

4-16-1909

Carlsbad Current, 04-16-1909

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The Carlsbad Current

SEVENTEENTH YEAR

CARLSBAD NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY APR. 16 1909

NUMBER 21

OLD MEXICO AS SEEN BY A NEW MEXICO MAN

A. J. Crawford Writes Another Very
Interesting Letter Describing
His Trip Through Old
Mexico.

As Mexico Appears To Me.

After crossing the international boundary line, and for some distance before reaching it, (To be accurate) and until I had gone some twelve hundred miles in the Republic, the question came to my mind as to why the great Architect failed to extend the Pacific ocean to the Pecos river, and thereby allow Carlsbad to become a great sea-port. I had about come to the conclusion that this long funnel shaped piece of desert was built through some oversight in the blue print, or, perhaps for spite against the great Architect; however, my impressions of Mexico have undergone a slight change for the better, after seeing something of the tropics, or hot country, as it is usually called. Here they grow everything under the sun, and principally by the natural rainfall. In some favored parts they irrigate in the dry season which covers the period from January to May, varying in different localities from five months to practically no dry season at all. All parts of tropical Mexico have their seasons of excessive rain. In some parts the fall averaging an inch a day for a month. The average annual rainfall in the tropics varies from thirty to 146 inches. As before stated a vast amount of different fruits, vegetables, and trees grow in tropical Mexico. Principal among which are sugar cane, bananas, oranges and lemons and grape fruit, pine apples, mangos, coconuts, coffee, several kinds of fibre plants, chewing gum and rubber trees. Besides the above there are hundreds of different fruits, with Mexican names and flavors. I have sampled a number of their fruits, but in most every instance they proved to be repulsive to me. I visited a sugarcane plantation, in company with a stockholder from Chicago. The manager showed us thru the cane fields where some two hundred natives were cutting the cane, hauling and loading on the little cars, and then the engine would come and get the cars and take them to the mill where the cane was run through the rollers and of course came out in granulated sugar. I understood that this corporation had been paying a good dividend for several years past and was somewhat surprised to have a proposition put to me to buy some stock in the company which I declined with thanks.

There are a great many good things in Mexico, but I notice that they all make a noise like they would sell. There is actually land for sale down here. The railroad companies are running land suckers excursions to this country, carrying great bunches of men from the United States and Oklahoma. A large per cent of these men are so impressed by the great contrast between the dry barren country they are compelled to cross before getting to the tropics and the green woods where nature does her part to the fullest, it isn't much wonder that they buy a tract of land before returning. These suckers usually have a pretty good herder who understands his part of the play very thoroughly. He must not only be a good herder but a good talker. Or perhaps lecturer would better fit the case. I took occasion to visit one of these colonization schemes myself, and I was fairly well entertained. I went early and avoided the rush; it just happened that I was the only one in the flock besides the herder. This great big genial piece of humanity, told me confidentially, that it kept him busy untying for the people that were in the field. He said that the men out in the woods have the people pumped so full of the possibilities of the country that he would have to do it all over again.

Well, I followed this little two hundred and eighty five pound boy for four days in the saddle. He said his little piece to me a good many times, and now I am wondering who is going to do the untying for honest John.

It was in the winter months of Feb. that I made this trip. Did I suffer with cold? I should guess not! Lord, how the hot sun beamed down upon us. &c., but, the hot sun wasn't all. There are little insects in these tropics, called "ticks" and these "ticks" took a fancy to me (They like the taste of people from the north) and proceeded to walk me around to the tune of a mosquito orchestra playing, Mama, Please Don't Get Married No More. These "ticks" were new to me, a kind of variation, as it were; I had "ticks" all over me, I had to "tick" myself before going to bed as every one does in this country. My body was covered with "ticks," my clothes were full of "ticks," there were "ticks" in my pockets, even my watch was full of "ticks." After completing the preliminaries I felt like I had earned a good night's sleep which I expected to enjoy to the tune of, &c. Another delusion and a snare. There is a little four legged bug called a flea that I remember of reading of when I was a boy. A heard of these little curious bugs heard that I had come to camp and managed to arrive about the time I had got to sleep. I immediately sat up and took notice. Now, there is a vast difference between the tick and the flea. The innocent tick only wants a nice soft place to camp and there remain until he gets full and is satisfied to remain in one place. Not so with Mr. flea. They are out for a good time and can practise more athletic stunts than a Yale student; hence, my different rounds of pleasure throughout the night read about like this. I'd lay and think and think awhile, jump up and strike a match, and then I'd chase a flea a mile, and scratch, scratch and scratch. The different nights that I was out on this trip were dittos of the first.

To the land sucker that happen to read this, I would call your attention to a certain optical delusion that exists in this country that you have never been used to. My herder took me some ten miles to a long ridge or mountain. We were going directly towards it; it seemed to me that we were going down a step decline all the time, but as a matter of fact we were gradually getting higher. When nearing the mountain my herder asked me if we were going up or down, and without hesitation I said we are descending a deep ravine. He proved to me that he reverse is true. After that he could have made me believe that a telegraph pole was a bored well.

That is one of the stunts they work on the people from Oklahoma. They work this delusion on them and then they have no difficulty in making them believe that a hill is level land or a rocky mountain, a gentle rolling prairie. A great many schemes are being put thru in this country for the benefit of the land sucker, and a great many a biting, some without ever coming to see the land, buy from agents in the states. I met one fellow who had bought two sections, and had afterwards decided to come and look at his purchase. What he saw was a plenty and what he said wouldn't do to print.

I have been watching the daily papers to see what happened when he got back to Okla. ma.

I got hold of a prospectus of the Pittsburg banana plantation (Guess they are as far from the Pecos that they are from a big dried persimmon).

sal of its contents one's imagination is carried to such inextinguishable heights that a flying machine should reach it. A brief outline of their scheme is this: They make any one who wishes a present of five acres of land, also a town lot in their paper town, provided the favored will agree to put the same in banana trees, and provided further the work is to be done by a certain company that this philanthropic association in Pittsburg recommends. Of course the lucky one will pay for the actual cost of clearing the grounds, laying and planting the banana plants, and cultivating the same for a period of years. The Company's sole purpose in this exceedingly generous offer is to enhance the value of their holdings at the expense of our influence and labor adjacent thereto.

I accidentally met the bold manager of this same outfit as he was on the road to Jemua for a ship load of banana plants. He told me that the outfit were robbing the poor people out of their money notwithstanding his position and mentioned one item which was that the company paid 1-cents for three plants and charged the five-acre man 3-cents, each or \$1.40 for what they paid him for. This is only one of many such concerns. There has been millions of dollars spent in New Mexico in rubber plantations, and last year there was \$61,000.00 worth of rubber exported from this Republic.

A list of the great schemes that I have listened to as having been put thru at the expense of Americans would fill a book, and make one wonder where so many cabbage-heads are running at.

Take it from me that life on the ocean waves is all right for fishes, and gulls, and magazine writers, but me for the sage brush, A. J. CRAWFORD.

In Old Japan.

This operetta was produced by the best singers in town and they were helped out by many amateurs. The leading characters were Mr. C. C. Lewis who was governor-general of Tokio. Mrs. C. H. Whicher was his daughter. Mr. C. H. Cushing, her lover. Mr. Austen Horns, the American counselor of Tokio, Mrs. Fessenden, his wife.

Those singing solos were: Mrs. Fessington, Mrs. Parr, Miss Draper, Miss Jennie Linn, Mrs. Foote, Mr. Cushing, John Moore. The chorus as a whole was one of the best ever selected in Carls-

Delicious Soda, Daintily Served

Everybody likes our soda water with its sparkling freshness, its refreshing ice-coldness and its thorough purity and wholesomeness. We go to endless pains to make each drink suit the particular taste of each individual customer, we serve it just as YOU like it.

The Star Pharmacy

Cost of Oiling Roads.

A recently published report of the Boston park commission is interesting. In 1904 twelve miles of road were treated with oil to keep down the dust, and the result was so satisfactory that in 1907 the whole extent of more than forty miles was treated in this way. Mr. Putnam, the engineer, has carefully calculated the cost, and he says that the annual cost of sprinkling a thirty foot roadway was \$480 a mile, whereas the cost of oiling the same roadway thirty feet wide was \$375. In addition to laying the dust, the asphaltum in the oil had a binding effect on the surface of the road and very materially lessened the cost for repairs. The oil is put on in an emulsion in which fifteen pounds of soap dissolved in fifty gallons of water are mixed with a hundred gallons of crude oil, the whole being agitated to the proper point of emulsion, and then 150 gallons of this are mixed with 450 gallons of water and sprinkled on the roads. The plan has given the very best satisfaction in Boston and might be tried elsewhere with corresponding satisfactory results.

"Yep, woman is certainly de cause of me bein' dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her job, I'd had a home right now."—New Orleans Pleasure.

The Circus

acrobats find it necessary at all times to keep his muscles and joints supple. That is the reason that hundreds of them keep a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment always on hand. A sure cure for rheumatism, cuts, sprains, sore throat, lame back, contracted muscles, corns, bunions and all pains. Price 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

George Adams took a picture of his Sunday school of the Presbyterian church, on Sunday April 4th.

The High school team are going to play the Pecos team on April 16th or 17th at Pecos. The Pecos team are confident that they will beat Carlsbad, but our boys have a pitcher that is hard to beat. He is Mr. Grady Higginbotham who has lately started to school here.

The senior class are getting up an annual. They intend to make it quite large, with the aid of Prof. Griffin.

The valedictorian of the senior class of this year is Miss Camille Grantham, she winning it over Miss Lucy Baird by a mere fraction of one.

Miss Leliaetta Cartwright was appointed class poet and of course her poem will be excellent.

Miss Anna Heard's class prophet and Miss Lucy Baird has the salutary address.

Tom McLenathen was hurt last week by the explosion of some flash-light powder. It burned him some about the head, but he was not seriously hurt.

The Episcopal church gave an Easter egg hunt on the vacant block just east of that church. It was given on Monday Apr. 12th, a large number of children were there and had a good time.

The athletic association, assisted by some of the girls, gave an ice cream supper on Saturday night April 10th at the court-house lawn but they did not make much, making about \$7. After the ice cream supper a dance was given at the skating rink by the school boys and it was very well attended. Good music was furnished.

The High school grades have been having examinations lately, after which the class representatives will be announced.

WE wish to announce that we have opened
our New Iceless Soda Fountain for the season of 1909.

This is the only

ICELESS ANTISEPTIC FOUNTAIN

to be found in the Southwest.

When dry and warm give the new Iceless a call.

The Eddy Drug Company

Best Ice cream in the Valley.

large. This reminds me of a verse from a famous poet which reads like this:

"Sow, they do not,
Neither do they reap,
But their brain is working overtime,
While suckers are asleep." Shortfellow.

Have now completed my sojourn in the Tampico country and am going aboard the Kron Princess Cecilia and am looking forward to a pleasant sea voyage of 24 hours to Coatzacoacoas, a sea port some 350 miles further down on the isthmus. And now the big bulk of a ship (The largest one to make this port) has drawn in her bow, and is churning the river into a swirling mass of muddy murky water. How slowly she moves her 500 feet of steel by sighting on two objects on shore only is it possible to see her move. It takes a little over an hour to get turned round and headed down the Pecos river. It is only about 7 miles to the mouth of the river which she makes in a short space of time and we are out in the broad beautiful Ocean. As the Englishman says, "How charming it is to be on the water again." The supper bell rings and I go to the dining room to partake of my first meal aboard a German steamship, and go thru the motions of eating a genuine German meal. How nice their dishes looked? Y a boy were nice. No fresh chef can prepare a more tempting meal than these Germans. Everything is so scrupulously clean, but why does nothing go on? And what is wrong with the food? Ask the waiter, Yes, the food is good to my state room—go on, there remain until we reach the harbor at Puerto Mexico.

bad. This play was for the benefit of the Crosby Library.

The school girls' drill was a very well rendered part of the play. The young ladies were: Misses Maude and Nellie Lucas, Aline and Camille Grantham, Ida and Clarence Breeding, Carrie Dye, Anna Klaunder, Lucy Beard, Eleanor Groves, Mrs. Hopkins had charge of this drill and also played for it. Miss Grant played for the whole entertainment. The geashia girls were Mesdames Rickman, Christian, Lewis, Foote, Cushing, Holt; Misses Draper, Breeding, Linn; the Japanese men were: Ruele, Moore, Harvy, Worner, Linn, Marshall, and Rives. The people made \$78.00 the first night on reserve seats, besides what they took in at the door and the 50c. tickets. The second night they took in about \$50. Miss Grant furnished good music before the play as well as between acts. C. R.

Notice To the Public.

Beginning with the first Sunday in May our Sunday dinners will be 50c. to grown people and one-half price to children where they occupy a full place at the table. This is to all except regular boarders. R. L. Bates.

thing to c

INTO THE DEPTHS

By H. TIPTON STECK

(Copyright, by J. R. Lippincott Co.)

I leaped along the edge of the wharf to where the Sally Ann, a trim little steam schooner lay.

Dirty, ragged, with matted hair and beard, this broken specimen of humanity seemed to have reached the last stages of decay and cared for not at all. However, if one looked sharp, the face was bronzed and seemed possible from long exposure to the bitter elements of this briny deep, as the clothes were seen to be beyond a doubt, though in a sad state of dilapidation. This seafaring wreck had long watched the loading of the Sally Ann from a distance, and in his watery, red-rimmed eyes, a somber glow would now and then burn at the sight of a commanding figure moving with loud impetuous and vicious blows among the motley crew. Paxon & Co. could not have found a better leader for their men than Winterson, the only first mate of the Sally Ann, a man who was known and feared for his brutality by all who tramped the water-front.

Not until the work of loading was finished, and Winterson, the stump of a battered pipe protruding from between clenched teeth, lolled over the rail, did the wreck approach. Slouching along the edge of the wharf, he paused and gazed up into the grizzled bearded countenance of the mate, his watery eyes glowing strangely. Winterson regarded the battered figure with a contemptuous leer, and then removing the pipe from his mouth, spat insolently upon the tattered things that served as shoes.

"Well, my heart," he growled, shifting his position on the rail. "Am I so handsome that you have to stare me out of countenance, or do you come lookin' for a bunk?"

"You're short on hands," returned the other in a steady voice, the smol-

dered anchor and stuck her nose into the dark green rollers of the Pacific.

At midnight, the third day out, fire was discovered in the hold of the Sally Ann, which quickly gained headway, although a terrible battle was waged against it by the crew led by the powerful mate and skipper. All efforts were futile, and the doomed schooner lay a seething mass upon the black surface of the sea.

Steve had been knocked senseless by the mate for refusing to enter the hold upon the discovery of fire, and now clung dizzily to the rail trying to collect his scattered senses. The smoke and heat were fast becoming unbearable and he gasped as a long tongue of flame licked up beside him, blotting his hands and one side of his face. The roar grew ominous and the doomed vessel quivered as though in mortal agony. A boat swung in the darkness nearby, but he gave it no heed.

Suddenly an inarticulate cry issued from between his clenched teeth, and he crouched low beside the rail. The crew, after a last futile struggle against the oncoming flames, had fallen back and scattered to save themselves as best they could. From their midst staggered a blackened figure with smoking clothing and blistered features. It was Winterson. He reeled toward the rail, cursing horribly the crew, the inky darkness and everything with which he came in contact.

Steve, his face twitching and eyes shining like twin stars, waited for him to pass, then rose quickly and a heavy block of wood clutched in his hand descended with a sickening crash upon Winterson's skull. The mate crumpled to the deck like a thing of straw, and Steve dragged the body to where the boat swung, deposited it in the bottom, clambered in himself, lowered away and grasping the oars silently pulled from the Sally Ann, his face working and body quivering, cut, out upon the broad bosom of the Pacific until the fire grew to a rosy speck in the distance, and finally faded from view as the tiny boat sank in the trough of a huge roller.

In the misty gray of morning the two men glared into each other's eyes. Steve sat in one end of the boat, a heavy revolver pointed at the other's breast, his eyes glowing insanely.

"Maybe you remember me now, Winterson, you cur! God, how I've waited and prayed for the time when I could bring you to account! Maybe you remember back there in Trenton three years ago—three centuries it has been to me—I was happy in my new home, plain seafarer though I was, with my wife, heaven rest her soul, and a few of the comforts of life to subside upon. Cruise after cruise I made, and she was always there to welcome me. And then you came, like the snake in Eden, and one day I returned home, she was not there to greet me and the house was deserted. You had been there, like a thief in the night, and stolen her from me—stolen the little woman who was more to me than life itself, you dog! And then I trailed you to Wenden where you had tired of your pretty toy and cast her aside. I found her there, Winterson, found her and she confessed all. Confessed, ha—ha, and I killed her with these two hands, Winterson, do you hear, with these two hands I choked the breath from her body. You never knew did you, but I did, and then I started after you. For three years I have starved and struggled to get you Winterson, the one missing cog in the machine!"

His voice rose to a scream and his face worked horribly as he surveyed the cowering figure with blistered, blackened features. His eyes glittered behind the shaggy brows and insanity hovered near.

"And then I found you, and you spat upon me. Ha—ha Winterson, you spat upon me, and I signed to ship with you, and you didn't know me. Who started the fire aboard the Sally Ann? Who but me, and you knocked me senseless because I wouldn't go into the hold. God, how I've waited for this moment to see you cower and cringe with bulging lips and fear-dilated eyes! You're doomed Winterson, doomed do you hear, ha—ha, and your locks are shown as was Samson's of old!"

He staggered suddenly to his feet, eyes bright and face aglow. "Don't you hear her Winterson?" he whispered. "Look!" and he pointed down into the green depths. "She is calling to us. See, see her still, white face turned up to me, ha—ha, she is welcoming me as in the old days."

His face was radiant. Then a change came over it and his breast heaved convulsively.

"God, what's that! A shadow has come between! I can't see her. Wait, it moves. It's taking a human shape. It's a face peering into her's and—and she smiles back at it! I can't see it, it's turning away. Now, now its twisting around. Wait, wait! Now I see it, I see it. God, its Winterson, you—you find! Go away—away! Yes, she is smiling at him and at me, at me! Now its gone. She beckons to me and to you!"

His gleaming eyes fell upon the figure huddled in the bow, and a paroxysm of insane rage convulsed him. "She beckons, do you hear? We must go to her, you and I, Winterson, down there into the depths, ha—ha—into the depths where slimy things crawl and feed, feed upon the dead do you hear?"

With a bound he was upon the cowering wretch. One horrid screech burst from Winterson's bloodless lips that died to a strangled gurgle as the twisting fingers fastened upon his shaggy throat, and glaring into each others' eyes they sank into the black depths, while the boat bobbed on to the crest of a huge wave and was outlined against the glorious eastern sky.

Day was breaking.

Advice to the Sick.

Illness may bring up from our sunk-en natures many a submerged thing—patience, or good spirits or self-obliviation; but it has not done its duty by us till it has dragged out of our quivering depths the military qualities. I know a woman who said: "I have been an invalid for 30 years. I am now growing old and my remaining days are few. I thought I had learned the lessons that God meant to teach me by physical suffering. But I have only mastered the easiest of them. I thought I must try to be a saint. Now I see that I must be a soldier."

Physical malaise plays strange tricks with its victims; it conjures curiosity. Regard it as an enemy as long as you can. Nothing is sadder than mistaken friendships, and to make a friend of one's pathological calamities may be an important error precisely because one does not suspect that it is such. Recovery may be more a matter of will power than we suppose, or it may not be. Why not give it the benefit of the doubt?—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

From a Forthcoming Novel.

Panic-stricken, we saw that our little airboat, in which we had endeavored to escape from the wreck of the airship, was rapidly filling with atmosphere.

"Fall her out!" shouted Corkney. And all through the night we dipped out the air with our bats and flung it back into the sky. Life.

To Stop Bleeding.

A handful of flour bound on cut will stop bleeding.

SUFFER AND DIE IN A WRECK

Fishermen Have Terrible Experience Off Coast of Iceland.

A terrible tale of shipwreck was told by the nine survivors of the crew of 13 of the Grimshy trawler Washington, which was wrecked on the coast of Iceland on December 23. The men reached Lethi recently, their hands and feet still showing signs of their sufferings during a blizzard. The vessel was wrecked during a heavy gale on the rocks near Selvoir, and the only boat and two rafts were washed away. Notwithstanding the gigantic seas which swept over the ship, the mate, Alma Kemp, seized a life-line and endeavored to swim with it to the shore 200 yards away. The attempt failed, however, and his shipmates had to haul him back to the ship. So terrible had been his sufferings that he went mad and died within half an hour. Then the second engineer went mad, and as the tide rose the crew had to retreat to the wheel-house, where they stood up to their

wrists in water, holding the insane engineer. When the tide receded they found some food, but it was soaked in salt water. When the darkness came on the tide rose again and the vigil of the crew through the long night was a terrible one, and before daylight came two of the hands and the mad engineer had been washed away. In the morning the plight of the shipwrecked sailors was seen by the islanders, and they were rescued by means of a line.

Judicial Sympathy.

Magistrate—You are charged with larceny. Have you anything to say in your own behalf?

Prisoner—I am a poet, your honor, and—

Magistrate (interrupting)—Oh, well, I won't add anything to your sentence on that account. Being a poet is not a crime, and I'm willing to give you time enough to enable you to live down the misfortune.

HOPE in the EUCALYPTUS

GOVERNMENT TO TRY PLANTING TREE IN SOUTHERN TEXAS



CUTTING EUCLYPTUS FOR CHAIWOOD



MADEIRA GROVE OF EUCLYPTUS PLANTED FROM SEEDLINGS

Plans are being made to have a special study undertaken by a representative of the United States forest service in the near future to determine the feasibility of the culture of the Eucalyptus tree in the lower Rio Grande valley and along the gulf coast of Texas.

The importance of Eucalyptus culture from a commercial standpoint in California has within the past few months aroused general interest throughout the country concerning

usually reach three inches in diameter and 35 feet in height in eight months.

The wood of blue gum is principally valuable for fuel and lumber, although it finds numerous other uses. Eucalyptus oil, a shrub of considerable commercial importance, is distilled from the leaves.

Sugar gum is also a very rapid grower, but like blue gum, will not tolerate much frost. Red gum and gray gum while possibly a little slower in growth than these, are more drought and frost resistant. These are being planted extensively owing to the durability of their timber in contact with the soil and its many commercial uses. Both red gum and gray gum are valuable for piles, dock posts and poles, while the wood of red gum is said to be considered an excellent substrate for mushroom culture. Manna gum is also fairly frost resistant and is a rapid grower. The wood, however, is principally valuable for fuel.

The Eucalypts are adapted to a subtropical climate, and the limits within which they may be planted for commercial purposes in this country may be broadly defined as that bounded by the frost lines. They are therefore adapted for planting in the warmer portions of California and in parts of southern Arizona and Texas. It is not likely that they can be grown with any degree of success in New Mexico. Few of the Eucalypts can survive a temperature lower than 20 degrees Fahrenheit, and none of them a temperature less than 12 degrees Fahrenheit. Blue gum and sugar gum may be planted where the temperature does not fall below 26 and 28 degrees Fahrenheit, respectively, while red gum has been known to stand a drop to 12 degrees Fahrenheit.

There is considerable area, however, in southern Texas where it is likely that the more hardy of the Eucalypts



Eucalyptus Sprouts, Two Months Old, Height Eight Feet.

these rapid growing trees and the district office of the forest service at Albuquerque receives almost daily inquiries as to the feasibility of planting Eucalypts in the southwest, particularly in the state of Texas.

Eucalypts are native to the coast region of Australia and Tasmania, where at least 150 distinct species are recognized. They were introduced into California about 1850 and first planted near San Francisco for ornamental purposes. The extremely rapid growth of certain species, their value for fuel, lumber and special products have resulted in the undertaking of extensive investigations concerning the habits of these trees and their commercial uses and possibilities. Fully 100 species have been introduced into the United States.

Among the most important species at present planted in this country are blue gum, sugar gum, gray gum, red gum and manna gum.

Blue gum is one of the largest and most rapid growing trees in the world. In California under favorable conditions trees have attained a height of 175 feet and a diameter of five feet in 25 years, while in exceptional instances individual trees have reached a height of 125 feet and a diameter of three feet in nine years. Sprouts from the stumps of Eucalyptus trees fre-

can be successfully planted. A case has been reported where blue gum has been successfully grown to a height of 20 feet in Cameron county, Texas, near the gulf, but it is probable that red gum and gray gum will give the best success in this region under average conditions.

Why Louis Didn't Come.

The attention of the principal of one of the New York schools was called to the fact that a certain pupil in one of the lower grades was keeping back the entire class by his frequent tardiness. The teacher had tried in vain to solve the problem before appealing to the principal. The latter sent for the mother of the child and talked with her earnestly about the matter. For a time matters went better, and then little Louis failed to appear one morning. Two days passed and no word was received from his parents. On the third the principal received this astonishing communication:

"Dear Teacher, excuse Louis. He's been absent and tardy, he is dead."

Mrs. R.

"The plot thickens," said the old lady, as she sowed grass seed for the third time.—Yale Record



"You Cur!"

dering passion in his eyes leaping up and dying away, "try me."

"What experience?"

"Fifteen years I've followed the sea. Been havin' a run of hard luck and I'm down. Give me a trial, won't you?"

"Should think you are down," chuckled Winterson. "You're a first-class specimen of the genus homo. Look here, my man! No triflin' with me. If you're an old hand as you say, I'll ship you, but it means work—work and no end to it. When I sign a man, he usually earns what he gets, and if he don't—well, I take it out of his hide, understand? No loathin' goes with me, as the lubbers along the front will tell. Seems to me though, and I eyed the other sharply, "seems to me as though I've seen you somewhere before. Can't say as I ever—"

"You'll ship me then?" cried the sailor, his eyes gleaming brightly, and his whole frame quivering with suppressed excitement. "I'll come on board at once, sir."

"Your name?"

"Steve, sir—Steve Joddy."

"Get what traps you have Steve, and report to me at six sharp. Got a tasty run ahead, and it means work for every man-jack of you. I'll talk with you later," and with a heavy scowl Winterson turned and disappeared into the cabin.

"Yes, you will speak to me later," muttered the tramp as he slouched back up the wharf.

On time to the minute, he presented himself aboard the Sally Ann, was assigned a bunk, exchanged his rags for a coarse seaman's outfit, and after many orders, much profanity and blows from the mate, the schooner

Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

Jerry Bundler

It wanted a few nights to Christmas, a festival for which the small market town of Trenchester was making extraordinary preparations. The narrow streets which had been thronged with people since dawn almost deserted, the churches from London, with the richest of London left him after his evening's carolings, was making for the last shops open were rapidly closing for the night.

In the comfortable sitting-room of the old house, Head, had a few guests, principally commercial travelers, and sat talking by the light of the fire. The talk had drifted from trade to politics and politics to religion, and so by easy stages to the subject named. Three pleasant stories, never known to fail before, had fallen flat. There was a third time outside, too much light within. The fourth story was told by an old hand with more success. The streets were quiet, and he had turned the gas out. In the flickering light of the fire, as it danced on the grate, the story seemed so satisfying that those the waiter, whose presence had been forgotten, created a sort of shadowy sensation by suddenly starting up from a dark corner and sitting silently from the room. "That's what I call a good story," said one of the men, looking at his watch. "Of course it's an old idea that suits like to get into the company of human beings. A man told me once that he traveled down the Great Western with a ghost and didn't let the slightest suspicion of it until the inspector came for tickets. My friend said the way that almost tried to keep up appearances by looking for it in all its pockets and looking on the floor was quite touching. Especially if you're up and with a faint groan vanished through the venetian blind."

"That do, Head," said another man.

"It's not a subject for jesting," said a little old gentleman who had been an attentive listener. "I've never seen an apparition myself, but I know people who have, and I remember that this form a very interesting link between us and the after-life. There's a ghost story connected with this house, you know."

"Secret heard of it," said another speaker, and I've seen here some years now."

"It dates back a long time now," said the old gentleman. "You've heard about Jerry Bundler, George?"

"And was he this Bundler?" inquired a voice.

A London thief, pickpocket, high wayman, anything he could turn his distended hand to," replied the old gentleman, "and he was run to earth in this house one Christmas week some 20 years ago. He took his last supper in this very room, and after he had come to bed a couple of flow street rascals, who had followed him from London but lost the scent a bit, went upstairs with the landlord and tried the door. It was stout oak, and fast, so one went into the yard and by means of a stout ladder got onto the window sill while the other stayed outside the door. Those below in the yard saw the man crouching on the sill, and then there was a sudden

smash of glass, and with a cry he fell in a heap on the stones at their feet. Then in the moonlight they saw the white face of the pickpocket peeping over the sill, and while some gazed in the yard, others ran into the house and looked for the other man to break the door in. It was difficult to obtain an entrance even then, for it was barred with heavy furniture, but they got in at last, and the first thing that met their eyes was the body of Jerry Bundler from the top of the bed by his own handkerchief."

"Which bedroom was it?" asked two or three voices together.

"The narrator shook his head.

"That'll do," said an uneasy voice. "I wish you'd thought to ask your father which bedroom it was."

"What for?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Well, I should take care not to sleep in it, that's all," said the voice shortly.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said the old gentleman, rising. "ghosts can't hurt you. For my own part, I should rather like to see one. Good night, gentlemen."

"Old bundling!" said Head. "I should like to put him to the test. Suppose I dress up as Jerry Bundler and go and give him a chance of displaying his courage."

"Hush!" said Malcolm, huskily, dropping one or two faint "moos." "Just for the joke, gentlemen."

"No, no! Drop it, Head," said another man.

"Only for the joke," said Head, some what eagerly. "I've got some things upstairs in which I am going to play in the Rival. Knee breeches, buckles, and all that sort of thing. It's a rare chance. If you'll wait a bit I'll give you a full dress rehearsal, entitled, Jerry Bundler, or The Nocturnal Strangler."

"I'll bet you a level score you don't frighten me," said the stout traveler.

"Don't!" said Head. "I'll take the bet to frighten you first and the old gentleman afterwards. These gentlemen shall be the judges."

He ran lightly upstairs to his room, leaving the others, most of whom had been drinking somewhat freely, to wonder about his proceedings. It lasted in two of them going to bed.

"Here comes an actor," said Somers, lighting his pipe. "Think he's the equal of anybody almost. It doesn't matter with us, but I won't let him go to the old man. And he won't mind so long as he gets an opportunity of acting to us."

"It's coming, gentlemen," he said, breathlessly.

"Why, come, frightened, George," said the stout traveler, with a chuckle.

"It was the suddenness of it," said George, sheepishly, "and besides, I didn't look for such 'im in the bar. There's only a glimpse of light there, and I was sitting on the floor behind the bar. There's road on him."

"Oh, you'll never make a man, George," said Malcolm.

"You don't know what it's like, sir," said George, catching him by the sleeve. "It isn't fit to look at by yourself, it isn't, indeed. It's got the—What's that?"

They all started at the sound of a smothered cry from the staircase and the sound of somebody running hurriedly along the passage. Before anybody could speak, the door flew open and a figure, bursting into the room, flung itself gasping and shivering upon them.

"What's that? What's the matter?" demanded Malcolm. "Why, it's Mr. Head. He shook him roughly and then held some spirit to his lips. Head drank it greedily, and with a sharp intake of his breath gripped him by the arm."

"Light the gas, George," said Malcolm.

The waiter obeyed, hastily. Head, a ludicrous but pitiable figure in knee breeches and coat, a large wig all awry and his face a mass of greasy paint, clung to him trembling.

"Now, what's the matter?" asked Malcolm.

"I've seen it," said Head, with a hysterical sob. "O Lord, I'll never play the fool again, never!"

"Seen what?" said the others.

"Him—it—the ghost—anything!" said Head, wildly.

"Rot!" said Malcolm, uneasily.

"I was coming down the stairs," said Head. "Just creeping down—as I thought—it ought to do. I felt a tap—"

He broke off suddenly and peered nervously through the open door into the passage.

"I thought I saw it again," he whispered. "Look—at the foot of the stairs. Can you see anything?"

"No, there's nothing there," said Malcolm, whose own voice shook a little. "Go on. You felt a tap on your shoulder—"

"I turned round and saw it—a little wicked head and a white dead face. Pah!"

"That's what I saw in the bar," said George. "O Lord, it was—devilish!"

Head shuddered, and still retaining his nervous grip of Malcolm's sleeve, dropped into a chair.

"Well, it's a most unaccountable thing," said the dumfounded Malcolm, turning round to the others. "It's the first time I come to this house."

"I have to-morrow," said George.

"I wouldn't go down to that bar again."



"It Ain't Fit to Look at by Yourself."

by himself, no, not for fifty pounds!"

"Which came down to the bar?" said Malcolm, looking round.

"You can go if you like," said one of the others, with a faint laugh. "We'll wait here for you."

"Did you see it, sir?" whispered George.

"Don't know," said Malcolm, shortly. "I fancied I saw something, but it might have been fancy. I'm in the mood to see anything just now. How are you feeling now, sir?"

"Oh, I feel a bit better now," said Head, somewhat brusquely, as all eyes were turned upon him. "I dare say you think I'm easily scared, but you didn't see it."

"Not at all," said Malcolm, smiling faintly despite himself.

"I'm going to bed," said Head, noticing the smile and resenting it. "Will you share my room with me, Somers?"

"I will with pleasure," said his friend, "provided you don't mind sleeping with the gas on all night."

He rose from his seat, and bidding the company a friendly goodnight, left the room with his crest-fallen friend. The others saw them to the foot of the stairs, and having heard

their door close, returned to the coffee-room.

"Well, I suppose the bet's off," said the stout commercial, poking the fire and then standing with his legs apart on the hearthrug; "though, as far as I can see, I won it. I never saw a man so scared in all my life. Sort of poetic justice about it, isn't there?"

"Never mind about poetry or justice," said one of his listeners; "who's going to sleep with me?"

"I will," said Malcolm, affably.

"And I suppose we share a room to gether, Mr. Leek?" said the third man, turning to the fourth.

"No, thank you," said the other, briskly. "I don't believe in ghosts. If anything comes into my room I shall shoot it."

"That won't hurt a spirit, Leek," said Malcolm, decisively.

"Well, the noise'll be like company to me," said Leek, "and I'll wake the house, too. But if you're nervous, sir," he added, with a grin, to the man who had suggested sharing his room, "George'll be only too pleased to sleep on the door-mat inside your room, I know."

"That I will, sir," said George, fervently; "and if you gentlemen would only come down with me to the bar to put the gas out, I could never be sufficiently grateful."

They went out in a body, with the exception of Leek, peering carefully before them as they went. George turned the light out in the bar and they returned unmolested to the coffee-room, and, avoiding the sardonic smile of Leek, prepared to separate for the night.

"Give me the candle while you put the gas out, George," said the traveler.

The waiter handed it to him and extinguished the gas, and at the same moment all distinctly heard a step in the passage outside. It stopped at the door, and as they watched with hated breath, the door creaked and slowly opened. Malcolm fell back open-mouthed, as a white, leering face, with sunken eyeballs and close-cropped bullet-head, appeared at the opening.

For a few seconds the creature stood regarding them, blinking in a strange fashion at the candle. Then, with a sidling movement, it came a little way into the room and stood there as if bewildered.

Not a man spoke or moved, but all watched with a horrible fascination as the creature removed its dirty neckcloth and its head rolled on its shoulder. For a minute it paused and then, holding the rag before it, moved towards Malcolm.

The candle went out suddenly with a flash and a bang. There was a smell of powder, and something withing in the darkness on the floor. A faint, choking cough, and then silence. Malcolm was the first to speak. "Matchbox," he said, in a strange voice. George struck one. Then he leaped at the gas and a burn or flamed from the match. Malcolm touched the thing on the floor with his foot and found it soft. He looked at his companions. They mouthed in quires at him, but he shook his head. He lit the candle, and, kneeling down, examined the silent thing on the floor. Then he rose swiftly, and dipping his handkerchief in the water-jug, bent down again and grimly wiped the white face. Then he sprang back with a cry of incredulous horror, pointing at it. Leek's pistol fell to the floor and he shut out the light with his hands, but the others, crowding forward, gazed spell-bound at the dead face of Head.

Before a word was spoken the door opened and Somers hastily entered the room. His eyes fell on the floor. "Good God!" he cried. "You didn't—"

Nobody spoke.

"I told him not to," he said, in a suffocating voice. "I told him not to. I told him—"

He leaned against the wall, deathly sick, put his arms out feebly, and fell fainting into the traveler's arms.

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NAME OF JEFF DAVIS

WILL BE RESTORED TO TABLET ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE.

Story of How Cognomen of President of the Confederacy Was Obliterated from Structure During Civil War.

Washington—The following order was issued recently:

The secretary of war, by direction of the president, has instructed the chief of engineers of the United States army to take the necessary steps to restore the name of Jefferson Davis as secretary of war to Cabin John Bridge.

Cabin John Bridge is a great stone arch, until recently the largest in the world, spanning a picturesque gorge in the upper Potomac valley, seven miles west of Washington. This arch supports the aqueduct through which the water supply of Washington flows and also serves as a highway bridge on that much-traveled way—the Conduit road. The mutilation of the arch has been commented on by millions of people and although the subject is an old one the real story of the erasure of Davis' name has only lately been told. The erasure has been variously charged to Gen. Montgomery C. Meigs, chief engineer of the construction of the Washington aqueduct, and to Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under President Lincoln. Neither of these was responsible. The order for the erasure of the name was given by Caleb R. Smith, secretary of the interior, in June, 1862.

William R. Hutton, who was an engineer in the aqueduct construction, and who became chief engineer of the work, has given the following account: "In June, 1862, at the request of the secretary of the interior, Caleb R. Smith, to whose department the aqueduct had just been transferred, I accompanied the secretary and a number of members of congress to inspect the aqueduct. We went up by boat on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Opposite Cabin John several of the party disembarked and walked to the aqueduct bridge for a nearer view. Secretary Smith remained on the boat. Returning in hot haste, Galusha Grow, a member of congress from

Pennsylvania rushed up to Mr. Smith and said:

"Do you know that rebel Meigs has put Jeff Davis' name on the bridge?" Turning to me, the secretary said: "The first order I give you is to cut Jeff Davis' name off the bridge."

A few days later I was appointed chief engineer of the aqueduct. Not taking the secretary's remark seriously I did nothing about the removal of the name. A week later, Robert McIntyre, the contractor, arrived in Washington to resume work on the bridge, the work having been temporarily suspended pending the arrival of materials. He called at the interior department to pay his respects to Secretary Smith. The secretary told him to cut Davis' name off the bridge, and the first thing McIntyre did on returning to the bridge was to set a mason at the work of cutting off the name, which was in raised letters.

Cabin John bridge is 450 feet long. The span is 220 feet wide and the thickness of the arch and the width of the roadway on top is 20 feet. Across the arch and below the roadway runs the conduit, which is 10 feet in diameter. The arch is composed of 1,200 cubic yards of Potomac bluestone, 852 yards of concrete and 214 yards of brick.

The height of the roadway above the stream is 100 feet and the cost of the arch was \$254,000.

Cure for a Complaint.

There is a young woman who suffers great discomfort, sometimes sharp pain, from an occasional attack of hiccoughs.

She tried all the prescribed remedies, from deep breathing to plums fresh and preserved, without success. Nothing availed, the pain often lasting an hour or more until she tried aromatic spirits of ammonia, a teaspoonful diluted in a little water. The relief was instantaneous.

All subsequent attacks have been cured by the same means. The trouble in acute form is somewhat out of the ordinary, but the annoyance it entails makes it worth while to pass this hint along.

High Buildings Healthy.

Europeans are beginning to realize the hygienic value of high buildings, with elevators which lift people into the dust-free, sunlit, higher regions.

Your opinions are like a good many other things you possess: Of no value to anyone but the owner.—Acheson Globe.

Tight Footgear.

The remarks of Dr. Scannell of the Harvard Medical school on the folly of unduly compressing the feet by tight footwear are interesting and instructive, though they are at variance with the opinions of some distinguished philosophers who have hitherto considered the subject. There was Josh Billings, for instance, who contended that tight boots were a blessing because they made the wearers forget all their other troubles.

Art Comes High.

A woman standing on the Hamburg American lines pier in Hoboken, N. J., with four trunks of French gowns, told a reporter a story about the late M. Paquin.

"A New York lady," she said, "once ventured to remonstrate with Paquin because he had charged her \$100 for a ball dress."

"The material," she said, "could be bought for \$100, and surely the work would be well paid with \$50 more."

"Madam," said Paquin, with his grandest air, "go to your American painter, Sargent, in his little Tiro street studio, and say to him: 'Here is a yard of canvas, value 50 cents; and here are colors, value one dollar. Paint me a picture with these colors on this canvas, and I will pay you \$1.75.' What will the painter say?"

He will say: "Madam, there are no

or coffee, each man paying for what he consumes, regardless of the thirst of the man who may sit at the same table with him. Not many men would become intoxicated in barrooms of that kind."

Fight Against "Treating Habit."

The Anti-Treat league is gaining many new members, says Theodore Sutro in a letter to a man who inquired as to the objects of the organization. Besides being a step toward temperance, he says, "the foolish custom cannot be indulged in by men in moderate circumstances without entailing an unnecessary expense. We are opposed also to the American barroom, where people stand up in droves and gulp down strong liquors in lightning haste and in indefinite quantities. The association is working toward the introduction of the barless barroom, where guests will be served at little tables. There people may sit down quietly and sip their drinks as one would tea

say. I will, therefore, wish you good morning." The little ruse was entirely successful, and with a disappointed look the crestfallen interviewer departed to think out another article.

Swinburne Hard to Corner.

Great Writer's Ruse to Escape Reporter Who Wanted Interview.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose latest work, "The Age of Shakespeare," has just been published, has a great dislike to being interviewed, and he will go to almost any length to avoid being cornered by a reporter. Some time ago, however, an enterprising journalist determined to obtain some "copy" from him at all costs and waited on Wimbledon common at a spot where he knew the poet would pass on his daily walk. Presently Mr. Swinburne made his appearance, and the exultant scribble approached him in his most persuasive manner. For a moment Mr. Swinburne was too dismayed to answer, and, feeling that at his age flight was impossible, he was nonplused how to act. Suddenly an idea occurred to him, and he said: "My friend, I see by your lips that you are talking, but as I am stone deaf, I cannot hear what you

say. I will, therefore, wish you good morning." The little ruse was entirely successful, and with a disappointed look the crestfallen interviewer departed to think out another article.

Swinburne Hard to Corner.

Great Writer's Ruse to Escape Reporter Who Wanted Interview.

Phone 14



A NOVEL FARM GATE.

It is Easily Operated and is Not Difficult to Make.

This gate is so devised that instead of swinging to one side, a weight and cord is so attached that with a slight lift at the latch end it can be raised and will so back between the two rear posts so that team or conveyance will pass without trouble. After passing a slight pull on the gate will

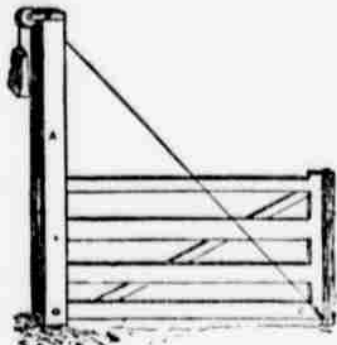


Fig. 1.—Gate in Normal Position.

throw it out of its balance and bring it back to its position once more.

Fig. 1 shows the gate as it stands in a normal position. A represents the two posts, which are in height a little more than equal to the length of the gate. They are placed about five or six inches apart so that when gate is raised, as shown in Fig. 2, the gate will swing on the bolt at bottom of the gate and pass between the two posts until the rear end is standing on the ground or blocks placed there to receive it. At the bottom of the latch end of the gate a stout rope is

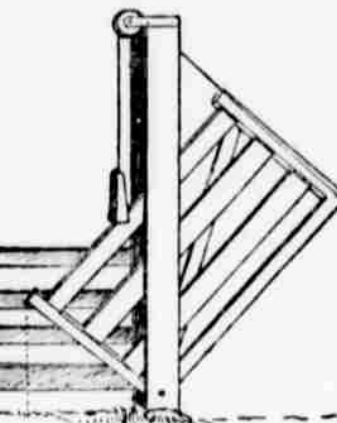


Fig. 2.—Gate Shown When Opening.

attached which runs backwards to the top of the post and passes over a pulley arranged at one side so that the weight will not interfere when the gate is raised, as shown in Fig. 2.

This gate, says the *Prairie Farmer*, is said to be particularly useful in places where it is not convenient to put a swinging gate, and a sliding gate is not wanted. When properly erected a gate made after this plan is said to be reasonably satisfactory.

Care of Cane Fruits.

Blackberries are easily raised. The fall is the best time for planting. Set in rows about nine feet apart, three feet in row. Commence cultivation as soon as ground is in proper condition in the spring. Cultivate deep in the early part of the season. Later practice shallow cultivation with a harrow. Dust mulch is better and cheaper than straw. The latter also tends to harbor mice and insects. Rushes should be trimmed twice a year, being cut back the second spring to a height of 3 to 3½ feet. After picking is over cut out old canes and all small and weak growths.—Superintendent, Melvaine, Central Illinois Horticultural Experiment Station.

CULTIVATION FOR CORN.

An instance Showing the Value of Proper Working of the Soil.

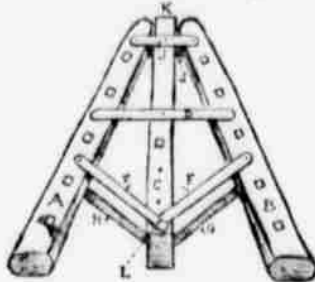
The farmer lived near Bismarck, N. D. He lived on a rented farm, explains Prof. Thomas Shaw, in Orange, Judd Farmer. He had planted a field to corn. He was working the place on shares. His share was half the crop. The owner of the land thought it should be cultivated. That was his conclusion after looking at the growing crop. The other claimed that it would do without cultivating, and that cultivating it would not make much difference. The owner said that his half must be cultivated. He hired a man and sent him to cultivate one-half the corn on the field. This he did two or three times. The understanding was that the cultivated portion was to be the owner's share.

The season proved to be a good one for corn. While the cultivated corn was the better, the difference was not so great as to disturb the equanimity of the other man. The owner said to him when the crop was reaped that

FARM-MADE GARDEN HARROW.

Can Be Put to a Variety of Uses on the Farm.

This harrow can be used in many other places besides the garden—for covering potatoes, following the cul-



Harrow and Parts.

Explanatory: A and B pieces of hard pine 2½ by 2½ inches at small end, 3½ by 2½ inches at large end, and 3 feet 5 inches long. C is of hard wood, preferably oak, 1½ by 2½ inches and 2 feet 2 inches long, with four one-half inch holes at regular intervals in lower end. It is a piece of strap iron one-quarter by one-quarter by 22 inches and is bolted to center piece C only, 10 inches from front end. E, F, G and H are of same material. 1½ by 2½ inches long. J, J are strong round one-quarter-inch square by 8½ inches long. For a hitch bore hole through center piece at K, use an ordinary chain. To change width withdraw bolt at L and move arms from one hole to the other. Handles can easily be added if desired. The size and dimensions given are exact ones of my harrow, but they can be varied if desired. Harrow has 16 teeth 8 inches apart and one in the center.

tivator in the corn field, etc. For the latter purpose, says the *Farmers' Mail and Breeder*, it has no superior and few implements can truthfully lay claim to being its peer. If the corn is harrowed between the rows immediately after plowing it will leave the ground level and free from clods, thus preventing the danger of washing. It forms a blanket which prevents the evaporation of moisture, and leaves the ground in a much better shape to be plowed again. The harrow is adjustable and has a width varying from one foot to three.

THE STRAWBERRY.

Have a Bed of the Luscious Fruit for Your Own Use on the Farm.

The strawberry is the first berry fruit to ripen in the spring and a generous planting of them should be made. They follow closely after the herb and asparagus. I will not attempt to give cultural directions except in briefest outline. The soil must be rich and the plants must be set in spring for best results. It takes from 200 to 500 plants to supply a family, depending upon the wants of the family and the skill of the grower. They should be set in rows five feet apart in the row. All weeds must be hoed out by hand that do not come in line with the cultivator. The oftener they are cultivated and hoed, the better will be the growth and the larger the crop of berries. When winter comes, explains the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, the bed should be nicely covered with straw and left on till warm weather comes, when it should be removed from the plants and placed in the rows for a carpet to get down on when picking, and also to act as a preventive of drying out in dry weather. There are numerous varieties of strawberries and most of them are valuable under certain conditions. The varieties that make a great run of plants are the best for the average farmer to grow. They do best when given careful culture and stand the winter better than more tender varieties.

Put the Post in Right.

Any timber will last quite well if set in this way: Dig a square hole about a foot deep, throwing the dirt well back. Sharpen the post and drive well into the bottom, then put a flat stone against each side and a chunk against the post, the boards holding it the other way. This prevents their rotting off at the surface of the ground as they always do.

when the wheat crop was grown that followed the corn, the part that grew on the cultivated land was to be his. The wheat was sown in due time, and the same treatment was given to both sections of the corn land when putting in the crop.

Several weeks later the owner came to the owner. He wished to know if he could tell him what was the matter with the wheat on the part of the land that had grown the corn which had not been cultivated. He intimated that it was a failure, whereas the crop on the other portion of the land was excellent. The owner answered that the difference was made by the cultivation given to the corn. The season was very dry and the wheat on the land that had been cultivated had ample moisture, whereas on the other land the crop was burned up by the drought.

Try it.

Did you ever clip the work horses just as spring's work begins? Try it this spring. The horses will do a third more work on the same feed, and do it easier.

TAKES PLACE OF HITCHCOCK.

J. F. Hill in Charge of Republican National Committee.

Washington.—John F. Hill, the new vice-chairman of the Republican national committee, has been frequently described by his friends as a gentlemanly gentleman of the new school. His perpetual urbanity, of mature affability and genial nature seem to justify this appellation. He is extremely likable and has been popular in his home state of Maine. He is considered an exceptionally clever politician.

It is said Mr. Hill took the vice-chairmanship with the expectation



John F. Hill.

that it might aid him materially if either of the Maine senators should pass away, leaving a vacancy for which he has qualifications. He has long had an eye on the senatorship but is too wise to attempt to wrest it away from either Mr. Hale or Mr. Frisbie. Maine takes much pride in the leading position these men occupy in handling the transaction of public affairs. So far as being in line for the senatorship is concerned, Mr. Hill has for years resided in the home formerly occupied by James G. Blaine at Augusta.

In addition to other personal qualifications tending to popularity, Mr. Hill is a reputed millionaire and has plenty of money for the expenditures essential to make and retain friends.

Mr. Hill is nearly 54 years old. He was born in Elliot, York county, Maine, October 29, 1855. After obtaining an academic education he studied medicine and was graduated from the Boston Medical school in 1877. He later perfected his studies and received a diploma from the Long Island college Hospital in Brooklyn.

In 1889 Dr. Hill first appeared in politics, being elected to the Maine house of representatives. He was re-elected and then promoted to be state senator for two terms. He was subsequently elected governor of the state two terms. He has been a member of the Republican national committee from Maine since 1899.

WORLD'S BIGGEST BAROMETER.

Monument to Inventor Erected at Faenza, Italy.

LONDON.—The highest barometer in the world is in the city of Faenza, Italy. It is a monument to Torricelli, inventor of the barometer, who was born in that city just 300 years ago. The scale of this barometer is on a basis of feet where the ordinary barometer is measured in inches. The liquid column is 97 feet high at normal. It was intended to use a 32-foot



Barometer Which Contains Column of Olive Oil 37 Feet High.

column of water, but this was abandoned because water evaporated too quickly. Then glycerine was tried; but with this liquid the normal height was only 27 feet, which was not enough. Olive oil was chosen finally. The tube rests against a monumental pillar of stone. Olive oil is the lightest liquid yet used for a barometer. When a lighter one is made available a taller barometer may be constructed. Pascal made barometers of water and wine mixed. Zepher Mills of New York, a glycerine barometer, and Jaubert set up one of water in the famous Tour St. Jacques, the weather bureau center of Paris.



ALL EMPIRE MODES

NOTHING ELSE CAN BE CONSIDERED IN STYLE.

The Latest Ideas in Bridal Costumes—Suggestion for Dainty and Inexpensive Boudoir for Sleeve and Low-Cut Neck.

One point is everywhere demonstrated by the prettiest things, and that is that to be really captivating, as well as stylish, the bride of today will need to lend to a large extent to empire modes. For if the wedding gown is not in the shirt-waisted style, which it commonly is, three out of



Traveling Dress.

four evening frocks, and two out of three reception dresses will be sure to reflect it.

Everything really graceful really suited to youth and the enchantment of the wearer's attractions, is empire. One must often forget the fashion rule

MAKES PRETTY PILLOW CASES.

Foundation of Fine Handkerchief Linen is Most Effective.

For babies, and in fact for grown-ups, the prettiest sachets and pillow cases are of fine handkerchief linen, embroidered with flowers or a Napoleonic wreath tied with a bowknot. In the center of this are the owner's initials.

These are made square or in what ever shape desired. Heart-shaped ones are especially pretty. The top and bottom are now sewed together. The edges of each are scalloped in the regulation way with the buttonhole stitch.

About an inch from the edge and also about an inch apart there are embroidered eyelets, round and oblong. In both pieces these holes must be made to exactly correspond, and a soft satin ribbon of a pale shade is run in and out. It is easy to launder. Cushion covers are also made in this way.

To Thread Needle.

Although it is almost impossible to draw wool through the eye of an ordinary needle, however large the latter may be, the needle can sometimes be threaded with fine wool, if cotton is used as a "decoy." Both ends of a piece of cotton should be passed through the eye until only a short loop remains, the end of the wool being run through the loop and the whole gently pulled.

Bordered Silks.

There is a charming new fabric for elaborate spring frocks which is a combination of opalescent gauze with a wide border done in lovely colors. It will be used to make tunics over the one-piece slips of messaline or the silk cashmere, which is now as soft as crepe de chine.

The salient feature of the new automobile coat is the hidden plaits that are introduced into the skirt.

liberation of age to be in the swim, for these light-hearted and cosmopolitan models pervade even the social niche of the middle-aged.

The most dainty of the empire wedding models show trimming on the bodice, and either a perfectly plain skirt or else one ornamented with a long square stole, swinging back and forth from the bodice. The superb embroidery of the waist deck these Greece-like draperies, which may start from the neck or start from the shoulder and bust.

The skirt of the empire gown being a skimpy affair, and covering at most only a slip or seam of thin silk or a chemise made in the same way, there are often trains, made separately and interlined for weight, which go with such a wedding frock. The low neck and short-sleeved bodices are filled in with long-sleeved garments of tulle or lace or tulle, the popular coat being also in the last-mentioned style.

Never by any possibility does good taste allow the flesh of the back and arms to show outright, but the gowns are to a great extent transparent, which adds to looks, especially when everything is overdone to the limit's well.

There are no absolute rules for wearing the veil. It may either be draped at the back of the head (and a half wreath of orange blossoms or tiny white roses, or be abundant to fall over the face in the dead-end.

A smart walking, traveling or informal evening dress should be made after the illustration. It can come striped, solid, or in strong contrasts, or in any soft stuffs, with long or velvet trimmings. Given yards of material, 27 inches wide may suffice. It should be made of material, but with wide, thin cuffs, of course, less would be needed. Tan cloth in a suit may be a color study, or in gray or navy, and not quite satisfactory.

With the tail down—leave the head but a narrow fringe, if the popular style is becoming, and even a wide black velvet and white fringes. The tail of the skirt of length is either one third of the skirt, or a few inches longer, being straight, or once a half of yards. Some import a cape in superbly tinted straw. Boudoir have the fringe fixed with black.

For the Connoisseur.

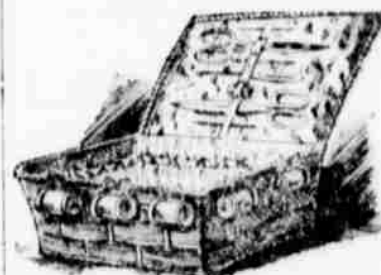
For the connoisseur nothing could make a finer gift than a new piece of dressing ensemble made of some soft, dainty material.

There are several different patterns to be had in these ensembles, and any of them is so smartly fashioned that but a short time is required for the making.

WORK BASKET OF WICKER.

Practical Suggestions That Will Be Found of Much Use.

This sketch illustrates a novel suggestion for the arrangement of seats at cotton round the edge of a wicker work basket, in such a manner that the thread can be drawn off without removing the reels from their places. It is, of course, a suggestion that is only practical in the case of a basket made of wickerwork, and it may be carried out in a few moments. A piece of fine silk cord is run through the reel of cotton and the ends then pushed through the wickerwork at the



edge of the basket and tied in a little bow. Should the wickerwork be so closely made that there is no space through which to run the silk cord then the point of a pair of scissors can be used to help the cord through.

The basket shown in our sketch is lined with satin, and has pockets arranged entirely round the interior while the lid is slightly padded with cotton wool, lined with satin and a ribbon strap sewn down the center to hold scissors, thimbles, etc. in their places.

Just how to carry a wet tooth brush has bothered many a girl. There are many attractive cases for this purpose, both in silver and cut glass, but not all girls can afford to own one of them.

PRAYING FOR SONS



The picture shown here represents a curious Korymba ceremony witnessed by an artist while traveling through the Little Arica mountains in A. D. Before one of the great squares of the mountains, a group of people, with fetiches, were three women stretching out their hands in supplication and bowing their heads in the dust, that sons might be born to them.

WAR ON PORCUPINES

ANIMALS A MENACE TO PENNSYLVANIA FORESTS.

So Troublesome That Reward Is Put on Their Heads—Splendid Wooded Area Little Known Except to Natives.

Laporte, Pa. The war of Kitchener creek is on. It is a war of extermination, or attempted extermination, of the porcupine tribe of that locality, in the hope of saving to future generations the virgin hemlock trees that so make this famous retreat the picture-perfect place that it is. The rare taker, who is on duty for the owner, Col. H. H. H. is offering one dollar for every porcupine killed on the preserve.

Colonies of porcupines have this winter virtually killed some of the best hemlocks, and as these are the very pride of their owner and the delight of the tourist who explores the Kitchener creek gorge the loss of the forest is a very serious one. The mischief of the porcupines consists in gnawing the bark from the limbs in search of nuts and other in winter, resulting in the tree's rapid decline and often in its death.

The hemlock forest which covers the Kitchener Creek preserve is the only virgin tree growth yet standing in Sullivan or Luzerne counties, and it affords the student of present day timber conservation a fine lesson in what the hemlock growth was when the wilderness as began the slaughter. And because it is the only considerable thick timber belt still standing it serves to attract innumerable numbers of the devotees of the forest to its shelter. The Kitchener Creek preserve runs from near Fairmount Springs in Luzerne county to Long Pond or Ganoga lake, in this county, a distance of eight miles, and for the most of the way it is through a rock-ribbed gorge, surpassing in picturesque grandeur the famed Watkins Glen in New York state, containing no less than a half dozen cascades, some of which are 50 feet high, and one declared to be as gorgeously beautiful as the storied Minnehaha. Comparatively few Pennsylvanians know of the existence of this retreat, for the reason that it is accessible only by canoe or aboot, either down the gorge from the Bicketts end, from the edge of Long Pond or by way of the mouth, five miles below, where the old turnpike from Benton to Towanda crosses over the edge of one of the waterfalls.

It requires a full day to explore the two branches of the creek, to aid in which the caretaker has spent years and years in building log bridges, rock steps and digging passages out of the banks to permit one to crawl around the edge of the noisy cataracts.

So absolutely alone and primitive are the conditions that obtain there that the preserve is a regular paradise for black bears. Bears are frequently seen along the creek, and the nights are often made dismal by the howl of

the catamount and the wail of the porcupine. It is to preserve this very wilderness against the ravages of time or natural enemy that the war on the porcupine has been begun. Once before, about ten years ago, a like crusade against the tree-eaters, porcupines, had to be prosecuted, at which time nearly 200 of the animals were shot or trapped.

It is only on dark rainy days that a chance to shoot them is to be had, as at other times they keep securely hidden. They are night prowlers and quite susceptible to the tempting morsel of a well-baited trap, so that for the most part they must be taken in this way. They usually dwell in rock crevices and seem not to be either frightened or discouraged because their brother or sister, or father or mother get caught; when a colony is located the whole gang can be taken in a night or two or in a single night, for that matter, if one has traps enough. One trapper in the former war against the pestiferous "porcupine" caught 18 in a single night, but as the prize then was only 50 cents a head he didn't make the haul that the present rate of one dollar apiece offers.

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR



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Charles Nagel, of St. Louis, secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Taft's cabinet, is better known among lawyers and educators than to the public at large. He is a member of the bar and holds a professorship in a St. Louis law school. Mr. Nagel is a native westerner, having been born in Texas in 1849.

TOWN WITH 500 MAIMED.

Lumbering Community Takes First Rank Among Cripples.

Hogatum, Wash.—This little city of 5,000 population has, it is believed, more maimed, crippled and scarred people than in any other town of like size in the world. There are 500 men who have either lost a leg, arm, hand, foot, finger, toe or ear. There are many more who will carry to the grave ugly scars.

None of the men has ever been in an Indian fight, nor have participated in battles. They are loggers and saw-mill men, who have met with accidents in one of the most dangerous occupations. Not a day passes in the seventh districts of this state but that some one is killed or injured.

The city officials recently took a census and the tabulations now on the life with the town clerk show:

Sixty-five men with one leg each, five legless men, two men have lost both legs and one hand, 23 have no test, three handless men, four men have one leg and one arm, nine men have lost one ear each, one man lost nose and ears, 11 men have but one eye each, two men have been scalped, 150 men have scars on faces, 100 maimed them for life.

AFFINITY CLUB IS FORMED.

Two Hundred Men and Women Study Soul-Mate Business.

Boston—A society having for its aim the cultivation of the human spirit until it becomes absolutely symmetrical has been formed in Auburn, Mass., and has already extended its influence into the neighboring suburbs.

The club is formed on the plan of having an equal number of men and women on the rolls, and so popular was the new scheme of symmetry, because that no less than 200 of both sexes attended a recent gathering in Norumbega hall.

The creed of the club is embodied in a book which has already been written and is ready for the printer.

Its title is "The Human Limit," and it deals with affinity extensively, and especially the power to recognize affinities, so that soul mates may know each other at a glance with a view of perfect and happy marriages.

The founder and teacher of the new idea is Edward Chase Merrill, formerly instructor in the Boston School of Practical Psychology. The club is known as the "Good Idea club."

Americans Buy Island of Salt.

Mexico City.—H. M. Crankshaw of Guaymas and a number of Americans have purchased Carmen Island, situated in the Gulf of California, from James Viesca of La Paz, Mexico. The island embraces about eight square miles, most of which is solid salt deposits. Mr. Crankshaw says that the deposits will be worked by Yaqui Indian laborers, and that it is planned to ship about 50,000 tons of the product annually.

Keeping a Wife.

Feminine intellects are now bothered as to the best way "To Keep a Husband." Of course they don't realize that for centuries countless legions of men have been worried nearly to the grave by the problem of how to keep a wife.—New York Herald.

CLICK OF CAMERA AWAKENS MEMORY

SNAP OF A PHOTOGRAPHER'S INSTRUMENT CLEARS MIND BLANK FOR TWO YEARS.

BELIEVED DEAD BY PARENTS

William Childs, Son of Wealthy Brooklyn People, Suddenly Remembers in Milwaukee Movements Through Several States.

Milwaukee.—One of the strangest cases of amnesia, or loss of memory, in medical records has been chronicled in this city two years after it had its beginning in Chicago.

William Childs, 35 years old, son of the late George William Childs, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., recovered his memory after having been mourned as dead, and identified himself when he heard the click of a photographic camera. Two years ago, he told the Milwaukee authorities, "something snapped" in his head and since that time he does not know what route he has traveled. He says it happened at a Moody institute meeting after he had been working in Chicago for manufacturers of directories and circular letters. Childs said the firm used cameras in its business.

A week ago Childs appeared in Milwaukee from nobody knows where, least of all himself. He begged the county authorities to find out who he was. They could not help him until the camera shutter aroused the sleeping memory.

The other day interest was aroused by a report that he might be a missing dry goods merchant.

A photographer was sent out to get his picture and send to those who thought he might be their missing uncle. With the taking of the picture the man was cured of his strange affliction.

He began speaking slowly at first. Then he talked rapidly and wept when he realized that virtually he had been in another world for two years. As



The Camera Shutter Aroused the Sleeping Memory.

According to the story he told the doctors, he is the son of a wealthy family in Brooklyn. He said that for years he was the chief clerk of the Anthony photographic supply house in New York city. He could not remember how he left New York, but he knows that his next place of employment was Chicago. Childs associated photographic supplies with the firm.

His health failed, he said, and he went to the Moody institute. At one of the meetings, he said, something seemed to snap and his next recollection was his arrival in Milwaukee.

A telegram from New York stated that Childs last was heard from in Chicago before he found Milwaukee. His mother, Mrs. M. L. Childs, is living with a brother, William P. Ellery, of Hackensack, N. J. Mrs. Childs, when found at her brother's house, talked about her son.

"I have not heard from him for two years," she said. "At that time he was living in Chicago, but he suddenly disappeared. We could get no trace of him. He worked for a number of years for the photographic firm of E. H. & T. Anthony & Co., but left them 18 years ago and went into the dentistry business in New York. Then he went to Chicago, where he has lived for several years up to the time of his disappearance."

She said his father died in Seattle a year ago.

R. A. Anthony, former president of the photographic company, said he remembered that Childs had been employed as shipping clerk, but that he had left the firm a number of years ago. It was through a cousin of R. A. Anthony, P. A. Anthony, that Childs' identification was verified in the east.

PARALYZED MAN WRITES AS DEATH APPROACHES

WITH POWER OF SPEECH GONE, WALKS TO HOSPITAL, SMOKES LAST CIGAR, AWAITS END.

Philadelphia.—One of the most remarkable cases of vitality known in local medical circles and one destined to prove a mystery until an autopsy is made, preceded the death of William W. Bentley, 45 years old, in the German hospital. He was fully conscious to the end, being able to move about with freedom, but had lost the power of speech.

Bentley was stricken in his apartment. His vocal cords were first affected. When he lost the power of speech he walked downstairs and knocked on the door of his landlady's



"I Have Been Stricken with Paralysis—Send for a Patrol Wagon."

room. When she responded Bentley handed her a note which read:

"I have been stricken with what in my third stroke of paralysis. Won't you be kind enough to send for a patrol wagon to have me removed to the hospital?"

The request was acceded to, but the wagon was out, and Bentley was so informed. Then he wrote another note:

"I would like to have a cab, if you would be so kind as to get me one."

The landlady was unable to find a messenger to dispatch for a cab, and when she offered to go for one herself Bentley wrote: "No; I'll take a car and go to the hospital myself."

Putting on his hat and coat, Bentley wrote a good-by to his landlady, boarded a car, and when he reached the hospital, got off without any trouble whatever. He then lighted a cigar and stood outside the hospital entrance until it was finished.

In the institution he wrote his complaint on his pad and was examined by the physician in the receiving ward. Then he was put to bed, and to the marvel of all the attending doctors, retained his wonderful composure and vitality until death came.

MAKES MAN DON UNIFORM.

Dog Menaces Railroad Official Wearing Civilian Dress.

New York.—For 15 minutes the other day it was an open question whether George Tillot or Roxy, an Irish terrier, was general foreman of the Long Island railroad's trolley system at Huntington, L. I.

Roxy is the Long Island railroad mascot. He formerly belonged to William H. Baldwin, Jr., president of the road, and after Baldwin died the dog was adopted by every man in the service who wore a uniform. The reason those in civilian dress did not adopt him was because Roxy would have nothing to do with them.

Tillot, not knowing Roxy was there, started to go into the main office of the trolley line New Year's day. Seeing he was in plain clothes, and deeming him an intruder, Roxy immediately stood on guard and showed by his savage barking and display of white and well-set teeth that there would be trouble if the foreman persisted in his purpose of entering. Tillot tried to coax the terrier.

The animal did not know him, and not until the foreman had gone back to the trolley tracks and got a uniformed man would the dog permit him to enter his own office. After Tillot put on a uniform coat the dog made friends with him at once.

Roxy goes all over Long Island on the trains and trolley cars. Whenever he is seen he is made welcome by the trainmen, the same as they did when the dog used to accompany Baldwin on his tours of inspection. Now, however, they share their lunches with the dog, and the station men see to it that he has the warmest nook by the stove at night.

Put Your Faith in Patience.

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.—Plautus.

解題 5. 正四面体 $ABCD$ の、 AB の中点を E 、 CD の中点を F とし、 EF を結ぶ。このとき、 EF は AB と CD の両方に垂直である。このとき、 EF は AB と CD の両方に垂直である。このとき、 EF は AB と CD の両方に垂直である。

J. B. Newton, of lake Arthur, was in town, Tuesday.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sands, Sunday, April 11, a son.

B. A. Sleyster of Albuquerque was in in town looking after insurance business yesteday.

Charley Lyne, Billy O'Niel, J. L. Taylor and several other Plains people were in town this week.

The suit for a commission on a land sale, Patterson & Moore against M. H. Waffle, for \$275 was tried yesterday before a jury. D. G. Grantham appeared for the plaintiffs and G. U. McCrary for the defendant.

W. S. Cavender, of Clovis, was in town Tuesday. He says that Clovis went wet by electing an anti-prohibition city council last week.

A. H. Tandy, of Canadian, Texas, the big cow man and cattle buyer came in Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Grantham and family are the proud possessors of a bright little girl that came to reside with them on the 9th instant.

H. H. Friz and D. Moore, of Paso circulation men for the El Paso Herald were in town Wednesday and yesterday in the interests of the Herald subscription list.

E. V. Albritton, returned from Bristol, Conn., Tuesday night where he took a car of horses for Mr. Muzzy. Virgil says Yankeeism may be all right but to please give him the great and glorious West in his.

Capt. C. W. Merchant was operated upon last Monday morning for appendicitis and has been doing nicely since. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery now, that the cause of his illness has been removed.

Mrs. Lenna and daughter, Mrs. Cuno Sheel departed yesterday morn'g for an extended European trip. They will visit relatives and friends in Hamburg and in East Prussia, also in other parts of Germany. They will be absent four months and possibly six.

T. J. Garrett who was in Friday of last week from near the county line on the north forty miles, east of Hagerman, reports cattle doing poorly on account of no substance in the grass, the rains coming so late last fall as not to give the grass time to mature before frost. Mr. Garrett hauled out a four horse load of cotton-seed oil cake to feed his cows in hopes of saving them by so doing, but says that it is difficult to get an old range cow to eat the feed.

W. G. Woerner put in two days this week setting out trees for a public park at the city well near the northeast corner of town where Joe Stevens has deeded the public an acre of land on condition that it be set out to trees for a public park. This is the acre upon which the town expended about \$2,000 to get a well and install a pump and gasoline engine three years ago and to which an endeavor has been made ever since to secure a title but which title has just been given.

Monday morning on going into his store Wm. Leek found that his building had been burglarized and plundered to the amount of over \$50.00 worth of pocket knives, Durham tobacco, four boxes of cigars, candy, oranges, nuts, olives, cakes and other articles too numerous to mention. Mr. Leek found on entering that the windows on both the north and south of his store had been forced, the screens cut and glass broken. He at once reported the matter to constable Carl Gordon who immediately set to work on the case. He found a boy with a sack of cigarette tobacco and arrested him, who, on being taken to the court house became alarmed as he thought that he would be charged with the whole burglary. He said at first that he purchased the tobacco but could not tell from whom, but finally said that he got it from the Clark boy, a son of W. M. Clark who came here recently to bring his son who was ill. The Clark boy was arrested, so was Barney Brown. These boys were brought in and implicated Cal Duncan and Jesse West, finally making a full breast of the whole affair. They stated that at about 3 o'clock, Sunday, that Stanley Clark and Barney Brown forced an entrance into the store by way of the back window on the north and while in the store saw the Duncan and West boys on the outside, and invited them to come and help. The boys on the outside were instructed to watch and whistle if they saw anyone coming, afterward going out and dividing the plunder with the others. The boys then proceeded to give out the knives and other articles to their friends, many boys around town being provided with pocket knives. The boys were all brought before Judge Cunningham, the justice of the peace for this precinct during Tuesday morning. Mr. Leek testified that he did not know the exact value of the goods stolen, so the justice in the absence of any direct testimony regarding the value of the goods and in deference to the fact that the main culprit, the Clark boy, is a sickly little fellow, committed him to jail for 60 days, giving the Brown boy thirty days, sending both to jail. He also imposed a jail sentence on each of the other two, but did not commit them, with the understanding that they would not be committed until they were shown to have again gotten into mischief. Mr. Leek has recovered sixteen pocket knives valued at about \$24, also four boxes of cigars valued at \$8.00, besides many other articles. The boys got into the stock of goods formerly owned by the Fraser-Bateman Co., the Sunday previous and got away so easy that they evidently thought such work rich picking. There is no doubt that several boys will finally land in the reform school unless this system is broken up.

Much interest is in the work of obtaining new Members. Work is progressing fast. Prospect for the Class in Initiation of 500 Members is good.

The Woodmen of the World of Eddy county have set their mark for a class in initiation of 500 new members on April 30th, and from present indications they will not fall much short of that number. The work last week which was for only three days shows a very remarkable result, the following being the new members:

Carlsbad Camp, No. 5; 27 new members.

Artesia Camp, No. 26, 29 new members.

Hope Camp, No. 49, 19 new members.

Lakewood Camp, No. 31, 5 new members.

Dayton Camp, No. 29, 5 new ones.

Malaga Camp, (new camp) 24 members.

The following members are competing for the prize:

J. P. Jackson, 28 at Malaga
G. I. Penny, Carlsbad, 2
Tom Beckett, Hope, 14,
G. W. Patton, Artesia, 1
R. Ohnemus, Carlsbad, 4,
Ed Kirkpatrick, Carlsbad, 3
Tom Cowden, Carlsbad, 1.

As no deputy or member receiving any commission or salary is allowed to compete for prizes, the above makes a fine showing for the first few days.

All camp clerks are requested to report J. I. Penny, Carlsbad.

The results of the contest will be published from week to week in the CURRENT and the contest bids fair to be very spirited before it finally closes with a grand log rolling the 50th day of April.

Owing to the fact that the Woodmen of the world have been organized for twelve years in Carlsbad and that this camp which is known as Eddy Grove, Camp No. 5, was the fifth camp organized in the Territory and that every death loss has been paid promptly and in some cases relieved and prevented much suffering, it is not an experiment but a considered necessity by all who have helped suffer or invalid dependents relying on them for support. The Woodmen of the World is not an assessment company, but, instead, a company that figures the actual cost of carrying its members and its dues are never more nor less, but, instead, the same every month, until the age of seventy when payments stop and the member commences to receive insurance at the rate of one-tenth each year, for ten years. Therefore, if a member is insured for \$2500.00 he will receive \$250.00 each year, for ten years, unless he dies sooner when all will be paid to his beneficiary. A more reliable insurance is impossible to devise and the rates are based on the most reliable tables so that it would be profitable to pay something for something, or to pay nothing for nothing, it would be well to remember Mr. Barclay, who says:

"When a man offers you something for nothing, he isn't giving you anything, don't stop, but catch a policeman."

Loy Penny, the 15 year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Penny who has been very ill during the past two weeks is improving rapidly. Grave fears were entertained that he might develop a case of typhoid pneumonia, but he is now convalescent and pronounced out of danger.

Attorney McGrahey, Atkinson, Davis, Osborne, and Temple, of Artesia, were in town attending court this week.

Mr. L. A. Finch of Chillicothe, Tex., came in last Saturday to reside upon a homestead south of town.

Father Herbert telegraphed from St. Francis Hospital, Wichita, Kansas, to-day that after examination by eyespecialists there, he was given hopes of having slight vision restored to the eye that was accidentally injured by a small piece of stone from a mason's chisel, while he was at St. Mary's hospital viewing the workmen on the new addition, a short time ago. The condition of the eye remains about the same. Wednesday's Roswell Record.

Everything fresh at Shelby's
'Phone 20.

How well? *Revised*

Sheriff C. L. Ballard has received word from Charles Stevens, sheriff of Lincoln county, that three prisoners escaped from the county jail at Lincoln, Monday night. It is thought by some that they came to Roswell and escaped notice in the jam of the cattlemen's convention, and have left for parts unknown. The escaped prisoners are C. A. Pitman, age 25 years, and Ralph Van Valkenburg, age 18 years, whites; and Antonio Perea, age 23 years, Mexican. The white men are wanted for rape and horse stealing and the Mexican was charged with stealing a saddle. He was an Arizona Mexican.

It happens that on Tuesday night the ranch of Mrs. L. C. Klasner, above Picacho and directly on the Lincoln road, was robbed, the parties taking a team of workhorses, a hack, a shotgun and a Winchester rifle. As they rummaged the house other things are probably missing. Mrs. Klasner has been in Roswell this week and her hired man, Pablo Romero, was away from the house during the night of the robbery. He, as well as Deputy Sheriff Bob Brady of Lincoln, believe that the escaped prisoners robbed the house and that the robbers came directly to Roswell, reaching this place Thursday. The Lincoln stage driver met an outfit answering the description of the escaped prisoners on Wednesday. The Klasner horses, either turned loose or broken loose, were met on the road going home by the Lincoln deputy and Romero, as they tracked the hack to Roswell. The hack was found yesterday about seven miles west of Roswell.

Scarcely evidence pointed to the departure of the Mexican on Thursday night on the south-bound train and to the leaving of the two white men on the train north yesterday morning. Two men were put off the train at El Estero, yesterday, as they did not take and used as fire and Brady were not and located them, but they were not the guilty parties. The officers are still on the vigil for the escaped prisoners. The Lincoln county sheriff is offering \$100 reward for their capture.

Shirley has an infinite stock of the freest kind of goods.

District Court convened Monday morning and impanelled the following petit jury:

W J Williamson, J H Reed, A O Horner, Frank Morrison, Will T Smith, Jno. A Pierce, Frank Wycoff, Harper Sullivan, E R Gesler, Green Usery, Wm. A Walden, D E McGonagill, J B King, P C Lewis, Sam'l Hughes, Roy Hester, E S Howell, J C Draper, A E Keimath, N. S. Bailey, Will Benson, J C Brogdon, W W Varner, H C Holcombe.

Monday was spent trying civil cases, as follows:

R P Segrist vs. D H Burditt; demurrer of plaintiff sustained.

Juan Franco the Mexican charged with cutting another Mexican several weeks ago at Malaga, was tried Wednesday before the court and a jury composed of the following:

Wm. A. Walden, A. O. Horner, N. S. Bailey, J B King, E S Howell, D E McGonagill, Roy Hester, W W Varner, Green Usery, E R Gesler, J C Brogdon, and Samuel Hughes.

The trial consumed the entire

day several witnesses being examined. It proved a family row but Franco was easily proven guilty of assault with a deadly weapon and the jury, after being out about ten minutes, returned a verdict of guilty, as charged.

Steve Eddings brought in a couple of sneak thieves from the C. W. Merchant & Sons' headquarters ranch Wednesday evening who gave their names as Landerson and R H Willis. They were charged with breaking into the Merchant residence and stealing one pair of pants owned by Buck Goldson, one pair of pants owned by Junior Tuisk, and one pair owned by John Merchant. They not only burglarized the house but they also broke open a trunk. They were arraigned before Judge Cunningham yesterday morning who bound them over in the sum of \$300, each, to appear before the next grand jury in default of which they were placed in jail.

In the case of *R. P. Segrist vs. D. H. Burditt*, suit on debt, judgment was rendered plaintiff in the sum of \$1,125.

A Mexican, named Bicente Rodriguez, was convicted of firing a pistol in the settlement of Dayton.

Henry Burkham plead guilty to perjury.

Licardo Gomez plead guilty to bringing a pistol in the settlement of Dayton.

In the case of *Patterson & Moore vs. M. H. Warfle* for commission on land sale, verdict was rendered for defendant.

Thursday night, the jury was excused until Saturday morning.

E. C. Cook and wife and baby of Lone Wood departed this morning for Mineral Wells, Texas, for a stay of several weeks for Mr. Cook's rheumatism.

John R. Joyce left last Monday for a tour around the world.

E. M. Campbell, C. C. Howard, and A. C. Crawford, agree on the information from two last night. Mr. Howard is this morning (Nov. 1941) of a month in T. 1941.

<p> <i>U.S. District Court — 7th Circuit</i> <i>Chicago, April 25, 1900</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Mr. Frederick Benjamin</i> </p>	<p> <i>Plaintiff</i> </p>
<p> <i>Miss Mary Ellen Long</i> </p>	<p> <i>Defendant</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Henry Parr</i> </p>	<p> <i>Co-defendant</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Emma Wheeler</i> </p>	<p> <i>Sequestrator</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Robert Fossenden</i> </p>	<p> <i>Sequestrator</i> </p>
<p> <i>Dr. L. E. Elvin</i> </p>	<p> <i>Consultant</i> </p>
<p> <i>Assisted by</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Miss Jennie Linn</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Miss C. A. Lewis</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Miss Marie Harvey</i> </p>	
<p> <i>PART I</i> </p>	
<p> <i>H. Rhapsodie Hongroise</i> </p>	<p> <i>F. Litz</i> </p>
<p> <i>Moses Harvey and Grant</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Flower Song (Finest)</i> </p>	<p> <i>Quinn</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Fossenden</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Song to the Evening Star</i> </p>	<p> <i>Wagner</i> </p>
<p> <i>Dr. Elvin</i> </p>	
<p> <i>O Lord Be Merciful</i> </p>	<p> <i>Brown</i> </p>
<p> <i>Fossenden, Linn, Lewis and Starr</i> </p>	
<p> <i>My An Folk</i> </p>	<p> <i>Lemon</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Parr</i> </p>	
<p> <i>A la Bien at Mie</i> </p>	<p> <i>Edward Schutt</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Hopkins</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Selected</i> </p>	<p> <i>Mrs. Wheeler</i> </p>
<p> <i>Old Uncle Ned</i> </p>	<p> <i>Foster</i> </p>
<p> <i>Ladies Quartette</i> </p>	
<p> <i>PART II</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Caprice espagnol-Op. 37</i> </p>	<p> <i>Mozzkowski</i> </p>
<p> <i>Miss Grant</i> </p>	
<p> <i>The Dove</i> </p>	<p> <i>Tradler</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Fossenden</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Arbucklenian Concert Polka</i> </p>	<p> <i>Hartman</i> </p>
<p> <i>Dr. Elvin</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Little Bo Peep</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Ladies Quartette</i> </p>	
<p> <i>An Irish Folk Song</i> </p>	<p> <i>Arthur Foots</i> </p>
<p> <i>Miss Parr</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Jun Baccarole Op. 37, No. 6</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Mrs. Hopkins</i> </p>	<p> <i>Tcharkowsky</i> </p>
<p> <i>Selected</i> </p>	<p> <i>Mrs. Wheeler</i> </p>
<p> <i>Mrs. Doctor and Mrs. Procter</i> </p>	
<p> <i>Mrs. Fossenden, Miss Linn</i> </p>	
<p> <i>The auditorium</i> </p>	<p> <i>Carlsbad, N. M.</i> </p>

JOYCE-PRUIT CO.

JOYCE-PRUIT CO.

SHOE POINTS



The Cut here represents one of the neatest, snappiest, productions in Shoe leather. We have this in Patent Colt "Red Cross" at - - - - \$4.00
Tan Vici Kid "Red Cross" \$4.00
Wine colored calf at - \$3.00

We also show many other exclusive styles in our Famous "RED CROSS" and other good makes at from \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

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Joyce-Pruit Co.
"We Want Your Trade"

**FOR GOOD RIGS AND
PROMPT ATTENTION**

Phone 78, or Call, Opposite Rightway Hotel.

The Club Livery Stable
J. D. McANINCH, Prop.

HYDRO-CARBONITE

THE HIGHEST GRADE ROOF and IRON PAINT

Based on Hydro-Carbon Gums of the purest grade contains no asphalt, tar, iron oxide or other cheap material.

PERFECT PROTECTION at LOWEST COST for
Roofs of all kinds, Bridges, Factories, Smokestacks, Warehouses, and all outside surfaces exposed to weather.

PHIL KIRCHER, Agent.
Carlsbad, New Mexico.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"
"Yes, indeed, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

What They Lacked.

There is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand in private officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."—Harper's Weekly.

Missionary—May I ask what course you intend to take with me?
Carnival King—The regular one
You'll follow the fish.

BUILDING OF BRIDGES.

Utility Should Go Hand In Hand With Beauty In Public Structures.

In the designing and building of bridges art and utility should go hand in hand, more especially if they are public structures used and viewed by great numbers of people each day in the year. A large bridge may be made just as beautiful or as unbeautiful as may city halls, courthouses and other prominent public edifices. With all the possibilities in this direction, bridges of the present often appear a combination of strength and ugliness. In the making of the city or town beautiful an art commission is needed that will not only watch over the designing and construction of city hall and library, but pay equal attention to city and town bridges.

It often occurs that a public bridge provides an advantageous viewpoint where great natural beauty may be presented in a more impressive outlook than is possible from any other position. In such places man has no moral right to mar the landscape with hideous examples of his handiwork.

Loving Items.

The Easter exercises attracted a large crowd. The first part of the program was given by the young people. Gates Ajar, a pretty cantata was given by the Sunday school children. All did well.

An old-fashioned spelling "bee" will be given Friday evening.

The pupils are at work on the closing program.

Mr. Wright of Ky. is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Roy Paris and sister, Mrs. Ferguson.

Dr. Dye and wife of Tenn., are among our visitors. Dr. Dye is a brother of Mrs. Hobdy and Mrs. Dye is a sister of Chas. Pardue and Mrs. Rosson.

Dr. Ringin, Alvin and Roy Paris are busy on those dry land claims.

Mr. W. E. Ball is able to be out and looking after business, though still suffering.

The young people who decorated the school Saturday for Easter are to be congratulated on the results of their effort.

Those new buggies recently bought by Carl Smith, Link Stamp and Charlie Lucker are certainly daisies.

The school election passed off quietly. Mr. Samuel Hughes who has served the people for the past three years was re-elected, receiving every vote cast by the qualified voters. His election seems quite satisfaction to all who are interested in the progress of the school.

Mr. and Mrs. McShane and children attended easter exercises at Carlsbad.

Mr. J. H. Harris and wife went to Carlsbad, Monday, returned Tuesday.

Mr. J. R. Tucker and wife, who came here from Kentucky, this spring, will soon return to their old home.

Mrs. Calvani is very sick.

On account of short grass many cattle are being shipped out. The dry weather is cutting short feed.

Miles Stone bought a lot of steers Monday.

Dr. Dye and wife arrived from Tennessee Saturday with a view of locating.

There were three Kentucky prospectors here last week.

Mr. Alvin Paris is drilling a well on his claim west of here.

Mrs. J. W. Donaldson is on the sick list.

Mr. Carter had a few prospectors down Monday.

Look out girls for the new buggies! Wonder who will get the first ride?

Wm. E. Ball graded the road between his place and town Tuesday.

Dr. Baker is progressing nicely with his new house.

Mrs. Stone made a short talk to the young folks Tuesday night.

Miss Rosa Stone was leader of the B.Y.P.U.

Mr. Graham traded his team of horses for a span of mules, Wednesday.

FARMER.

A Knocker

is a man who can't see any good in any person or thing. It is a habit caused by a disordered liver. If you find that you are beginning to see things through blue spectacles, treat your liver to a good cleaning out process with Ballard's Herbine. A sure cure for constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, all liver, stomach, and bowel troubles. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary spots, or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening purgative known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy of known composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regarding health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

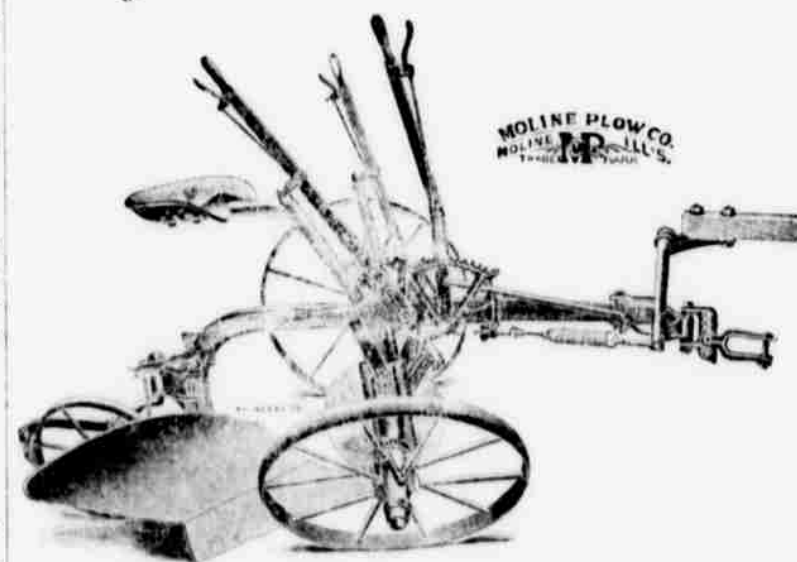
While auntie arranged the pantry shelves her little niece handed the spice boxes and called each spice by name. Presently she said, "Auntie, I can read." "Can you, dear?" answered auntie. "Yes, auntie," came the reply. "but I don't read like you do. I read by the smell."—Delineator.

1-4 of a Pound a Week

at least, is what a young baby ought to gain in weight. Does yours? If not there's something wrong with its digestion. Give it McEwen's Baby Elixir and it will begin gaining at once. Cures stomach and bowel troubles, aids digestion, stops fretfulness, good for teething and babies. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

Say, Mr. Farmer!

What do you need in farm Implements this year?



We have a splendid line of implements and hand tools and can supply almost anything you require at a moments notice. You must appreciate what this means when the rush of farm work is on. Everything we

sell is guaranteed the best of its kind. **Walking plows, 8 to 14 inch, Disk Plows Singles and Doubles Harrows---Tooth and Disc, Planters, all kinds, Listers and Drills.**

We have a full line of Farm and Garden seeds also.

Let us Figure with You.

Roberts-Dearborne Hdw. Co.

CARLSBAD, N. MEXICO