Probate Clerk

THE LIBERTY BANNER.

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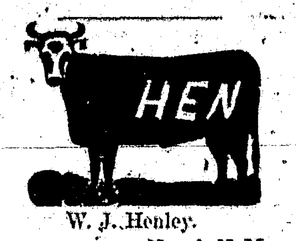
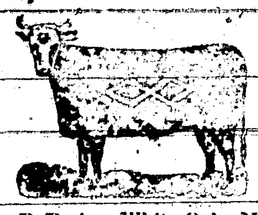
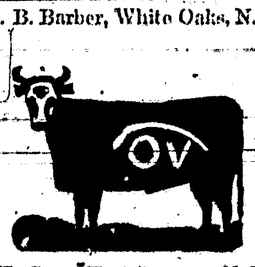


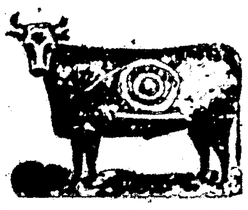
W. J. Henley.
Nogal, N. M.
Range Nogal and Surrounding country.



Geo. B. Barber, White Oaks, N. M.



S. T. Gray, Fort Stanton, N. M.
The old cattle are branded on both sides.



R. C. Russell, Bonito, N. M.
Some of the cattle in other brands, not counterbranded. Range, Rio Bonito.

W. M. Wharton, White Oaks, N. M. Range north side of Tucson mts.

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"OLD SOR'FUL."

EIGHT men in a cabin, four the regular occupants, one a stranger who was making his way to a distant mine, two visiting inhabitants of another cabin near by, and the last of the company "Old Sor'ful."

He was welcome everywhere, and he made his stopping irregular and brief. He was the oldest inhabitant of the region, helped to make it all; he was now over bowed down by grief, not more so of sullen, but simply silent and uncommunicative, and as "Old Sor'ful" (Sorrowful) was he known.

Get the "lay of the land" where this drama in real life was enacted.

Two cabins stood in Granite Gulch, at the foot of Tennessee mountain, one of the loftiest peaks of the Rockies. Fifty feet lower down the mountain-side, in a thick grove of tall pine trees, at the bottom of the gulch, was the rough home of the two men mentioned as visitors.

Although an ominous snow-crown had settled like a great white turban upon the head of Tennessee peak, these miners, inured to cold, were indifferent to the danger or fear above them, and drank and jested without a thought of care.

Something was said, or some strange influence moved Old Sor'ful to speech that night and his hearers listened, the first time he had ever heard it, to the story of life and great grief, told with the simple pathos of an unlettered mind.

He had gone to California in '49. He prospered in the land of the Argonauts and sent regularly sufficient sums of money to his family to keep them in every comfort, but saying nothing about the "pile" that was growing greater every day. He wanted to surprise the folks at home. At last he "raised up" full forty thousand dollars, and a great longing came over him for sight of the waiting ones. His dust was converted into two crisp drafts and he started for "the States."

"You see, boys, I didn't rig up in new togs or any thing like that. We fellows used to go home in the old camp harness and knock 'round a few days, letting on as though he was dead broke, and then when every one has about made up their mind that you never were no good any way, spring your pile onto them and give the laugh to t'other side of the mouth.

"I made the overland trip all right and was in the railroad train within three hundred miles of my wife and baby.

"I dozed off towards morning, waked with the glare of sunshine, and in two minutes found that my coat was cut and I had been robbed. I always had been an infernal fool about telling my business to strangers, and there wasn't a man on the car didn't know that I was a miner going home with a fortune

"I gave the alarm. No one had left the car; there was a big excitement and one man proposed that every body be searched. There was no objection and the conductor and myself went through every man and every piece of baggage on the car. But my money was not found.

"I felt just as though my heart would break, not for myself—I could take hard luck—but for my wife and little girl—the baby that I had never seen; born six weeks after I left home, and now a little girl, awaiting there for her papa.

"I couldn't, I couldn't, go home and face them; the first stopping place I got off and took the next train back to the coast to begin all over again. I was just getting on my feet once more, when there came a letter, four weeks delayed; it had a black border around it. My little one had taken typhoid fever and died, and two days later they laid her mother away with her.

"That settled it. I've been no good since, and I'm only waiting the time when I can join them up there, if they'll let me in."

This sad, true story settled the rough yarns the miners had been telling; the stranger in their midst seemed particularly affected by the recital. It was not long before the party broke up, the two visitors going to their own cabin, and on their invitation "Old Sor'ful" accompanied them.

It was shortly after midnight when the old man roused the two sound sleepers with anxious shakings. Their ears gave them a quick clew to fast-approaching danger; the eyes of each man sought those of the other's for some hopeful gleam of escape, but of hope there was none in the returning glance.

The rumbling, rushing sound as of mighty waters and heaviest thunder mingled, the terrific crashing, crumbling, grinding, earth-shaking roar grew louder each heartbeat of time; the snow-slide was upon them.

Fortune, however, favored these three in a bad their hut; the slide was broken, "split," as they call it there, and only an arm of the avalanche struck them. But this

"I HAD BEEN BORED."

was sufficient to cover the little house with eight or nine feet of snow, and to misplace some of the logs of its walls, a timber crushing the leg of one of the occupants.

While the injured man lay helpless, his mate and Old Sor'ful, desperately and almost hopelessly, having no idea of the extent of the snow above them, began to tunnel upward, piling the snow behind them as they worked.

It was five o'clock in the morning when they reached the surface, and then, scarcely stopping to breathe, they laboriously dug their way back again, and dragged their wounded and nearly suffocated companion into the air.

Then they opened a shaft to the hut, and having made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, set about the herculean task of reaching their buried neighbors in the cabin above. They had nothing to guide them save their memory of the direction, all landmarks having been obliterated.

For three days and nights these two men burrowed through the mountain of snow, ceasing their labors only at such times it was necessary to prepare a meal themselves and the helpless mate. To facilitate the work they tore boards from the interior of their cabin, and laid a track in the tunnel they were constructing, along which they wheeled out tons upon tons of heavy snow.

At a depth of thirty-five feet they came upon a corner of the wrecked cabin.

Howling a hole through the remnant of roof, they heard the sound of moaning below, and as the light of their candles first flashed into the living tomb there arose a scream of maniacal laughter.

One of the occupants was dead, his skull crushed like an egg-shell beneath a monstrous bowlder; two others, with fractured limbs, were dragging themselves about the earthen floor, raving mad, in appearance like wild wolves, for they had, in the agony of hunger, hacked their arms and drank the blood as it flowed. Pinned down under two heavy crossed logs lay the stranger guest of that unfortunate night, the bones of his body broken beyond all hope of aid from surgeons; he was hurt to death.

But a strange strength and determination had preserved his life and kept clear his mind, spite of the infernal torments and horrors of those days and nights.

His eyes fastened themselves upon the face of Old Sor'ful. "I know, I knew you would come," he whispered, faintly, as the old man bared over him to afford what relief was possible

This stranger seemed indifferent to all aid for the prolonging of his life. He insisted upon the removal of the others before any thing was done for himself, and begged that he might have a few minutes with Old Sor'ful alone.

When that interview took place the dying man was far gone. Two papers he gave to the wondering old miner, and then he breathed his last.

The documents had been written on the night of the snow-slide, after the visitors had left the upper cabin. They were both signed by the two rescued living men as witnesses. One paper was marked "my will," the other "my confession." The will left great blocks of mining stock and a three-quarter share in one of the best mines of Colorado to "the man known as 'Old Sorrowful.'" The confession was to the effect that it was he who had, years ago, robbed the returning miner of his drafts as he slept. He had retired to a closet and with a knife scooped out the inside of a cake of soap, secreted the drafts there and replaced the smoothed over soap, which showed no sign of being cut, in his valise. He had forged the signature of the miner, cashed the drafts, and his ill-gotten gains had increased steadily in his hands, only to reach the defrauded one at last, and—too late.

"Too late—too late," that was all the wondering old man said when he realized the truth.

The conscience-stricken stranger's note stated that he intended to take his own life—a torment to him spite of his wealth. But the snow-slide forestalled him; he was

"I KNEW YOU WOULD COME."

saved from self-murder, and lived long enough to see that his acts of restitution reached the hands for which he intended them.

The "wife and little girl" were beyond all benefit from the wealth that came to the old miner, but it came not "too late" to be, through his wise distribution, the means of unbounded comfort and blessings innumerable bestowed on the poor, sick and suffering of the whole land.

And this is a true Rocky Mountain romance.

ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

A Sensible Barber.

"My wife is as white as any man's wife," says Jack Sheppard, one of the popular colored barbers of Washington city; "but," he adds, "my children have a little of my color." Jack is almost white himself, and is proud of it. He says: "My wife's father was a German, and her mother was a bright mulatto. My wife can talk and read and write German, and my two little girls and boy can talk it, too. It is funny, Sunday morning, the only morning in the week that we all breakfast together, to hear them little niggers jabbering German all around me, and I don't know what they're talking about."

"Why do you call your children 'niggers?'"

"Because that's right. So long as there is a drop of black blood showing in any of our people, we will be called 'niggers,' and I'm not fighting against that name, as so many of my people do. The negro is an unfortunate fellow, but he needn't be ashamed of his ancestry. The black people who founded our race in America were honest people, and that is more than the white people can say who are so proud of their ancestors. I'm not ashamed of the word 'nigger,' I can assure you."

BROKER'S STRATEGY.

How He Bluffed an Impending Domestic Hurricane.

Mrs. Broker—My dear, do you suppose it is possible for a man, almost any man, to sit alongside of a beautiful creature all day long, watching her pretty fingers toying with the type-writing machine, without falling in love with her?

Mr. Broker (suddenly becoming absorbed in a newspaper)—Oh, he might if she was pretty; but I never saw a pretty type-writer girl yet.

"What! I saw a type-writer girl at your office who could—"

"That red-haired thing!"

"Red-haired! She has the loveliest, sunniest tresses I ever gazed on."

"Don't know who you can mean. My type-writer girl has ugly red hair, not beautiful black locks like yours, my dear, and her eyes, instead of being such a charming, soulful black-brown, like yours, are a watery gray."

"They are divinely blue."

"And her mouth doesn't look as if it was made for any thing but pie."

"I—I thought she had the mouth of a cherub."

"And I do hate pug-noses."

"Queer. I—had an idea it was Grecian."

"Besides. I can't bear these thin, bony, rail-fence women." [Resumes reading].

Mrs. Broker (aside)—She has the face of a Madonna and the form of a sylph; but bless his fond, foolish heart, he hasn't eyes for any one but me.—N. Y. Weekly.

READING IN BED.

A Delightful Pastime Which Plays the Deuce with the Gas Bill.

And who is there so cold-blooded and calculating as would rise from communion with a treasured book for the purpose of putting out a cheap and worldly illuminator? asks Eugene Field in the Chicago News. There are some, we know, who shrewdly avail themselves of an ingenious patented arrangement which is attached to a gas jet; it has appended thereto two slender chains, one of which turns up and the other of which turns down the gas. If the reader does not get too far gone in his delightful avocation, 'tis easy enough to reach one hand feebly up and pull at the chain which abates the light. Still, the confirmed, the simon-pure, the glorious bed-reader, never extinguishes his light; 'twould strike him as a kind of profanation to turn from a feast with Horace or with Donne to the vulgar and debasing occupation of putting out gas or blowing down a lamp chimney or of puffing at a candle. He lets the light blaze away, God bless him! and presently his wife patters in from a yonder chamber determined this time that she will wake him up and give him a round scolding for his heartless extravagance; but when the dear lady sees him slumbering so peacefully, his precious book just beyond his fingers, his face illumined by the smile that accrues from saintly dreams—she relents, she extinguishes the blazing light herself, and conscious of having done her duty as a wife and as an economist she patters back again to that yonder chamber. There is no doubt or trouble about this, every wife will do it seven times a week, providing she has been caught young, well broken and discreetly trained.

To become a true lecto-bibliophile one must rid his mind of all such paltry and worldly considerations as seem to constitute Mr. W. Davenport Adam's insuperable objections to the practice of reading in bed. The man who discourages the practice because gas is $1.50 a thousand, or kerosene oil thirty cents a gallon, or candles fifteen cents a dozen—that man was never meant by the gods immortal for a lecto-bibliophile. Xenias was reproached by Erictheus for having attended one of Maecenas' feasts.

"Why do you chide me?" asked the old man.

"Because," said Erictheus, "you, being a philosopher, have encouraged by your presence a profligate that wastes his sesterces upon pheasants and Falernian."

"By the gods," cried Xenias, "I had no mind to those things, but I do remember with exceeding joy that we had five hours of the poet Horace."

GOULD'S PARSIMONY.

He Is a Good Deal Like Mr. Barkis in Point of "Nearness."

So far as Mr. Gould is concerned, says a New York letter in the Philadelphia Press, it is well known in Wall street that he is parsimonious to a degree that is almost amusing and that his family is now and always has been in sympathy with him. He has seldom been known to assist anybody in the street, except where the people whom he assisted were of practical and immediate service to him. In fact, the only case wherein he was known to have given a friend or acquaintance a tip on the market was in the case of a well-known man here who retired from the theatrical business a year or so ago, and whom he put into Union Pacific just before that stock turned in price and began to move very rapidly upward. It is understood that the theatrical man in question made something like one hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the turn in the market. The waiters down in Delmonico's would probably doubt the truth of the story. Mr. Gould used to lunch constantly at the Broadstreet place, and he was never known to tip a waiter in his life. When he came in with Charlie Osborne, and Osborne paid for the luncheon, the fortunate waiter received one dollar or so, but when Gould came in alone there was a skirmishing among the waiters as to who would be fortunate enough to get out of the way.

Gould went down into Texas a number of years ago with a party of railroad men on a tour of inspection, and at some station along the road the party got off and some one blew in a round of drinks. Gould doesn't drink—a characteristic which is shared by a number of other millionaires—but somehow or other he seemed to have felt it incumbent on him to return the courtesy thus offered and invited the party to smoke. The cigars were passed around and a dozen or so of them were taken out. Mr. Gould asked the bar-keeper how much he owed him and the bar-keeper returned the information that the cigars were twenty-five cents each.

"Isn't that a pretty high price," remarked Mr. Gould, in his slow, mild way.

"Perhaps," returned the bar-keeper; "but then you know we're not down here for our health."

Mr. Gould paid the bill for the cigars and said no more. Perhaps there was nothing more to say.

HE QUIT SMOKING.

How a Quiet Little Man Subdued a Rough-Looking Fellow.

A newspaper man recently visited Jeff Davis at his home in Beauvoir, relates this:

Over on a table was a short, dusty sword that I then recently sent from Mexico, and attached to it was a card which said that the weapon had been found on the spot where Lieutenant Davis made his famous charge at the battle of Buena Vista, and turned the tide of victory in favor of the Americans.

I touched the rusty old sword, and almost unconsciously Mr. Davis drifted into talking of the heroes of the Mexican war, of Bowie, and Houston, and Crockett.

"Henry Clay once told me," said Mr. Davis, with a smile, "of his first meeting with Bowie. It was in the early days, and Clay was traveling in a stage-coach where the only other passengers were a pretty girl, a big rough-looking countryman, and a limp, little figure in a great coat. With the consciousness of his own perfect physique Clay said he was congratulating himself on not being the limp, little figure bundled up in the corner, when he became conscious that the pretty girl was begging the rough countryman not to smoke, as it made her ill. The fellow replied with a savage oath that he had paid his fare and would smoke when he d——d pleased. Mr. Clay said he was just trying to screw his courage up to the point of remonstrating with the country giant, when the limp little figure undoubled itself like magic, and, with a quick movement, reached down its collar, brought a knife that in the excitement of the moment looked a yard long, and with another catlike movement seized the fellow by the throat. 'Throw that pipe out of the window or I'll——' A comprehensive sweep of the murderous-looking blade finished the sentence and sent the pipe shattering on the ground. In another minute the knife had again disappeared down the capacious collar and the limp figure had resumed its former vertebrateless condition, 'but the rest of the journey,' said Mr. Clay, 'I spent in wishing I was the little man in the great coat, who was none other than Bowie, with his famous knife.'"

A GOOD BEAR STORY.

But Unfortunately It Has a Very Sad and Unsatisfactory Ending.

Many years ago a New Hampshire boy found a very young bear cub near Lake Winnipiscogee, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog, says the New York Ledger. Every day its youthful captor had to go to a school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the school-mistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both school-mistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as far off as possible, and hide behind the benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fire-place and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them and made free with the bread, fruit and other eatables therein contained. He next tried the school-mistress' desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it he walked out by the way he came.

As soon as the school-mistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as its track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it and killed it. Then it was that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognized in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school days. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.

Turn About Fair Play.

In the early history of the European & North American railroad the female passengers did not enjoy that exemption from the annoyance of tobacco smoke which is now accorded them. Among them on one trip was an elderly lady of stern countenance and an elevated nose, whose whole affection seemed to center in a mongrel little cur which she held in her lap and favored with many tender endearments. A little way in front of her sat a "great horrid man" industriously and peacefully puffing a large cigar. The wrathful lady viewed him for a time in cold displeasure, and then stalking majestically down the aisle she seized the offending cigar and threw it out of the window, with the disdainful remark: "If there is any thing in the world I positively despise it's a nasty cigar." The owner of the cigar said nothing, but quietly picked up a newspaper and began to read. An hour or two later he passed down the aisle, and, pausing in front of the proud lady, he seized her precious little dog and threw him out of the window, with the quiet remark: "If there is any thing under heaven that I hate it is a miserable little dog."

How George Caught On.

"I am glad you admire my new watch charm, Miss Laura. It is a pretty ornament. I think, though, it needs something to make it complete. Would I be presuming too much if I should ask you for a lock of your lovely hair?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Ferguson. You can have all you want, but—but—doesn't it seem a pity to mar the symmetry of these curls by cutting one off?"

"It does," responded George with a quick and eager comprehension. "I wouldn't do any thing for worlds to destroy their perfect symmetry. I'll take them all!"

And the presumptuous youth presentable the vicinity of his watch pocket with the entire head for a long, long time.

THE LIBERTY BANNER.

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J. E. WHARTON, Editor
and Business Manager.

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Two hundred and sixty alliances organized in Nebraska during Febuary.

Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, is very ill and may not recover. Hes wife died a few months ago.

General Miles has beed promoted to Major General, and Col. Grierson to Brigadier General, U. S. Army.

Alliance organizers are now invading the great state of New York. D. F. Allen of Alleghany, has been commissioned organizer for the state.

There is a bill before congress the object of which is to forfeit and open to settlem 11 2,000,000 acres of land now held by the Pacific Railroads and other corporations.

We are thankful to Delegate Joseph for public documents. Mr. Joseph is making a good Delegate and we hope he will succeed in getting an enabling act for New Mexico with his provision for a new constitutional convention.

A farmers convention held at Topeka, Kansas, declared they would vote for no man for the legislature who is in favor of John J. Inagls for U. S. Senator. They declare he has never championed a measure in the interest of the agricultural and laboring elements.

Jungo Sloan, of Tucson Arizona denied citizenship to a native of Mexco who could not read and write the English language. He did right. We have enough foreign element unless it is accompnied by an intelligence sufficient to understand the nature and requirements of our institutions.

The manufacturers of white lead have formed a trust, capital stock one million dollars. Thus the business of pooling goes on and if the farmers of this country don't stand together for the protection of their interests, they are certainly the biggest fools imaginable. They have the power to command legislation which would relieve them, and yet they appear as humble petitioners. Farmers, the relief is at the ballot box. First, organize, you that are standing back, do so no longer, but join the great army of farmers and laborers now trying to get in shape to demand justice at the hands of the law making powers and after your organizations have decided what legislation is needed, then every mother's son of you vote only for those men who are pledged to procure the desired legislation, and whose records are a guarantee that they will do what they promise.

The coal miners of England and Wales recently struck and after four days were put to work with ten per cent advance in wages. This was the result of organization. They are thoroughly united, and when the strike was commanded 640,000 quit work, thus producing the greatest strike on record. A coal famine was threatened, and a concession was readily granted as above stated. If the producers of the United States would unite and thus act, they could elect all state officers and congressmen, and shape legislation just as they desired; but they are slow to see the necessity of organization, and perhaps will never see it till they are reduced to the last extremity, the public lands gobbled up till their children cannot get homes, and their own homes swept away by farm mortgages. This is almost the condition now in many parts of the country, and unless the producing classes unite in obtaining needed relief, this condition must become general. Already 200,000 persons have enlisted under the banner of the Farmers Alliance and other similar organizations. But much yet remains to be done. There must be united action all along the line, needed legislation demanded and men elected to the legislatures and to congress who will bring it about.

The fruit dealers of New York are asking congress not to increase the duty on fruit, and the fruit growers of Florida and California are asking for increased protection; the wool growers are asking protection, and the mill owners want free raw wool; the Colorado smelters want free lead ore, and the miners want a duty on lead; the syndicates who own the forests want a duty on lumber, and the people on the plains want cheap lumber; a few men engaged in the production of sugar, want a duty on the foreign article and a bounty on that which they produce, and the people want cheap sugar, while the sugar trust wants to levy tribute on the sugar producers, the people and the whole earth besides; the cow men having failed to realize on beef; now want a duty to check the importation of hides, while the fellows who have the life crushed out of the cattle industry, chuckle to themselves knowing that a duty on hides will add to their profits, since the hide must go with the cow; the farmer and laborers want protection from the various combinations of capitalists, while the combines not only want to rob the farmers of all their products by means of corners, fluctuations in prices and excessive freight charges, but want to rob them of the land by loaning to them, at exorbitant rates of interest, the money made from manipulations of farm products, and taking farm mortages therefore. Thus the matter stands and thus must it be considered and adjusted. The fruit dealers, the wool manufacturers, the smelters, the forest syndicates, the sugar refiner, the beef buyers, and all who handle farm products, have pooled their various interests, holy or unholy, and each combination is seeking an advantage of the producers engaged in supplying the products for carrying on the business in which these combines are engaged.

Every body has united but the producers, and they must unite or become the serfs of capitalists. What do you say farmers? Is there no use of organizing? Then why do all others organize? Can the farmers accomplish nothing? Then why are others by being united, able to command prices, and to gobble up all the profits of producers? Could they do this without organization? Then there must be strength in being united. Farmers unite, come to an understanding as to your needs and then act every one of you as one man for the protection of your homes and families, and prevent your children being the servants of millionaire land lords and merciless, over grasping monopolists.

The Judiciary Committee of the House will report an amendment to the constitution of the United States requiring Senators to be elected by direct vote of the people. This amendment should be adopted. The people acting directly and unitedly are more to be trusted than representatives subjected to the temptations of bribe-givers who have access to the "boodle" of millionairs aspirants for senatorial honors and opportunities.

THE ALLIANCE PAPERS.

Current Comment.

Several requests from Oklahoma for organizers. They seem anxious to start the ball rolling.—Southern Mercury.

The Alliance is proving itself a great educator of the masses. Our people are studying economic questions as never before. There is a great future in store for the organized farmers.—Oktibbeha Citizen (Starkville, Miss.)

Farmer, wheat raiser, is twelve and a half bushels to the acre very much of an over production? That was the average of this country last year, and yet we are told that prices are low because of over-production.—Progressive Farmer. (Mt. Vernon Ill.

Don't forget that all special laws, gotten up by politicians, against trusts, &c., to win favor, will not be worth the time squandered on them, until we have a just financial system. Just remember this now and not suffer yourselves duped by anything of the kind.—Headlight (Stephensville, Tex.)

From The Alliance Farm.

A resolution has been adopted in the Virginia legislature, requesting the representatives in Congress from that State, to urge the passage of a bill before said body authorizing the secretary of the treasury to loan money to farmers at 2 per cent interest.—Western Watchman, (Eureka Cal.)

The people of this country are suffering from a money famine and this too in the face of the fact that the people make the money and determine its quantity. Why don't they have the manhood to make money enough to insure their prosperity? Gentle shepherd tell us why?—Labette County Statesman. (Oswego, Kan.)

It would be safe to estimate the amount saved to southern farmers by the alliance and its instrumentalities at from twenty five to thirty million dollarson cotton alone, of unity of purpose and concert of action. But it will do better next year.—Alliance Herald, (Montgomery Ala.)

A dispatch from Kansas City to the Farmers' Alliance, a paper published at Lincoln Nebraska, says: "The farmers' alliance is growing so rapidly in Kansas, that it has become a disturbing factor in politics. Nearly every county is organized and nearly every farmer is a member. The organization is 100,000 strong, and the politicians are becoming nervous.

In these times when the old party people are glorifying John J. Ingalls and confidently predicting his return to the United States Senate, we desire to ask a question, and hope some of his admirers will have the kindness to give it a candid answer. The question is this: During his nearly eighteen years of service what act has he ever championed that was of interest to the producers of the state of Kansas. We await the answer with bated breath. Don't all answer at once.—The Advocate. (Topeka, Kan.)

The Alliance has many pretended friends who are doing all they can secretly to destroy confidence. They will advocate for the sake of popularity or financial profit the great good to come from the organization and at the first opportunity, if they think they can gain a little notoriety, or, political ascendency, they will give the order a shot direct from the shoulder, or over the head of some one else who through prejudice or, being misinformed as to the purposes of the order, has given it a blast. Such persons are a detriment to any organized class of people and should be watched and let severely alone.—Free Press (Dexter Kansas.)

Say, Mr. Farmer, what has modern republicanism or democracy done for you? Why do you bend the knee to those twin relics of barbarism that are to-day equally steeped in the crime of national robbery? Why do you with humble mien persist in beseeching those knaves, tools of corporations to do that for you that you as an honest man can and ought to do for yourself? Do you, can you as a sensible man expect any relief from "boodle" United States Senators and corporation lawyers in the House? Have they not for the last twenty five years persistently robbed you? If so what can you hope to gain by still clinging to that party.—Climax Advocate (Climax Springs. Mo)

Democratic papers are jubilant at the manifest dissatisfaction of the Farmers Alliance with the Republican party, and are counting on a clean sweep for Democracy through the aid of this organization. Don't be too fresh gentlemen; if you held the reins of government we should be after your scalp just as we are now after that of your Republican ally. Both parties are owned body and soul by capitalists and corporations in this world, and satan has a mortgage on them and their masters in the next. Honest men and honest measures are what the farmers are looking for just know, and both are scarce among the leading characters of the old parties.—The Advocate (Topeka Kansas.)

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

G. A. R. Encampment at Socorro to-day.

District Court convenes at Lincoln April, 21.

Apricots said to be killed at Santa Fe. Other fruit not much injured.

Mr. Vance has been confirmed as Receiver at the Las Cruces land office.

Delegate Joseph recently sold his interest in the Ojo Calente Grant for $150,000.

Pedro Sanches, of Taos, the supervisor of the census of New Mexico, has opened an office at Santa Fe.

Albuquerque, at the city election polled something over 800 votes. M. Mandell, a democrat, was elected Mayor.

The Copper company at San Pedro claims to have a half million dollars worth of ore in sight in the big copper mine.

The vote in the House on the admission of Idah stood 129 yeas; nays 1. The democrats refused to vote, but were counted as usual.

Mrs. Jennie Lusk, of Las Vegas was robbed of $40 recently which she had put away in her sewing machine drawer for safe keeping.

The Surveyor General has forwarded the plats of the Baily surveys on Eagle Creek and Bonito to the general land office for approval.—Independent.

A ten stamp mill and concentrator is being put up at Gold Hill, to concentrate the second class ore from the Ruby mine. The first-class ore is shipped to Socorro.

Gov. Prince has appointed a large number of leading citizens to visit Washington and urge upon congress the importance of providing for the adjustment of land titles in New Mexico.

Rich gold placer fields have been discovered in the Sandia mountain foot hills, eight miles south of golden. Probably as many as 100 men already prospecting in that locality.—Citizen.

A number of Apache school children accompanied by several old San Carlos chiefs, have been sent from Ft. Union to the Ramona school at Santa Fe. They were conducted by Lieut. Glass, of the 6th cavalry.

S. E. Raunheim, for three years past, manager of the Santa Fe Copper company's operations at San Pedro has resigned. He expects to organize a new company soon to develop mines in which he is part owner.

The post trader's store at Fort Stanton will soon pass into the hands of government. Large contracts for freighting buildidg material having recently been let, it is probable that extensive improvements are contemplated at the post.

Faustin Ortiz some weeks ago mysteriously disappeared from Santa Fe, and recently his remains were discovered where they had been placed by his murderers. Gov. Prince has offered $100 reward for the arrest of any one implicated in his murder.

What railroads can do for a town is exemplified in the rapid growth of Cumberland Gap, Ky. Three years ago this town was a corn field, now it is said to contain over 5,000 people, the results of the completion of railroads to coal and timber fields.—Eddy Argus.

The tendency of public opinion is in the direction of tariff reduction, and Mr. Mc Kinley and his republican associates cannot afford to ignore or trifle with it.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It is said that Queen Victoria has become so fat that artificial means are employed to facilitate breathing; and realizing she has not long to live, she has decided to abdicate the throne in order that the Prince of Wales may be crowned King of England and Emperor of India.

Don't forget our clubbing rates if you want a magazine or a farmer's paper. The Cosmopolitan is a first class magazine, and the cheapest publication of its class in the United States or elsewhere. The Colorado Farmer is better suited to the needs of New-Mexico farmers than any paper published outside of the Territory. See our advertisements of these papers. Book prices are made no where else

C. L. PEARMAN,

White Oaks, N. M.

HARDWARE,

Stoves and Tinware, Plows, Mowers, Etc.

GUNS AND PISTOLS.

Ammunition of all Kinds, Cheap.

CLEARANCE SALE!

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Goodman, Ziegler & Co.'s,

White Oaks, N. M.

Our entire stock of Winter Goods, as well as every other article in our store, positively at

25 : Per Cent. Reduction : 25

For the Next Twenty Days,

In order to make room for our increased stock of Spring and Summer Goods, now on the road from the East.

Call and See the Bargains.

—WHY—

WILL YOU

With High-priced Goods when you can go to

YOUNG & TALIAFERRO,

White Oaks,

and get a first class article at a low price? Remember, spot cash buyers, that we will not be undersold by any firm in Lincoln county, and that White Oaks is the place to sell your produce. A wagon load don't stock this market. 3-18

THE

COLORADO FARMER

AND

LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OF THE

State Grange, Farmers Alliance, State Horticultural and Forestry Association, State Poultry Association, State Farmers Protection Association, State Wool Growers Association, State Dairy Association and State Bee Keepers Association.

A LIVE FARM JOURNAL,

published weekly at Denver Colorado, Established in 1879, and giving twenty-four pages, and ninety-six columns well filled with fresh matter of interest to farmers and ranchmen.

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We will send both papers for ..... $2.50 "

THE LIBERTY BANNER.

Nogal, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

PRICE—$1.00 PER ANNUM.

Advertising rates will be made on application. With yearly advertisers liberal arrangements will be made.

Local News.

Uncle Billy Mann, of Coyote Wells, passed down to Lincoln Monday

Reliable Garden Seeds at P. G. Peters.

The cow brands of W. J. Henley and L. Jennings & R. C. Russell appear in this issue.

For John Deer Plows go to C. L. Pearman, White Oaks.

Our accommodating merchant Mr. P. G. Peters made a business trip to White Oaks this week.

A. Henley & Son are receiving new stock of groceries. Fresh goods, quick sales and small profits.

W. F. Blanchard has finished the survey of the line between Lincoln and Dona Ana counties.

Time flies, but no faster than Young & Taliaferro's great bargain opportunity is going from your reach.

Mr Josh. Hale owns some of the best horses in the country. He passed through Nogal Sunday with freight from Carthage.

Flannel and dress Shirts at Special low prices. Underwear at your own price. Come and see for yourself.
GOODMAN, ZIEGLER & Co.

Thos. W. Henley, one of our popular merchants, is visiting the county seat this week attending to his duties as County Commissioner.

Mr. L. H. Halstead, chief owner of the Silver King mine at Parsons, is stopping in Nogal for a while recreating.

Watch crystals at P. G. Peters.

Do not forget where to buy when needing Boots and Shoes. I have what you want. Levin W. Stewart. White Oaks.

The vacant houses in Nogal are filling up, an increased activity is noticed among our people, and an incipient boom seems to be setting in.

Apples, Oranges and Lemons at
P. G. Peters.

G. W. Barrett returned last week from a peddling trip to the Penasco country for P. G. Peters. He came back loaded with eggs, chickens, hides. &c.

Remember C L. Pearman, White Oaks is headquarters for Hercules Powder, D. T. Caps &c.

J. W. Richardson, one of the parties charged with shooting up Bill Smith's cabin, was tried at White Oaks and bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury in the sum of $300.

Bring your hides, pelts and eggs to A. Henley & Son, and be sure you will get top prices.

I will trade for a few chickens.
P. G. Peters.

What is the matter with Nogal Alliance? Come, now, lets have a meeting at once. All interested are asked to meet at the hall Saturday evening at 7, P. M. No excuse; come.

If you can't find the goods you want, the price you want, the style you want, have you looked in the right place? None talk that way who trade with Y. & T.

W. L. Breece, Sec'y. Territorial Alliance, and Sec'y. of Alliance Publishing Company, is now a citizen of Nogal. All communications should be addressed, W. L. Breece, Nogal, N. M.

New goods araiving daily at G. Z. & Co. Boots and Shoes cheaper than any house in Lincoln Co., at G. Z. & Co.

Sewing Machine Oil and Needles in stock, and any parts ordered. P. G. Peters.

Mr S. J. Slane killed a nice beef a few days since. Thus while cattle are starving many places, we have the best beef and no loss whatever reported.

If in need of anything usually found in a general mercantile establishment, it will pay you to get our prices before going elsewhere. Come and see for yourself.
A. Henley & Son.

Look out for our new heading next week. It will greatly improve the appearance of the paper.

Mr. Cline, of the firm of Treat, Cline and Gibbons, of White Oaks, was in town few days ago looking for beef cattle. That's right, if you want the best come to Nogal.

See those improved Coal Oil cans at P. G. Peters.

Mr. Ed. C. Pfingsten who worked on the Nogal Nugget, and after its sale on the BANNER, as compositor, is now working on the Chieftain at Socorro. Ed. is an intelligent young man, and will succeed in whatever he undertakes. We hope he may find his new position pleasant and profitable.

Weather Strips beat the world to keep out Dust. At C. L. Pearman's, White Oaks.

All persons who desire to take stock in the LIBERTY BANNER Publishing Co., should send the amount which they desire to invest in shares to W. L. Breece Nogal N. M.

Mr. Geo. Sligh spent a few days in Nogal recently winding up the business matters of his father who it is said, will not return to Nogal to live. George will remain on the San Andreas ranch as manager for T. B. Sweet: Mrs. Shannonhouse will reside there also.

Salt Bacon 8 cts lb.
4 lbs Best green coffee $1,00
8 lbs Utah dried peaches ...$1,00
6 lbs Evaporated Blackberries $1,00
and all other goods at surprisingly low prices for cash.
Levin W. Stewart
White Oaks.

The American mine is working a full force of men and is showing up nicely. Len Puckett has the fifteen stamp mill now on the ground ready to be put up. The company have plenty of water in a fifty foot tunnel made for that purpose, and thus it seems the signs are propitious.

A copy of the Alliance history will be given the one having the greatest number of subscriptions to his or her credit on May 1, 1890. All others who send five or more subscriptions will receive the National Economist Almanac. These books are full of valuable information for everybody. Hurry up and secure a copy, and you'll never regret the time thus spent.

Farmers take notice of the advertisements in the BANNER, and when in need of goods, remember you can get as good bargains from our advertisers as from others, and as their patronage helps the paper, by helping them you will be helping yourselves. No one can blame a man for doing that which in a business way, conserves his own interest. Think of this matter.

Rev. Jos. M. Stevenson, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church, S., held services at Nogal from Friday night till Sunday night last, assisted by Rev. S. W. Thomas, pastor. The meetings were well attended, by orderly attentive congregations. Mr. Stevenson is accompanied by his daughter, an accomplished young lady, who thinks of engaging to teach in our county this summer. This may serve as a pointer to some of our directors who are wanting a teacher.

While Mrs. Sligh's death resulted from an over dose of Chloroform administered by herself, this being the verdict of the jury empanneled by C. B. Ayres, J. P., it is going too far to say that she committed suicide. As there was no one present it is impossible to state what the object was. She had suffered greatly from neuralgia just a few days before, and was thought to have disease of the heart. These may account for use and fatal result of the drug administered.

FOR SALE.

If you wish to purchase a nice home near Nogal, write to, or call on L. JENNINGS, Nogal, N. M.

Secretaries who have not collected the 5 cents percapita National dues from the members of their respective Subordinate Lodges, will please do so at once and send them to the County Secretary to be forwarded.
W. L. BREECE, Sec'y.
N. Mex., F. A. & I. U.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Margeret Lane recently whipped the Mayor, City Attorney and policemen at Gainesville, Texas, and held possession of the court house for several hours. She is sixty years old.

A young French artist recently suicided because of an infatuation for Amelia Rives, the poetess.

Van Romayer, suicided in California by throwing himself in front of an engine. His trouble was exposure. He had been running a matrimonial beaureau at San Francisco, the object of which was to furnish rich American wives to impoverished European noblemen.

The congress of the Scotch-Irish society of America will be held in Pittsburg from the 29th day of May to the 1st day of June, inclusive, of the present year.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, took his circus to England and made $150,000.

Six boys from eleven to fourteen years old were playing in a sand cave near Vernon Texas, when the bank caved in, and all were killed.

Count Schemmen Van Hartman blew his brains out in Denver in the presence of half a dozen persons. Whiskey and poverty his trouble.

The Russian Government has undertaken to build a railroad from Perm in European Russia to the Japan Sea. The cost will be $200,000,000.

A twenty inch snow at St. Louis a few days since.

Corporel Tanner Living Well.

Washington, April 8.—Ex Commissioner of Pensions Tanner gave a reception a few nights ago to Captain Jack Crawford, the well-known scout. Although Mr. Tanner is no longer at the head of the government pension mill, he is by no means out of the business. On the contrary he is doing all he can to further the cause of the soldier, particularly Corporal Tanner. When Tanner, in responce to a demand from the White House, sent in his resignation he looked upon the day as the darkest in his history. He was a poor man when he went to Washington, but was poorer when he went out of the pension office than ever. In fact he did not have the necessary money in hand to pay for taking his family to Brooklyn. In addition to this he had cut his bridges behind him by bringing on to Washington all his household goods.

In this predicament he sought the assistance of a friend who advised him not to go back to Brooklyn but remain in Washington and fling out his sign as a pension agent. This decision was telegraphed over the country, and within forty eight hours after Tanner had gone into business he had over 200 cases on his books. A few days later he concluded to hitch up with Col. W. W. Dudley, and since that day Tanner has made more money than he had ever hoped for in his life. He lives like a prince now, in a grand, old fashioned home over on Georgetown heights, where he entertains lavishly.—Citizen.

The Census Office.

Major Pedro Sanchez entered up on his duty yesterday as census supervisor for New Mexico, and through the courtesy of the Territorial capitol commissioner he has been given an office room on the second floor of the capitol. He opened his office there yesterday and appointed Mr. Jas. T. Newhall as his chief clerk. The first book in hand consists in dividing the Territory into suitable districts so that the work of enumeration can be quickly pushed to completion. The instructions are to give as near as possible each enumerator 2,000 names to report, though in thickly settled districts this rule may not be strictly adhered to. The law is very strict as to the appointment of enumerators. He will probably have to name about eighty to cover the whole Territory. The qualifications necessary for these are fully set forth on blanks to be filled in by applicants and to which oath shall be made. The blanks have been received and are now ready for distribution.—New Mexican.

The "Major" Didn't Materialize.

The following comes from Chama, New Mexico: "Miss Wilson, state lecturer and organizer of Colorado, gave the 'Carnival of Nations' here a few evenings ago, assisted by local talent. This is full of bright dialogues and pretty tableaux, containing also many 'hits' for prohibition, suffrage and moral reform. Miss Wilson is the author of the 'Carnival,' as arranged for this occasion. While lecturing here the saloon-keepers made up a purse of ten dollors for an old saloon habitue, 'Major' Powers, to answer Miss Wilson's arguments. He and a number of comrades accordingly went to one of her lectures, but were silenced by the temperance truths presented, and no one attempted to ridicule or reply, as had been planned." - Optic.

Married at the home of the bride's parents, in White Oaks by Rev. N. W. Lane, George R. Brown and Miss Lizzie Collier

The timber-cutting suits at Las Cruces, against Grant County parties were cotinued,

W. W. Cox of Dona Ana County, sold 1,150 sheep, from yearlings up, to be deliverd on the cars at Las Cruces for $2,75 per head.

Ten thousand acres of land have been filed on near Roswell during the past few weeks The reservoir boom did it.

At the cattle-men's meeting held in Roswell, it was decided not to begin work on the range until May, 1, on account of the scarcity of grass.

The Congregational Church at White Oaks will be dedicated, May, 4. Several ministers and others are expected from a distance.

A Peculiar Case.

Dr. H. C. Edmonds, of Elberton, Ga., writes: "A very peculiar and strange case of blood poison came under my attention a short time ago. A gentleman came here from Athens, Ga., where he had been bitten on the hand by a vicious mule that he was breaking to work. The hand was in a horible condition, and the inflammation was rapidly extending throughout his system. Every knuckle on his hand was an ulcer that was deep and sloughing. He stated to me that he had consulted several physicians, and taken their medicines without deriving any benefit. I gave him a course of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), and in a few days he reported to me marked improvement, and in one week from the time he commenced taking S. S. S., the hand was healed up and the poison entirely eridicated from his system. It is my opinion that he would have lost his life had it not been for the health-giving properties contained in Swirt's Specific. He frankly admits himself that S. S. S., bid the work."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES N. M., March 3, 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 Las Cruces, N. M., on April 18, 1890, viz: Marcos Mestas of Talarosa, N. M., who made Hd. Entry No. 905 for the S½ of ne¼ of sec. 20, tp. 14 s. of range 10 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuos residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Pantaleon Sandoval, Juan Rafael Garcia, Jose Gonzales and Francisco Gomez, all of Talarosa, N. M.

SAMUEL F. McCREA,
Register.

1-5

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. J. M. A. JEWETT,
Attor'y-at-Law
White Oaks, N. M.

JOHN Y. HEWITT,
Attor'y-at-Law,
White Oaks, N. M.
Will practice in all the courts in the territory, and in the U. S. Land Offices.

GEO. B. BARBER,
Attor'y-at-Law,
White Oaks, N. M.
Will practice in all the Courts of the territory, and before the U. S. Land Office.

T. W. HENLEY,
Notary Public,
Nogal, New Mexico.
Office south end of town, at store house.

P. G. PETERS,
Nogal, New Mexico,
Dry Goods. Boots & Shoes
Notions, Hardware,
Clothing, Groceries,
Drugs,
Miners' Supplies,
All Cheap for Cash.
Will Trade For
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Highest prices paid for
Hides, Pelts, Skins, Wool, Eggs and Grain
REMEMBER!
The Cash Store.
Don't fail to see our
Cheviots, Ginghams, Denims, Jeans and Cotton Goods
Before purchasing elsewhere.
All we ask is to try us,
The only Spot Cash Store
IN LINCOLN COUNTY.

LEVIN W. STEWART,
SUCCESSOR TO

WHITE OAKS, N. M.

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DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries and
Miner's Supplies,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Nogal, New Mexico.
Our Motto,
"Quick Sales and Small Profits,"
Shall be strictly adhered to.
We keep everything in the general mercantile line, and when you want anything that you want can in the house, ask for it. We propose to treat all our customers alike in every particular. Call on us when you come to town.

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BANNER

means to go the front and take a bold stand for the interests of labor and legitimate enterprise. So come on with your

Subscriptions and Advertisements

and help boom the BANNER. We want one thousand subscribers this year.

Address

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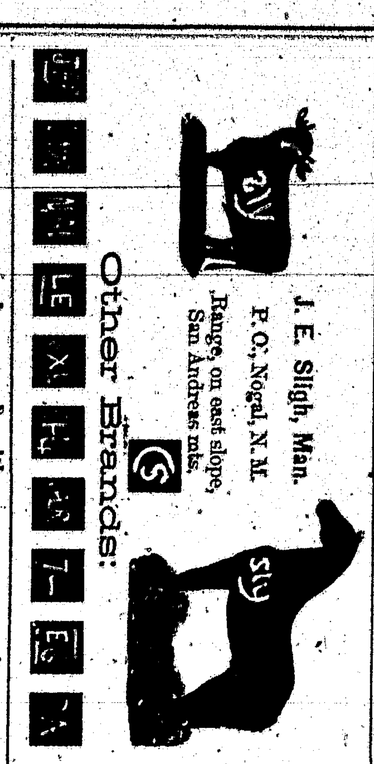
Nogal, New Mexico.



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THE FARM.

THE FOUNDATION OF SUCCESS.

The Way to Make Sure of a Competence Is to Begin at Once.

If one should solmnely assure a company of young people that they must lay up $100 before they could hope to accumulate $1000 they would hardly be impressed with the remark as embodying a profound truth. And yet, while every young man at the outset of life expects to gain a fortune, or at least a competency, very few of them are ready to begin at once. They wait for some splendid opportunity to leap into riches. They look forward to better times; to business-booms; to the sudden rise in the value of something they hope to get hold of, and meantime they keep living close up to their income even if they do not run into debt, and the beginning of the next year finds them without the beginning of that fortune laid by.

A GOOD START.

What a young man, and especially a young farmer, should determine to do is to lay away some money the first year. He should do this if it costs stern self denying efforts. It is the testimony of most men who have become wealthy that the first dollars they laid away were gained at the expense of rigid economy. One of our richest and most liberal men once remarked that he was distinctly mean until he could afford to be generous. Of course there is danger that such a one will forget to be generous when he is able to be liberal, but none the less is it true that there is a mental and moral discipline in the determined effort to begin the foundation of a competence which is invaluable. It fixes habits of economy and forethought. It strengthens the instinct of accumulation. It makes all future gains come easily, naturally, and as a matter of course. The young man who is waiting for a good year to begin will in all probability never save a dollar. If he can get along one year without laying by a little, he can wait another just as well. He too, is acquiring habits, the habit, for example, of spending all he makes, and a very troublesome one to break away from. Every year it is harder for him to begin, harder to decrease his expenses, harder to nerve himself for the struggle with what seems destiny, but is in reality his own established character, as one who is constitutionally unable to take the first step on the road to a fortune.

WHEN OUR FATHERS BEGAN.

It is often said that young farmers should be willing to begin as their fathers began, and there is some truth and a good deal that is not truth in the remark. It is not true that young farmers should begin with the primative methods and the pioneer privations which former generations had to contend with. Their struggles were mainly physical. It required long days of hard labor to subdue the wilderness to agricultural use. There was a lack of comfort in homes which has been supplied by the general advance of civilization. The young man sets out with convenient schools for his children, with better roads and nearer markets and lighter work than was needed before horses and machinery helped him so effectively. But on the other hand the young farmer encounters sharp competition, more fluctuating markets, more difficulty in securing good labor, more luxurious costume in his social circles, and to withstand the current of costum, and to practice a more severe economy than his neighbors, requires more genuine fortitude than his grand-father needed to exercise in his encounter with the physical trials of an earlier day. In an emphatic way therefore the children must begin with the same stern purpose, with the same persistant self-denial as their fathers.

A BATTLE OF BRAINS.

The young farmer nowadays will have no fear that wolves will carry off his flocks. He will be spared the trouble of cutting away the inhospitable forest before he can have any land to till, and his plowing will not be among roots and stumps that were left behind. His struggle will be with another sort. He must use his brain to command a market; he must study how to overcome the insects multiply as their feeding ground increases, and the plant diseases which become more numerous as opportunity for infection increases. He is spared some of the manuel labor which wearied his ancestors, but he must use his brain more persistantly, and brain-work is more wearying and wearing than any work. Altogether he will find it quite as hard as did his fathers to lay the foundation of a fortune. Practically he must begin at the botton of the ladder and climb up step by step. He will not get to the second round until he has stepped on the first. It is the first step which costs, now, as it always did. The man who lays up even a little the first year, has begun well. He is on the winning road.

The young man with health and hope who does not begin at once to lay up a little money is dangerously liable to stop where he is all his life long. Not one of the years to come will be so promising a one to begin with, and if this chance is neglected it will be harder and harder to seize an opportunity forever after.

English farmers are offering bounties for the distruction of the sparrows.

The colt's feet should be trimmed every two or three months, and all irregularities in growth prevented.

Lack of work is so keenly felt by the laboring classes of Italy that the government is calling upon property owners to devise some employment for the unoccupied.

Geologists assert that if the continents and the ocean bottom were graded off even, that the water would be one mile deep over the entire surface of the earth.

Out of respect to your wives and daughters do not appear at the table in the boots you wore in the stable.

The first time you ride a colt, ride him toward his stable, not away from it. In this way his inclination to go home will aid you in getting him to do what you want him to do.

Goldsmith Maid seventeen times in her career trotted three heats in a race in better than 2:30.

A little feeding, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. There is much loss in not feeding a cow or fattening animal to its full capacity of assimilation.

Sugar beets in France are said to be five times as rich in saccharine matter as they were when the industry was first commenced there.

Remember that a good garden is the best paying patch on the farm.

Yes, if farmers do not look after their own interests, other classes will look after them, to the disadvantage of the farmer.

C. L. Gabrilson, a well-known breeder of horses, says, in the Breeders' Gazette, that "the principle which becomes the active poison in potatoes when exposed to sunlight is bad for worms, so that horses and colts getting a mess of potatoes regularly do not crowd out the stable walls nor rub the hair off their tails."

A citizen of Homer, Mich., is running a skunkery and making it pay. There are 500 of these little animals in an inclosure of which the surface is covered with cement and fitted with drain tiles, into which they go for short naps in summer and a long sleep in winter. The furs are worth from $4 to $8 per pelt, and their flesh yields a great deal of oil for medicinal purposes. Their owner knows their habits, and is able to escape the danger of disagreeable experience which prompt people generally to give them a wide birth. From some of the young ones the sacs are removed which contain their one offensive and defensive weapon, and they become harmless and interesting pets. It costs little to keep them, and in winter, when they hibernate, almost nothing.

Do not keep the hens waiting for their food, but feed them as early as possible. The nights are long, and the days short, which puts quite a period between the last and first meal; hence the hens will be very hungry when they come off the roosts. The morning meal, in winter, should be warm, and if the weather is cold, the drinking water should be slightly warmed, also.—American Agriculturist for march.

WHAT DODGE THINKS.

Washington, D. C., March 21.—The prevailing depression in American agriculture is treated by the statistician, J. R. Dodge, in the March report to the department of agriculture. The prevalence of low prices is noted and a feeling of discouragement in rural circles throughout the world is indicated. It is, and has been, especially severe in Great Britain, and is the subject of complaint, discussion and official investigation in Germany, France, Italy and other countries. It is present in monarchies and republics under diverse circumstances and economic systems. But it is less severe here than in other countries. Though prices of implements, utensils and fabrics are also low, the farmers' interest account is un-reduced and his mortgage harder to lift. The main cause of low prices is referred to the inexorable law of supply and demand. Corn and wheat and other staples are cheap because of over-production. Immigration has increased the population five millions in ten years. Intercontinental areas have been converted into farms, free to natives and foreigners, opening millions of acres to cultivation. Railorad extension has stimulated production and overwhelmed the east with western production.

SUGGESTION FOR THE FARMER.

Mr. Dodge says that while there is excess of products of a few staples like wheat, etc., there are insufficient supplies of many other necessary products and a total absence of scores of others which should furnish employment to rural labor. There is too narrow a range of croping. Diversification is essential to agricultural salvation. There are imports costing $240,000,000 per annum of agricultural products which should be produced here. These are sugar, animals and their products, fibers, fruits and nuts, barley, leaf tobacco and wines. Farmers are suffering for want of hundreds of millions of dollars that the sweat of their brow might produce in "raw material" for scores of old and new industries."

The statistician treats of what he characterizes as a folly of wheat growers insisting on going to the antipodes for binding twine, while a million acres of flax fiber is wasted in adjoining fields, and when they could grow hemp enough in six months to bind the wheat of the world. This is, he says, exceeded only by the twine folly of the cotton growers who are wild to go to India for jute when it will grow in their cotton fields as readily as weeds. Depression more intense will result, it is predicted, if farmers continue to restrict their efforts, walk in the furrow their fathers turned and seek to live and die in the same overdone and profitless routine.

Another serious cause of depression, Mr. Dodge says, is the exorbitant share of the farmers' products taken by the middlemen and carriers. The army of dealers in futures disturbs the natural flow of trade, checks exportation by a temporary rise, to be followed by low prices when graineries are full and boom them when farmers have nothing to sell, as at present. The community is infested with pestilent swarms of non-producers. The course of speculation blinds and consumes the result of honest industry. Leeches fasten on every product of labor and suck from it the life blood of profits. Men who produce nothing who neither toil on the farm nor spin in the factories, are absorbing the wealth of the country by combinations without conscience and service without equity. It is suggested that the farmers may be compelled to retail their own fruit and vegetables, sell their own meat and manufacture their own flour.—Missouri World.

Can't Afford It.

Letters from our friends are filled with the expression: "The people are too poor to subscribe for The Sentinel. Oats, corn, wheat and cattle never so low as now."

In other words, a man is so poor raising corn at 12 cents per bushel (and reading democratic and republican papers) that he can't afford two cents per week for a paper that will tell him plainly and truthfully what makes him so "poor."

If the farmers would raise less corn and more h—l—with the knaves who administer affairs at Washington—they would be better off.—Chicago Sentinel.