

White Oaks Eagle

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The Secretary of the Interior Makes an Important Decision.

PLACER LOCATIONS VALID.

The Secretary of the Interior has rendered a decision in the cases of the Kern Oil Co. vs. Clarke, and the Gray Eagle Oil Co. vs. Clarke, involving petroleum bearing lands in the Bakersfield oil field of Kern county, Cal. The decision which has been announced upholds every point that was made in Commissioner Hermann's decision on the same cases a year since. While, as would appear from the telegraphed summary of their opinion, there are no new grounds for it advanced, it is stated that the discussion of the questions involved has been elaborated, and authorities have been compared and cited more fully. It may be taken that the decision just rendered indicates and finally settles the policy of the Interior Department in its definitive rulings as to the future classification of public lands. The Secretary's opinion is that the provision of the statute which declares that forest reserve lien selections can only be made on vacant land, refers to the physical condition of the land, and prevents the selection of lands which are occupied for mining or any other purpose, even though no entry of them has been made at the local land office.

This last declaration is of vast importance to the mining industry. It is common sense applied to the definition of common conditions in a mining district. Practically a reaffirmation of Commissioner Hermann's definition, it illustrates the value to a great industry of a mind familiar with its details in a place where decisions are made affecting the prosecution of the industry. It is notable that it is bringing the definition of what the framers of the statute meant, and is putting the Interior Department mineral land rulings in accord with some decisions made by appeal courts.

Heretofore many rulings have been made which did not recognize the physical occupancy of the land for mining as evidence of its character and proper classification as mineral land. With this recognized, the classification of rail road grant lands in mineral-bearing districts becomes a much

simpler matter, and, presuming good faith to the parties on both sides, the irritating friction that has existed for years should largely disappear. The effect of the ruling is to make a physical fact the conclusive evidence of the classification in place of the opinions of experts or inexperts as to whether mineral which cannot be seen will or will not pay commercially. Is the land in bona fide occupancy as mining claims? will be the main question. If it is, the land is mineral. If it is not, the land is non-mineral.

It is reported that the scrippers will now take their contention into the courts. Beaten in law; and by the facts and by public policy, they have still another trial simply because an executive department is not a court. In the face of the clear logical definition of the meaning of the statute that the Secretary of the Interior makes, it would seem unthinkable that the scrippers should obtain a reversal of the decision. The only possible contention that can be made is over the provision of the statute requiring physical discovery as a condition precedent to the right validly locate a mining claim.

To meet this it will be necessary for the claimants under mining locations to show to the courts beyond the question of a doubt the common physical relation of the minable values in placer deposits to the surface on which locations must be made. This common physical relation is that the valuable mineral is covered by some depth—sometimes considerable—of barren overburden which has to be removed or penetrated to make the physical discovery. Nature rarely does this removing or penetrating, but commonly provides traces or prospects to indicate to the miner what particular surface to choose, from which to explore downward. This common physical relation of the mineral in the placer to the surface is the common physical relation in the gold-bearing placers. Actual discoveries are only uncommonly made on the physical surface. If the scrippers should succeed in having the court rule

that a physical discovery of mineral is the condition precedent to a valid placer location, the entire practice of fifty years in making placer locations is reversed, and the real intent of the statute relating to placer mining is practically nullified. The decision of the Interior Department that bona fide occupancy made by a placer mining location vests an exclusive conditional grant in the locator is the Interior Department's recognition, though a tardy one, of the actual physical condition that miners and the public have always recognized. Nowhere and at no time have miners as between themselves ever questioned placer locations made in good faith—even though no precedent discovery was made. That is, they do not ignore occupancy and proceed by making the actual discovery to initiate a superior title. The miners have always recognized occupancy in good faith as the basis of location and exclusive possession under it. The statute was intended to recognize this common practice. The Interior Department by its decision here reviewed so declares it. Properly and fully presented, the courts can be depended on to make it their ruling.—Mining and Scientific Press.

A CONGRESSMAN DENOUNCES ADMINISTRATION'S POLICY.

"Homes of the Filipinos Strewn with Ashes and Drenched with Blood of the People," a Weak Claim for Title.

Washington, April 25—Mr. Carmack of Tennessee, democrat, one of the minority members of the Philippine committee, spoke in opposition to the Philippine government bill now pending. His address attracted to the chamber not only many senators, but a considerable number of his former colleagues in the house.

He sharply criticized the president, not only for the policy which he is pursuing in the Philippines, but for utterances, which the senator declared tended to fan the flame of insurrection.

He said the bill simply presented one aspect of imperialism. It was not a question of only framing just laws for the Filipinos, but a question of the right to make any laws whatever for that people. "The claim of the republicans," said he, "is that they burned enough towns, wasted enough country and killed enough people to make good their right.

The land is ours because we have strewn it with the ashes of its homes and drenched it with the blood of its people."

Opponents of this policy have denied we have derived any just powers of government from the subjugation of the governed and that is the real issue of this debate. He quoted utterances of Roosevelt, charging that the "treasonable" utterances had incited the Filipinos to insurrection and said we must not judge the president in his moments of oratorical ferocity or when the frenzy of battle is in his blood. The president is not vindictive, but simply "strenuous."

Roosevelt had habitually spoken of the Filipinos as "savages" "barbarians" and "Apaches." The effect had been to harden and intensify the Filipino opposition to American rule.

He also denounced General Funston, whom he characterized as the "Jayhawker brigadier from the wind-swept plains, the mightiest Samson that ever wielded the jawbone of an ass as a weapon of war."

ACCEPTS JUDGESHIP IN PHILIPPINES.

Great surprise was caused in Santa Fe by the announcement that United States attorney of the Pueblo-Indians, William H. Pope, who is also United States attorney of the court of private land claims, has accepted a judgeship in the Philippines. Mr. Pope came to New Mexico eight years ago from Atlanta, Georgia, on account of his health, which he has completely recovered. He is only thirty-one years of age. He was offered a judgeship in the Philippines last June, but declined the honor. During a recent visit at Washington he met Governor Taft, who is at present at Cincinnati, and upon his earnest solicitation has accepted the judgeship, which carries a salary of \$5,000 a year and traveling expenses. He will be a member of the first instance, and will travel from capital to capital in the islands holding court. He will set sail from San Francisco some time in June. As candidates to succeed him as attorney of the Pueblo Indians ex-Governor L. B. Prince and B. M. Read, ex-speaker of the New Mexico House of Representatives, are mentioned. Pope is a gold Democrat and a former law partner of Hoke Smith of Atlanta.

ANGUS HAPPENINGS

[Bonito Valley Items.]
Regular Correspondence.

For several days there has been a large volume of smoke, and at night a bright light, issuing from Saw Mill canon which debouches into the valley just above Mr. Crockett's, and on Sunday night the fire spread all over the east face of Mount Joe and illuminated the mountain, which rises some 5,000 feet above the valley, with thousands of lights. A grand sight.

Two boys were boasting with each other about what their fathers' had. One said they had a cupalo on their house, the other retorted that they had a mortgage on their house. Our school house bond election passed off without any blood shed.

Mr. J. G. Riggle who is clerking for Mr. P. G. Peters has moved his family over from White Oaks.

Great preparations are being made for the fete crowning King Edward VII. He bids fair to give the English people a ceremonial rule.

Gov. Hogg of Texas could not appear before his Royal Highness without knee breeches and a sword dangling at his side. Simian life. When a boy attending the circus I was greatly amused to see the monkey mounted on a pony dressed up with a general's hat and bright colored coat with a sword and knee breeches; all the world is akin.

FROM THE DISTANT

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Manilla, P. I.

Mar. 25th 1902

Mr. S. M. Wharton,

White Oaks N. M.

Dear Sir:

I don't see how we can get along without the EAGLE. I intended to write you from Denver also from San Francisco, but there was a whole lot of things that I intended to do, that I did not do.

We left Denyer January 28th, and San Francisco February 8th, and arrived here March 12th. We had a verry pleasant voyage after we left Honolulu. From San Francisco to Honolulu it was a little rough. We came over on the Transport Grant.

I can't say much about the climate at present as I have not been here long enough, but we have slept under blankets every night since we have been here. These people, the Filipino hombre, are a wholly-fright, to say nothing about the conglomeration of the different nationalities that are found in the city of Manilla. I won't attempt to describe them.

Within the last week, Cholera, Small Pox and God only knows what else has broken out; but I don't want to be too hard with our new possessions and especially now

that I am a citizen of one of them. It would surprise a good many of you in the states, to see how clean the city of Manilla is. The Board of Health deserves a great deal of credit for the precautions that they take in handling such dreaded diseases. It has the assistance of the Board of Police at the head of which is Chief George Curry, late of New Mexico. During this little out-break the Chief has added 275 extra police to his force; these form a cordon around the infected districts to prevent the disease from spreading. That is the way a New Mexico man does business, and he has the best of order in this city, equal to any in the States.

The Americans here hardly give the situation of affairs a thought, business goes on just the same.

My father is assigned to the Island of Mindanao and we will leave for there about the 1st of April.

Since I have been here I have seen some very fine specimens of gold quartz and free gold, and from what I can hear parts of these islands must be very rich. As soon as I can I am going prospecting. The greatest thing I will have to look out for will be my head, as the head hunters are on the war path at the present writing.

Sunday, Joe Keith and myself went to the cock fights outside the city limits. Joe is one of Chief Curry's men who wear citizens clothes with a badge under their coats. When we were within about 50 yards of the cock pits a Filipino railroad train struck our caramatta as we started across the track. When we were in the center of the track we heard a whistle about as loud as a three year old baby could make and a "bang," Joe went one way and I the other, and luckily we landed on our feet running, and over in a rice field. When we thought we were far enough away to keep any of the remains from striking us we stopped to look around and see what had become of our Caballo, Caramatta and hombre. While our hombre was getting what was left together Joe was interviewing the conductor and engineer, and getting number of train so as to put in a damage claim against the company. After that we went into the cock pits and saw all kinds of sights. The Filipino and Chinaman puts up his last cent on his rooster, and we saw big stacks of pesos, pesos by the sack full. When we came out to start for home our hombre was gone. We learned from a native police that they had taken him to jail, Caballo and all. I learned yesterday that the railroad company, Ah la Filipino had fined the hombre \$10.00 gold for blockading the railroad. I am about three miles from that

railroad and I don't intend to get any closer to it. I haven't seen Joe since our ride; I don't know whether they have him in jail or not.

Paul Mc Court left for home Feb. 25th, he is in Co. I, 20th infantry.

At the present writing the Timoney family are enjoying the best of health. Kindly remember me to Mr. Hewitt, Gus Schinzing, Ziegler Bros. and all the boys.

Your friend,

E. G. Timony.

WANTON BUTCHERY
OF THE FILIPINOS.

Richard O'Brien, formerly a corporal in company M, Twenty-sixth United States Volunteers, and now living at No. 1791 Amsterdam avenue, told yesterday to an Evening World reporter of the tortures he had seen practised by officers and men of the United States Army in the Philippines. He was with his regiment in the Philippines for two years and was stationed on the island of Panay, Province of Iloilo.

In speaking of the "water cure" torture he said that he remembered vividly when the Presidente, or Mayor, of the town of Igaras, in the province of Iloilo, was bound hand and foot and forced by means of the "water cure" to give information.

"Throughout the Philippines the 'water cure' system is the recognized means of forcing confession from the insurgents and their friends," said O'Brien. "If a Filipino dies under the treatment nothing is thought of it.

In describing the wanton butchery of the natives, encouraged and countenanced by the officers, Corpl. O'Brien tells this awful story of the visit of the troops to and the pillage of the town of Barrio la Nog.

"It was on the 27th day of December, the anniversary of my birth," said Corpl. O'Brien, "and I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed on that day. As we approached the town the word passed along the line that there would be no prisoners taken. It meant that we were to shoot every living thing in sight, man, woman or child. The first shot was fired by the thin first sergeant of our company. His target was a mere boy, who was coming down the mountain path into the town astride of a caribou. The boy was not struck by the bullet, but that was not the sergeant's fault. The little Filipino boy slid from the back of his caribou and fled in terror up the mountain side. Half a dozen shots were fired after him. The shooting now had attracted the village, who came out of their homes in alarm, wondering what it all meant. They offered no offence, did not display a weapon, made no hostile move-

ment whatever, but they were ruthlessly shot down in cold blood, men, women and children. The poor natives huddled together or fled in terror. Many were pursued and killed on the spot."

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For The Stockman Greatest stock raising country in the world, with a direct transportation route above the southern quarantine line to and from all markets and the great pasture lands of the west and northwest.

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And the pleasure seeker will find something to see and something to do.

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General Manager. Traffic Manager.
Amarilla, Texas.

Wholesale Kidnaping.

Later reports of the wholesale kidnaping of children in the interior of the Mexican republic for the purpose of sending them to work on the plantations at Yucatan, show that the horrible practice had been carried on to a great extent.

Jose Tornel, Luis Chavez and Angela Flores were among those arrested in the City of Mexico and after a sharp questioning by the police they confessed that eleven boys who had been secured upon the streets by one Joaquin Roumay had been kept there in accordance with the orders of Enrique Iglesias, the labor contractor, and were to have been shipped Friday night to Yucatan over the Vera Cruz railroad. On the approach of the police, however, the entrance to the house had been blocked until the inmates of the house had seen an opportunity to release the children and conduct them hurriedly out of the place through another entrance.

The men admitted that the kidnaping had been going on for weeks.

The confession of the people found in the house, who admitted that they were in the employ of Iglesias, the chief of the kidnapers, led to the arrest of Herrera, Larios and Sumara, whom the doorkeepers declared were regularly in the employ of Iglesias for the purpose of enticing children from the street on any pretext into a room of the house, where they were seized and confined until a convenient shipping time came.

Of the boys held as prisoners the police have thus far secured Felipe Hernandez, Guadalupe Ramirez, Rafael Ramirez, Demetrio Olivera, Jose Montanez, and Agustin Ramirez. The little fellows said that they had been approached on the street by men who led them to the prison house under pretext of giving them food, clothes and spending money, but when they entered the place they were seized and forcibly thrust into a dark room without windows whence it was impossible for their cries to be heard outside.

There was an affecting scene at the police station when the mothers of the boys were brought in. Several had given their sons up for hopelessly lost or dead, and were overjoyed to find them alive and unharmed.

The fact that there were many more mothers than there was boys visited the police station leads the police to believe that this traffic has been carried on for a long time, and that the greater part of the many children reported lost from time to time have been sent to henequen plantations in Yucatan, where they are forced to work like beasts of burden without pay, other than their food.—El Paso News.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE at Roswell, N. M. April 7th, 1902.

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 Probate Clerk, at Lincoln, New Mexico, on May 24th, 1902, viz: Silvestre Gonzales, Homestead application No. 805, for the E 1/2 SE 1/4, SW 1/4 SE 1/4 and SE 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 29, T. 10 S., R. 10 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Miguel Gonzales, Jesus Padilla, Sam Doran, and Saviano Corona, all of Three Rivers, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

THE COMMONER.

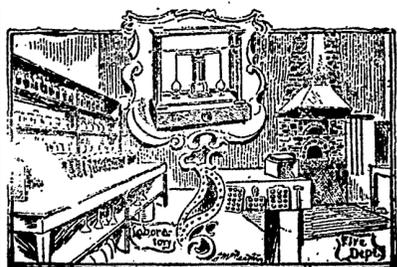
[Mr. BRYAN'S Paper.]

The Commoner has attained within six months from date of the first issue a circulation of 100,000 copies, a record probably never equaled in the history of American periodical literature. The unparalleled growth of this paper demonstrates that there is room in the newspaper field for a national paper devoted to the discussion of political, economic, and social problems. To the columns of The Commoner Mr. Bryan contributes his best efforts; and his reviews of political events as they arise from time to time can not fail to interest those who study public questions.

The Commoner's regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year. We have arranged with Mr. Bryan whereby we can furnish his paper and WHITE OAKS EAGLE together for one year for \$2.00. The regular subscriptions price of the two papers when subscribed for separately is \$2.50.

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J. E. Wharton, Attorney-at Law, S. M. Wharton, Editor and Prop. Eagle.

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has brought permanent relief to 1,000,000 women who suffered every month. It makes the menstrual organs strong and healthy. It is the provision made by Nature to give women relief from the terrible aches and pains which blight so many homes.

GREENWOOD, LA., Oct. 14, 1900. I have been very sick for some time. I was taken with a severe pain in my side and could not get any relief until I tried a bottle of Wine of Cardui. Before I had taken all of it I was relieved. I feel it my duty to say that you have a wonderful medicine.

Mrs. M. A. YOUNT.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Silas R. May, Business Manager.

Official Paper Lincoln County.

THURSDAYS.....\$1.50

THURSDAY APRIL 17, 1902.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the democratic convention.

JOHN W. OWEN.

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

The Lordsburg Liberal says that the democratic party in the territory is going fast. Following the conversion of James Fielder comes the announcement that Dr. Pearce of Albuquerque had abandoned the old party, and now the New Mexican says that J. H. Crist has been appointed postmaster at Monero, Rio Arriba county. It will be remembered that Crist was the chief push of the democratic party during Thornton's administration. He was editor of the party organ at Santa Fe and district attorney. He it was who convicted the Borregos just to spite Tom Catron. With Pat Garrett holding down the collectorship at El Paso and Crist far enough into the party to be appointed postmaster it will be seen that the rush has started in good shape. If it continues like this the democratic territorial convention of 1904 will consist of ex-Governor Ross and Harvey Whitehill who will have to draw cuts to see which of them will receive the nomination as delegate to congress—this, of course, providing Delegate Rodey does not make a state of us before that time, in which case these two will have to be the candidates for senators.—Albuquerque Citizen.

The above from a republican paper would indicate how the republicans feel over the converts they have made. It coincides generally with the views of democrats inasmuch as many of the positions have been given to renegade democrats. In reply we wish to say that while we have lost some members the individual members of the republican party don't seem to have profited greatly by their conversion; for many of the most prominent have been given the best offices, e. g. United States District Attorney, Collector of Customs, Postmaster etc., and the drift of the article above quoted is that if there were more

offices to give out more democrats would be assimilated. However, we are willing for the republican party to house all such as the glitter of office might induce to come unto them, but there are probably more democrats left than the republicans believe, and what few are left are not willing to sacrifice their personal convictions upon the altar of boundless avarice.

Vol. 1 No. 1 of The Nogal Republican reached our desk last week. It is well filled with news items concerning the interesting White Mountain section, and is located in one of the best mineral fields in New Mexico. It is republican in politics, the only one of the kind in the county, and should whoop 'em up, for it proves, to its own satisfaction, that Lincoln County is republican, and if so, it should prosper, having the whole field to itself. C. H. Brown is publisher.

Many papers throughout the territory are filling up with announcements of candidates for office. What's the matter with Lincoln County? Are there none who are willing and want to serve the dear people? There must be some, but if you keep it to yourself the people will never be the wiser. Come out of the woods, step out into the open, tell the people what you want and the best medium through which to make your wants and wishes known is the EAGLE.

If the price of beef under the manipulation of the beef trust goes a few points higher its consumption will be largely curtailed; for wages are not in proportion to its cost, and we will soon be a people of vegetarians. The producer of beef is realizing no larger profits from his herds than he has the past few years, and the fact that such a condition exists is evidence of a weakness in the laws.

Congress hopes to adjourn some time in June, and the indications are now that it will adjourn and leave the two most important matters unsettled—the Cuban tariff and the building of the Nicaraguan Canal. On the former the republican majority seems to be hopelessly divided, and on the latter two routes have been proposed, and Congress is not able to decide on either.

All American officers in the Philippines tried so far for making the "island black with dead" have been acquitted. General Smith acknowledges that he gave the order to kill all males over ten years of age. And yet one of our proudest boasts is that we are the most enlightened nation on the globe,

Stock Farm For Sale

RANCH on the Ruidoso, 6 miles below Dowlins mill, 8 miles above Coe's orchard, 560 acres, 300 acres under fence and ditch, and in cultivation; 1 1/4 miles on the creek; two adobe houses. Good range adjacent; small orchard in bearing; a few acres in alfalfa. Rented for 1902; purchaser to take it subject to lease, receiving the rental. A considerable portion could probably be taken off the hands of the renter.

Inquire of or Write

Wharton Bros

WHITE OAKS, N. M.

Sure enough Miss Stone is going to take the lecture platform, and the magazines are now filled with stories of her six months captivity. We predicted that this would be the result, but citizens of New Mexico will be immune, so far as the lectures are concerned, but we will have "Miss Stone's Own Story of her Captivity," in bold headlines staring us in the face from the coverleaf of many magazines.

John Childers, the murderer of attorney Heflin, of Silver City, was acquitted by a jury of his peers at Las Cruces last week. The jury must have been composed of very easy virtue to have been only peers of the murderer and their verdict evidently places them in the same boat with him.

The illness of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has recently been the cause of great anxiety every where. Perhaps no ruler of the present day is so loved as this young Queen, and they are few who do not hope for her complete restoration to health.

Judge A. A. Freeman, of Carlsbad, has been requested to make the commencement address this year at the New Mexico School of Mines, at Socorro, May 29. He has signified his acceptance of the honor.

The Carlsbad schools closed, last Friday, with a full attendance. The ninth month being taken off, prevented the promotion of quite a large number of pupils. The graduating class, next year, will consist of Alice Leck, Maud Gray, Velma Holcomb, Beatric McGuinn and Nellie Merrifield. Myrtle Bush, Edna Allen and Sadie Moore finished the course this year, and commencement exercises were in course of preparation when school closed.

Roman Ohnemus, who has the contract to carry the Monument mails after July 1st, informs the Current that he has ordered a 2 1/2 horse power gasoline engine, and that he will fit up an automobile with a buckboard. With his auto he expects to make a speed record between Carlsbad and Monument. When you hear the whistle, look out! It will be a case of "here she comes, and there she goes!"

Henry H. Stanley, one of the pioneers of one of the oldest American mining camps in the west, died at his home at Pinos Altos of a complication of diseases. Mr. Stanley was 50 years of age, and came to Pinos Altos thirty-six years ago.

The truce in the Transvaal still continues in force, and the friends of peace are hopeful that terms may be reached that will end the struggle.

Personal and Local news.

Alexander Ririe, of Parsons, was in Friday and Saturday.

J. H. Canning spent two or three days at home this week.

The Misses Campbell were up from Carrizozo ranch Sunday.

See the fine summer hats Ziegler Bros. are showing this season.

Miss Jackson is a visitor from Estey City, a guest of Mrs. J. H. Leighnor.

Mrs. J. F. Carpenter left on Sunday morning's train for El Paso.

Fifty pieces of new white goods, embroideries, the latest effects at Ziegler Bros.

Col. J. Francisco Chavez, Territorial Superintendent of Schools, was in the city this week.

Try Topsy hosiery and you will use no other. Ziegler Bros. sole agents for White Oaks.

J. J. McCourt was in from El Paso this week on his regular rounds among merchants.

Len Branum, a prosperous Coyote Canyon ranchman, was in buying supplies Wednesday.

Mrs. A. C. Austin, of Angus, was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wallace Gumm, the past week.

L. P. Thomas, of Cincinnati, traveling salesman for Fitz Bros. Cigar firm, was in the city Wednesday.

Rev. Geo. M. Boyd, of Capitan, who has been assisting Rev. Allison in his meeting, left Tuesday morning.

Men's and boys' spring and summer suits in all the seasons newest and choicest styles at Ziegler Bros.

Jones Taliaferro, Chas. Spence, John Crowl and E. L. Stewart left yesterday morning for Lincoln.

Miss Ula Gilmore was in Friday evening and attended the ball that night. While here she was the guest of Mrs. A. Schinzing.

Misses Grace Austin, Lucile Peters and Bessie Reid, came in Thursday evening from Angus to be present at the bachelor's club night at Bonnell Hall Friday night.

Rev. R. P. Pope came up from Alamogordo, Saturday to fill his regular appointment at the Baptist Hall. He was accompanied by Prof. Sanborn, of Alamogordo, and Rev. Fred Allen, an evangelist, from Albuquerque. Rev. Allen is conducting a nightly service this week.

J. G. Riggle came in last Friday with a four-horse wagon to move his family and household goods to Angus, where he is looking after the mercantile establishment of P. G. Peters. Mr. and Mrs. Riggle have many friends who wish them well in their new home.

THE SPIRIT'S FLIGHT.

"No night shall be in heaven;
No dreadful hour,
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power,
Across the skies
No envious clouds shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the soul.
No night shall be in heaven;
No sorrow reign,
No secret anguish,
No corporal pain,
No shivering limbs,
No burning fever there;
No souls eclipse,
No winter of despair."
No tears shall fall in sadness
O'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance
Through celestial bowers.

Very seldom is a community overshadowed by a cloud of gloom and shocked so intensely as was White Oaks last Sunday morning, when at the Taliaferro home the family were about to sit down to breakfast, Kittie Buford, the niece of Mr. Taliaferro, had not made her appearance, and several calls failing to elicit a response, grandma Taliaferro went upstairs and found her child lying across the bed, partially uncovered and apparently dead, yet the body was still warm. It was a terrible shock to her, and her outcry brought the family to the room. Dr. Paden was quickly summoned and neighbors came. Ever effort was at once made to recall the life that had apparently just passed away, but all was unavailing, the young spirit had taken its flight.

Kittie, as everyone called her, was a universal favorite—everyone loved her. She was of a very highly organized and sensitive nature. In her early childhood she suffered much from rheumatism and her heart was affected by it. The doctor, immediately upon his arrival, pronounced the cause of death "heart failure." During the past months she had been working very hard preparing for examination for a teacher's certificate, and entered upon the life of a teacher at the Park school. Her ambition was to become a successful teacher, and her heart and soul seemed to center in her efforts. But it appears the task was too great for the weakened mechanism of her heart.

Until recently Kittie was one of the pupils in the upper classes in the White Oaks public school—always bright, witty, loving and full of exuberant life—scattering sunshine and gladness wherever she went. She was the child of the town; every home seemed to be her home and in every family she seemed to have a place. No one knew her but to love her, hence the shock and the gloom which came to the Taliaferro home extended over the whole village.

Kittie was born in White Oaks, but in early childhood went with her mother to Watseka, Illinois. Last year—just one year ago—she came back with her grandmother to our mountain town, and quickly won her way into everybody's heart.

The mother, who is still in Illinois, was consulted concerning the disposition of the remains, and word came back to bury her here. The funeral services were announced for 2:30 P. M. Monday at the Congregational church, and at that hour the body was borne up the aisle by Misses Lorena Sager, Edith Parker, Ida Hoyle, Mabel and Ethel Walsh and Bessie Reid, appropriately chosen from her loving associates, and were assisted by Messrs. Richard Hamilton, John Gallacher, John Crowl and E. L. Stewart.

The choir sang "Asleep in Jesus," followed by a fervent prayer from Dr. Miller; "Come ye disconsolate," as a solo and quartette, was next sung, and a very touching prayer was offered by Rev. S. E. Allison. Then came that most beautiful hymn, "Sleep on beloved and take thy rest," and its beauty, symphony and promise suited the occasion.

Dr. Miller delivered a most feeling and comforting sermon, beginning his discourse by quoting that sublime stanza:

"Sleep on beloved and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast,
We loved thee well,
But Jesus loved thee best."

The speaker depicted in clear and succinct phrases the loss sustained by family and friends, but in no less faltering words pictured the joy in heaven where the angels swung wide the portals and escorted our departed into the presence of Jesus.

The casket was opened and the weeping throng passed, gazing for the last time upon the silent form whom all had cherished; the lid was replaced, the bearers took up their burden and marched out of the church as the choir was singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Outside the procession formed and the sad concourse began its march to the cemetery. Arriving there the usual service was read, followed by prayer, the choir sang, "Nearer my God to thee," the body was consigned to the dust and the spirit to the God who gave it.

Yes, we shall miss her—her schoolmates, teachers, friends, all, all share with the sorrowing family the grief that seems too hard to bear. Her pleasant laughter will never more be heard, her bright, radiant face is hidden and her place cannot be filled. To the poor old grandmother, the absent mother, the uncles and families we extend our deepest sympathy.

Ziegler Bros. carry the most complete up to date stock of shoes in town, also full line of summer shoes, such as oxfords and canvass goods, just received.

The protracted services at the Methodist church closed last Sunday night. The pastor reports results not what was hoped for, but thinks there was much good accomplished.

At the Methodist Church Sunday, May 4th, there will be preaching morning and evening at the usual hours; subject of morning sermon, "How to keep from sinning," and of the evening service, "The Value of a Human Soul." Sunday School at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 3 p. m.

S. E. Allison P.C.

Go to Ziegler Bros. for groceries and provisions, they can and will save you money.

At Plymouth Church next Sunday Dr. Miller will preach in the morning at 11 o'clock on "Hope Deferred, or Life's waiting years." At night, 7:30 o'clock, "A great find in the desert." Special music and singing. The Christian Endeavor meeting hour has been changed from 2 o'clock in the afternoon to the hour before the evening service.

Quite an exodus took place this week, taking all of our attorneys, several litigants, a few jurymen, but don't believe we furnish any who are likely to take a longer trip—to Santa Fe.

25 doz. of those fine well known Eagle shirts just received at Ziegler Bros.

The young men entertained the Social Club Friday night at Bonnell Hall. The hall was well filled and a splendid lunch served at 11:30, and when this reporter left at 2 o'clock in the morning the cry still was, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

Albert Ziegler and L. H. Rudisille returned from Lincoln Court Wednesday. They had been summoned as jurymen for this term of court, but were both excused: the first for the reason that he had seen jury service within a year, the second because he had passed the sixtieth milestone.

Do not fail to see the grand assortment of new shirt waists and skirts Ziegler Bros. have just received.

White Oaks is almost directly on the line of the proposed rail road from Roswell to Belen. Why not get together and present to the management the advantages to be obtained by coming through here, instead of going a few miles north of town. The coal and building stone would be an inducement.

The Silver Bell mine near Pinos Altos, Grant county, has been sold for \$100,000 to Harold Finch and associates, of St. Louis. The sale includes the mill and the smelter, built by the Dimmick brothers near the mine. A large force of men will be put to work in the mine immediately developing it and taking out ore.

Socorro County has nine murder cases on the docket and three more to be added before court convenes, says the sheriff of that county.

CONSTABLE'S SALE

Whereas by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of Precinct No. 8, Lincoln County, New Mexico, by J. B. Collier, Justice of the Peace in a cause wherein Elbert T. Collier as plaintiff, obtained judgement against the American Placer Co., defendant, for the sum of nineteen and fifty-five onehundredth dollars (\$19.55) damages and three and five onehundredth dollars (\$3.05) cost of suit, same bearing date April 12th, 1902, and being to me directed, I did on April 14th, 1902, execute same by levying upon and taking into my possession four galvanized iron tanks and about 30 cords of wood, the property of defendant.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, May 17th 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, on the lands of said American Placer Company where the said tanks and the said cordwood are situated, at or near the machine of said company, in Ancho Gulch in Jicarilla Mountains in said Lincoln County, N. M., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash all of the said cordwood and the said water tanks, or so much of same as shall be necessary to satisfy said judgement and costs, and all costs of levying; advertisement and sale under said execution.

This April 15th, 1902.
John W. Owen,
Constable.

CONSTABLE'S SALE

Whereas by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of Precinct No. 8, Lincoln County, New Mexico, by J. B. Collier, Justice of the Peace, in a cause wherein Chas. D. Meyer as plaintiff, obtained judgment against the American Placer Co., defendant, for the sum of thirty-six and twenty-five onehundredth dollars (\$36.25) damages, and three and five onehundredth dollars (\$3.05) costs of suit, same bearing date April 12th, 1902, and being to me directed, I did on April 14th, 1902, execute same by levying upon and taking into my possession, four galvanized iron tanks and about thirty cords of wood, the property of defendant.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, May 17th, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, on the lands of the said American Placer Company where the said tanks and the said cordwood are situated, at or near the machine of said company in Ancho Gulch in Jicarilla Mountains in said Lincoln County, N. M., sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, all of the said cordwood and the said tanks, or as much of same as shall be necessary to satisfy said judgment and costs, and all costs of levy, advertisement and sale under said execution.

This April 15th, 1902.
John W. Owen,
Constable.

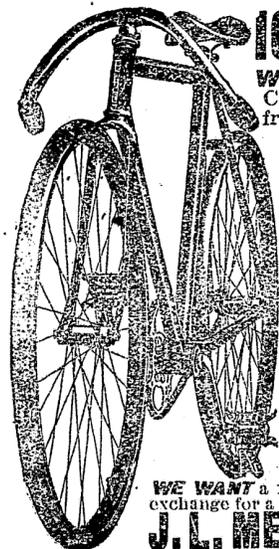
LETTER LIST.

Letters remaining uncalled for in the White Oaks postoffice April 1 1902.

- Mr. Gep Bailey (Chas. E. Wallace)
Mr. Jose D Vallejos (Mr. Howard Williams)
J. A. Lawrence (Jas. B. Risque)
Mr. B. B. Spencer (J. H. Lirtner)
Josefa Cista (2) (Mr. C.C. Cope)
Mrs. Josie McBride (Mr. Robt. Alexander)
Miss Nannie Harris (Bessie Bird)
Miguel Melon (Mr. Jasper Bartlett)
Jas. E. Anderson (Mr. Dewel Alston)
Mrs Bertha Kidd (Cesario Andrade)
Tomas Martinez (Senor Manuel Ortiz)
Mrs. R. E Burks (Jesus Ortega (3))
Dionisio Garcia (Formida Ramirez)
W. L. Nail (Gervando Gonzalez (2))
Senor Don Nicolas (Cosme Maturino)
Jesus Maria Flores (Luciano Lopez)
Epizanio Moreno (Benijacio Alba)
Sabas Resa (Sr. Felix Valdivia)
Senor Forcisto Alvarado (Arturo Bornero)
Epidacio Duran (Trinidad Castill)
Salome Lopez (Cealio Hernandez)
Anastasio Gevrrr (Jervand B Gonzalez)
Pedro Bargas Porfabo (Crenida Ca Stullo)
Senor Don Ricto Villalobor (Pansoleon Perez)
Sr Don Benito Lozzeno (Encanacion Martines)
Senor Ygnacio Valdivia (Mr. M. O Williams)

Respectfully
John A. Brown
Postmaster.

A New Departure... A NEW STOCK OF STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES; A complete stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Notions, etc. We aim to keep the best of Everything and sell it Right. Our Prices will be Trade-Winners. S. M. WIENER & SON.



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We Have just unpacked a Large Lot of Spring Clothing, in Children's, Youths' and Men's. We Invite Inspection. OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT. Taliaferro M. & T. Co.

Little Casino Saloon Imported Wines, Liquors & Cigars Sole Agents for Green River Whiskey CLUB ROOMS IN CONNECTION. White Oaks Avenue Next Door East of EXCHANGE BANK.

Potter & White, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Drugs, Books, Stationery, Toilet Preparations, Etc. Special attention given to Mail Orders. El Paso, Tex.

Shelton==Payne Arms Company. Wholesale and Retail Fire Armes, Ammunition, Saddles, Harness, Leather, Hardware. We make a Specialty of Fire Arms, Ammunition and Stock Saddles. All mail orders given prompt Attention. 301==303 El Paso St. El Paso, Texas.

JOS. WHITE. Freighter and Contractor for all kinds of Team work, Hauling etc. Prompt attention given to all orders. Prices Reasonable. YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED.

White Oaks Passenger Line. Regular trips daily to the railroad Good Rigs and Careful Drivers. Passengers carried to White Oaks and any part of the country. PAUL MAYER, PROP'R., WHITE OAKS, N. M.

The Love of Col. Pilkington

By D. H. TALMADGE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

COL. LEROY PILKINGTON, aged 60, iron-gray of hair and beard, gruff of voice and kind of heart, paused one afternoon in the course of a stroll upon the streets of a great western city to gratify a whim. He plunged his hand (he had but one) into his pocket and drew forth a nickel, which he inserted in the slot of a picture machine. After which he put his eyes to the holes provided for the purpose, and saw things.

Capt. Dillforth, who was with him at the time, states that for an instant he thought the colonel's intellect had collapsed, for the colonel, after a brief period of attention to the scene the nickel had revealed to his gaze, gave utterance to an exclamation indicative of shock, immediately succeeding which he executed a most undignified and unamiable dance, while his face became distorted with emotion.

"The rose!" he cried. "The rose! At last! New York! Great heaven!" "Yes," said the captain, taking him gently by the arm; "yes, yes, I know. Come, now. People are stopping to stare at us."

"Let 'em stare," vociferated the colonel; "it is none of their business." "Captain," he said, in a choked voice, "were you ever in love?"

The captain beheld a mental image of a certain dwelling, in which he was wont to associate with a numerous collection of family and family's family, and replied promptly in the affirmative.

"I know, I know," the colonel went on; "hang it! I've gone a bit daft, I think. Your dreams have all come true, while mine—by George! I'm not sure but mine are coming true also. I've never married, captain. You may have observed that I have retreated in good order at the first suggestion of an engagement with a woman. I have a reputation, I believe, as a hater of the sex. My mind has been made up for 20 years to die a bachelor. I have been reconciled. But now—"

He looked about him, and perceiving a restaurant near by he made a motion towards it with his hand.

"Let us go in there while I tell you about it," he suggested. "I must tell some one or I shall blow up."

The captain was nothing loath, and they entered the refreshment place, calling for viands which they did not eat.

"I fell in love with a girl when I was a very young man," the colonel began. "She was a beautiful creature, winsome as clover to a fiery colt, such as I was then, but, like the rest of the sex, I presume, in disposition. She was mettlesome and inclined to shy at the prospect of restraint. I proposed to her. She did not refuse me. 'I am not certain that I like you well enough for that,' she said, placing the most adorable emphasis upon the final word. 'Let me wait and think it over.' So I let her wait and think it over for a long time—a week, as I remember it—and then I pressed her for an answer. 'Not yet,' she said; 'dear me, I've not had half time enough.' And three times more this happened, but the last time was slightly different from the others for she told me that she had nearly decided and that I should have a definite answer at the May day festival, which was two weeks distant. 'If I decide to marry you, sir,' she said, with two dimples showing in her cheeks and one in her chin, 'I shall wear a white rose here,' and she lifted her hand to her head; 'but if I decide not to marry you,' and the expression of her face changed to one of gloom, and tears came to her eyes, 'the rose will be red.'"

"Very well," said I, a trifle coldly, for I was exasperated, being naturally short of temper, as you know, and did not take kindly to a further postponement. In fact, I had resolved that in

case she refused me an answer on this particular instance, I would drop the matter entirely, pain or no pain, and go away to the war and get shot full of holes. I was rather foolish."

"You were," assented the captain. "My wife acted in much the same manner towards me, and I simply took her by storm. It required more courage than was required to lead the old troop into action at Shiloh; but I did it, and, by Jove, sir, it was precisely what she wanted me to do."

"The colonel groaned. 'I see my mistake,' he said. 'I saw it long ago. I should have known by the dimples had my perspicacity not been so completely outweighed by my jackassity. But instead of doing what I should have done, I went off to the war without seeing her again. I did not attend the May day festival. I imagined that I was a devil of a fellow, which was true in a sense; and for months I kept my neck stiff and nursed my idiotic pride, or whatever it was, with considerable satisfaction. I drew fanciful pictures of the scene which would ensue upon my return to the old town. I saw myself, courteously dignified, paying the girl back in her own coin; and taking her at last, condescendingly, as my wife. I heard myself saying, ironically: 'Why, my dear! Where is the rose you were to wear? Is the time not yet come for me to know my fate?' And I gloated in the tears I saw her shed. Dear, dear! How differently it all came about!"

"When I returned she was not there. She had gone to visit a relative in California, and I was compelled to rejoin the regiment without having seen her. I wrote to her at the address they gave me at home, but we were ordered away to Georgia then, and if she ever sent a reply to my letter I did not get it. I

did not go home again until the war was over. She was not there, and the aunt with whom she had lived was dead. None seemed to know where she had gone. She had left no forwarding address at the post office. She had told her friends that she was going west, that was all.

"So for ten years thenceforth I labored most strenuously for money, and spent it in searching for her. I visited California, where I obtained a slight trace: the girl had been there, but had sailed away on a boat, together with her relatives. I went here and there and everywhere, taking no one into my confidence, and of course getting no reward. Finally I gave up. For 20 years I have been—well, you know what I have been, captain; a moderately successful man, as the term is used; a modest patron of the arts and sciences and of the many sports; but to women—adamant. This afternoon in that picture of a New York street gathering I saw her face, and upon her bonnet was a rose. It may have been white or it may have been red—I could not tell its color. I recognized the locality by the buildings. It seems to me more than likely that she lives in that quarter of the city, and, such being the case, it will not be difficult to find her. I go to New York to-night. It may be—"

The captain involuntarily extended his hand and the colonel grasped it warmly. Then they arose and passed into the street.

"It may be," continued the colonel, clearing his throat and throwing back his shoulders, "that I am to come in for a share of love's young dream after all. I am no longer young, to be sure, but it is the same dream. Ah—er—ahem—captain, will you oblige me by information relative to the state of my cuticle? Do I blush?"

"You do not," replied the captain, frankly.

"Is not my pulse somewhat accelerated?" asked the colonel, presenting his wrist to the other's grasp.

"Nary," returned the captain; "it is like an eight-day clock."

"I go to New York to-night, at any rate," said the colonel, a bit disgustingly. "I shall write you, captain; and in the event of my bringing home a bride I shall look to you to make fitting arrangements for our reception. See to it personally that we have the bridal suite at the Grand Union, nicely warmed and ventilated and perfumed

and all that sort of thing, you know. And a good carriage waiting at the station for us. And your wife and a few female friends to smile at us when we step from the Pullman might have a good effect and convey a heap of joy to the young wo—er—the bride's heart."

"I shall be only too happy to make the arrangements," declared the captain. "I trust you may have your fondest hopes realized, my dear friend. You certainly deserve immense happiness. God bless you, sir."

"May He bless you, sir," returned the colonel.

And then they parted, the captain charging home at a double quick to tell his wife the story, while the colonel marched rapidly but with dignity to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

He was absent six weeks. At the end of the second week a letter came from him to the captain. It was very brief:

"Have not found her yet," it said. "Have obtained copy of slot machine photograph, and am determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

At short intervals thereafter other letters came, all brief, all to the same effect, and the captain began to fear that his friend was doomed forever to disappointment. But at last, at the close of the fifth week, came a letter the very outside of which shrieked triumphantly. The captain's hands trembled with much violence as he opened it, and thrice his eyeglasses sprang from his nose.

"I have found her," were the first words that greeted him from the hastily scribbled page. "I have found her, and the rose she wore in the picture was white. I have talked with her face to face after all these years, and I have seen her face dimple as it used to dimple, though, alas! the dimples now are all but lost in wrinkles and the sparkle of her eye is but a suggestion of the long ago. She wept when she saw me, and I wept—d—n you, sir, I did, and I am proud of it—when she told me that she had worn a white rose upon her head every day for 30 years. And after awhile she introduced me to her husband, a retired sea captain, comfortably provided with this world's goods, whom she met in California; and to her children, of whom she has three; and to the five of her nine grandchildren, who are at home. She has been the companion of her husband in his voyages, else I should probably have found her and made a thundering ass of myself. She has been around and around the world—and she has not failed for a single day to wear a white rose. Talk of fidelity! Great heaven! Is it not wonderful? I seem hardly worthy of it. I have enjoyed my trip. Shall return next week. Do not trouble yourself about the bridal suite. Want to see you. Want to rest. I am not so young as I once was, but, by George, I have got a big lead off my mind! Have not felt exactly right about that girl for 30 years. Do not suppose she has felt exactly right, either. She gave me the rose she had in her hair. She is not going to bother about wearing it any more. Thirty years is a very long time. Whoop!" "Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the captain.

He handed the letter to his wife, and then departed, somewhat precipitately, for the nearest telegraph office, where he scrawled upon a blank the word "Congratulations," which action he has been ever since at a loss to explain.

A Romance of St. Augustine

By LOUISE A. MCGAFFEY.

(Copyrighted by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

ST. AUGUSTINE en fete presents the prettiest picture imaginable, and one need not be surprised to meet a romance at any turn of its quaint old streets. And the cathedral on the

plaza, with its ancient Spanish belfry, would seem to be one of the most likely places in the city for a story, or, at least, for the beginning of one. So must have thought the fate that watches over our mundane affairs when on Easter Sunday of last year the bells began to ring out their joyous invitation to the world.

As the orderly crowds thronged into church two young men crossed the plaza and entered. One was in naval uniform; the other dressed as a tourists' guide, and both were bronzed as if from long sea service. They seemed to avoid attention, and took seats behind a pillar, behind which they could watch the entrance without themselves being seen.

The services were half over when a lady and a gentleman came in at the great door and passed down the aisle towards the altar. The gentleman was stout and middle-aged, the lady in the bloom of 20 years. The man seemed in the height of good humor; the woman was evidently in serious trouble.

As they passed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, one of the young men touched the other on the arm, with a glance at the pair. He was answered by a nod, and presently both left the church, slipping out by a side door. In a narrow street running at right angles to the plaza they hailed a cab, into which he of the uniform stepped, drew the door to and sat down to wait.

The other, sauntering over to the plaza, took his station near a group of palms, in the shade of which two or three carriages were grouped. And soon the old bells boomed, and the people streamed out. Among them were the two for whom our amateur detective was lying in wait, and as they entered one of the carriages he managed to get near enough to hear the order to "Fort San Marco." After a moment or two spent in perfunctorily gazing at the memorial shaft by the fountain he joined his friend in the side street, and together they drove away.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the fort was crowded with people. The shady courtyard and the cool corridors beneath the massive entrance held their quota, while others of the mercenary crowd flitted up the stone stairway to the ramparts above. Easter toilettes blossomed by the stern bastions, and children's laughter filled the embrasures where cannon once guarded the honor of Spain.

By this time Don Miquel and Mr. Maynall had almost reached the goal. The former was fulminating vengeance if the proceedings were not instantly stopped; the latter calling on his daughter to come down to him on pain of his everlasting displeasure. And in the face of it all, the spectators assisting from the pier saw the ceremony going on in as orderly a fashion as if it were being conducted in the cathedral on the plaza, instead of on the deck of a gunboat, with Uncle Sam's marines as sponsors of the affair.

There was a general clapping of hands, and loud cries of "bravo!" along the pier as the ceremony ended, and the principals in it stepped back out of sight.

A warning about a "stand off down there!" from the deck arrested the Don and Mr. Maynall in the frantic endeavors to board the vessel, which had already begun to move. And the Don's crew pulled away with all their might, and soon a wide lane of blue water lay between them and the retreating vessel.

In his rage and agony Mr. Maynall groaned aloud. The don gazed after the gunboat with a look, which, if it could have been properly focused, would have blown the audacious craft to atoms. Neither spoke. A crisis had come to each in which the strongest words in their respective languages would have been weak and of no avail.

And as they sat silently staring at each other the silvery notes of the Angelus floated down from the old belfry, and died away far out at sea.

