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Charges Moderate; Accommodations best in town.

Having purchased the Stanton House, formerly conducted by Jesse W. Nash, I am prepared to accommodate a larger number of guests, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the traveling public.

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The old cattle are branded on both sides.

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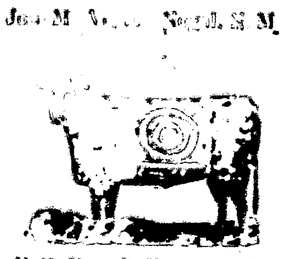
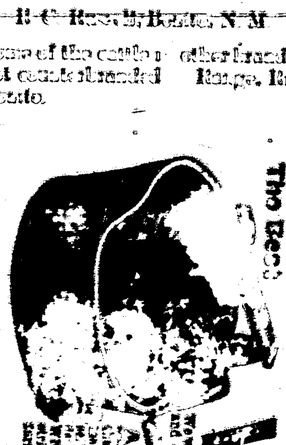


H. C. Russell, Bonito, N. M.

Some of the cattle on other brands, not counted branded Bonito, Bonito.



The Nugget $2 a year.

UNCLE AARON;

—OR,—

A WIFE REDEEMED.

A Pathetic Story of a Woman's Folly and a Man's Heroism.

BY MRS. ISOBEL H. FLOYD.

(Copyright, 1889.)

"PAPA, HASN'T I DOT ANY MAMMA?"

Uncle Aaron's eloquence denounced the wrong and thundered for the right. It seemed as if the one great evil he had suffered himself had eaten into his very soul, and that naught could help him but righting all wrongs for all men.

One evening, several years after Rose's desertion of him, when he was sitting one night in the library of his beautiful home, little Alice surprised him by saying:

"Papa, hasn't I dot any mama?"

"No, dear," Jacob answered, gently; "she is dead. I told you once before."

"Poor mama," said the child, kissing a pretty French doll she held in her arms. "I wouldn't like to be deaded and away from my little dori."

"Papa, hasn't I dot any drandpa or drandma, eiver?"

"Yes, dear," answered Jacob, patiently, "but they live far away from here, away up in the mountains; don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes; I 'members. But I'd 'members 'em better, papa, if I seed dem sometimes. Why don't dey tum and see us, papa?"

"Why! Oh, I don't know, dear, except, perhaps, that I never asked them."

"Oh, you funny papa! When I drow big I'll ask 'oo to tum and see me, and I'll div 'oo ice tream and lots of tandy! Yes, I will. Why don't 'oo ask dem, papa? I'd like to see my drandpa and drandma."

"Would you, my pet?" said Jacob, stroking her golden hair so like her mother's. "Well, you shall. I'll write to-night and ask them if you like, and then they'll come very soon."

"Oh, goody! goody!" said the mite, jumping up and down in glee. "I must go and tell Therese! Therese! Therese! My drandpa and drandma's a tumin!"

"Taiser, taiser, Mignon," said a sweet-voiced French governess, coming into the room. "Vous faites trop de bruit pour votre, ma."

"Mais non, Therese," cried the baby, stamping up in emphatic American-English, "I don't! Does I, papa?"

"Well, a little, my dear," answered he, smiling. "Run along to bed now, like a good girl, so that papa can write a letter, you know."

"All right. Good night, my very own papa. Do diw 'em my love, and ask 'em to tum soon!" And the little fairy danced off to bed. But Jacob did not write at once after little Alice left him. He sat by the fire and dreaming, looking into the coals, and thinking of the past.

"Little Alice is right," he said to himself, at length, "and I have been a fool not to have thought of it in the first place. Father and mother! They must indeed be thought me heartless. And so I am. I was so to have left to go to my cost. Oh! I am, I see. Rose! Oh! my wife! How could I!"

"Again the old pain—again the old ache. It is hard to bear what is yet alive," thought Jacob, wearily.

He went to his desk, sat down and wrote to Uncle Aaron. Then, putting on his hat and overcoat, went out and dropped the letter into the nearest mail box himself.

Two days later the doorbell of No. — Fifth avenue was rung, and when the lackey butler opened the door he saw, standing before him, were Uncle Aaron and Aunt Kate, in all the glory of their best clothes, looking like caricatures of themselves and burlesques of current fashion plates.

"Dat's Mr. Jacob Lane at home?" said Uncle Aaron, smiling while he wiped the sweat off his forehead with a big red handkerchief.

"Yes," replied Sam; "he done gone into de house to meet his father an' mudder."

"Well, now, Aaron, I tell you that Jacob didn't meet us, only yer wouldn't wait, but kept to walk me away up here, and I'm all tuckered out," whined Aunt Kate.

"Well, come in, young man, and rest, I reckon," said Uncle Aaron. "You see the city streets are hard on the feet when you don't used to 'em, and my wife's clean tired."

"Certainly, sah," said Sam, with the cold-cream's ready politeness; "walk right this way." But to himself he was thinking: "De de Lord! am dese yere de folks kin Hill Hall? Hit's Miss Alice will say!" and he ushered them into the reception room on the left of the hall, and then politely said: "Can I do nuffin I can get yer, sah, or you, mum?"

"Well, I tell you what," said Aunt Kate, "I have a cup of tea right well. If it won't be any care, I'd like to go to the kitchen and make ourselves a cup of tea—I'd like it."

"Oh, I don't think, ma'am, of you so disturbing yourself," said mischievous Sam, bowing to the ground in Chesterfield style. "I'll speak to Dinah, I think it be right clever, I'm sure, and before Aunt Kate could remonstrate with him, he was gone and gone.

"Well, sir, Uncle Aaron and Aunt Kate looked around them in admiration at the beautiful surroundings. But Aunt Kate was not overwhelmed with admiration, for she was infused with a feeling of awe and half fear, while Uncle Aaron nodded his head with a satisfied smile, as if he met after a long absence old friends whom he was glad to see. Aunt Kate was down on her knees and was feeling the thickness of the Axminster carpet, and Uncle Aaron was standing before a fine water-color, smiling and looking happy, when suddenly Alice, daintily dressed and hugging her beloved dollie in her arms, stood within the Turkish portieres that draped the door-way.

"Oho!" she said.

"Land sakes!" cried Aunt Kate.

"Why, this must be Alice!" said Uncle Aaron.

With the swift recognition that children have of those akin to them, little Alice dropped her doll and without a moment's hesitation went to Uncle Aaron's outstretched hands. He stood up in his great height and, thoughtless, a beautiful picture, with the child in his arms. Aunt Kate looked at them as she ever looked at every thing, doubtfully.

"My wee woman! my wee woman!" said Uncle Aaron, talking to her as lovers do. And for answer Alice kissed him emphatically several times, pulling her tiny fingers through his long gray beard. Aunt Kate stood stiff and straight, looking at them sadly.

"Beant yer agoin' to speak to me?" she said at last, primly. "I'm your grandmother."

"Is see?" questioned Alice, lifting up her great blue eyes to Uncle Aaron.

"Yes, in sattin, your grandmah. Kiss me, there's a good child."

Thus directed, little Alice got down from Uncle Aaron, smoothed down her pretty dress, tossed her curls over her shoulder and said: "How do doo, dramma?" and held up her wee mouth for a kiss. Thank God that nature is at times too strong for us. For once Aunt Kate forgot to carp and whine. All her woman's heart went out to the wee mouth held up to her. "My baby!" she cried, and then picking up the tiny form with all its pretty dress, she held it to her broad, motherly breast, and held it close. And the child felt the mother love and was not afraid; only nestled the closer. She pressed it and crowded over her as matters stood, Alice, last lifting up her dimpled, baby hand, and said wisely.

"Do tan go now, drandpa; oo tan go to oo'zeuses wiv papa. Dood bye."

Uncle Aaron stood, like one dispossessed, awkward and was surprised, as any of his brethren would have been before him, and he seemed to call to mind again, at the strangeness of woman, and in the remembrance, but they young generation, and "dis new go give. Plainly he was not wanted or needed.

Fortunately a few moments after Jacob returned home, "very sorry that he had not met them at the boat." He was rather surprised to see Uncle Aaron, but Aunt Kate and wee Alice were, of course, little enough. The old dame's lap, stroking her grandma's big gold earrings around her wrists as bracelets.

Uncle Aaron and Aunt Kate remained with Jacob for two weeks, and then Uncle Aaron, with his gentle, quiet ways of old times, thought it was time to go. He saw that Aunt Kate was glad to have them, that the daily routine of his life was altered, that his ways were not other ways.

In a short time coming at Jacob's house, taken out Alice and talking up to her own room, and was happy with her mother, with child's instinct, and Aunt Kate, cold and gentler for the time spent with the child, was sitting there with her, happy and at peace, too.

In the library, the beautiful room with its rare of books and corners of rare comfort, the aged in two easy chairs drawn up in front of the blazing fire, were Uncle Aaron and Jacob, alone together. Aaron, said not a word, but Jacob's face, handsome and grave, cut like marble, chiseled by some master hand. A face full of vigor and thought and strength. It seemed to be one the possessors in mind. But Uncle Aaron, of larger frame and grander mold, with his strong and [illegible] the past [illegible] of it all.

[illegible] into the coals, and at last Jacob said, with a sigh: "Well, you leave us to-morrow, father. Couldn't you stay longer?"

"Not longer, lad, it's best not." We've had a good time, and I have met the best of friends, [illegible] took to heart. Him!" with a [illegible] of keen amusement, "kind as [illegible] water, and [illegible] When I saw [illegible] a settin' on her mammy's lap, [illegible] she will wonder and learn [illegible] to be as quiet as a mouse, I'd like to go out and flap my wings and say 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'"

"But you don't," said Jacob, with an answering laugh.

"No, I don't," replied Uncle Aaron, with a quizzical look, "nor neither would you if you was me."

A momentary pause, then Uncle Aaron, stopping, as we took hold of a magnificent tankard with the, mounted as a rug, was in front of the grate.

"How queer it seems, lad, to use the bar's cup this way! Why, many a time I've kind in the past twenty years in the mountains, and yet I have [illegible] putting his coat under my feet. Why, it's just what a child might do to put his [illegible] on his fairy coat to keep them warm. [illegible] know, Jacob, [illegible] what strikes [illegible] ways of livin'."

"No, father," said Jacob. "What?"

"Why, that the things that seem to be the best in my, and that you city folks seem to keer for the most, air the things that air the straightest to get and do."

"Straightest!" questioned Jacob.

"Yes, straightest, easiest; at least they seem so to me," said Uncle Aaron. "Why, that talk you gave the other day in court, that they all clapped so! Why, lad, it was the only thing you could have said. It would have been strange for you to have said any different, wouldn't it?"

Jacob nodded and smiled, and Uncle Aaron went on: "That's what I mean; that the things we sees to do the easiest—what is in us to do—is the right thing for us. And then after it is done, every one sees it is good, yer know. Now, about this ere room, Jacob. Somethings air right and somethings air wrong. I mean in the fixin's, lad; and I hey noticed that the right things are what was easy to do, and the other things that were a heap more trouble they don't suit no one now they are done."

"Oh, father! father!" said Jacob, rising unexpectedly and pacing the floor; "you should have been in my place; you should have had a chance!"

"Chance for what, lad? Money? I do not want it. I never have—that is not what I have keered for."

"What do you care for?" said Jacob.

"Me? What do I keer for? I don't know how to tell ye, lad. I know I don't keer for money—for that only means so many loads of hemlock bark taken to the 'tannin.' But it seems to me, lad, as if there must be some other use for what's in us—some other use. I am no scolard; I can't say what I feels, my boy, but when I heered you the other day in court, a pleadin' for that poor woman, and saw the tears a runnin' down the peoples' cheeks, I felt as if I was a livin' man," and Uncle Aaron rose and put his hand on Jacob's shoulder.

"You give me new courage, father," said Jacob; "but it's hard to live on without her—my wife."

"I know, lad. Don't ever think I forget it. I doesn't." There are some that help us; even although they can not take our burden from us, they seem to share the weight of it.

Jacob, strong man that he was, felt stealing over him the same sense of comfort that he had felt as a child in Uncle Aaron's arms. He felt strengthened and uplifted, better able to face the long, dreary outlook of lonely days to come.

"Father," he said, at last, "you make me feel like a man again—like a soldier that has heard the ringing cheer of his Captain to charge the foe. And I would indeed be a coward if I felt bare now."

"My lad," said Uncle Aaron, with his tender, loving smile, "you never have been a coward—and you never will be!"

CHAPTER VI.

There are few so steeped in wrong-doing as to be completely stupefied. Rose has never quite forgotten for one short half hour her deserted child and husband. Uncle Aaron's loving words have come back to her carpet and again, and she feels a strange, regretful pity whenever she thinks of him.

Fifteen years have passed away since she has seen him, and on this particular day as she is walking through the town of Rio Bonito he is in her mind. She is with her theatrical company, and whether or not owing to the fact that she is so frequently in mind or not, she has been thinking of Uncle Aaron all the morning. Suddenly a hand is laid upon her shoulder, and a voice says huskily: "Grant the Lord!"

"Yes, why, it's you!" she exclaims, gazing at Uncle Aaron in surprise. He stands there in the sunlight, his beard and hair very white, his face very flushed with excitement, his breath coming fast. "Ah, how do you do?" she says. "Are you well?"

"Yes, thankee," stammers Uncle Aaron.

"I was just thinking of you," goes on Rose, coolly, looking very beautiful, with the light of the sun upon her yellow hair. "Do you often come into town? I thought you seldom left the mountains."

"I come down on Matthew's business. He's my other son, yer know; has a farm. I live with him since mother died. How do you know—how is Jacob?" said the old man, eagerly.

"Jacob? I do not know. I have not seen him," slowly, "since I last saw you."

The calmness of the statement rather shakes the good old man for a moment, then, his eyes flashing more than ever, he answers: "So long as that! Why, wee Alice is nigh on to eighteen years old."

"Yes," assented Rose, calmly, "she must be. Is she like me? Is she pretty, do you know?"

"Woman! woman!" broke in Uncle Aaron, "have ye no heart at all? And you have not seen her in all those years! Tell me, have ye never wanted to see her and yer child my boy? Never wanted to see them in all this time?"

"No, very rarely," she drawers, smiling slowly. "But I have wanted to sometimes, though. You don't believe that? It's true all the same. You have always been in my thoughts. I have felt so sorry that what I did hurt you, because you were so good," throwing out her hands with a pretty gesture.

"Good!" ejaculated Uncle Aaron, in amazement; "what do ye mean?"

"I mean," said Rose, turning around impulsively and facing him, "that you are more of a saint than any one I know, and my memory of your talk to me is like that of a church, and that if I had had you for my father I might have been a good woman. There, that's what I mean."

More amazed than ever Uncle Aaron stood looking at her, his heart swelling with emotion.

"Yes," went on Rose, "and if I were with you every day now, I would be a good woman. It's true," she nodded; "you are better than all the priests to me."

"I don't see why," he said.

"You don't! No, I suppose not," she exclaimed, laughing away a tear; "but it's a fact all the same. I know that if I had to die this very minute, I shouldn't be half so afraid to go if you would stand by me and hold my hand!"

Suddenly over Uncle Aaron's face came a strange light, and the blood rushed hotly up against his white hair. "Rose, I have thought of something. Will yer do it for me, child? Will ye do it?"

"Not to go back to Jacob—"

"But if I go with ye," said Uncle Aaron, rapidly. "Ye said, if ye was not making sport of me, that if I were by ye every day ye could be a good woman. Rose! Rose! come back to Jacob, and I'll come with ye! Come back to my boy. Come, I'll come with ye. Think of the years that he has loved ye and been left alone. Think of yer child—will yer come, Rose?"

For a moment she seemed to waver, then shaking her head she said, rather wearily: "No, it would be of no use. I couldn't now. It is too late. He can not want—I should not suit him—he could not forgive, and besides—Oh, I couldn't! It is impossible."

There are times when the yearning of an intense love has the force of a whirlwind. Such was Uncle Aaron's great soul now. He saw the future joy both of his boy and of this fair woman before him hanging in the balance, and he felt that he must save her. His eyes burned, his face was flushed, he walked erect like a king, and like a king he commanded:

"Come, I want to talk with ye."

Looking up at him in wonder, for across his face shone a quivering light of strange sweetness, Rose stopped, hesitated a moment and then turned and walked by his side. He strode along down one of the streets and out to the edge of the town, where they came to a clump of trees near a stream.

"Let's sit down here," he said. They were silent for a moment, Rose nervously punching holes in the soft green moss with the end of her lace parasol, while Uncle Aaron, laying his hat upon the ground, ran his fingers excitedly through his long white hair.

"It's a queer world, child, and I don't pretend to understand it; but there is one thing that I do know, and I want ye to know it. The only happiness for creatures is what we give to others. When I was younger I didn't know this, and many a time I cried out at things and hated folks. I was always hungry for—what I never got all my life, till five years, and I used to feel as if to one's heart was quite an empty place, and no one's life quite so—spoiled. But, child," here his voice grew deeper, "I have found out that all he asks is our hearts, and I know it's some what, and no one days are quite as they would be not them. And so I say, what I more than other that I should have things right to my mind. And so I say to ye, what are ye that ye should spoil two other lives so that yer fancy be suited?"

Rose glanced up at him, shivered a little, and he went on nervously punching holes in the soft green moss. "See that cat down there trying to poke its nose through into that other field! He don't see why he can't be there—he can't see why. But he wants to get on the 'tother side of it—the fresh, better! The field he's in now isn't better for him, but he sees other creatures a feeding over there and thinks they're happier. A better time than he is. Human creatures are very like him," went on Uncle Aaron, half smiling; "never satisfied—never satisfied! Now, child, tell me the truth; are you satisfied with your life now?"

Rose flushed a little but answered: "No, I have often been very lonely."

"My poor child!" said Uncle Aaron, sympathetically, laying his big hand seeking here, and patting it softly. "Now, tell me of it."

"I don't know what to tell," stammered Rose. "I am prosperous and flattered and admired, and at first it was delightful, but I suppose I've rather got used to it or something, but now it don't seem to please me as it used to do."

"Yes," assented Uncle Aaron, "ye are too good a woman to be happy away from yer husband."

"I don't think that's it," said Rose, raising her eyes at last and looking at him. "I think the reason that I am not happy is because I want something now."

"No," said Uncle Aaron, shaking his head, "you don't. It's a dull thing to say, child, but you want something old. Old as these hills yonder, and as strong! Oh! that I was a scholard, and had the words in my head for ye. Ye want to give more of yerself away, and then ye'll feel rich. Some things grow by being used. Ye want to use the heart that's in ye."

"Stop!" cried Rose, strangely stirred. "There is no heart in me. I'm not like you. I go mad in the cities. I'm cold and hard. You judge me by yourself. You are wrong," rising quickly to her feet and walking a few steps onward.

"Child," said Uncle Aaron, following her, and placing two hands upon her shoulders, "go home! you will be blessed!"

Her beautiful eyes flashed back sudden consciousness of his thought, and she for the moment uplifted—inspired—willing to do what he wished, but in another moment the reaction came, and she whispered faintly: "I would—but I have nothing to give."

Then Uncle Aaron smiled such a sweet smile of strong faith in her that it felt as if an arm of strength had suddenly been put about her. That smile and more than words could have spoke hope and loving confidence. "You will try!" he said.

"Yes," very slowly and very humbly, "but I am afraid. And besides, I am so tired, so very tired! I want to come—some one—" bursting out suddenly into great sobs, "someone like you to comfort me."

The light of love upon Uncle Aaron's face deepened. "There, there, child! I'll not leave ye again, ye shall have me to comfort ye. Ah me!" sighing with deep joy, "how happy I be!"

He raised her head up from the green where she had thrown herself in the abandonment, and looked at him. "Happy?" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, smiling down at her—"for I know that ye and my boy will be happy once more."

"But perhaps—" began Rose, with trembling lips.

"Come," said Uncle Aaron, putting up his hat and holding out his hand. "Come!" They walked along hand in hand for some distance, and through Rose's mind the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven, Our Father which art in Heaven," kept repeating themselves over continually. For a few dazed moments she felt as if it was He who had her by the hand. Then glancing up and seeing Uncle Aaron's great, but very human form, a trembling realization of what she had agreed to do came over her. "I'm afraid," she whispered.

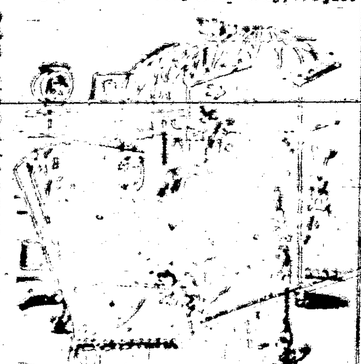
Uncle Aaron grasped her hand still tighter and answered: "Ye need not be, child. Jacob has loved ye all this time."

Very humbly the beautiful head dropped again and a penitence that was complete filled her soul.

They finally came into the town, and Rose said, gently: "Will you come in the Mansion House and wait for me?"

"No," said Uncle Aaron; "I have to do something for Matthew, ye know. I'll 'tend to that first, and send him word that I am going to New York to see Jacob. He'd be a wonderin,' ye see, if I didn't come back."

This small but practical detail again made Rose realize what a change was coming to her life, and she trembled again. "I forget every thing but my own miserable



"DO YOU LEAVE ME TO-MORROW?"

[illegible]

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(CONTINUED ON THE NINTH PAGE.)

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Entered at the postoffice at Nogal, N. M., as second class mail matter.

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

The Silver City Enterprise loomes up this week with the Grant county tax list.

It is reported that detectives have corralled the Albuquerque postoffice robbers.

The New York World paid $1 per mile for Nellie Bly's ride over the Santa Fe system. No strings on an editor.

An eagle measuring seven feet four inches and weighing 10 pounds, was recently killed near Holman, Indiana. Grand old "heagle," this was.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension and conviction of the Albuquerque postoffice robbers.

It is estimated that 50,000 negroes will become residents of the Oklahoma country by next summer. Hope they'll turn the wild Indians loose on them.

M. M. Acker of New York, has introduced a bill making slander a crime. Such a bill will play havoc with the editorial fraternity of New Mexico.

At last accounts the shortage of ex-Receiver Browne of the Las Cruces land office, footed up $6,000, and the end not yet. But then, he's not spilin' over it.

The naval board, appointed by Secretary Tracy, recommends the construction of 227 war vessels, of various sizes, at a cost of nearly four hundred and fifty millions of dollars hard cash!

Nellie Bly, the young correspondent of the New York World, made the trip around the world in 72 days and six hours, and now it is reported she is soon to be married. Nothing like being fast.

What's the matter with the New Mexican? Must have lost an appointment. It says: "Let us see if the government of this country can not be administered more honestly, decently and efficiently than it has been during the last five years."

Bob Ingersoll is quoted with saying that "Harrison's administration reminded him of a dispute between a man and his wife as to what they would have for their Christmas dinner. The man wanted turkey and the woman demanded duck; so they compromised on cabbage."

The National Democrat says the republican party is evidently not the party of the farmers in Iowa. By an almost unanimous vote the Farmer's Alliance at its Des Moines meeting adopted a resolution that Senator Allison ought not to be re elected. Then the republican members of the legislature went into caucus and unanimously voted that he should be re elected.

Gov. Buckner's biennial message was read in both houses of the Kentucky legislature on Monday. He thus pointedly expresses himself on the subject of trusts: "Your attention is invited to the oppression resulting to the people from combination of capital under the name of 'trusts.' Fostered as they are by vicious legislation of the general government, which forbids the masses of the people to seek the markets of the world, either for an advantageous sale of their commodities or the economical purchase of their supplies, resulting, as such partial legislation must necessarily do, in the rapid concentration of capital in the hands of the favored few at the expense of those whose industry earns it, it has become necessary for the legislative department of the state government to exhaust its constitutional power to protect the people from the insupportable extortions resulting from these heartless combinations."

Giant powder, fuse, ajax caps, miner's supplies of all kinds at bed rock prices, at J. C. DeLany's.

THE NUGGET SOLD.

The NUGGET was sold at public sale last Friday to the Lincoln County Farmer's Alliance and Industrial Union, and henceforth will be conducted as the organ of this association, of which Mr. A. J. Gilmore is president, and Mr. A. C. Storm secretary. The committee authorized to make the purchase were Messrs J. N. Coe, W. L. Breece, A. C. Storm and A. J. Gilmore, and the gentlemen, excepting Mr. Gilmore, came over last Saturday and took charge of it.

Considerable changes will be made in the appearance and general make-up of the NUGGET within the next few weeks. Of course it will take time to do all this and will require a special committee to superintend it, which will be designated at the meeting next Saturday. The paper will have a new and different heading, and many other features will be added to make it conform to the wishes and expectations of its projectors. The subscription price will be changed, but to what figure will be made known in next week's issue. The management propose to exhaust every means to make it a fit representative, not only of the order, but of the people of the country in general. The association have secured a good outfit, as good as there is in the territory, and with proper stewardry and united action its influence can be made felt far and near.

LEGISLATIVE DEMANDS.

Adopted by the State Farmer's Alliance and Industrial Union of Texas.

1. We appeal to the voters of the state to vote for the amendment of the constitution on the question of the railroad commission, and if the amendment be adopted we demand immediate legislation for the creation of a railroad commision.

2. Legislation for the more effectual and immediate enforcement of the laws for the recovery by the state of lands forfeited by corporations.

3. Legislation for the better protection of the state's interest in issuing land patents to corporations.

4. An act of the legislature making a violation of the usury law an offense against the state and punishable by fine.

5. An act of the legislature calling for a vote of the people on amendments of the constitution on the following: To amend the constitution requiring the county commissioner's court to contract for the assessment and collection of taxes, both state and county, by precincts, doing away with the present county offices of assessor and collector.

6. We demand a state board of equalization.

7. We demand a local board of equalization for each precinct to be elected by the people of each precinct, to be paid by the day for actual services.

8. We demand legislation which shall prevent county commissioner's courts or other officers making debts, bonded or otherwise, unless first voted by the people of the county.

9. We demand that railroad companies shall be taxed according to the property owned, including the stock issued.

The following report of the committee appointed to establish a plan so as other labor organizations can unite with the Texas Farmer's Alliance and Industrial Union, was adopted:

Whereas, The National Farmer's Alliance and Industrial Union has chartered a union in Texas, and whereas it is desirable that all farmers and laborers be united in one grand order for mutual protection;

Wherefore, It is the object and desire of this union to use every reasonable means within its power to facilitate said object, and this union extends to all labor organizations which comply with the rules governing this body, all the privileges, immunities and benefits accruing from said union; and we furthermore recommend that a delegate be sent to any labor organization in Texas who will receive instructions to use all reasonable means to facilitate a more perfect union in our effort to protect ourselves.—A. C. Hammeal, State Secretary.

HER HEALTH WAS RUINED.

Her Life Was One of Pain, But She is Now Well.

Mrs. Alexander Vaughn, wife of one of the most prominent and extensively known merchants of Prescott, Ark., writes the following letter under date of April 22, 1889:

"I owe the preservation of my life under Providence to Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) For four years my health was wretched, ruined—my life, a life of constant pain and misery and torture. Food soured on my stomach, and what I ate to-day I would vomit to-morrow. My sleep at night was broken with the most horrible visions in dreamy, so much so, that I could not bear to be left alone; chronic diarrhœa, a painful cough that threatened me with consumption; my feet and ankles were twisted out of all proportion, and my limbs swelled more or less. I could not walk except on a level floor, and then with difficulty, and for a while could not get in or out of bed without assistance.

The pressure of a finger on my body would leave its impression, and in short I thought I had dropsy, in addition to my other afflictions.

Two doctors treated me faithfully during these four years but did me no good—the medicines they gave me were as useless as stagnant water. My friends thought I would die, suffering as I was with such a combination of diseases.

In 1887 I discontinued the use of the medicines I had heretofore been taking and began to take Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) Five bottles of this truly wonderful medicine was what worked the miracle of my complete and permanent recovery."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

New Advertisements.

Notice For Publication.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT—COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

Nat. Moore & Sons versus Robert M. Saunders.

The said defendant, Robert M. Saunders, is hereby notified that a suit in assumpsit by attachment has been commenced against him in said District Court, within and for the county of Lincoln, territory aforesaid, by Nat. Moore & Sons, plaintiffs, to recover the sum of sixty dollars, alleged to be due for work and labor done and performed, goods, wares and merchandise sold and delivered; money lent and advanced; money had and received, and upon account stated. That unless you enter your appearance in said suit, on or before the first day of the next April term of said court, commencing on the 21st day of April, A. D. 1890, judgment by default therein will be rendered against you.

A. L. CHRISTY, Clerk.

JOHN J. COCHRELL, Att'y for Plff. 3 23

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M., December 16, 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 Las Cruces, N. M., on Thursday Feb. 20, 1890, viz. Henry Metcalf, on D. S. No. 6116, for the N½ of sw¼, sw¼ of sw¼ and lot 1 of sw¼, sec. 25, tp. 14 s., ra. 9 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz. P. Coghlan, H. K. Parker, of Tularosa, N. M.; Joseph Mack, of Las Cruces, N. M.; J. P. Morris, of El Paso, Texas.

SAMUEL P. McCREA, Register.

3 21

NOGAL

THEN-PIN

ALLEY and SALOON,

NOGAL, N. M.

O. C. DAVIS, Proprietor.

—BEST OF—

Wines, Liquor and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Having purchased the above saloon and alley of Davis & Sons, I respectfully ask a share of the public patronage. I propose to run a first class house, treat all with polite and impartial attention, and sell my goods at living rates. O. C. DAVIS.

Dissolution.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name and style of Bond & Stewart, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Arthur J. Bond retiring. Levin W. Stewart will continue the business of the late firm and will and is hereby authorized and empowered to collect all debts due the firm, and will pay and hereby assumes all the liabilities thereof. ARTHUR J. BOND.

LEVIN W. STEWART.

To my Friends, Patrons and the Public at Large: Having sold my entire interest in the firm of Bond & Stewart to Levin W. Stewart, I gratefully thank you, one and all, for your kind and lavish patronage in the past, and sincerely hope that you will continue to bestow upon my worthy successor (Mr. Stewart) the liberal patronage and support deserving of one who is a thorough business man, well and widely known, and for doing business on a strictly square basis. Most respectfully yours,

ARTHUR J. BOND.

Refering to the above cards, I hereby gratefully acknowledge all past favors and bespeak your kind continuance of same. I shall do all in my power to merit your good wishes, and keep your patronage.

LEVIN W. STEWART.

White Oaks, N. M., Dec. 31, 1889.

COAL.

COAL.

COAL.

Coal for Sale! Fine Coal claim for Sale!

Coal for sale in any quantity at $5 per ton on the dump, or will deliver it at Nogal, Fort Stanton and Lincoln at $8 per ton. Address

WORTLEY & JOHNSON,

3 10 Fort Stanton, N. M.

FOR SALE!

OR WILL

TRADE FOR CATTLE,

One pair of good

American Mules.

Best pair of mules in the county. Come and see me or address me at Nogal, New Mexico.

FRED MAYER.

Nogal, Dec. 26, 1889. 3 21

1890

NEW : ARRIVALS : AND

Seasonable Dry Goods!

J. C. DeLANY'S

New stock of Dry Goods consists of ladie's, gent's, misse's and children's All-Wool,

Cashmere and Merino Hose,

Ladie's fine Wool and Cashmere Underwear, Gent's White, Scarlet and Grey natural wool Underwear, equal in quality and price to any in the territory. Men's Cardegan Jackets, all prices, all shades and colors. Ladie's

Wool Hoods, Wool-Knit Jerseys and Wool Coats,

Infant's Toboggans, Bootees and Wool Coats, ladie's imported Beaver-Fur trimmed.

NEWMARKETS.

Overcoats, Overcoats!

Gent's Overcoats from $3 50 to $25.00, all sizes, to suit great and small. A few choice Goat and Wolf Buggy Robes, at bed-rock prices. Another large lot of our celebrated $5 00 Blankets, best value in the county. Three cases of Comforts, at prices below zero.

FLANNELS!

Scarlet and white Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, bleached and unbleached; Kentucky Jeans, Muslins, Ginghams, and a large line of staple Dry Goods.

DRESS GOODS! DRESS GOODS!

Our Dress Goods department is now complete with a splendid line of Imported and Domestic Fabrics. All wool Henrietta Cloaks, Imported Mohairs, French and English Cashmeres, Serges, all wool Flannels: ladie's Cloaks, everything that the most fastidious could desire.

Notions, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Handkerchiefs,

Gloves, etc., etc., in fact a general stock of first class dry goods, at lowest prices. Come and see us and be convinced.

J. C. DeLANY,

Post Trader, Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

—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

SASH, DOORS,

MOULDING

CEILING, SIDINGS, SHINGLES

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

LUMBER,

Always on hand at

Ed. R. Bonnell's,

White Oaks, N. M

THE NOGAL NUGGET.

Nogal, Lincoln County, New Mexico.

PRICE—$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Local News.

The belle of the season trades with Young & Taliaferro.

The Nogal school, re-opened last Monday with a good attendance.

The Parsons mill started up last Monday. We hope it will prove a success.

Messrs P. G. Peters and D. W. Roberts returned from the railroad Monday.

Mr. P. G. Peters has purchased a wind mill and will erect it on his new premises.

A. Henley & Son have just received a big supply of extra fine liquors. Try them.

The largest stock of patent medicines in the county, and all at eastern prices. J. C. DeLany, Ft. Stanton.

Dick Russell has recovered from the small pox and no doubt now feels like a new man.

Mr. Geo. Dillard of Parsons, the genial proprietor of the White Mountain hotel, paid this place a visit last Monday.

Mr. L. H. Halsted of Parsons, was in town Tuesday, and reports every thing quiet though encouraging in his burg.

Feet cold? Needn't be; try our arctics. Young & Taliaferro.

Justice C. B. Ayres held his first court Monday, in the case of Saunders vs. Moore, which was put off for ten days.

The policy and name of the new paper will appear in the first issue after the meeting of the executive committee.

Corn meal, hominy, oat meal, etc., just received at J. C. DeLany's.

A letter from Dr. Paden of White Oaks, states that he will be here next Saturday and revaccinate those upon whom it failed to take before.

James T. Casey, formerly of Parson City, we see it stated, died in St. Louis on Jan. 23d, at 6:30 a. m., of pneumonia, superinduced by an attack of "la grippe."

Trust in Providence and buy your goods of Young & Taliaferro, is a good motto for the new year.

Stockholders will form a co operative association and elect officers for the permanent organization and management of the new paper as early as possible after Feb. 15, '90.

H. L. Harris will conduct this paper, under management of executive committee, until further arrangements are made, and the new "devil" will continue to cut a figure in the paper as of yore.

Hardware, builder's supplies, agricultural implements, cheap for cash at J. C. DeLany's.

Mr. Jno. A. Brown of White Oaks, was in town Monday, looking after his mine interests, and while here was called by telegram to the bedside of his father, at Owensboro, Ky., who is reported dying.

We learn that there is a squad of prospectors in the mountains west of Nogal looking out a place and suitable material to erect and operate a smelter, and if such is unavailable in this camp they will go to the Bonito district.

Car load of flour, direct from mill, fresh goods, just received by J. C. DeLany.

The Eagle Creek singing class, represented by Messrs Geo. Sanders, H. C. Epps and others, will sing at Nogal school house, by permission, Sunday, 9th inst., at 9 a. m. Let us give them a hearty welcome and a good audience.

Mrs. Henry Emmerson died last Sunday morning a few minutes before ten o'clock, of blood poisoning. The funeral took place Monday at the Eulaje's cemetery, in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends and relatives.

Doctors say there's less dyspepsia than was ever known in town. Young & Taliaferro says, the reason is that folks are buying pure, unadulterated goods this season. Their trade was larger in bings so during the past few weeks.

NOTICE.

Members of the executive committee of the Lincoln County F. A. and I. U., will meet at the Alliance hall in Nogal Saturday, Feb. 8, 1890, at 1 p. m. Important business to be transacted. Members of Nogal Alliance are hereby requested to meet with them. —By order of committee.

A. C. Storm, Sec'y.

IMPORTANT.

All members subscribing stock to the new Alliance paper, published at Nogal, will please forward their subscription to A. C. Storm, Secretary, by Feb. 15, 1890.

"The Labor Advocate"

Has been suggested as a name for the new paper, but this matter of name will be considered by the committee at their meeting Saturday next.

O. C. Davis, our popular saloonist, has received a shipment of whiskey from Roswell that is by far the best ever brought to Nogal. Its double stamped, old and mellow as a mother in law at the age of 40, and he says he proposes to dish out this grade of spirits from now on to his customers. Any one is at liberty to sample it, and if what we say is not true, don't tell us so, for you know we are no judge of the article in question.

A resume of the annual financial statement of Lincoln county, shows:

Am't warrants outstanding Co. fund	$ 1,665.13
Same, jail fund	2,000.00
Am't bonds outstanding	55,800.00
Total indebtedness	$59,465.13
Am't on hand Co. fund	$ 9,870.02
" " special fund	6,972.48
" " jail fund	4,587.61
" " interest fund	2,207.19
Total	$23,637.11
Net indebtedness, Jan. 1, '90	$35,828.02

The members and friends of the Lincoln County F. A. and I. U., who feel an interest in the success of the Union and its efforts, should send in their names at once and have them placed on the subscription book. It is the desire of those who have undertaken the publication of this paper that it shall subserve the full interest of our section and the order in whose behalf it was purchased. A good newspaper will go a long ways towards building up and advancing the order in this county, and with a liberal support and co operation none need doubt its influence and acceptability.

Lieut. J. J. Pershin, 6th Cavalry, Fort Stanton, was in town yesterday, endeavoring to get track of a deserter who left the Fort Tuesday night on the back of one of the best horses in the service. Mr. Jaffa of Roswell, passed through here yesterday afternoon and stated that he met the runaway about five miles this side of his city.

Oh! the clothes press is a swell affair for garments nice and neat, the hay press is a good machine and does its work complete, the cider press is lovely with its juices rich and sweet, but the printing press controls the world and gets there with both feet.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Irene Garrett, of Lincoln, Illinois, and eldest sister of Mrs. Nat Moore of this place. She had been in bad health a long time, in fact paralyzed, and her death was not unexpected. She was 72 years old.

Our new school directors, excepting H. C. Russell, who we learn has declined to serve, qualified before Mr. Thos. W. Henley last Monday. A petition is being circulated for the appointment of Mr. J. C. Hightower to fill Mr. Russell's place.

Will Tenton, one of the best boys in the V. V. outfit made this office a pleasant call last Wednesday.

Parties requiring furniture of any description would do well to call on J. C. DeLany, post trader, Fort Stanton. Mr. DeLany has recently received a car load of first class furniture, direct from the mammoth establishment of "The Widdecomb Furniture Co." of Grand Rapids, Mich. Purchasing from first hands, and shipping in car load lots, he is enabled to sell at prices as low as dealers at railroad towns. If you want anything in his line give him a call and you will be pleased both with prices and goods.

A New Political Creed.

The confederation of Farmers and Knights of Labor at St. Louis in December last formulated their demands as follows: 1. That we demand the abolition of national banks and the substitution of legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes, issued in sufficient volume to do the business of the country on a cash system; regulating the amount needed on a per capita basis as the business interests of the country expand; and that all money issued by the government shall be legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private. 2. That we demand that congress shall pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the dealing in futures of all agricultural and mechanical productions; preserving a stringent system of procedure in trials as shall secure the prompt conviction, and imposing such penalties as shall secure the most perfect compliance with the law. 3. That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver. 4 That we demand the passage of laws prohibiting the alien ownership of land, and that congress take early steps to devise some plan to obtain all lands now owned by aliens and foreign syndicates; and that all lands now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of that which is actually used and needed by them, be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only. 5. Believing in the doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," we demand that taxation, national or state, shall not be used to building up one interest or class at the expense of another. We believe that the money of the country should be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all revenues, national, state and county, shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered. 6. That congress issue a sufficient amount of currency to facilitate exchange through the medium of the United States mail. 7. We demand that the means of communication and transportation shall be owned by and operated in the interest of the people as is the United States postal system.

The world is almost daily reminded, by fatalities from contact with electric wires, of the imperative need of the discovery of some device whereby these casualties may be avoided. A few days ago a man rode a horse up to an iron awning post in New Burgh, N. Y., night blinding, tied his horse to the post. A few minutes later the horse touched his nose to the iron post and fell into the gutter like a log. Thomas Dawson ran to help the horse, but no sooner did he place his hands on the animal than he (Dawson) fell dead. Thomas Saltz, who saw Dawson fall, hastened to his assistance and took hold of him to lift him, but received a terrible shock, and he too dropped to the ground as if dead. He subsequently recovered, as did the horse. An arc electric light wire had sagged and lay upon the iron railing from the awning post to the building, and the full force of the electric current was passing down the iron post to the ground.

The Optic is always throwing out good pointers. It says: Grit, push, snap, vim, energy, churches, schools, colleges, morality, enterprise, harmony, cordiality, cheap property, advertising, healthy location, talk about it, help to improve it, faith exhibited by good works, honest competition in business, helping public enterprises, elect good men to office. Always cheer on the men who go in for improvements.

After repeated, unsuccessful efforts, at great expense, the Jicarilla company in Lincoln county have at last succeeded in striking water. Page B. Otero, who will arrive in Las Vegas shortly, writes that there are now 62 feet of water in their well, and it is still rising.—Optic.

D. B. Abrahams, recently appointed superintendent of the New Mexico penitentiary, died of pneumonia at Santa Fe on the 3d inst.

Mr. Thos. W. Henley, we are glad to learn has bought a place and moved his family to town—what he should have done long ago.

Lincoln county which is to be divided into Lincoln, Chavez and Eddy counties is a territory by itself and sufficient in area and in population for a judicial district to be made of it. The building of the irrigating canals has caused people to flock thither and settle and the increase in improvements and population is and will be such that there is and will be a corresponding amount of legal business. It is only justice to the beforenamed counties as well as to the other counties in southern New Mexico that a new judicial district be formed from these counties, they desire it and the press and the people of southern New Mexico ought to do all they can to aid them to get what they want. It is a reasonable request and will not only facilitate their local business but will prevent the business in the districts, as now formed, from becoming too burdensome for the present judges to attend to properly. We give our voice for a new judicial district for Lincoln, Chavez and Eddy counties and hope it will be formed soon.—Black Range.

A reward of $1000, offered through the praiseworthy efforts of the Denver Times, is for the arrest and conviction of R. L. Scott, who is supposed to have murdered Nellie Ryan on January 23d, 1890, at Denver, Colorado. He answers the following description:

Age thirty; height five feet ten inches; weight 150 pounds; light complexion; light brown hair, inclined to be curly on top of his head; light brown mustache, rather faded, droops at the ends; may possibly have his mustache shaved off; thin reddish face; conspicuous cheek bones for small features; cheeks a little hollow; straight nose; blue or gray eyes; rather long neck; slightly stoop shouldered; rather long legs; has a peculiar walk swings his shoulders; hips and shoulders well developed for a man of his size; very hairy arms, long from the elbows down. Usually wears a dark slouch hat, store clothes, sack coat. Has served in the regular United States army; is a dishwasher in restaurants by occupation; is given to intoxication; is a Scotchman by birth. He writes a good hand and appears to be a good scholar.

Send all communications to J. F. Farley, chief of police, Denver, Colorado.

The residence of Secretary Tracy, in Washington, was destroyed by fire on the 3d inst. The fire got under such headway before any one discovered it that it was impossible for all the occupants to escape, and his wife and daughter both perished in the flames.

The Home of a Snake.

Columbia, S. C. Feb. 3. An aged lady living about twenty miles from this city has a snake in her arm. The snake is by no means a stranger, and has been in its present lodging for forty years. Mrs. Brown was once pretty and plump, and pleasing. One day she noticed a U shape figure on the upper fleshy part of her left arm. It was faint, and seemed like a delicate black thread beneath the skin. That was forty years ago, and, as the girl grew, the mark developed until the presence of the reptile was unmistakable. She was repeatedly urged to have it removed by a surgical operation, but was unwilling. The snake, through the forty years, has grown to about a foot long, and lies in the U curve with the tail and head pointing toward the elbow. It is just beneath the skin and can be plainly seen. The head and eyes are visible, and the pulsations of the reptile's heart can be felt by lightly placing a finger on the spot. When the snake is much disturbed a slight movement can be detected about the head and tail. [Good!]

We are reliably informed that the Savage lease on the Sierra Bella at Lake Valley is the greatest discovery in these mines since the days of the "Bridal Chamber" in 1882. The ore is solid horn silver and samples $28,000 per ton. The ore body was worked by the lessees from the 8th to the twenty first of the month when the company assumed control, the lease having expired. Although having but a few days to work, and paying 30 per cent royalty the lessees in that time hoisted the lessors $80,000.—Kingston Shaft.

A. Henley & Son,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES

—AND—

Miner's Supplies.

Best Brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

Nogal, New Mexico.

Our Motto,

"Quick Sales and Small Profits,"

Shall be strictly adhered to.

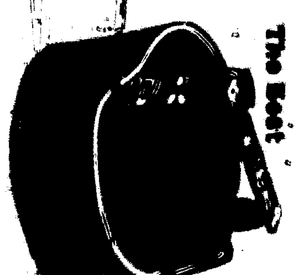
We keep everything in the general mercantile line, and when you want anything that you can't see in the house, ask for it. We propose to treat all our customers alike in every particular. Call on us when you come to town.

Taxation in New Mexico is not fairly regulated. There is too much valual le land which pays no taxes. Sell the property for the taxes.—Stock Grower

There are some millions of acres of land in the form of grants, in this territory, which have never paid their fair proportion of taxes, and there are other millions that have never paid any. An effort was made at the last session of the legislature to remedy this not only unfortunate but dishonest state of things, but the leaders of that body being grant owners and grant claimants, and too busy making a state under which they could perpetuate this condition of robbery upon the honest tax payers, of course nothing was done. The property owner or claimant who refuses or seeks to avoid the payment of his taxes is a public robber and a private thief. Deming Headlight.

Then, under this condition of affairs the tax paying people should no longer look to the legislature for redress, they must formulate a remedy among themselves, and it will, eventually, be done.

James Franklin has been arrested in Las Vegas, on a requisition from the governor of Texas, and will be taken back to Texas to serve a sentence for murdering a fellow man in McMullen county.



BEST SEEDS
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PATENTS

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self," she said, humbly. "I will see my manager and resign my position, get my things together, and whenever you are ready come to the hotel and you will find me."

"Very well," said Uncle Aaron. "I will come by noon for ye, child."

He went his way and she went hers. About twelve o'clock he called for her, and they took the small boat across the river to Rhinebeck, where the steamer awaited them. Here Uncle Aaron sent a telegram to Jacob: "Rose an' I are coming to you; meet us in the city."

CHAPTER VII.

The clerk in the small office looked in wonder at the old man who asked him to pen the message for him, saying, simply: "I can not write, will ye send it to him!"

They had about two hours to wait before the boat would start, and this same clerk in about an hour's time came out of his office briskly hunting around with considerable excitement for Uncle Aaron. "Ah! here you are. Here's an answer," he said, handing it to him.

"Read it, Rose," said Uncle Aaron. "I can make out print, but not letter writing."

Rose took it, looking very white, but one glance, after she had unfolded it, was enough. She gave a low cry and burst into tears. This astonished the brisk clerk very much, who, knowing what was in the telegram, didn't see any thing in it to cry about. He stood wondering at her, until Uncle Aaron, taking the crumpled paper from her fingers, said to him: "Read it to me."

"It says," said the clerk, in a business-like way, "[illegible] will meet you without fail.' Shall I get the lady a glass of water, sir?"

"No, thank ye," answered Uncle Aaron, putting his arm into that of Rose, and

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

leading her down the slope towards the boat; "much obliged to ye."

"Queer old Dick," mused the brisk clerk, looking after them. "I suppose she's his daughter. She'd be good looking if she didn't cry so." Then, being a practical young man, he dismissed them at once from his mind and went back to his work.

The sail down the Hudson river was accomplished in the usual time, and finally the New York wharf was reached. Rose and Uncle Aaron made part of the crowd that leaned over the railing nearest the dock. Eagerly Uncle Aaron glanced into the faces below him and finally caught sight of Jacob. "There he is, Rose—see him!" he exclaimed, pointing excitedly. No, Rose couldn't see him. A mist of tears hid the dock and all from her sight. But this passed, and eagerly Uncle Aaron pointed him out again. "That's him with the black beard, Rose—see!"

"Yes," answered Rose, faintly; "I should have known him."

It seemed a long time before the boat was made fast and the broad gang-plank put down, and then how the crowd surged ashore! "Careful there!" called out one of the officials, "not so many at a time."

Uncle Aaron let Rose go first, and Jacob sprang up a foot or two along the plank to meet her. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms, blind to every thing save the one stupendous fact that she had come back to him. Uncle Aaron, a few feet up the board, stopped still, gazing at them, his great heart beating with joy.

"Come, come, get along you, can't you!" said some one behind him, and then—perhaps it was because he was blinded by his happy tears or because the careless crowd [jostled] too roughly—but Uncle Aaron's foot slipped from the gang plank, he struggled, lost his balance, and fell into the water. Instantly a shout went up "man overboard," with a ring of fear in it that filled every heart. Rose, released a second before by Jacob, had seen him fall. "Save him! Oh, for the love of God, save him!" she shrieked, springing to the edge. "Will no one save him?"

Jacob had thrown off his coat and was about to plunge, when strong arms held him [illegible] "That is [folly], they are [illegible] a rope [illegible]" "Let me [illegible]" [illegible] He burst from his captors [illegible] Rose, like a piece of marble [illegible] Jacob caught his father and [illegible] Whether it was his [illegible] or whether it was [illegible] but he slipped and [illegible] By [illegible] boat had been let down [illegible] towards the boat, [illegible] with one hand and [illegible] breath. [illegible] And then such [illegible] shook hands with each [illegible] kissed each other [illegible] brotherhood of man [illegible] But was he saved? [illegible] the crowd grew still [illegible] with awe struck. The boat was lashed [illegible] form of Uncle Aaron [illegible] cried out a woman [illegible] wind on the water's [illegible] a moment in sympa- [illegible] have been saved! Oh! it [illegible] It is not right!"

On the grand old face, now so white and [illegible] yet an expression of joy as if [illegible], if they could but understand, [illegible] was right with him. Jacob stood [illegible], faint with a tumult of feeling [illegible]

"[illegible]" said a man in the crowd, [illegible] "it was her father, I [illegible]"

"No," murmured Jacob, faintly; "he was mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

Just how one passes through the crisis of [illegible] one has said or done on such occasions is not always to be [illegible] Call back to mind in your own memory the most important and vital interests in your life and you will marvel at the fewness of the words said and the commonplaceness of the actions.

Just how Jacob and Rose got Uncle Aaron home—just how Jacob explained the home-coming of the new mistress and long-absent mother to his household and to Alice, he could not have told if he had been asked a month later.

And as for Rose, for days the only real thing in the world to her was a pictured memory of a few strange faces in a beautiful room, and a minister in white robes saying: "I am the resurrection and the life," and lying in calm and peaceful grandeur the form of Uncle Aaron. Always, always she saw only him, and on his face that glad and triumphant smile of exultant love!

In the confused days that followed she spoke and eat and slept, but did so as one in a dream or as one with a vail over the face shrouded.

There came at last a day when the dream was ended, and she awoke, when the vail was torn aside, and her eyes beheld. She was sitting in the front bed-room of her home, around her the many beautiful things that money and culture brings, when suddenly she saw, as for the first time, her daughter Alice. A fair-haired girl, with her own features, but more lovely because of a curious likeness to Uncle Aaron in the pink and white face. She dropped the book she held in her hands and gazed at her child. Her child! Was this lovely girl hers! And the years that had passed to bring her to this state of loveliness—what did she know of them! What part had she in her child's life, in her girlish hopes and fears! And now, here she was, sweet and gentle, just trembling on the edge of womanhood—and what was she like! "What do I know of her! Is she my child?" mused Rose. A strong, jealous feeling of true motherhood swept over her. "She is mine! And who are these people that have had the care of her till now!"

She half arose in her seat, and Alice, turning around, said, gently: "Is—is there any thing you want, mother?"

How the word thrilled her! Going to Alice, she put her arms about her and said, quickly: "Tell me of yourself, dear—tell me of yourself—all you can remember!"

Surprised and startled to see the strange and handsome lady whom she had been told was her mother, but for whom until now she had felt only a deep curiosity, Alice answered abruptly: "Tell you of myself! What a strange thing to ask, mother."

"Yes, yes," answered Rose, with a sob, "it is strange! I know that! Unnatural and wrong that I need to ask at all—that I do not know all about you from your first pair of shoes up to now. But I don't; and can I never, never can know!"—breaking down and sobbing convulsively. "I never can know! Oh, my baby! Oh, my little girl! Oh, my Alice! Mine! mine! mine!" kissing the startled girl on cheeks and lips and hair, hungrily stroking even her dress; "you are mine!"

"There, there, mother," said Alice, tremblingly, the tears in her eyes; "do not cry; I will tell you all I can. I will, mother dear."

But alas! the best that tender kindness can do can not bring back the past! As Alice went on, gently relating bit by bit parts of her innocent life the mother groaned aloud. She might know the facts, yes, down to the smallest detail, but that did not help her hunger, did not relieve the gnawing remorse that she felt, nor kill the jealous sense at her heart, that there would always be a part of her child's life in which she had no share. Still, this breaking down of the barriers brought them nearer together. Alice felt a warm glow of feeling towards her mother that was the first beginning of an earnest love.

That night Rose saw her husband Jacob with new eyes. Strong and grave and tender, the man that now she felt she had treated so blindly through all her folly and [obstinacy], he was there, staunch and true, her husband still! A sense of awe, of reverence came over her, as of one spared beyond her deserts. "I never can atone to

"TELL ME OF YOURSELF, DEAR."

him!" she cried in her heart, "but at least I will try."

Humbly and gently, earnestly and untiringly, she strove from day to day to fulfill her duties as a wife, to minister to his comfort and happiness in every way. In so doing she grew more and more to love the generous nature that never spoke a word of recrimination, and that always showed appreciation of her smallest effort. She grew to love her husband with a hungry and despairing love—for she saw no [illegible]. Although always gentle and kind, there was ever a gentle reserve and reticence that seemed to say: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

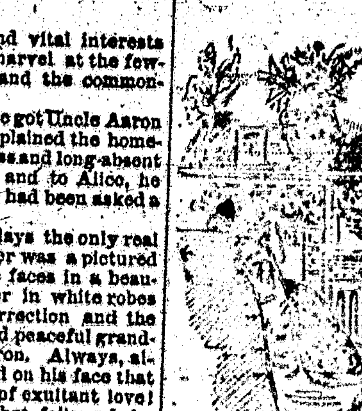
And she could not blame him! She dared not. He was now giving her far beyond what she had any right to expect.

One evening, some months after Uncle Aaron's death, Rose and Jacob were together in the library—Jacob's favorite room. Rose, always beautiful, dressed in a dress of some soft and clinging silk, sat, dreamily looking off into space, thinking of herself, of Jacob and of Uncle Aaron.

It was one of her quiet times when she did not fret inwardly—only felt glad and thankful that she could be near him, humble and devoted.

And Jacob! So true it is that love is blind! Why, he had always loved his wife, and only her; but now that she had come back to him, penitent and, oh! so gentle, he could ask nothing of her, he could exact nothing from her. That she loved him he never dreamed, and in his manly generosity he would not demand any thing. All her ceaseless care and vigilant watching for his wants and wishes he took to be but penitent gratitude, and not for one instant could he have taken advantage of that. Therefore he was reserved; therefore he was reticent. He feared to be otherwise, for still in his heart, unchanged by time or trial, was the one great love of his life. He felt that if he let go the leash he could not trust himself.

He looked at her beautiful profile as she sat there, graceful and womanly, unconscious of his gaze, and he thought: "How I love her. How every tiny curve of her sweet mouth I love. How I long to touch [illegible] gold of her hair." And then [illegible] he said and that [illegible]



"SHE HAS NEVER BEEN ACROSS THE WATER."

of what he felt. "Did you go to Goupil's to-day?" he said.

"What! Goupil's!" said Rose. "Oh, yes, I did; but that painting by Kratser was gone."

Then with the fatal blindness of we poor mortals when we should see, she saw nothing, but relapsed into a vague and dreamy reverie of life and love. And life and love were right there within her grasp, and she knew it not.

Jacob sat, and looked and looked. Growing restless at last, he arose and walked up and down. Rose was accustomed to this, and did not move. Then Jacob stopped his tramp, and resting his elbow on the mantel piece, stood—a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"Rose," he said.

"Yes, Jacob," she answered, with the wistful look that was now her habitual expression. "Yes, what is it?"

"I have been thinking that it would be a good thing if you and Alice went to Europe this spring, and spent a year abroad. She has never been across the water, and it would perfect her in her French and help her in many ways."

Rose's heart sunk with heaviness. She felt a lonely sense of desertion, that made her think dully: "I wonder if Jacob felt like this when I left him long ago! If so, I do not wonder that he can't forgive me."

It was some seconds before she could reply, then she said, gently: "If you wish it, Jacob—if you think it best."

"Yes," answered Jacob, misled by her quietness into thinking that she did not mind leaving him. "Yes, I think it would be a good thing for both of you. It would widen Alice's horizon in many ways by letting her see more of the world, and it would be a change and a relief to you to get away from here and all past associations."

"It might be of good to Alice—yes," said Rose, slowly.

"And not to you?"

"My only good is to be near you," answered Rose, softly.

"What is that," answered Jacob, quickly. "Don't make polite speeches to me—just to please me, Rose."

"I am only speaking the truth, Jacob—you know that"—gently still.

"Rose! Do you mean to say that you don't want to leave me! That you prefer to remain here where I am!"

"Yes, Jacob."

If he had not looked at her just then and seen the hopeless droop of her head, perhaps what happened would have never come to pass. But he did see it, and, kneeling down in front of her chair, he put his two hands on hers, and said, passionately: "Rose, look at me! Here I am at your feet again, asking you if you—"

"Oh, my husband!" cried Rose, while a sweeping wave of color made her face [illegible] "you could never love me again!"

"I have never stopped loving you, my [illegible] to his feet and clasping her to his heart. "Why, Rose, [illegible]" kissing her [illegible] "My wife, did you think so?"

"Of course, Jacob, and I could not blame you! Only I have been so hungry for your love, dear, and longed so to be in your arms like this," smiling up at him through happy tears. "And now—"

"And now," laughed Jacob, "you will be here forever, won't you, my dear?"

"I'd like to be, but when you send me away to Europe," said Rose, mischievously. "I'll take both of them, I suppose."

"You humbug! You know better. As if I'll let you go out of my sight now"—putting her away an instant and looking at her fondly. "And my wife! You are a little older! A little silver mixed in among the gold—but you are more beautiful than you ever were."

"May your eyesight be always as bad as [illegible]" laughed Rose. Then suddenly taking his hand to her lips, she said, humbly: "Forgive me all the past—can you, dear?"

"No, love never forgives," pulling her down [illegible] with a smile. "It only [illegible] Will that answer?"

"Oh, my husband! I am not worthy of you. I am [illegible]"

"Hush, dearest, [illegible] not say that. If father could only see us now how happy he would be!"

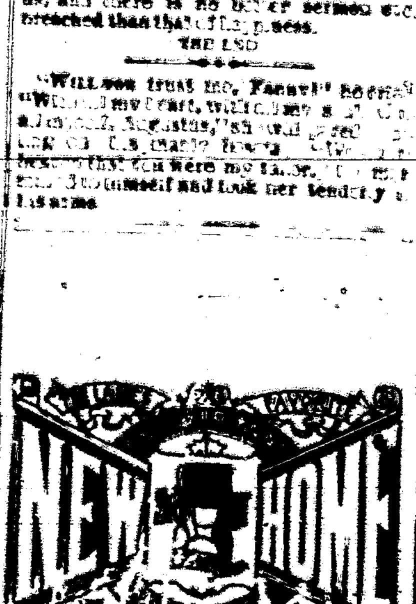
"I hope, my husband, that he can," whispered Rose. [illegible]

The [illegible] now at No. — Fifth avenue [illegible] rather elderly couple, whose daily [illegible] is a [illegible] and no one goes to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lane's without feeling the better for it.

It is what we are that affects those about us, and there is no better sermon ever preached than that of happiness.

THE END.

"Will you trust me, Fanny?" he [illegible] "With all my heart, [illegible]" [illegible] Augustus, [illegible] that you were my [illegible] and took her tenderly in his arms.



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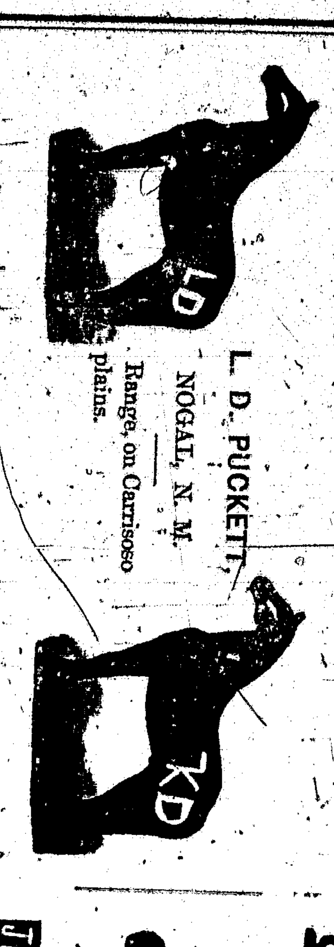

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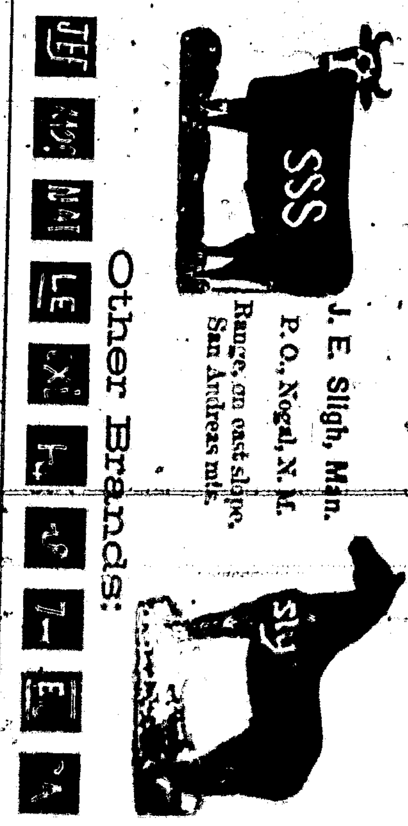

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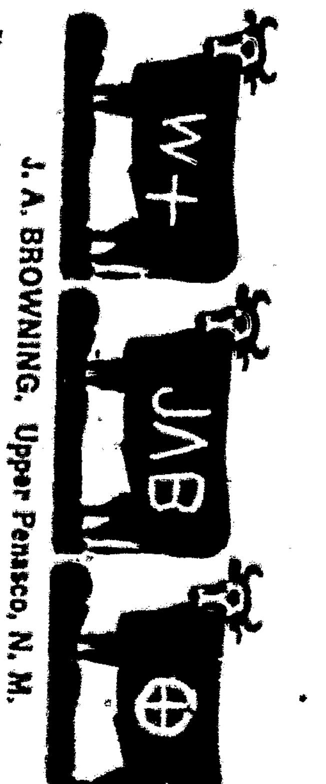

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