To *ask* is making known our desires to God; to *seek* is earnestly to implore; to *knock* is to persevere in our requests. *Seeking* implies the use of means. *Knocking* implies importunity that will not be denied. Seeking may be anywhere; but we knock at the door of one who has treasures, character, goodness, to obtain from him the help no more seeking of our own can give.

No Affidavits.

Crofton, naturalist and geologist, says that there was darkness over the world for a space of 600 yards during the formation of the earth, with flashes of lightning and peals of thunder at intervals of five minutes. You can believe this or not, just as you happen to feel about it. Mr. Crofton has no affidavits to publish.

Don't Make It An Alibi.

According to the testimony of able lawyers and judges a false alibi is the hardest thing in the world to make stick, providing the prosecution is well conducted. There is always something lacking to complete such a defense, no matter how well planned, and emotional insanity will pull through where an alibi will go smash.

The climate of China is said to be growing not only colder, but dryer. Animals and plants accustomed to hot, moist regions are gradually retreating southward. Two thousand years ago the bamboo flourished in the forests of north China, but it can no longer be found there.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

The British fisheries last year yielded the catchers between thirty and forty million dollars.

It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.

A contemporary, which has been looking into the matter, reports that fewer daily papers are published in Boston now than in 1845.

The aggregate weight of the family of Isaac Gloer, of Bowman, Ga., consisting of himself, wife and four children, is 1,230 pounds.

An Italian monk has succeeded in constructing an organ where the pipes are made of paper pulp. It has 1,400 pipes of various sizes.

The Milwaukee Journal says it is possible to get used to a homely face, but an unpleasant voice always finds a fresh spot to grate against.

Sybil Sanderson, the only soprano whose voice ranges higher than Patti's, is a tall blonde, with dark eyes, a pretty throat and a willowy figure.

It is worth remarking that the Germans have never called Bismarck "The Iron Chancellor." The title is one of French or British invention.

The sacrifice of widows on the funeral pyre still goes on in Bali, an island near Java. They are burned along with the remains of their husbands.

The American turf is a more important institution than it is generally supposed to be. It is estimated that it furnishes a livelihood to over 50,000 people.

The historic Christ's Hospital, with its famous blue coat boys, will soon be removed from London and many radical changes made in its constitution.

In 1880 the wealth of the United States was placed at 40 billion. Porter, the census superintendent, thinks it will now reach 60 billion. "How we do grow!"

Isaac McLellan, who wrote "Poems of the Rod and Gun," was at Bowdoin college with Longfellow and Hawthorne. He is now over eighty-three years of age.

An Eiffel tower may be erected in Germany. The Bavarian government proposes to build one near Starenburg Lake as a monument to Bismarck, and also as an observatory.

The Japanese do not flourish in California, being too commonly confounded with the Chinese, and most of them being young men who would not do well even in their own country.

It is an interesting point in American history if, as stated, the confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the first Virginia Regiment, which borrowed it from the Seventh New York Regiment.

"Carmen Sylva," the Roumanian queen, is said to be an illustrious epicure. She has invented a number of palatable culinary compositions, and occasionally cooks a dish for the king with her own hands.

The next thing to a draught of dissolved pearls is a jelly of gold leaf. This is the last description of the fashionable jelly made of the *eau de vie de Dantzic*, the French liquor in which gold leaf is held in solution.

The French fishermen are troubled by the depredations of porpoises, for which they have not succeeded in finding a remedy. An attempt was made to catch them in seine nets, but they jumped out of the snares.

The biggest edible oysters in the world are found at Port Lincoln, in South Australia. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fills the shell so well he does not leave much margin.

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, the well-known Woman's Christian Temperance union evangelist, will represent the National Woman's Christian Temperance union at Chautauqua this summer for the third time in succession.

That mysterious disease, La Nona, has appeared in western France. A farmer belonging to a village near Dole, in the Jura, slept for four days and nights, and awoke in such an exhausted condition that he died two days later.

There is a negro man in Hickory Mountain, N. C., who is the champion runner of the state. He is a great rabbit hunter and hunts without dog or gun, and can catch more rabbits by outrunning them than anybody else can with dogs.

Jeffre Johnson, who was at one time a slave under the laws of New York, is still living in Kings county, that state. A bill of sale, still preserved, shows that he was disposed of for £30 in 1810, and he was then "about 9 years old."

There is so much life and vitality about Chauncey M. Depew that people think of him as a youth. He is not old in years, having just celebrated his fifty-third birthday. Anyway he is regarded as one of the good fellows of the world.

The cigar manufacturers of a certain western city have lately contrived a novel method of advertising their wares—viz, by attaching to a favorite brand the magic legend W. C. T. U., declaring the letters to mean "We Claim Them Unequaled."

There is a craze in London for queer leather. Some shops are stocked with fancy articles made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes, including pelican skins, lion and panther skins, fish skins, monkey skins and snake skins, etc.

The servants and mistresses of Vienna have to manage their affairs under the superintendence of the police. The latter keep a "servants' book," in which each girl's dismissals and re-engagements are recorded, together with copies of character given by each employer.

Between the Ural and the Okhotsk seas there is a spot half as large as the state of Michigan, which is frozen ground to the depth of ninety-four feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created, and probably never will, and even if it should nobody would have any use for it.

Paul B. Chaillu is resting in London. He has been suffering with throat trouble for some time past and was advised by his physicians to go to warmer climates. Cairo was his destination on leaving America, but he has remained in London ever since early in December last. As concerns future literary work it is said to be his intention to write next a work of travel and description for young people.

The site of a prehistoric village has been discovered on the banks of the Ohio River, near Parkersburg, W. Va. It covers about four acres and the earth is thickly intermixed with fragments of pottery, shreds of ashes and fragments of bones of animals and human beings. In several places are to be seen the ruins of what seem to be ancient fire-places, containing charcoal intermixed with charred nuts of various sorts.

THE EDDY ARGUS

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

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

Claude Mayfield, an old timer, got in Friday.

Mrs. Captain Mann is rusticating at Holtwold.

The popular Misses Witt were in town Friday.

B. A. Nymeyer will soon become a sturdy yeoman.

Come to Eddy, young man, and grow up with a metropolis.

It has been estimated that the great dam will cost $80,000.

C. M. McLean subscribed $25 for the new Methodist church.

Ed Wilson, the carpenter, returned to El Paso a few days ago.

Lewis Ross and his brother Nat will return to town in a few days.

You cannot make a mistake by buying property in any part of town.

Dan Gilchrist will build a house on his pre-emption claim next week.

Ash Hawkins has gone away again, and will be absent about a month.

F. W. Bongener, the tinner, has an advertisement in this week's issue.

R. H. Pierce got in a lot of fruits and vegetables from El Paso this week.

Ash Hawkins increased his subscription to the Methodist church to $100.

W. E. Downs is in charge of the surveying corps on the Hagerman canal.

Henry Brown has commenced work on his confectionery and ice cream parlor.

The mess is in frequent receipt of fresh vegetables from the Lake View farm.

The iron columns for the new bank building are expected to arrive at any moment.

William Stone has commenced in earnest on his building opposite the Argus office.

The understanding is that Mrs. Fritz will take charge of the Eddy house on Monday next.

The doors and iron for the new bank vaults have been received and are being put in place.

H. S. Church and Geo. W. Blankenship are having redwood mantels made for their houses.

Miss Ida Woodward has removed her Conservatory of Music to the residence of Lucius Anderson.

Twenty thousand sweet potato plants have been set out at Laguna Vista, and they are still setting.

The baseball boys are not practicing so much since learning that the Roswell club is becoming lazy.

Justice Orr is having so much business now that it is thought he will not resign and leave town.

Some of the trees on Canon street that were believed to be dead are beginning to show leaves.

If you want to induce your friends to come to the Pecos Valley and get rich, send them the Argus regularly.

It was so chilly Thursday morning that a fire felt very comfortable. It was the tail end of a Manitoba wave.

It is a good thing for some men to get drunk, for they never pay their debts unless they are intoxicated.

Another candidate for assessor has appeared, but as he is trying to keep it still we will not mention his name.

If there is going to be a European war this summer, we will trade some of our town lots for a bunch of steers.

Since the receipt of the railroad news last week, no one has yelled at us, "Say, when is that train coming off?"

You can wager that the man who invests $15,000 in real estate in one day in Eddy has unbounded faith in the town.

The man with money who does not invest in Eddy real estate at present would not pick up gold dollars in the streets.

Dr. Van Norman is kept pretty busily engaged nowadays, notwithstanding the town and country is beastly healthy.

The water will settle in the great reservoir, and when it enters the great canal it will be as clear as the finest crystal.

There is talk of organizing a pioneer society in Eddy. All adults who get here before the railroad will be eligible to membership.

Herbert Peltier's collection of stuffed birds and animals is daily growing larger. The latest addition is a bullbat and a weasel.

The Osborne building on Canon street, between Greene and Fox, will be occupied by Shields & Marmod as a real estate office.

Sam Houston, of Seven Rivers, was in town Tuesday. Referring to his candidacy for sheriff he expressed himself as hopeful.

Jim Kibbee stayed so long in Eddy that his sub-editor got anxious about him. The sub went so far as to advertise for his boss.

Fred Nymeyer started Thursday on his rounds as a census enumerator. He will have to travel pretty rapidly if he goes around in time, for he has an immense territory to cover.

"My son, there are two sure ways of getting rich. One is to economize to the verge of parsimony and pay your debts promptly. By doing this you will gain a reputation as a safe, responsible man, and money will pour into your coffers. The other way to get rich is to put on style and make the world believe that you are rich. Convince people that you have lots of money and they will put their wads with you for safe keeping. When you have a great roll, skip for Canada, or make an assignment and pay ten cents on the dollar. Which of the two methods is the best for getting rich? My son, give me time to think."—[Deacon Elderberry.

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

E. Oscar Hart, manager of the new hotel, arrived in town Tuesday. He has for years been connected with Major Clark, manager of the Rock Island hotel at Colorado Springs and the eating houses along the Colorado Midland. He is a very pleasant-looking young gentleman and we predict that he will win a host of friends. C. O. Blodgett, who knew him in Colorado Springs, speaks in high terms of him. He left Thursday for Fort Worth to purchase certain indispensable things and employ experienced waiters, etc.

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.

Sam Brown, the self-constituted officer who ordered Miles Stone to shoot Coffelt, the supposed horse thief, had a preliminary examination on Monday and was refused bail. He was sent to jail as an accessory to murder in the first degree, where he will await the action of the grand jury. There is little doubt that Brown is not quite straight. Evidence showed that he took Coffelt's hat and $16 in money, and that he accounted for only a portion of the latter. Judge Peltz appeared for the prosecution.

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

The rabbits will not prove such a pest as some people imagine. The Lake View farm suffers very little from their depredations. They do not go through a field; they simply nibble a little on the outskirts. Their particular taste seems to be for barley. We believe that two or three good drives would effectually rid the country of them.

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.

McLenathen & Campbell have been appointed agents of the Hartford Fire Insurance company. This is one of the oldest and largest of the fire companies. It is the father of the present system of insurance, having nearly one hundred years ago appointed the first soliciting or local agent to whom a commission was ever given. Now the woods are full of them.

W. P. Bonbright, H. C. Lowe and L. H. Jackson were distinguished visitors in the city this week. Mr. Bonbright is the partner of John Wannemaker, the Philadelphia clothier and postmaster general. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Lowe are Colorado Springs capitalists and are largely interested in Pecos Valley irrigation enterprises.

It is said that a hardware man with $10,000 was persuaded at a town down the road not to come to Eddy. If it is true we are glad he stayed away. We do not want citizens who are influenced by the false representations of jealous towns. They do not have sufficient backbone.

We pioneers suffer a few deprivations. But just wait a few years when we will be rich and surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life. And then we will sit around and swap lies about the terribly tough times we used to have, and newcomers will look upon us with veneration akin to awe.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was sending the Argus to five people in various parts of the country, Jess Ratcoe thought he was not doing his duty by his local paper, and on Thursday he came in and put two more names on the list.

The hotel has at last been named, and when you refer to it in future you must call it the Hotel Hargerman. The name gives general satisfaction, for it is a graceful compliment to a man who has done, and is doing, so much for our prosperity.

Bob Witt, brother of Boston and Bill, has been spending a few days at the W. T. ranch. He resembles Boston very much. When he returns to Missouri he intends to take Bill and make him marry.

Eddy etiquette note: Do not take butter from the dish with your knife. Use a teaspoon. This rule holds good until cold weather, or until you can afford ice.

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.

Every merchant in town seems to be doing a land office business.

Welden & Son have the contract for the brick work on the Osborne block.

E. B. Bronson, of the El Paso National bank, is expected to visit Eddy in a week or two.

Hurrah! Two more months, and the festive check will give place to the gay greenback.

Bradbury & Co. are concentrating their forces and will begin work on the Pecos Valley railroad on the specified date.

To the thirsty: John Joyce is fixing a contraption in which he can keep an almost inexhaustible supply of cold water.

Jim Brent went up to Gilbert's ranch Wednesday and returned with a lot of garden truck which he distributed among his friends.

Lake View farm is so named because from the porch of the farm house one can get a good view of a salt lake about three miles away.

The days of the wagon freighter are drawing to a close. Soon the crack of his whip will be silenced by the whistle of the locomotive.

When Captain Mann resigned his situation with Bradbury & Co., the "old man" presented him the two best horses in the camp.

Pennebaker, Joyce & Co. got in a big supply of onions the other day, and since then nearly every person in town has had a bad breath.

Three baby buggies arrived in town this week. Still there are people who whiningly declare that the town is not booming fast enough.

Claude Thompson, son of J. L. Thompson, is visiting his father at the Big Cut camp. He weighs seven pounds more than the old man.

They can't cut hay fast enough at the Laguna Vista for their customers. Hay wagons have to wait until the hay is cut before they can load.

Several Eddy men are investing in Pecos City. The indications are that the town will have a little boom during the construction of the railroad.

W. P. Seymour has sued Dan Gilchrist on an account which the court a week ago decided Dan did not owe. Sam Houston served the summons Tuesday.

Water was turned into the Hagerman Irrigation and Land company's new canal May 23th, and is flowing full head, without a single mishap. It is a success.

To W. P. Bonbright, who bought $14,000 worth of real estate last Monday, greeting: Come and see us frequently. The people of Eddy like your style.

At Wolftown, and of Kemp & Gray, you can get either St. Louis, Milwaukee or Dallas beer. All you have to do is to pay your money and take your choice.

The best shaded street in town in a few years will be Bronson street. The trees on that street are nearly all growing vigorously, probably because they were planted first.

Mr. H. C. Lowe does not like to be called Mr. Lo. A man named Howe once said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Lo," and Mr. Lowe replied, "Good morning, Mr. Ho."

Some people refuse to be happy under any circumstances. There is a man in Eddy who is miserable because he fears the railroad will charge five cents a mile for passengers.

There are more genial, open-handed, good-hearted and intelligent men in Eddy than any other town in New Mexico, and the Argus has a respectable roll to bet on it.

E. G. Shields has the fastest buggy horses in Eddy county. They generally make the trip between Eddy and the farm, a distance of sixteen miles, in one hour and forty-five minutes.

Judge Peltz claims that in less than a week he will have evidence to show that the man who was killed at the Kimmel Bros. ranch was not Coffelt, a supposed horse thief, but an innocent man.

"Although I am a temperance man and violently opposed to whisky, I must say this in favor of strong drink: If you will let it alone it will never get the best of you."—[Deacon Elderberry.

Messrs. Lowe, Jackson and Bonbright visited at Laguna Vista on their return to the railroad. It is there the capitalist sees what in five years he will see on over 100,000 acres of our valley.

The case of Thompson vs. Bradbury & Co. came up before Justice Orr on Friday and was continued for twenty-one days. Alonzo Luckey, the silver tongued orator, appeared for the defendant.

All the material necessary for the completion of the new bank is on its way from Pecos, and Mr. Amirault declares that the building will be finished on time, notwithstanding the numerous vexatious delays.

Deputy Sheriff Goodlett has received a letter from Sheriff Nowlin concerning the Coffelt killing. Mr. Nowlin says: "I am satisfied this is the same Coffelt I have had some correspondence about from Texas. * * I am pretty certain he is wanted in Brown county. * * My opinion is that there is no harm done in killing the man Coffelt, as I am certain he is wanted badly."

For Sale Cheap.

One first-rate light Racine wagon, four springs, canopy top.

JOHN H. CANNING,
Fort Stanton, N. M.

Eddy Real Estate.

On Monday morning, June 2, the Lowe addition was placed on the market. Before noon $15,550 worth of lots were sold. Colorado Springs and Philadelphia parties were heavy buyers, but many of our own people took a hand in the selection of choice lots. The gradual increase in values during the past eight months, together with the certainty of a railroad before January 15th, has caused the last doubter to yield gracefully to the inevitable—the rapid growth of our town and the extensive developement of the valley. The Lowe addition comprises 504 lots, located to the north and northwest of town. The lots are 50x150, with a 20 foot alley running through the middle of the blocks. Streets are 80 feet wide, on either side of which will be set a row of shade trees. The new streets added to the town by this addition are Mesquite, Lake and Mesa on the west and Bonbright, Luckey and Church on the north. Prices range from $75 to $187.50 for inside lots and $150 to $375 for corners. Since Monday sales have not been so heavy, but the demand has been steady and buyers plenty.

Riverside.

This is the name given to the property of Mr. E. G. Shields, which is situated one mile from town, on the banks of the Rio Pecos. So quietly has the work of improvement gone on, that we doubt if many of our citizens are cognizant of the existence of a beautiful orchard and vineyard and broad acres of grain. Hundreds of shade trees have been set out and are growing nicely. The vineyard is of the best French varieties for wine and raisen making; 1,200 fruit trees—peaches, apricots, apples, plums, olives and oranges. The last named fruit recalls a conversation with Mr. Shields upon the question of orange growing in the Pecos Valley. Mr. S. said: "I have, at the suggestion of Mr. Amoore, of San Francisco, introduced the new Japanese orange, known as 'Oonshin.' I am so well pleased with my success with these trees that I shall put in 500 this fall. I do not think there is any question as to the adaptability of this fruit in all respects to our valley. It is the thriftiest tree in my orchard. This orange is new and has stood frost at zero in California. It ripens in November, is very sweet, keeps well, and is seedless. If we can succeed with this fruit, and I feel confident we will, our lands are worth $1,000 per acre."

Supposed Stolen Horses.

The following described horses were found at Kimmel Bros. ranch, Eddy county, in the possession of one Coffelt, who was shot and killed while resisting arrest:

One black stallion, six years old and about 15 hands high, unbranded.

One dark brown gelding, six years old, about 15 hands high and branded ⊖ on left shoulder and ⊖ on left hip.

Owner can have the horses by proving property and paying charges.

Apply to W. L. Goodlett, Eddy, New Mexico.

D. C. NOWLIN, Sheriff.
W. L. GOODLETT, Deputy Sheriff.

Announcements.

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

SAM. D. HOUSTON.

Fred. H. Peltz 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. PENNEBEY.

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. CAGE.

W. F. BENGENER'S

Tin Shop,

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheetiron Work to Order.

C. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

Will practice in all the courts of the territory and in the United States Land Office.

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. 100, 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 Scoggins, of Eddy, N. M.; Francis G. Tracy, of Eddy, N. M.; Geo. W. Blankenship, of Eddy, N. M.

WHITFIELD B. COOPER, Register.

New Store,
NEW GOODS,
NEW PRICES.

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