

8-25-1906

Albuquerque Weekly Citizen, 08-25-1906

T. Hughes

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/abq_citizen_news

Recommended Citation

Hughes, T.. "Albuquerque Weekly Citizen, 08-25-1906." (1906). https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/abq_citizen_news/632

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the New Mexico Historical Newspapers at UNM Digital Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Albuquerque Citizen, 1891-1906 by an authorized administrator of UNM Digital Repository. For more information, please contact disc@unm.edu.

Torrance County—County seat, Torrance; land office, Howell and

Write for our new Mammoth 26
page Catalogue, FREE and a due bill
for 50c.

to in a position to ask the attendance for ourselves at the next session of congress. So, gentlemen, get a move on yourselves and go to work in earnest and we will surely get into the Union, where we rightfully belong.

CARD OF THANKS

MINERS WERE LESS FOR
YEAR 1905 THAN IS USUALLY THE
CASE IN THIS COUNTRY, SAYS

probably one of the most remarkable artesian wells anywhere in the "Great American Desert" is in the Gila valley, about twenty miles from Safford, Arizona. It is in the oil fields of Hot Springs, located about five miles from Fort Thomas and has a phenomenal flow of water. It is esti-

reference to which said survey is hereby made for more particular description, the first of said tracts containing according to said survey 4,344.162 acres of land and the second containing 79,114 acres of land, the total area of said two tracts being 530,276 acres of land. A plat of said

Friendly in disposition.
 Generous to all in need.
 Hopeful in spite of everything.
 Intelligent, but not pedantic.
 Joyful as a bird.
 Kind even in thought.
 Long-suffering with the stupid.
 Merry for the sake of others.

Write for our new Mammoth 26
page Catalogue, FREE and a due bill
for 50c.

he Alvarado. Respectfully,
JOHN STEIN,
Superintendent.

In addition to the above card of thanks to the firemen Mr. Stein has shown his appreciation of the work they did in the substantial way of inviting them down to the big hotel for

The most serious trouble experienced last year was in Illinois and was the result of the enactment of what is known as the shot-firer's law.

FINE CEMENT BEDS
NEAR CARLSBAD
A. W. L. Nilsson, secretary and
treasurer; J. P. Church, president;
W. F. Harbert, manager, and C. O.

First publication August 11, 1906.

W. L. Knight, civil engineer, has resigned from the services of the Santa Fe and is going to the Western Pacific in northern California. Mrs. Knight, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. L. J. Russell, of West Silver avenue, will join him in his new assignment.

Willing to believe the best.
Exemplary in conduct.
Young and fresh in heart.
Keelous to make the best of life.
And by this time, if I haven't wings,
ought to have.

John F. Fullerton has returned to

WM. BRYAN'S BIG FIGHT ON SULLIVAN IN ILLINOIS

STORY OF THE TWO-YEAR ROW WHICH HAS MOVED WILLIAM JENNINGS TO DEMAND THE NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN'S RESIGNATION AND TO VELL FRAUD I BASS VOIL TONES—ILLINOIS DEMOCRACY TORN TO TATTERS AND WILL FIGHT IT OUT IN CONVENTION NEXT WEEK.

Chicago, August 21.—"It is a fight between Mr. Bryan and Sullivan," says Sullivan's enemies.

Member National Democratic Committee

Chicago, August 21.—"It is a fight between Mr. Bryan and Sullivan," says Sullivan's enemies.

"It is a fight between two discredited democrats who are using Bryan's influence to further their own ends, and the regular democratic organization," say Sullivan and his friends.

There is the squabble in the Illinois democracy in a nutshell. It will be fought to a finish at the coming state convention in Peoria.

The fight which has torn the democratic party in Illinois into factions and caused William Jennings Bryan to write about as hot a letter as he knew how, demanding the resignation of Roger C. Sullivan from the democratic national committee began at the Springfield convention in 1901.

That was a convention to be remembered. Even then there were two factions in the party. One was led by John P. Hopkins and Roger C. Sullivan, who had charge of the state machine. The other was headed by Milard Fillmore Dunlap and Owen P. Thompson of Jacksonville. Both factions packed the convention, both factions were bound to win no matter how they did it.

But the Hopkins-Sullivan faction had charge of the machine and they were victorious. They named their delegates to the national convention and they induced Hearst for the presidential nomination. Not that the machine wanted Hearst nominated but because they had no chance and they wanted "harmony" in the party.

And so two delegations went to the St. Louis convention. One of them was the regular delegation headed by Hopkins and Sullivan, pledged to Hearst, the other was a contesting delegation headed by Dunlap and Thompson, bound to Bryan.

The contest was taken before a subcommittee of national committee and there the contestants were turned down. Then it went before the entire committee and was again turned down. The convention's committee on credentials, with but one opposition,

was as one man. It called for some hard back pedaling on my part, and that was really all that I could do. With the heavy sea, the strong wind and the peculiar type of craft, to have attempted to turn about would have been suicidal. So I held the tub as nearly stationary as I could until the Scotchman grabbed the stern. He could not climb aboard, and I could not help him, so we just drifted into a sheltered place, where he climbed out on the rocks and then we started off again.

It wasn't half an hour before he had a chill, and I was told by a high fever. The drenched calicoes had him for me, but we could not get at one of them just then. We finally espied a narrow channel winding shoreward through giant lilies and aquatic plants and determined to follow so as to get out of the reach of the waves. The inlet led us to a sarsaparilla hunter's hut, and we made a landing as quickly as possible.

The native and his wife helped us to the house and assisted in disrobing the sick man. He was doped with whisky and quinine and wrapped in blankets close to a fire. In a little while the perspiration streamed off him and then he fell asleep. The accommodations here were miserable. The house was open on all four sides and there was absolutely nothing to eat in the place; so I hired the native to put us in his canoe and take us over to El Cacao as soon as the wind would down. We reached there about 4 in the afternoon, my companion having braced up considerably under my doping.

A motley crew of a dozen full-grown natives and numberless children, most of the latter naked, met us at the landing. We dismissed our boatmen and moved our belongings up to the house. I've heard something about the kind of welcome mothers-in-law usually get when they go visiting the new family, as I was mystified until he explained that he had been eating snail and brown sugar twice a week, and bums don't like brimstone. I immediately began a course of sulphur treatments and am pleased with the results.

We toured the lake with our dugout, using an improvised sail made of laced banana leaves. We visited every corner of it save one, and there our native positively refused to go, saying that the lake emptied into a great river which flowed through a deep black cave, and that the water rushed through with such force that no boat could escape. This happened on the last day of our visit, and I shall always regret that I did not have an opportunity of verifying this story.

On the last day, about 1 o'clock, we were sailing close to shore, when our boatman called attention to a large, brown-colored form stretched out on a smooth rock a few feet above the water. It was an alligator, and he looked fully twenty feet in length. I coaxed the native to turn the canoe around so that I could try a shot. He didn't like the scheme, but finally swung around so that I could take aim without upsetting the craft. The 30-30 looked pretty small alongside the big game, but I took as careful aim as I could in a craft which the fright of the boatman kept dancing and fired. The steel-tipped bullet struck just between and back of the eyes and plowed a white furrow an inch wide clear down the center of the back. With a roar like a mad bull the alligator rushed for the lake, into which he plunged with a resounding splash, sending the water fifteen feet in the air. We were not there when he hit. The more that boatman made was the quickest in his life, and the wonder is that he did not upset us. He did not stop paddling until we were fully a mile away. While the lake is said to be full of alligators, we never got another shot at one during our stay.

away, and I was sailing about twice as fast as he could swim. It cooled for some hard back pedaling on my part, and that was really all that I could do. With the heavy sea, the strong wind and the peculiar type of craft, to have attempted to turn about would have been suicidal. So I held the tub as nearly stationary as I could until the Scotchman grabbed the stern. He could not climb aboard, and I could not help him, so we just drifted into a sheltered place, where he climbed out on the rocks and then we started off again.

It wasn't half an hour before he had a chill, and I was told by a high fever. The drenched calicoes had him for me, but we could not get at one of them just then. We finally espied a narrow channel winding shoreward through giant lilies and aquatic plants and determined to follow so as to get out of the reach of the waves. The inlet led us to a sarsaparilla hunter's hut, and we made a landing as quickly as possible.

The native and his wife helped us to the house and assisted in disrobing the sick man. He was doped with whisky and quinine and wrapped in blankets close to a fire. In a little while the perspiration streamed off him and then he fell asleep. The accommodations here were miserable. The house was open on all four sides and there was absolutely nothing to eat in the place; so I hired the native to put us in his canoe and take us over to El Cacao as soon as the wind would down. We reached there about 4 in the afternoon, my companion having braced up considerably under my doping.



ROGER C. SULLIVAN, NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN FOR ILLINOIS.

This is a fight between Roger Sullivan and Wm. Jennings Bryan. There is no question as to the result. Candidates for congress, the general assembly and county officers in the state understand that if Sullivan again controls the machinery of the state and district, the party management there will be no chance of their election.

THEODORE NELSON, Secretary Democratic Majority Rule League.

Judgment as to my democracy rests with the democrats in the district where I live. My title to membership in the national committee has been conferred and confirmed by a higher party authority than Mr. Bryan. I hold that office by virtue of the same authority that has twice made Mr. Bryan a candidate for president—the majority of the national democratic convention.

The Illinois delegation was confirmed by the delegates to the convention by an overwhelming majority. If Mr. Bryan really maintains that the delegates who elected the national committeeman had no rights by? Does he deny the authority of the national convention? I doubt it.

"The Illinois delegation as seated by the national convention, elected me national committeeman by a vote of 49 to 5. Mr. Bryan spoke for the hour schedule while working on us, as fast as he could swim. It cooled for some hard back pedaling on my part, and that was really all that I could do. With the heavy sea, the strong wind and the peculiar type of craft, to have attempted to turn about would have been suicidal. So I held the tub as nearly stationary as I could until the Scotchman grabbed the stern. He could not climb aboard, and I could not help him, so we just drifted into a sheltered place, where he climbed out on the rocks and then we started off again.

It wasn't half an hour before he had a chill, and I was told by a high fever. The drenched calicoes had him for me, but we could not get at one of them just then. We finally espied a narrow channel winding shoreward through giant lilies and aquatic plants and determined to follow so as to get out of the reach of the waves. The inlet led us to a sarsaparilla hunter's hut, and we made a landing as quickly as possible.

The native and his wife helped us to the house and assisted in disrobing the sick man. He was doped with whisky and quinine and wrapped in blankets close to a fire. In a little while the perspiration streamed off him and then he fell asleep. The accommodations here were miserable. The house was open on all four sides and there was absolutely nothing to eat in the place; so I hired the native to put us in his canoe and take us over to El Cacao as soon as the wind would down. We reached there about 4 in the afternoon, my companion having braced up considerably under my doping.

A motley crew of a dozen full-grown natives and numberless children, most of the latter naked, met us at the landing. We dismissed our boatmen and moved our belongings up to the house. I've heard something about the kind of welcome mothers-in-law usually get when they go visiting the new family, as I was mystified until he explained that he had been eating snail and brown sugar twice a week, and bums don't like brimstone. I immediately began a course of sulphur treatments and am pleased with the results.

We toured the lake with our dugout, using an improvised sail made of laced banana leaves. We visited every corner of it save one, and there our native positively refused to go, saying that the lake emptied into a great river which flowed through a deep black cave, and that the water rushed through with such force that no boat could escape. This happened on the last day of our visit, and I shall always regret that I did not have an opportunity of verifying this story.

On the last day, about 1 o'clock, we were sailing close to shore, when our boatman called attention to a large, brown-colored form stretched out on a smooth rock a few feet above the water. It was an alligator, and he looked fully twenty feet in length. I coaxed the native to turn the canoe around so that I could try a shot. He didn't like the scheme, but finally swung around so that I could take aim without upsetting the craft. The 30-30 looked pretty small alongside the big game, but I took as careful aim as I could in a craft which the fright of the boatman kept dancing and fired. The steel-tipped bullet struck just between and back of the eyes and plowed a white furrow an inch wide clear down the center of the back. With a roar like a mad bull the alligator rushed for the lake, into which he plunged with a resounding splash, sending the water fifteen feet in the air. We were not there when he hit. The more that boatman made was the quickest in his life, and the wonder is that he did not upset us. He did not stop paddling until we were fully a mile away. While the lake is said to be full of alligators, we never got another shot at one during our stay.

away, and I was sailing about twice as fast as he could swim. It cooled for some hard back pedaling on my part, and that was really all that I could do. With the heavy sea, the strong wind and the peculiar type of craft, to have attempted to turn about would have been suicidal. So I held the tub as nearly stationary as I could until the Scotchman grabbed the stern. He could not climb aboard, and I could not help him, so we just drifted into a sheltered place, where he climbed out on the rocks and then we started off again.

It wasn't half an hour before he had a chill, and I was told by a high fever. The drenched calicoes had him for me, but we could not get at one of them just then. We finally espied a narrow channel winding shoreward through giant lilies and aquatic plants and determined to follow so as to get out of the reach of the waves. The inlet led us to a sarsaparilla hunter's hut, and we made a landing as quickly as possible.

The native and his wife helped us to the house and assisted in disrobing the sick man. He was doped with whisky and quinine and wrapped in blankets close to a fire. In a little while the perspiration streamed off him and then he fell asleep. The accommodations here were miserable. The house was open on all four sides and there was absolutely nothing to eat in the place; so I hired the native to put us in his canoe and take us over to El Cacao as soon as the wind would down. We reached there about 4 in the afternoon, my companion having braced up considerably under my doping.

A motley crew of a dozen full-grown natives and numberless children, most of the latter naked, met us at the landing. We dismissed our boatmen and moved our belongings up to the house. I've heard something about the kind of welcome mothers-in-law usually get when they go visiting the new family, as I was mystified until he explained that he had been eating snail and brown sugar twice a week, and bums don't like brimstone. I immediately began a course of sulphur treatments and am pleased with the results.

We toured the lake with our dugout, using an improvised sail made of laced banana leaves. We visited every corner of it save one, and there our native positively refused to go, saying that the lake emptied into a great river which flowed through a deep black cave, and that the water rushed through with such force that no boat could escape. This happened on the last day of our visit, and I shall always regret that I did not have an opportunity of verifying this story.

On the last day, about 1 o'clock, we were sailing close to shore, when our boatman called attention to a large, brown-colored form stretched out on a smooth rock a few feet above the water. It was an alligator, and he looked fully twenty feet in length. I coaxed the native to turn the canoe around so that I could try a shot. He didn't like the scheme, but finally swung around so that I could take aim without upsetting the craft. The 30-30 looked pretty small alongside the big game, but I took as careful aim as I could in a craft which the fright of the boatman kept dancing and fired. The steel-tipped bullet struck just between and back of the eyes and plowed a white furrow an inch wide clear down the center of the back. With a roar like a mad bull the alligator rushed for the lake, into which he plunged with a resounding splash, sending the water fifteen feet in the air. We were not there when he hit. The more that boatman made was the quickest in his life, and the wonder is that he did not upset us. He did not stop paddling until we were fully a mile away. While the lake is said to be full of alligators, we never got another shot at one during our stay.

away, and I was sailing about twice as fast as he could swim. It cooled for some hard back pedaling on my part, and that was really all that I could do. With the heavy sea, the strong wind and the peculiar type of craft, to have attempted to turn about would have been suicidal. So I held the tub as nearly stationary as I could until the Scotchman grabbed the stern. He could not climb aboard, and I could not help him, so we just drifted into a sheltered place, where he climbed out on the rocks and then we started off again.

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

MARKET LETTER

Special Correspondence.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 20.—Last week's cattle trade was healthy, the general market is shade higher, although medium to common grass killing steers sold 19 cents to 20 cents lower by the end of the week. The supply was 50,000 head, an increase over the previous week, but still considerably below the normal for August. Today's run is 15,000 head, 13,000 more than on last Monday, and the supply from now on is likely to be of the usual fall proportions. The trade is keyed up to handle big receipts, and today's market is steady to strong, with some discrimination against inferior grass killing steers. Cows and heifers are selling good, fair to choice, grass cows at \$2.75 to \$2.95, Kansas grass cows at \$2.50 to \$2.75, Western cattle from beyond Kansas are scarce, but considerable numbers from New Mexico and the Panhandle have been here lately, including today, Colorado 500-pound feeders that are to be dipped here, sold at \$3.20, but it was not a test of the market. Panhandle stockers sold at \$3.20 and \$3.40 lately. Southwestern cows today sold at \$2.50 to \$3.00, a few at \$3.15, veals \$4.25 to \$4.50 for mixed and light weights, heavy ones around \$3.75; bulls \$1.90 to \$2.30, a few canners included at \$1.75 to \$2.20. The stocker and feeder market advanced 10 cents to 15 cents the first half of last week, closed the week quiet and is steady today. Country buyers are plentiful, but are discriminating as to quality at present range of prices. Choice feeders, 1100 to 1200 pounds, bring \$4.00 to \$4.75; medium to good \$3.50 to \$4.25, stockers all grades, \$2.40 to \$4.25, including all grades.

Killing sheep and lambs averaged a little last week but closed steady for the week, market on them strong and active today. The feature of the market is the extraordinary demand from the country for supplies. Prices on country grades are at the top notch, and even nobler in some cases, especially on breeding ewes. Montana breeding ewes sold at \$6.00 last week, four doubles of Idaho yearling ewes and wethers, 75 pounds, today at \$5.50, feeding lambs worth \$5.75 to \$6.50. A string of Arizona spring lambs sold at \$7.50 today, 60 pounds, at high rate this class of lambs has sold in the last six weeks. Killing ewes bring \$4.75 to \$5.00, wethers \$4.50 to \$5.25, feeding wethers around \$4.80. Receipts are small for August, 22,000 last week, 6,500 head today.

On the afternoon of the second day a party of us climbed a steep mountain in search of the red deer which I saw on the first night. We had a number of mongrel curs to scare them up for us, but by the time we had reached the hunting grounds the poorly-fed dogs had enough and refused to go into the brush. The climb was a most tiresome one, and when we reached the summit we found ourselves down on the ground and suggested that our friends drive the deer up to us. I had so little faith in the success of the expedition that I stood my rifle up against a tree and laid down about ten feet from it. We had been resting about half an hour when we heard a slight rustle in the bushes near us. We never made a sound, and presently a beautiful doe advanced into the opening. She did not see us for some little time, and we had plenty of opportunity to admire her graceful form. Finally she turned her pretty head and for an instant seemed actually paralyzed with fright. It was for an instant only, and then with one great spring she disappeared in the thick jungle. I was really glad the rifle was not handy, for it would have been a shame to have destroyed such a lovely creature.

We landed in Seguatepeque a very tired pair of gringos. We had been on half rations all day, and the way had been long and weary. We experienced some difficulty in finding a place to stay, the accommodations being taxed by a number of pack trains going to the capital. Our good fortune stayed with us, though, and brought us into the company of a generous and hospitable Englishman, who accompanied us, bag and baggage, and escorted us to his villa on the hill above the town. Here, under wide porches, we are lingering for two days, enjoying many of the comforts of civilization and eating our fill of good things.

It is dawn upon me, as I view the never-ceasing abundance which nature pours forth in this land, that here lies the secret of the lack of ambition, the absolute, don't-care-a-heck for tomorrow disposition of these people. Where you burn off a little brush and punch holes in the adobe with a stick and then insert a few kernels of corn in the hole, covering it with your toe and harvest two or three crops a year; where sugar cane never has to be replanted; where cotton grows on a tree; where the bark of trees make the blankets and bread grows on ohms; where nature is just everlastingly bustling three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days out of every year, without asking for a single holiday—what's the use of working? These natives were born with the loafing fever, and, somehow, you can't blame them, after all. No body works but nature in this country, and she seems to enjoy it.

We shall pass tomorrow through the scenes of an ancient civilization, which existed here before Nero and his fiddle butted into history. Isn't it strange that the place selected by this vanished people should be the only desert spot in this republic? Will someone tell me, please, why all the real ancient people, whoever inhabited this continent and whose ruins give us an intelligible idea of what they did for a living, almost always located in the rainless regions? Look at the ruins in Arizona, New Mexico, Mexico, Chile and

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

Peru, where the irrigation works and buildings reveals a high order of intelligence. Why, one of the canals in Peru is 600 miles long and lined every foot with heavy pieces of stone. Then look at the civilizations of Babylon, of Egypt and other places which flourished in the dim ages of long ago. Strange, isn't it, in this land, which is literally a natural garden, that they should have selected the only place in the whole country where they must work to make things grow?

was first secured it was intended only to build from Port Lobos to Chobora, a distance of less than fifty miles, but after the survey of the route from the coast to Chobora it was decided by those interested to extend the road north to Tucson, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles further, and the concession for the extension was secured from the Mexican government. Railroad engineers will begin surveying the route from Chobora to Tucson in October, as soon as the rainy season is past. About the first of November construction work will commence on the Port Lobos-Chobora end of the line, which was surveyed some time ago. No sales made.

COMPARISON OF RAILROADS HERE AND IN GERMANY BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, WHO WAS TRAVELING IN THAT COUNTRY AND SPEAKS FROM OBSERVATION.

W. Y. Morgan in his letter from Germany to the Hutchinson News speaks of the railroad fare and accommodations in that section of the country and compares wages. It is extremely interesting as well as important at this time when we consider the agitation for reduction of rates on railroads in this state and country. The letter closes as follows:

The second class railroad fare in Germany is a little over two cents a mile. On the government roads in Sweden it is two and one-half cents a mile. Freight rates on government roads are discriminative, according to the reports, and one of the political issues in Germany is whether the government shall continue to charge a less rate to encourage factories on the border, discharge the urine and lower the tariff on farm products. Freight rates are probably higher than with us, though as they have about as many different "classifications" as our railroads have it requires an expert to tell just what the rates are, and then he has to "approximate." The cities usually have the street railways, and the fare is less than with us. But a German motorman in Cologne gets 90 cents a day, and after he has been in the service so many years 95 cents a day. A railroad guard, a brakeman and conductor combined, gets 80 cents a day. An engineer draws about \$1.50 a day. Some of the wages are as high as one-third what is paid in our country. So it is hardly fair to compare German, Swedish or other railroad charges in Europe with those of America, when their roads are surrounded by dense populations, furnish less convenience and comfort and only pay one-third the wages. The only things that are cheaper in Europe than with us are those in which the element of wages enters, and the wool, the cotton and the tinware, and the meat and lard are just as high or higher.

The railroad bridges, tracks and roadbeds are better in Europe than in America, a fact that helps account for the few accidents. Another preventative of accidents is that it is generally a crime for a man to go on a station platform without a ticket, cross the tracks except at a regular crossing, get on or off the train when in motion, or try to ride without paying fare. In fact, as near as I can figure it out, the law in Germany and most European countries makes a man guilty of crime if he goes in the way of the cars. Therefore, they are very careful and do not have the American habit of taking chances. If a man is hurt by an American railway the jury generally gives him damages. In fact, as near as I can figure it out, a man should get hurt by a German train I suppose they would put him in jail for violation of the law. Both methods have their disadvantages.

Another railroad man in jail in Mexico. Yesterday Acting American Consul Brickwood of Nogales, Sonora, went to Santa Ana to investigate the imprisonment at that place of Locomotive Engineer Perry of the Sonora railroad. About ten days ago, while Ensign Perry was doing watch duty at Santa Ana, a drunk Indian, crazed under a car to find a shady place to sleep, had a leg cut off. Cars being backed onto a side track by the engine Mr. Perry was running, bumped into the cars under which the Indian was lying. Report reached Nogales that Mr. Perry was sick and efforts were being made to get him released either under bond or through trial. Mr. Brickwood returned last night. Though under arrest Engineer Perry is not held close prisoner, but is given the freedom of the town—Nogales Oags.

RAGING STREAM NEARLY COSTS MAN HIS LIFE. Conrad Ribera nearly lost his life in attempting to cross the raging Tira Blanca, last Friday night, says the Tira Blanca Advocate. He was on horseback, and the night was dark and the water very high, and he did not realize the danger in attempting to cross. He rode his horse into the water, and in an instant both horse and rider were swept down stream, struggling for their lives. However, Conrad was fortunately thrown against an overhanging rock, and he grasped a limb and pulled himself ashore. The horse and rider came out in the same side of the creek they went in, and they retraced their steps to Lake Valley. In grasping the bush that probably saved his life, Conrad severely sprained his wrist, and he is now taking a lay off.

THE CARNegie LIBRARY AT EAST LAS VEGAS. Mrs. Ella Powell, a guest at St. Ann's, the maintenance of that city, is furnishing registry for the public library the following publications: The Iron Trade Review, American Machinist, The Iron and Machinery World, The Metal Worker, Plumber and Steam Fitter, weeklies, and Machinery, a high class monthly magazine, and the Engineering Record. This valuable contribution to the library literature is highly appreciated by the board, and gives to mechanics there an opportunity for beneficial information not often found. The assembly room is delightfully cool and pleasant these summer days and well lighted of evenings and the literature on shelves and tables is up to date. Day by day the use of the library is increasing. The city council has done well in making permanent provision for the support of the institution and supplemented as the council is by the board and Women's Library association, as an auxiliary to the works, the library is growing in usefulness.

Any skin itching is a temper test. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

PREVENTION OF TYPHOID FEVER

Its Causes, and How to Avoid Contamination—A Timely Treatise By

CITY PHYSICIAN D. H. CARNES

In Line With His Report to the City Council Last Evening.

Inasmuch as the report of the city physician at last night's meeting of the city council, chiefly with typhoid fever, which, he stated, was now prevalent in Bolen, Currituck and other nearby towns, a representative of The Evening Citizen secured from the city physician the following treatise:

To The Evening Citizen.

In reply to your request for my opinion as to the cause and prevention of typhoid fever for the benefit of your readers will say that typhoid fever has been proven beyond all doubt to be due to a specific micro-organism, known as the Bacillus Typhosus or Bacillus of Eberth, which is taken into the intestinal canal either in water or other fluids or with food. That bacillus comes out of the bowel discharges the urine and the sputum (spit) of a person sick with typhoid fever; therefore a person who has typhoid fever must have swallowed some of the Bacillus Typhosus which came from the body of a person suffering from that disease.

Unfortunately when the Bacillus Typhosus comes out of the body of the patient in the bowel movements or in vomited matter or urine or sputum they do not die, but continue to live and multiply in this material almost as well as within the body. Cold, even freezing, does not kill them, but when frozen or when the weather is too cool, they lie dormant, and on being warmed up they at once begin to multiply and are as virulent as ever. This is why the disease is not as prevalent in the colder seasons of the year as during the warmer seasons. The two most important methods of conveying this disease are through the medium of water and the common house fly. Whenever the discharges from the bowels are deposited in a common privy vault or in a sewer the eventual destination of the liquid elements is running water, either upon the surface or below the surface of the ground and this running water, whatever its source, is not only used, but often does carry the germs to wells or other sources of water supply, which then becomes infected. If the excrement of a typhoid fever patient be thrown upon the surface of the ground or in an open privy without being disinfected, the bacilli are often carried by the surface water into the wells and streams in the vicinity and even at a considerable distance.

Whenever the bowel movements or vomited matter or urine or sputum of a person sick with typhoid fever are left exposed without being disinfected flies will get at them and very greatly increase the danger of spreading the disease. It has been demonstrated that certain flies fly to pick up the bacilli on their feet, and not only deposit them on the food of people living in the vicinity, but upon the manure piles and other accommodations of fith, when they breed rapidly and thus spread the infection.

To prevent the spread of typhoid fever it is necessary to prevent the typhoid bacilli being conveyed from one person to another; this would not be difficult if the excrement of all persons sick with that disease were thoroughly disinfected. The trouble, however, is not so much with those who are very sick, for they are usually kept in bed, but with those who are with the sick or irregular cases, many of whom do not employ physicians or go to bed, and no attention is given to disinfection. Then, too, a considerable number of the non-typical cases are not recognized as typhoid, and the result is that the stools and other excrement are not disinfected and the type of the community is further menaced.

The first essential thing to do, in preventing the spread of typhoid fever and in stamping out the disease in a community is to insist that each and every case of typhoid fever be reported to the health officer, and also, that every suspicious case be reported as suspicion of typhoid. The reason for this is, that by having complete reports, the Board of Health will not only know the full extent of the prevalence of the disease but they will know just what localities are most effected and they will then be better able to trace the infection to its original source and apply the remedy. When all cases are not reported, the Board of Health is in the dark, and in what localities are most infected and the community is thereby not only exposed to an unnecessary spread of the disease, but an unnecessary expense in discovering and removing the cause.

Second: Insist upon municipal and household cleanliness; do not allow any filthy privy vaults to remain; keep all garbage in covered cans; clean and disinfect and keep clean all surface or dirt earth privies; allow no other accumulations of filth to gather, and disinfect with the free use of quick lime all places from which garbage, manure or other filth has been removed. All such places are not only unnecessary, but are dirty and attract and breed flies, and are all liable to become infected with the typhoid bacilli and thus to infect the water and afford an easy opportunity for flies to carry the infection into the house.

Third: See that your water supply is pure; if there is any doubt about it do not use it for any culinary purposes or for drinking until it has been thoroughly boiled; don't use ditch water for any purposes without boiling.

Fourth: Protect your house, especially the kitchen and dining room from flies.

Fifth: See that all bowel movements, vomited material, sputum (spit) and urine are thoroughly disinfected immediately after being voided from the body of typhoid cases, or those suspicious of typhoid; and also see that all bedding and all soiled clothing worn by the patient are also thoroughly disinfected.

D. H. CARNES, City Physician.

ANOTHER M'FALL LETTER

Telling His Interesting Trip Through Central America on Hurricane Deck

OF THE PLODDING MULE FASTEST BEAST OF BURDEN

In Part of World Nature Works 365 Days in Year But Man Works Not At All.

By Leander McFall.

Seguatepeque, Honduras, Aug. 11.—At last we feel that we may lay claim to the title of explorers. If five days of rowing and swimming and steep mountain climbing in and about Lake Yojoe does not entitle us to this honor, then Stanley and Livingstone and others who have strayed into tropic jungles do not properly belong to that class.

Lake Yojoe is a wonderful body of water about twenty-two miles in length and eight miles wide. It is surrounded on all sides except a narrow portion on the south by the highest mountains in the country. The lake apparently occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, for it has no visible line save the narrow strip mentioned on the southern end. The mountains rise abruptly from the water's edge, and they are covered with dense forests and heavy underbrush. For miles along three sides of the lake not a single landing can be found. The altitude of the surface is 2,3

ABSENCE
CAUSE OF
POPULARITY

Bryan Realizes This and Will
Make Another Foreign
Trip Immediately.

DEMOCRATS MAKE ELECTION
OF CANNON WITHOUT DOUBT

Division of Parties in New York
and Ohio Has Been Drawn On
Very Different Ground.

(By Sheldon S. Cline.)
Washington, D. C., Aug. 21.—The
purpose of Mr. Bryan to
be as small a part as possible
in this year's campaign is
being disappointed to Chairman
Jesse and the members of the
democratic congressional committee.
He had hoped that Mr. Bryan would make
speeches in practically every close
district and was counting largely on
a popularity to enhance the democratic
rank and file.

Mr. Bryan's policy has the
approval, however, of those of his
friends who are looking beyond the
war's contest to the larger stake of
the future. The Bryan boom has grown
in present proportions with Mr.
Bryan on the other side of the world.
Things have been progressing very
slowly, as it were, in the
country, but the Bryan boom has never
been friendly to the Nebraska, com-
rade his nomination two years hence.
That good purpose is to be served,
therefore, by Mr. Bryan's return and
participation in the campaign? It
is not necessary, it is said, that Mr.
Bryan do anything to push the boom
along. And with him here making
speeches, there would always
be present the possibility of
some untoward occurrence that would
leave the boom a set-back.

And so, there was relief and satisfaction
when the word came that Mr.
Bryan could again set sail for a long voyage
to Australia. No arrangement of
things could have been better.
After long absence, during which his
popularity had been tremendous growth,
Mr. Bryan returns, receives the plaud-
its of his devoted followers, makes
a successful acknowledgment, and
again, giving to absence a second
opportunity to make the democratic
heart grow fonder. Thus, both
Mr. Bryan and the democracy, are
pared the petty annoyances of daily
contact, and the criticisms that come
of close scrutiny, and the depreciation
that every man, no matter how great
he is, must suffer when the people are
convinced of his voice.

It is a trite saying, but a true one,
that familiarity breeds contempt. And
other aspirants for presidential
honors, Mr. Bryan is envied as a
silly man. Were the circumstances
reversed, more of them, no doubt,
could go abroad. Maybe Mr. Bryan's
absence will make it the fashion for
presidential aspirants to go a-traveling,
in order that the people may regard
them through the telescope, rather
than the microscope.

What Bryan May Do.
It is known, of course, that Mr.
Bryan will make a few speeches dur-
ing his brief sojourn at home, and
that he will make a few speeches at
the democratic slogan in this year's cam-
paign. There is naturally great
anxiety, therefore, as to what issues
Mr. Bryan will make paramount. It is
the hope of most eastern democrats
that he will come out strong for re-
vision of the tariff, and put the soft-
pedal on other policies for which the
Coburn is known personally to stand.

Especially anxious are the eastern
"conservatives" as to what he may
say on the subject of government own-
ership of railroads. That Mr. Bryan
is personally in favor of this policy
is well known, but there is hope that
he may not press it at this time. Be-
tween the attitude of Mr. Bryan on
this question and the democratic
struggle in New York there is inti-
mate relation. If Mr. Bryan comes
out strong for government own-
ership, there will be nothing logically
left in New York but the nomination
of Mr. Hearst. Should Mr. Bryan
make tariff revision paramount, he
would largely take the wind out of
the Hearst sails, because tariff re-
vision has no conspicuous place in the
Hearst's gubernatorial boom, standing
as he does on a government ownership
platform, may convince Mr. Bryan
that the time is ripe to declare that
policy as a cardinal democratic doc-
trine.

Will He Be Radical?
Radical democrats everywhere are
anxious that Mr. Bryan shall come
out flat footed for government own-
ership and declare that he will stand
or fall by that policy. They argue
that the people will be the best
of policies, and their argument has
a lot of sound logic back of it. The
situation, as it appears to the radicals,
is about as follows: In 1896 and
again in 1900, Mr. Bryan was con-
demned for certain radical preach-
ings. Since then, a republican pre-
sident has taken up most of those
radical preachments, adopted them as
his own gospel, and forced them upon
his party as good republican gospel.
The result: Tremendous popularity
for Mr. Roosevelt, and public con-
viction that those policies have better
chances as good, chances of better-
ing law with Mr. Bryan. In other
words, Roosevelt has given Bryan's
thunder. The thing for Mr. Bryan
to do, therefore, is to get some new
thunder, and the most promising at-
mospheric disturbance is in govern-
ment ownership of railroads. Mr.
Roosevelt has not gone that far, and
there is no chance that he will go
that far within the next two years.
And the radicals believe that the
people will remember that the things
with which Bryan scared them in 1896

and 1900 are now generally accepted
as sound policy, and will not take
flight when the "conservatives" shout
"wolf" at government ownership.

Cannon's Election Sure.
The plans of the labor unions to
re-elect "Uncle Joe" Cannon to the
republican of private life would seem
to have gone agley. It appears that
the democrats of the Eighteenth Illi-
nois district failed to comply with
the provisions of the new primary
law requiring that all parties elect
their delegates to congressional con-
ventions at the same time. This
would leave Mr. Cannon with only a
provisional candidate to oppose him,
and there isn't much likelihood that
a sufficient number of democrats could
be persuaded to vote for the prohibi-
tionist to seriously embarrass the
speaker. That he is in no danger of
defeat, under these circumstances,
becomes especially apparent when it
is recalled that two years ago Can-
non had a plurality of about 15,000
and a clear majority over his three
opponents of nearly 12,000.

The kindness, or carelessness, of
the Eighteenth district democrats,
therefore leaves Speaker Cannon free
to devote his time to helping less for-
tunate congressmen without thought of
how affairs are progressing at home.
One of the first fights in which he
will take a hand will be that waged
up in Maine against Representative
Littlefield. Littlefield and Cannon
were among those most conspicuously
marked by the labor leaders for de-
feat, and now that "Uncle Joe" need
no longer fear their wrath he hastens
naturally to the aid of his fellow
outsider.

If the unions succeed in putting
Littlefield out of business, it will be a
sufficient triumph for their first year
in politics, and they can afford to lose
their other conflicts. All the influence
of the administration and all the
power of the republican organization
is back of Littlefield, and he has a
wide margin of republican votes to
go on. Should he be defeated, no
congressman who antagonizes the
unions will ever be secure in his seat;
and, under such circumstances, not
many congressmen would antagonize
them. It is possible, then, that we
may come to have a government of
the unions, by the unions, and for the
unions. "Oh, well," is the retort, "it
might as well be that way as a gov-
ernment of the trusts, by the trusts,
and for the trusts." And on one
seems to think it worth while to ask
whether the common sense of the
every day consumer who is neither
a labor unionist nor a trust magnate.

Parties Divided in Ohio.
In New York state both the democ-
rats and republicans are playing in
great luck. The democrats are lucky
because the republicans are fighting
among themselves, and the republic-
ans are lucky because the democrats
have inter-party strife.

The democratic conflict, of course,
is between Hearst and anti-Hearst
factions, with the gubernatorial nom-
ination and control of the party ma-
chinery as the prize. In this fight,
however, there is involved the issue
of Hearst's doctrines, something that
affects the welfare of the people, and
the struggle can be viewed without
repulsion. The New York republican
fight, on the other hand, would seem
to have nothing back of it other than
the sordid ambitions of two men, the
question of whether an Odell or a
Higgins shall be boss. It is a pitiful
issue upon which republicans are ask-
ed to battle, and it is a pitiful choice
of evils which the party has.

Pretty Good Boost for Burton.
From conditions in the Empire
State it is a relief to turn to Ohio
and find a spot where courageous
manhood and high-minded statesman-
ship seem actually to be prized. In
the Twenty-first congressional dis-
trict, in which is embraced the most
of the city of Cleveland, Congressman
Theodore E. Burton is a candidate to
succeed himself. Mr. Burton is not
popular politically, with Senator
Dick and other powers that control
the Ohio republican machine, but he
is popular with the people of the
Twenty-first district. Dick and the
machine power would gladly defeat
Burton if they dared to try, but for
the sake of their own skins they have
to keep hands off.

Not only is Mr. Burton popular with
his republican constituents, but the
democrats like him equally as well.
Two years ago, the democratic can-
didate for congress withdrew, in or-
der that Burton might have a clear
field, there being fear that he would
be knifed by the republican machine
and possibly defeated. After looking
askew at New York, doesn't that seem
a queer thing for the democratic can-
didate to have done? Again, this
year, Mayor Tom Johnson and other
leading Cleveland democrats advocate
the practically unanimous return of
Burton by refraining from making a
democratic nomination, while still
other democrats would like to see
Burton placed on the democratic ticket.

And how this man Burton secured
such a hold upon the confidence and
affection of his people? Chiefly by
doing his duty as he has seen it, and
refusing to play partisan politics. Bur-
ton is scrupulous, independent and fear-
less. There is nothing blatant about his
independence, but he never hesitates
to speak his mind in a quiet,
scholarly way, and he never seems to
think of political consequences for
himself. In the house of representa-
tives he is chairman of the committee
on rivers and harbors and believes the
people's money should be expended on
internal improvements rather than in
preparation for war. He is conspicu-
ously opposed to naval extravagance.
This fact, together with the fact that
he favors tariff revision, has oper-
ated against his advancement in the
house, but it hasn't prevented him
from winning the respect of every
member of that body, from Speaker
Cannon down to the most obscure
first-termers. He likewise has the
confidence and respect of President
Roosevelt, although he opposes some
of Mr. Roosevelt's pet policies.

Some of these days, when the re-
publican party of Ohio is relieved of
the incubus of bossism, Theodore Bur-
ton will be sent to the United States
senate, where he properly belongs,
and which august body he would or-
nament.

SERIOUS CHARGE IS
MADE AGAINST ASSESSOR
correspondent writes the Lorain-
burg Liberal from Dyer, in the east-
ern part of Grant county, that he
could make an assessment in his sec-
tion, putting on the roll only the prop-
erty the regular assessor did not en-
roll, and make a bigger roll for that
section than the regular roll.

FAIR CAR WAKES UP
PEOPLE ALONG THE LINE
The advance car of the Territorial
Fair association of Albuquerque was
on a side track at Las Vegas all day
Saturday and attracted a great deal
of attention. It was covered on all sides
with illustrations of the features of
the fair and advertising matter, and
gives the impression that a circus had
come to town. The car left that evening
for the north and will go as far as
Trinidad, Colo., scattering broadcast
literature describing the greatness of
the carnival week in the Duke city.

MIMBRES VALLEY REALTY
COMPANY IN BUSINESS.
The Mimbres Valley Realty com-
pany has opened an office in the Mar-
shall block, Deming, and are already
doing a good business. Messrs. C. H.
Hon and W. L. Nixon, who compose
the firm, are business, as their adver-
tisement, which appears on the front
page of this issue, will prove. These
gentlemen believe in a liberal applica-
tion of printers' ink, says the Head-
light, to enable them to do a business
that will necessitate the use of the
flowing ink. They have a neat little
office, right in the center of business,
and are entitled to a large share of
patronage. When you want to buy or
sell, loan or borrow, go right to the
Mimbres Valley Realty company, and
you will get what is right.

FORMER GOVERNOR OTERO
DINED BY A. BELIGMAN
Former Governor Miguel Otero was
the guest of honor and Hon. Arthur
Beligman at the house at an elaborate
stag dinner on evening last week at
the latter's residence on Palace ave-
nue, says the New Mexican. It was
a congenial land of spirits, figuratively
speaking of course, that gathered
about the table to eat, drink and be
merry, and at the same time to ex-
tend a cordial welcome to the ex-
governor from his travels in Europe.
The men embraced the delicate-
ness in season, it was a feast fit for
the gods and the moriah who partook
of it did ample justice. During the
discussion of the repeat wit and wis-
dom lobbied forth unrestrained with
an effervescence that rivaled the ef-
forts of the sparkling "chamers." With
the last course out of the way choice
cigars were distributed and the jolly
guests amused themselves with tell-
ing stories and occasional songs. Pre-
sented besides the most and the
guest of honor were: Governor Her-
bert Hagerman, Territorial Secretary
J. W. Reynolds, Attorney General W.
C. Held, Judge John R. McPhe, Col-
onel George W. Prichard, Major R.
J. Palen, James L. Seligman, A. M.
Bergere, and Levi A. Hughes.

RATHER SLOW METHOD
OF GETTING WORK DONE
The Eighty-five mine has tempo-
rarily stopped shipping ore, because
of the expense of loading, says the
Lordsburg Liberal. When it com-
menced shipping this spring it ship-
ped over the Arizona & New Mexico
road from Oil station. There was no
loading platform there, but the com-
pany promised to build one. Expect-
ing the platform immediately, the
hauers consented to do the loading
until the platform was built. Super-
intendent Veitch ordered the erection
of the platform, but the order must
have gone lost. When President Col-

quhoun returned the matter was pre-
sented to him, and he ordered the
erection of the platform, and thought
it was built. When he was on his way
to California, and found it was not
built he issued new instructions for
its building, but these seem to have
not been done on it. This week the
men doing the hauling refused to
load the ore, except at an additional
price of twenty-five cents per ton, and
rather than pay this on low grade
ore shipments were suspended. The
platform will probably be built some
time, and then shipments will be re-
sumed.

LIFE.

(By Judd Mortimer Lewis.)
Life's a game of go and hustle, life's
a thing of rush and bustle,
Life's a play of brain and muscle,
Life's all jump and buzz and
whirr;
Life's a game at whose beginning all
the world is set a-springing,
That the house of thought of winning
is itself a splendid spur.

Life's a thing of rough-and-tumble,
Life's a thing of laugh and
grumble,
Life's a thing of grab and fumble,
Life's a thing of dash and
dabble,
Life's a stretch of daisies meadows,
Life's a place of glims and
shadows,
Life's a thing of maids and widows,
Smiles and tears, and there
you are.

Life's a thing of self-styled winners,
Millionaires and saints and
sinners,
Men who have and haven't dinners,
Thing of ruff-raff, steel and
toll;
Men who go their ways a-laughing,
Men who go their ways a-quaffing,
Men whose only thought is
spoil.

Maidsens wise and maidsens witty,
Maidsens beautiful and pretty,
Painted women—oh, the pity—
ways changing yet the same;
Thing of low 'n' high endeavor,
thing of push and pull for-
ever,
Game for dolls and playfers clever,
thing of love and glee and
shame.

But who plays the game a-loving,
daring, helping, never shov-
ing,
Laughing, singing, turtle-roving
through its jars and outs and
ins,
With a wife and little daddie or wee
lady, o' call him daddie,
Don't 'o' so very badly, he's the
champion who truly wins.
—The American Magazine for Sep-
tember.

DUST IN THE ATMOSPHERE

By Virginia Stanley Lee.
Dust has its agreeable and disagree-
able features.
When the wind blows on a dry day
in summer time we are apt to say
"How dusty it is!" and complain
about it, and burry home and drown
our sorrows in a tub.
But it is always dusty; invariably,
incessantly dusty. Partly open a sun-
exposed door or window in an open
place dark room and watch the mil-
lions of dust particles that you can
see floating around every which way
in the path of the sun's ray, and you
will see that the atmosphere is filled
with dust. Then there are millions
of dust particles that you cannot see
at all without a microscope.

Since there is so much dust it does
not seem strange that we, our clothes
and our homes need frequent launder-
ing. If all the dust were only that
which settles on chairs, tables and
other surfaces we would be a happier,
healthier race, and we would not
have to be so painstaking in the selec-
tion of soaps and toilet preparations,
and creams, most of which contain
some sort of greases which is soap
under another name.

The prevalence of dust and dirt
makes the necessity of that laborious
and unpleasant task—housecleaning—
and the dust about a house doesn't
come in from the outside altogether;
the carpets wear out, even the furni-
ture, and each little particle that
settles on floors, rugs and car-
pets becomes dust, and after several
months these worn out, infested
mat pieces get so begrimed into the
house, so swept into cracks, crevices
and other places that the more you
sweep and "dust," the more you shake
up these little particles; in fact you
just stir them from one place to an-
other, and it is going to take lots of
soap and water and borax to properly
cleanse the house and eliminate this
germ-conveying dust.

You have noticed the dust balls or
feathers and considered how light
they were, and how more or less firm-

ly woven together. These are about
the nicest germ nests that were ever
invented, and every house each spring
has several millions of these, and
these are what make the spring and
fall housecleaning such a burden, so
distressing to all people, and yet so
absolutely necessary.

Of course there is no way out of
—the house must be thoroughly re-
novated—it must be cleaned from
start to finish for sanitary reasons as
well as for the look of it, and it will
be found that borax water will be of
great service for mopping and for
cleaning all woodwork and thorough-
ly removing every bit of dust, and
brightening, not injuring the article.
Of course this is particularly so dur-
ing housecleaning time, but if borax
water is used for wiping off dirt and
dust throughout the year it will not
only remove dirt and dust, but its
antiseptic qualities will eliminate the
germs and make the place sanitary
and clean. Frequent sponging and
wiping of floors, woodwork, rugs and
furniture will save heaps of time and
labor in the spring and fall, just try
the sponging and moistened cloth
wiping in place of constant dusting
and see if it isn't easier and if the
house isn't more wholesome.

INTERESTING EVENTS IN
AMERICAN HISTORY

Events which have occurred in this
country in past ages, on the first three
days of the present week:

August 19—
1819—Pedro Arias establishes his seat
of government at Panama.
1832—American naval victory off the
coast of Massachusetts; British
ship Guerriere surrenders to
Captain Isaac Hull, of the frigate
Constitution.
1814—British fleet in the Chesapeake
bay begins attack on Washing-
ton; General Ross lands 2,500
British soldiers at Benedict,
Md.
1846—Commodore Stockton blockade
Mexican ports on the Pacific.

August 20—
1619—Dutch war ship lands twenty
African negroes at Jamestown,
Va.; the first African slaves in
the American colonies.
1620—Pilgrims sail a second time to
the Mayflower and Speedwell;
unseaworthiness of the Speed-
well compels them to return to
Plymouth.
1694—William Penn returned in his
province, which had been an-
nounced to New York.
1793—General Wayne defeats the
Miami Indians at the Maumee
Rapids, in Ohio.
1847—Battles of Contreras and Churu-
busco, near Mexico City.
1861—General George B. McClellan
assumes command of the Arm-
y of the Potomac.

1865—President Johnson restores the
writ of habeas corpus in all the
states.
1886—Seven anarchists sentenced to
death in Chicago for murders
committed during riots.
1888—The senate ratifies the treaty
with China forbidding Chinese
immigration for twenty years.

August 21—
1634—La Salle sent from France to
establish a colony at the mouth
of the Mississippi. (Entrance
to river missed; St. Louis set-
tled and then abandoned.)
1721—The New England Courant first
issued at Boston.
1770—New York royalists erect an
equestrian statue of George III
in Bowling Green.
1775—Continental Army arrives at
Fort Ticonderoga.
1831—Nat Turner's negro insurrection
breaks out in Virginia.
1847—Mexicans propose an armistice,
with a view to ending the war.
1858—The Charter Oak at Hartford,
Conn., blown down.
1858—Lincoln and Douglas hold the
first of their series of joint de-
bates.
1863—Union forces bombard Charles-
ton, S. C.

August 22—
1563—Sir John Hawkins, the slave
merchant, relieves the need of
the suffering colony at Port
Royal, S. C.
1814—The people of Nantucket, off
the Massachusetts coast, de-
clare themselves neutral in the
war between the United States
and England, but under the pro-
tection of England.
1851—The yacht America wins the
"Cup of All Nations" in the in-
ternational regatta at Cowes,
England.
1865—A state convention in Missis-
sippi declares null the ordinance
of secession, and petitions for
the pardon of Jefferson Davis.
1879—President Grant proclaims the
neutrality of the United States
in the Franco-Prussian war.

HOW IT STICKS.

Albuquerque Has Found It Hard to
Shake Off.
Hard to bear, harder to get rid of,
is a itching skin complaint,
Eczema or itching piles.
Doan's Ointment relieves and cures
all itching of the skin.
Albuquerque people endorse this
statement.

A. M. Whitcomb, nurseryman, cor-
ner of Eighth and Tenth streets,
says: "In my estimation there is no
ointment for the purpose that is used
that can equal Doan's. There was
a spot below my knee which annoyed
me for ten years. Unlike eczema, it
did not spread out, but at times it
itched so excruciatingly, particu-
larly after I went to bed or sat by the
stove, that I scratched it until it
smarted, before relief came. I tried
every salve and ointment I came
across; when one did not help me, I
bought another and applied it. Read-
ing about Doan's Ointment induced
me to try a drug store for a box.
In a few days the itching ceased,
and the life of the part affected was
brought up to date, and it is now
over six months since I stopped the
use of the salve, there has not been
a symptom of its appearance."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50
cents. Foster-McBurn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,
sells agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.

A specific for pain—Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil, strongest, cheapest, most
valuable ever devised. A household
remedy in America for 25 years.

ONE OF THE
SMALLEST IS
A LEADER IN

American Union of States.
Politically and Economically.
Interesting Story of Past

AND PRESENT OF THE
ONLY PINE TREE STATE

South Carolina's Development
Is the Wonder of the Entire
Southern Section.

Special Correspondence.
By Savoyard.

It would be a power of good if
every intelligent man in the entire
United States were to read carefully
and reflect upon seriously the speech
of Benjamin H. Tillman upon the po-
litical policies of South Carolina,
when he pronounced the eulogy on
Joseph H. Ruffin, his dead colleague
in the federal senate, and then turn
to the speech of Joseph T. Johnson,
delivered in the national house of re-
presentatives in the closing hours of
the regular session lately expired. No
state of our union has been talked
about more and no state of our sister-
hood has been understood less. The
stormy petrel of our politics, South
Carolina, has been rancorously hated
and devoutly loved. In his speech
to which I have called attention Mr.
Tillman analyzes the political sys-
tems that have maintained there firm
the colonial period; the narrative is
thrilling and argument instructive.

The coast was settled by Huguenots
and English sent over by lords pro-
prietors, while the Piedmont section,
up country, was populated by Scotch-
Irish, Germans, Pennsylvania Dutch,
Highland Scotch, and Irish. In the
Piedmont a sprinkling of English
farmers. On the coast were negro
slaves, and the baron was in his hall;
in the Piedmont region slaves were
few, and the yeomen owned and tilled
the soil. The government was an ar-
istocracy dominated by the landed
and controlled by the yeomen. The
great families of the coast ruled, and
none disputed their sway. Vere de
Vere was not prouder of his lineage,
Montmorency was not more arrogant,
Claverhouse not more impatient of
control than the great families on the
coast of South Carolina. They were
the slaves, and it is only just to them
to say that the government they made
was all that could be desired in the
matters of purity, simplicity, honesty,
frugality. Nowhere else in the world
did the citizen enjoy more unrestrai-
ned personal liberty; nowhere else in
the world did government take so lit-
tle in taxes for its support. The
rights of property were nowhere
more secure, and the rights of the
person were nowhere held more sac-
red. The habeas corpus and the writ
of injunction alike maintained.

It was an oligarchy, but it was a
proud magistracy, jealous of its power
and tenfold more jealous of its honor.
By a system then universal and
yet maintained in Connecticut and
Rhode Island, the legislative ap-
pointment gave the coast counties of
the barons immense numerical ad-
vantage over the Piedmont section in
the general assembly, and the legisla-
ture of South Carolina was the ruler
of South Carolina. The people
voted at the polls for members of the
national congress, for state legisla-
tors, and for county, executive officials
and no other officials. Even as late
as 1860 the presidential electors who
cast the vote of South Carolina were
appointed by the legislature of the
state.

The great war of 1861 was followed
by the era of reconstruction, when
South Carolina was humiliated as
none of our sister states was, and
as no other people were anywhere
or in any age. Her white population
were made subject to their former
slaves of an inferior race, and not
only was the government the meanest
imaginable, but it was the most
imaginable. The men who paid the
taxes were not allowed to vote, and
the men who administered the gov-
ernment were entirely irresponsible.
Of course such a condition could only
be maintained by the sword. That
South Carolina, beaten and bankrupt,
overthrew this usurpation after years
of oppression is one of the miracles
of South Carolina history. Nowhere else
is the insatiable appetite and indom-
itable resolution for the mastery im-
planted in the breast of the Anglo-
Saxon so vividly illustrated as it
was in South Carolina the decade
1865-75. Again the old families and
nobles held it until Benjamin R.
Tillman rose and smote the oligarchy,
and on its wreck and ruin reared the
democracy that there now maintains
as it does in no other commonwealth
of the entire American sisterhood. At
some time in the future I hope to try
to relate the story of that Tillman
struggle, the result of which was to
put the political power of South Car-
olina into the keeping of the people
of South Carolina and to make Ben-
jamin R. Tillman a more potent
factor in the affairs of South Car-
olina, than Rutledge or Laurens, Hayne
or Calhoun, McDuffie or Hammond,
Hampton or Butler had ever been.

The speech of Mr. Johnson to which
I referred was delivered in the nation-
al house of representatives, June 28,
1880. His theme, too, was South Car-
olina; but it was industrial rather
than political, in character. He began
with an eulogy of his state, at once
modest and lofty. There was no ef-
fort at declamation or rhetoric; it was
not an oration; it was only a simple
statement of facts. First he made tri-
bute to the marked individuality of
his people, the intensity with which
they felt, the sincerity with which
they acted, and the intrepidity with
which they set. He then called at-
tention to the policy of South Carolina
forbidding divorce, the only English-
speaking community on the globe that
does, and perhaps in no other com-

munity in the world are the persons
and the fame of a chaste woman held
so sacred.

Mr. Johnson addressed himself
to material things. Wrote in his
America has been the most beautiful
yield of corn on a single acre of
ground? One will say in the Cum-
berland river bottoms in Kentucky; an-
other will answer the Hiogo Valley,
Ohio. The Wakash bottoms, the fer-
tile prairie of Illinois, the Missouri
bottoms and the fertile plains of
Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska will all
be selected for the distinction are the
average American gives a thought to
South Carolina. And yet the greatest
yield of an acre of soil planted to
corn in the history of that cereal came
from the farm of A. J. Drake of Marl-
boro county, S. C., the season of 1885
—254 bushels and 48 pounds. There
is no question as to the fact, and the
full story of it is related in the Amer-
ican Agriculturist for March, 1890,
the publication founded and so long,
shrewdly and advantageously conducted
by Orange Judd, to the credit and
benefit of some of the thousands of
American farmers. The narrative of the
preparation of the ground, the plant-
ing, the tillage, the harvesting of the
crop by Mr. Drake, and the authenti-
city of the yield is a chronicle that has
interest for every American reader of
whatever calling and condition.

It was not on the rich, alluvial bot-
toms of Mississippi, or Arkansas, or
Louisiana, not on the banks of the
Warrior of Alabama or of the Brazos
of Texas, that the greatest yield of
cotton per acre was had, but it was
on the farm of C. A. Murphy of Spar-
tanburg county, S. C., who produced
on one acre 4,284 pounds of seed cot-
ton. There were fourteen contestants
for a prize, and the lowest yield was
1,984 pounds. The total yield on four-
teen acres was 33,028 pounds, and the
average reached the astonishing
amount of 2,371 pounds of seed cot-
ton.

The industrial awakening at the
south reads like the story of Alad-
din's lamp. Soil, climate, water pow-
er, coal, iron, stone, timber, cotton,
petroleum and other advantages are
there to stimulate manufacturing re-
sources of tariff schedules. Here are
some figures from one of the leading
industrial publications of the country
that challenge and stagger the
imagination.

"In a hazy sort of way many per-
sons in the north have long been
aware that the southern states are
giving their northern sisters a close
race in the fight for industrial hon-
ors. The fact is, however, that in the
course of the last quarter of a cen-
tury the progress made by the 'new
south' has been little short of phre-
nomenal. This will be readily appre-
ciated by all who glance over the
following examples of commercial
growth. The figures for 1880 are from
the government census of that year,
and those for 1903 have been obtained
by R. H. Edmunds, the editor of the
Manufacturers' Record:

"From \$257,000,000 invested in cap-
ital for factories to \$1,500,000,000; in-
crease, \$1,243,000,000.
"From \$407,000,000 yearly value of
products of factories to \$1,750,000,000;
increase, \$1,343,000,000.
"From \$31,000,000 capital invested in
cotton mills to \$235,000,000; in-
crease, \$204,000,000.
"From \$123,000,000 annual value of
cotton crop to \$580,000,000; increase,
\$457,000,000.
"From 225,000 bales of cotton used
in southern cotton mills to 2,163,000;
increase, 1,938,000 bales.
"From \$28,000,000 yearly lumber
product to \$250,000,000; increase,
\$221,000,000.
"From 397,000 tons of pig iron pro-
duced to 3,100,000 tons; increase, 2,
703,000 tons.
"From \$261,000,000 yearly value of
exports abroad to \$555,000,000; in-
crease, \$294,000,000.
"From \$60,000,000 yearly value of
farm products to \$1,750,000,000; in-
crease, \$1,690,000,000.
"From 20,000 miles of railroad to
60,000 miles increase, 40,000 miles.
"From 179,000 barrels of petroleum
produced to 42,495,000; increase, 42,
316,000 barrels.
"From 15 cotton-oleo mills to 780;
increase, 765 mills.
"From \$325,000 capital invested in
cotton-oleo mills to \$54,600,000; in-
crease, \$53,275,000.
"From 607,000 spindles in cotton
mills to 9,208,000; increase, 8,599,000
spindles.
"From 211,377 tons of phosphate
mined yearly to 1,087,425; increase,
876,048 tons.
"From 21,775 tons of soda produced
yearly to 6,244,150; increase, 5,944,409
tons.
"To crown it all, from \$3,551,000,000
assessed property valuation to \$6,
600,000,000; increase, \$3,049,000,000,
or an average increase of \$138,000,000
for the twenty-five years."

**This Country--Thinks Harvard Will
Not Win the Harvard-Cam-
bridge Boat Race.**

An old South African colonial an-
 excus was found to slaughter a few
 couple of policemen, who probab-
 were the aggressors themselves.
 one of the best informed men on the
 of the natives and their attitude.

"I have heard rumors of colonists
 in Natal assert that the best solu-
 of the native question was to gradu-
 ally kill the blacks off. I go further
 and say that Natal has deliberately
 gone wrong and encouraged the natives to
 a rebellion. I have been in Natal for
 been observing for years with the de-
 dent a rising was at hand. I always
 felt that the fear of these wars
 was ridiculous, considering that the
 natives were only armed with as-
 sault, knobkerries, and a few obsolete
 guns. But the crisis has now turned
 to a state of emergency."

No statement in Natal has been
 tackled what is known as the native
 problem. The problem itself may

know that Castro, who is a born fighter, sounded his neighbors—no more than six months ago, on whether or not they would stand by him if he persisted in denying your commands to stop the war, but I don't know what answer he got.

"This animosity is born of the fear that you will take them, and nothing more. They think you will begin with the weaker and more disorderly states—those that do not pay their debts—and that this lack of financial integrity will be the excuse for acting against the drug doctrine, which is the essence of the drug doctrine, which is simply the fact that no state can neglect the just debts of its citizens from a defaulting South American republic. Wait and see how the small fry rally to this doctrine! It is the first evidence of the coming of a new era, and it interests me primarily because if it is adopted, and win occasion

_____ goes to the good.

of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. C. Stockland, pastor of the First M. E. church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders in children." Sold by all druggists.

When first arrested on the charge of robbing J. L. Bell Officer Kennedy asserted that he was a hold-up man.

A Mystery Solved.

"How to keep off periodic attacks of diarrhoea and haitious constipation has a mystery that Dr. King's New Life Pills solved for me," writes John P. Macdonald of Magnolia, Ind. "The only pills that are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to everybody or money refunded. Only 25c at all druggists."

—o—

The Barelas Grays won another game from the new town colored team again yesterday, making it two straight on consecutive Sundays. The batteries yesterday were: Barelas—Andoval and Peres; Negros—Barton

...no record of a lawsuit to support his claim.

...on Wednesday afternoon a thorough search has been made to establish without a doubt the cause.

Some advanced and one who is credited to by the electricians, was started by electricity, many of which are found in the building at the point where it is believed to have started. The electricians claim that the wires were securely insulated and it could not possibly have happened to them.

The second theory and one that has some little credence in it, is that the fire was started by a spontaneous combustion; that it may have been caused by the explosion of a gas or the ignition of a substance through contact with some of the substances. It is known that a large amount of charcoal was

urs, a Tewa Indian, is seriously ill at the pueblo north of this city.

The intense itching characteristic of salt rheum and eczema is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. As a cure for skin diseases this salve is unequalled. For sale at all druggists.

THESE ARE BUT ONE

UNION IN SANTA

Albuquerque and Las Vegas are making preparations for the celebration on Labor day, says the New Mexican, but there will be no general observance of the gala day of the union in Santa Fe. Although there is a number of union men in this city there is only one local organization

correspondence; for some time members of the association and

Spaulding greases the nation.

An idle dollar is the apothecary's workshop.

A dollar in the hand is worth two in the promise.—The Bohemian

Calveson's Sarsaparilla makes life new as a bird in the hand. The Sarsaparilla resides on Dutton Street, New York, and is safe. King's New Discovery cures the past five years' ailment well and safe. Before I had a cough which was growing worse, now Cures chronic coughs, like whooping cough and pneumonia. Pleasant to take, and guaranteed at all drug stores.

NEW YORK LETTER FULL OF GOOD GOSSIP

Saturday Afternoon Is More Religiously Observed Than Even Sunday Is.

PIERPONT MORGAN SAVES LIFE OF DROWNING MAN

Senator Clark Makes Changes in His House to Accommodate His Young Children.

New York, Aug. 18.—Some people are coming back to town, their summer vacation having expired, and they have to endure the dry and continuing heat of middle August, showing the city at its worst, for the season has really been a comparatively pleasant one in the city. These first comers feel very uneasy, and think the city is really very hot and uncomfortable, as compared with the country that they have just left. They are coming home too early, as there is September yet to come, with its peculiar heat. Observers who have particularly noticed the weather conditions find that September puts in its very uncomfortable hot weather. Its first half that has some peculiar qualities of making people extraordinarily hot. The nights may or may not be cool, but the sun has great power, and people roam and complain during the first full month who have endured the summer without a groan, as they winter their nites in deploring the fact that they took that delicious summer vacation when the summer was young, while they might better have taken it when they had not through with the largest stretch of hot weather and so been in the country during the hot weather of early September.

Two Sacred Institutions. But they have all had a vacation at some time. There are only two institutions in America, especially in New York city, that are absolutely sacred—the summer vacation and the Saturday half-holiday. There are plenty of workmen and professional men in New York who would no more be caught working at five minutes past twelve on Saturday than they would be caught stealing, and as for the vacation, they must have that if it bankrupts them. The Sabbath day is no longer half as sacred in their eyes as the Saturday half-holiday. It is so generally observed in New York city that it is almost impossible to find a business at all on that day after 12 o'clock, as no one is at home and attending to business. A collector for an installment house tried the other day to go to his usual rounds on Saturday, and he was laughed at by the debtors, clerks or caretakers, who told him that nobody could be found doing business on that sacred afternoon. He went back to his home, telling the employer that the town was deserted, and he did not turn in a cent.

Base Ball Dog. The baseball season has been notable for the large attendance that has marked every game played in this city by the Champions, who this year have had such good luck in the latter half of the season. The bleachers have been filled to the last full foot of space, and the crowds have encroached upon the playing ground. None of those who attended, however, has had more fun in the game or manifested more enthusiasm when the home team won than has "Teddy," an Irish setter belonging to the proprietor of an art gallery in New York, opposite the Eastern League grounds. This little setter enjoyed the baseball habit four years ago, going to every game with Ted and Teddy. The ticket takers knew Ted and let him in free, while the fans cheer a good play. Teddy frisks around and barks joyously. When the humans hurl epithets at the umpire, Teddy howls long and mournfully, saying as plainly as he can, "Did anyone ever hear a worse decision than that?" As the New York club has not been playing good ball lately, Teddy has taken to deserting their grounds and has gone to see some good amateur playing at another ground some distance away.

Rights of Home Preeminent. The women of New Jersey have awakened and have made a real success of their duties. They have organized the call of the woman's suffrage at the hands of the newly organized ladies' auxiliary of the Seventh Ward Republican Club of Jersey City, which releases a statement to the press on Monday. This release was: "There is too much talk of a home to permit women attending political meetings on Monday. If the washing is put over it always runs on Tuesday. The rights of woman's day shall, therefore, be on Tuesday. The rights of the home having received such a boost it is now possible that other advances will be made and home comforts be correspondingly increased, while political matters fall themselves a little."

Pierpont Morgan Saves Drowning Man. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the great money magnate, blossomed out in a new aspect the other day in trying himself as a life saver. His yacht, the Corsair, on a fast trip down the East river, was stopped just in time to prevent her running down a man who was in the river just before the pier. Mr. Morgan saw the man, and was all alive to the danger at once. Coiling a rope as skillfully as the veriest deckhand, he swung it with a true aim right before the drowning man, and held him until a boat picked him up. He was delighted with his participation in the thrilling rescue. Mr. Morgan's extremely good health helped in the exploit. There are no jaded nerves and aches and pains as healthy as his body. He feels good over the recent performance of the steel corporation, which has given his prophesies to have been correct. He walks with a springy step and

lively air, and is evidently just in trim for a big winter's work. Senator Clark's Nursery. Senator Clark is looking out for his children in the wholesale style that one expects from a man who has unlimited millions at his command and is presented with children late in life. His gorgeous mansion on Fifth avenue is scarcely finished before extensive alterations are being made, just for the children. One who's story is to be remodelled entirely for their benefit, the fourth floor being made over, practically. There are two of the children, one only a few weeks old. When these children get a little older they will find a playroom equalled in the world, the walls of the nursery being laid in costly tiles representing the legends dear to children. There would seem to be but little chance for the divorcee mother to make any inroads in that family. Mr. Clark is a multi-millionaire, to be sure, and he has a large number of children, which will keep the millionaire true to them and to his wife. The millionaire who shows such a fondness for the children given him will always love the wife who gave them to him, while Mrs. Clark is caring more for the children than for society. That Fifth avenue mansion has a story in it for the whole country, and a special edition for the benefit of millionaires might be written and published.

Made Fortune Grinding Organ. The death of the richest organ grinder in the United States has attracted widespread attention. That an organ grinder should pick up fifty thousand dollars of an estate besides his living expenses, by his street organ grinding, seems almost incredible, but Melcher Wideman did it, as had, to be sure, to grind out "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" a million times, but he did it, and the pennies rolled in one, by one, sometimes many of them at a time, and the sum was finally accumulated. Pennies have a habit, if they are not at once got rid of, of mounting up into respectable sums, and many of the Apple Harry or Happy Hooligan who have been grinding pennies, secured a goodly sum. It is the economy of the recipient of the income that does the business, for this great city is full of opportunities for the catcher of the humble penny. It is said that New Yorkers will buy anything, and if it takes the popular fancy, it is astonishing how the pennies will come pouring in to an organ grinder or a peddler of apples or a vendor of other fruit, who just patiently waits for the public to take from his stand the fruit he has to sell. In a busy season this old man is said to have taken in as much as \$25 a day, and he has been twenty-eight years at it. He depended largely on the traveling public and the summer resorts, picking up large sums at Glen Island when that resort was open, and then trying the incoming and outgoing crowds at the railroad depots when fall and winter came. It seems that men and women on a journey incline to indulge in the dulcet notes of a hand organ, and so it came to pass that, when Melcher came to die there was from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars to be distributed among heirs that probably would not have looked at Melcher turning the crank of his little music grinder and making a good living, but they will discover no taint on the money, for Melcher absorbed nothing but pennies, not having once merged another man's hand organ with his own. The business does not incline to absorption of rivals. There is a breezy independence about it that is a saving grace. One line of trade that is a saving grace monopoly and in which every man stands on his merits.

Melcher was seventy-six years old and was blind. He stuck to his religious repertoire and would not add any ragtime melodies to his score. He did, however, toward the last add "Oswald, Christian Soldiers," to his list, and it had a pretty enlivening effect. A man might not be a Christian soldier, but he stopped up a little livelier when the vigorous strains from Melcher's organ reached his ears as he came to the pier to take the pleasure of the resort. The church took care of the body and left it to the care of the money. OLD TIMER. SOME MINING NEWS FROM THE SILVER CITY COUNTY

PHILADELPHIA MINE NOW PRODUCING—CENTRAL DISTRICT ACTIVE—LOST NINE SHIPS 100 OUNCE GOLD—OTHER MINING ITEMS. The Philadelphia mine, owned by Frank C. Bell, is showing up in excellent shape these days. A new shaft was recently sunk to the depth of 100 feet, in the course of which work a large ore vein was cut. Mr. Bell is now taking the new mine, and the output being sufficient to warrant the shipment of two cars per week of the lower grade product. The high grade copper is not being shipped at present. Mr. Bell has a car load shipment to the Silver City reduction works, Friday, and will ship another car this week. The Philadelphia has a reputation as being one of the best mines in the district, and the property is in better shape now than ever before. Mr. Bell is receiving his high grade ore by distribution later on. J. W. Wilcox, representing an Old Mexico company, and working the Rattlesnake, John Perry and Muckley mines, owned by George Keage, under lease and bond, has quite a force at work and is pushing development. The showing is very satisfactory and the properties are proving all that was expected and more. Shipments have not been commenced, although good ore is being taken out. The mines lie near the Old Hanover. Not for long can a location of such promise as Copper Plate lay dormant. The consensus of opinion is that large and lucrative bodies of ore can be found in this belt if actively and intelligently pursued. It is the copper age; its conductivity of electricity makes it imperative. So all eyes are turned to this promising district. As this special site N. C. Times says, an investigation for east-arc parties in the hills. All familiar with the properties hope that they will be fruitful and that the report will result in extensive development. The case of the Lost Mine, situated in Gold Gulch, has made a shipment to the smelter at 25 cents per lb. This is a good deal, and with a few such shipments the country would

bear the resemblance to a bee-hive. Thomas Helman, who is leasing from the Santa Rita Mining company, and who is looking for ore, has had the misfortune to have the mine filled with water. A. T. Johnson, of Tonopah, Nev., representing the Bessemer Iron association, accompanied by Dr. Mercer, local representative of the company, has been making a tour of inspection of the association's holdings at Hanover, Picher and Santa Rita during the past week. Linman M. Bogue of the Bogue Lead company, operating near the Ivanhoe mine, has gone up to Denver on a business trip. They have been shipped from his claims—Silver City Independent.

WHEN YOU ARE UNBURNED

By Virginia Stanley Lee. These few days when the sun's rays, which the Greeks called "Apollo's lances," makes the outdoors a joy somewhat mixed with pain and sorrow for these enthusiasts of us who linger on the beach over long or stray in chafed fields. And oh, don't the elbow sleeves make us fine targets for tan and sunburn in tennis, golf and boating. Apollo, the archer, shoots well these days and Fashion's decree that we must go forth unarmed and unprotected below our elbows makes us easy victims. Generous street hats and parasols somewhat protect our cheeks and foreheads, but our almost sleevelessness is going to, or has got most of us into trouble ere this. To be sure a little tan and sunburn will be fashionable as long as vacations are a proper portion of every one's summer and may this never cease to be. But really a thick coat of tan, a big crop of freckles or even a slight case of sunburn are never sheer joys to the most enthusiastic maid or matron. And when the sun returns from the water and fields red as boiled lobsters they may not mind the appearance of their complexions then or later, but their sunburn language is not at all the sort we designate as parlor conversation, and it rather indicates that even the sterner sex do not relish sunburn when it is on them.

Now, if you are burned here is what you want at once, and if you haven't been even tanned or freckled yet, it might not be amiss to make up against the fateful days when you will be. Then, too, if you have it made up in advance you'll not need to worry when out in the sun for this Borax Complexion cream is sure to alleviate all the tan of sunburn annoyance and it is a delicate cream of ordinary use when you merely want to protect your complexion and skin. The ingredients and portions are as follows: Fresh cucumber juice 8 ounces Oil of sweet almonds 2 ounces Powdered castile soap 4 ounces Essence of cucumber 1 ounce Tincture of benzoin 30 drops Rose acid 10 drops The manner of making and mixing these ingredients is as follows: Wash and slice two large green cucumbers; boil in porcelain kettle with scant cup of water until soft and pulpy; cool and strain through muslin. Measure off one and a half ounces and add an equal amount of alcohol. Let this mixture stand over night; in the morning add the powdered soap, then eight ounces of cucumber juice; boil very slowly and then add the benzoin. Shake thoroughly fifteen minutes, pour in the borax acid and shake again in five minutes.

If you will use this Borax Complexion Cream faithfully you need not fear ill effects from sunburn or tan; and beside this the cream leaves you plenty of the rich red and brown proof that you have been in the open. If you are very prudent you will apply this cream after every exposure to hot bright sunlight, and as the application is really pleasant you will find your prudent no irksome task. And by the way take along this Borax Complexion Cream when you go camping or on your vacation. If your men folk get burned recommend this "salve" to them for many of them who would balk at using a complexion cream will use a salve. Once they use it and find this suffering washed they will sing your praises loudly.

WILL PLANT FOREST NURSERIES ON PECOS. Hugh P. Baker, the forest expert who was sent by the division of forestry to inspect the denuded watersheds supplying Santa Fe and Las Vegas, and also to look into the matters of establishing nurseries at ranger headquarters on the Pecos and Jemez forest reserves, left Santa Fe for Winsor's ranch. This ranch is centrally located on the Pecos reserve, and Mr. Baker will make his headquarters there to ride time being.

COMBINES TEACHING AND CLERKING. H. B. Raza, formerly employed as a clerk in the store of Adolph Seligman at Santa Fe, left via the Denver & Rio Grande for Tierra Amarilla, where he will go to work for the D. Burns Mercantile company. His family accompanied him. Mr. Raza was quite well known in the capital city, as besides his work in the store he conducted several classes in Spanish.

TENDENCY TO MORE INTENSIVE CULTURE. The sale of the S. P. Blake home ranch to Dr. Dickie, A. J. Fritz and others who will form a colony and bring in a large number of new families, was closed during the week and the new owners are now occupying the premises. The consideration was \$100 per acre and the tract contained 130 acres. It is but a quarter of a mile from the Blake addition to Farmington.

GATHERING OF FARMERS IN NEW JERSEY. New Brunswick, N. J., Aug. 18. Several hundred farmers, from all parts of the state, were in attendance at the special meeting called by the State Board of Agriculture to be held on the farm connected with the state agricultural college in this city. The purpose of the gathering is to get the farmers of this state to thoroughly acquainted with the extension of the work of the state college under the appropriation made by the legislature last winter. Ground has been broken for the new buildings that are to be erected at the college and under the appropriation short practical courses in agriculture are to be established for the use of the farmers who are unable to attend the college for the full term. An interesting program has been arranged for today's special meeting.

FIRST CHILD BORN OF ENGLISH PARENTS

On the Continent of America. The Mysterious Loss of the Entire COLONY—NO TRACE OF THEM

Was Ever Found and All That Remains Is the Legend of the White Doe.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 18.—"The White Doe of Roanoke Island," a poetical tradition of the south, based as many of them are, on Indian legends, is to take dramatic form at the Jamestown Exposition next year. "The White Doe," which led the herd of deer on Roanoke Island until it was slain by a silver arrow, was none other than the bewitched spirit of Virginia Dare, the first white child born of English parents on the soil of North America, whose birth took place on this day, August 18, 1587, or 315 years ago. Had Raleigh's colony on the island remained there until white men had obtained a permanent foothold on American soil, Roanoke Island and not Jamestown, would be very properly regarded as the cradle of the American nation. The Raleigh's colony vanished without a trace from human view, and with it Virginia Dare, who, according to the legend, was afterwards transformed by witchcraft into a beautiful white doe, which roamed for a time, over the island, as the leader of a herd of deer. The history of Virginia Dare is short, dramatic, mysterious. She moved for an instant across the page of history, and disappeared in the abyss of time. After two unsuccessful attempts at colonization by Raleigh's adventures on Roanoke Island, another colony came from England in 1587, and landed on the island. This became the famous lost colony, and the name of Virginia Dare is linked with it forever.

Among those who formed this colony were seventeen men and nine children, who came with the intention of making permanent homes. Among the women was Eleanor Dare, daughter of John Waite, governor of the colony, and the wife of an assistant governor. A few days after the founding of the colony, a daughter was born to Eleanor Dare, and later the first white child in Virginia—as the whole country was then called—this baby received the name of Virginia Dare. She was baptized on the Sunday following her birth. The facts of her birth and baptism have been officially recorded, and there is no doubt whatever that she was the first white child born of English parents in North America. Then Governor White returned to England, leaving the colony on Roanoke Island. It was agreed that should the colonists migrate they would leave word clearly indicating whither they had gone. Those who came later to the island from England found the word Croatan carved upon the trunk of a tree and—nothing more. The little babe, with the child, Virginia Dare, had disappeared forever from the ken of man.

Then the facts of history became merged into Indian legend, gradually assuming the form of the tradition of "The White Doe," which has survived for three centuries and bids fair to outlast history. The legend is somewhat complex and more difficult to tell than are the cold facts of history. Its themes are love and jealousy and sorcery. It tells how the infant Virginia grew into a fair maiden, who was beloved and sought after by the Indian braves, the rest of the lost colony being entirely eliminated from the narrative. It tells how the beautiful maiden was, through the rage of a rejected lover, transformed by sorcery into a white doe, which, as all the world knows, can only be slain by a silver arrow. Hence, for a time, the white doe bore a charmed life. The true lover, however, finally discovered magic superior to that of the wicked sorcerer and the maiden was restored to human form. True love, alas! triumphed but for a short time, and the lovely Virginia Dare, who had been the white doe, was cruelly slain by a silver arrow sped from the bow of a persistent chieftain who had long pursued her. Whether Raleigh's Roanoke colony was lost, slain or absorbed by the Indians, will probably never be known. The legend of "The White Doe" would lead to the conclusion that belief in the survival of a part of — was strongly embedded in the Indian mind.

PIONEER STATE BUILDERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN

REGION WILL FAVOR STATEHOOD FOR ARIZONA AS THEIR VIEWS AND PRACTICES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ALONG THIS LINE.

The state builders of Arizona have a right to count on a large majority of the pioneers in the present campaign which has for its purpose the building of a state—the state of Arizona. Those who blaze the way into new regions, who fight down the obstacles to advancing civilization, conquer or tame the Indians, who reclaim the desert lands to agriculture and its varied productive powers. Those who undertake the task of building homes and developing the wealth resources of these new regions for no other than personal, individual advantage are not to be compared to those whose ambition is that of establishing communities, or the still wider and grander ambition of building a state, a government, for many varied communities. As an illustration, take the Mormon community of half a century ago, of the middle west, which made its way across plains and mountains, planted itself in the desert valleys and plains of Utah, and out of which one of the most prosperous young commonwealths of the union has been erected. These people were, and are now, natural state builders. This has been their business from the birth of their

system of community life. In fact, the pioneering of new regions, opening the way to future states, appears to be one of the principal factors of theory, growth and development. That these people are giving more to agriculture than other pioneers only emphasizes the fact that they are natural state builders. The agricultural industry of four of the leading agricultural regions or counties of Arizona were pioneered by these people, and the characteristics of which are industry, thrift, reclusiveness of the soil to production. The builders of homes and community life makes it reasonable to believe they are state builders of Arizona, as well as they have been the chief helpers in the building of other states of the Rocky Mountain region. The Mormon citizens of other sections of the United States have been state builders. This is the natural result of their pioneer spirit, their industrial habits and thrift. And when it is claimed that these people will be led to reverse their past history as community builders in Arizona, the Star believes the claim is not based on fact, reason or their best interest. This because they are natural state builders.—Star.

EIGHT-HOUR DAY IN NAVY DEPARTMENT. Washington, D. C., Aug. 18.—The navy department officials who have charge of public works are much interested in the effect of the law relating to the employment of labor and the limitation of such work to eight hours a day. It is estimated that this requirement will mean an increase of from 5 to 10 per cent in the cost of public works. Instructions have been given to those in charge of the work in the navy yard to see to it that there are no violations of the law and that all such occurrences are reported promptly and specifically to the Washington authorities. The law is interpreted for the present in the navy department as applying only to the work itself, and not extending to the production and preparation of the material which enters into the construction of naval works. In the specifications which have been compiled lately, an addendum gives special warning of the requirements of the new law and what is expected of government officials in the premises.

HIS ONE HUNDREDTH SWEETHEART

The battle of Cedar creek was fought October 19, 1864. On the afternoon of Sunday, October 3, a sergeant in charge of twelve men rode up to a little house in Fort Boyld, Va., and said to a black-eyed girl: "Here is your ax, miss. We didn't need it." "You found it mighty doll if you didn't," said the girl, smiling. "For a blundered old fellow with a file so it wouldn't cut a pine stick." She was magnificently handsome, a true, voluptuous daughter of the valley of Virginia, who needed no artificial adornments. The sergeant laughed. "Changing the subject," he said, "who was that soldier who just rode away?" She blushed prettily. "Why that was Jerry Blossom. Do you know him?" "Yes, he belongs to our brigade. His name is not Jerry Blossom, but we call him that. He's a regular heart-breaker. In Jerry, and he boasts that he has ninety-nine sweethearts." "Yes," said the girl, "he told me that I was the hundredth sweetheart. But he is so fine looking I can't help liking him."

We were ordered on to Buckford, on the North river. Jerry slipped across to the little house and made his hundredth sweetheart good-bye. Members of Jerry's company said that on the night of the 15th Jerry was restless. He would doze a few minutes, then wake up and talk: "A hundred sweethearts are too many for one fellow to have, but I never promised to marry any of them. Then, why should you boys talk so much about my hundredth sweetheart? I'm sure it's my own business. Everything seems odd to me tonight. Even the birds that ought to have been on their roosts hours ago, go hopping around from bush to bush. Why are these rabbits and foxes jumping through our camp, as if pursued by hounds? Listen, the corporal is calling out the third relief for the horse guard."

"Stop, you chatterbox," said Jerry's bedfellow, "and go to sleep." Jerry slept till 4 o'clock in the morning. "Hail, Bess!" went the guns. A soldier on horse guard yelled: "Our pickets are attacked!" In five minutes the brigade horses were in line. We took up our position on the extreme left near Middletown. Shell fell among the trees like hail. Jerry Blossom's horse was killed and Jerry badly wounded.

After the battle Jerry was taken to a private home in Winchester. The hundredth sweetheart heard that Jerry had been wounded and on one cold, bleak day in November, she walked to Winchester to visit him. "Missie," said the old colored attendant, "you don't seem so sad and hurted soldier."

"I've got to see him," said the girl with determination. "Tell him his hundredth sweetheart is here." "Why, child," said the old colored woman, "that's two or three hundred sweethearts to see that man, already. Dootah, him any of 'em stop." But the hundredth sweetheart saw Jerry just the same.

About the middle of January, 1865, the Fourteenth Pennsylvania was detailed to Winchester. "Here comes a funeral," shouted one of the boys. "Halt off!" commanded the major. As the sergeant and his detail came by, followed by an old army ambulance, used as a hearse, I asked him: "Whose funeral is this, sergeant?" "Jerry Blossom's," he said. "One of your regiment."

Back of the ambulance, in an old-fashioned buggy, followed a single mourner, a 7-year woman whose intense grief could not mar the beauty of her face. We all recognized her, and bowed our reverence. It was Jerry Blossom's one hundredth sweetheart. Stomach Troubles and Constipation. No one can reasonably hope for good digestion when the bowels are constipated. Mr. Chas. Baldwin of Newburgh, N. Y., says: "I suffered from chronic constipation and stomach troubles for several years, but thanks to Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, am almost cured." "I don't eat a package of these tablets and get well and stay well." Price 25c. Samples free. For sale by all druggists.

The BEST of all Liniments In Use For Over 60 Years

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

IT IS A QUICK HEALER WHEN APPLIED TO CUTS AND ALL OPEN WOUNDS. FOR DEEP-SEATED PAINS APPLY THIS LINIMENT FREELY AND RUB HARD.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES QUICK BECAUSE IT PENETRATES QUICK. NO PAIN SO DEEP THAT IT CANNOT BE REACHED AND ROUTED BY THIS OLD TIME-TRIED REMEDY.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

GOOD FOR STIFF JOINTS, WOUNDS, AND ALL OTHER AILMENTS OF DOGS. JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR BLASTERS & CHAFES. 25c., 50c. and \$1 a BOTTLE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

HEALS OLD SORES AND ULCERS PERMANENTLY WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. CURES SPRAIN, AND IS EQUALLY GOOD FOR RINGBONE & HARNESSES SORES.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

SOAKS INTO THE FLESH. CURES SHARP ACHES, DULL ACHES, ALL ACHES, PAINS OR BRUISES OF MAN OR BEAST. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

GREATEST EMERGENCY LINIMENT KNOWN. NO OTHER IS AS GOOD. QUICKLY HEALS BURNS AND SCALDS. THE POOR MAN'S DOCTOR.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR ALL INSECT BITES. IT IS NEEDED FOR CUTS, FROZEN LIMBS, CHILBLAINS, OR ACCIDENTS OF ANY KIND. POSITIVELY Cures FIFES.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

HAS BEEN THE STANDARD LINIMENT FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS. GOES TO THE VERY CITY. ADEL OF PAIN AND PUTS ALL ACHES TO FLIGHT.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN FOUND SO GOOD FOR FROST-BITES. IT GIVES SURE AND PERMANENT RELIEF. WORTH TRYING. KEEP IT WITHIN REACH.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR RHEUMATIC PAINS, INFLAMMATION, STIFF JOINTS, LUMBAGO, ETC. A FEW DROPS, AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

YOU COULDN'T BUY A BETTER LINIMENT IF YOU TRIED—IT'S THE BEST, AND NEVER FAILS. GOOD FOR MAN, BEAST AND POULTRY.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES SORE THROAT. PUT A TEASPOONFUL IN A HALF GLASSFUL OF WATER & GARGLE WITH IT. ALSO RUB THE OUTSIDE WITH THE LINIMENT.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

TRY IT ON A SPRAINED LEG IN YOURSELF OR IN ANY OF YOUR STOCK. PENETRATES THE FLESH. GIVES QUICK RELIEF AND A POSITIVE CURE.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

MECHANICS NEED IT ON THEIR WORK-BENCH. FOR PAINS, ACHES AND SORE LIMBS. THERE IS NOTHING SO GOOD. RUB IT IN WELL.

The LINIMENT of our Forefathers.

CHARLES WAGNER DIES SUDDENLY AT SANTA FE. Death came swiftly and with little warning to Charles Wagner, an old citizen and leading merchant of Santa Fe. He died very suddenly about 10 o'clock Saturday morning at the family residence on San Francisco street. Heart disease was the immediate cause of his demise. The end came so quietly that none of the members of the family knew he was dying until after he had breathed his last. "Have you any city improvements in the suburb in which you live?" "Yes, we have quite a few. We've named the name of the place from the residence on the Hill to Belvidere."

and Bill Munro has taken the sign out of his front yard, and instead of calling it "Idlehour," has nailed a number on the house. "Look here," said the angry customer, "the milk you left yesterday morning soured before noon." "You compliment me too highly!" exclaimed the delighted milkman. "And to think that last week the people over on another street accused me of putting formaldehyde in it!" Mrs. W. R. Whitteman and Mrs. John Muir, wife and daughter of the late Judge W. R. Whitteman, who were guests of Albuquerque friends Saturday and Sunday, left this morning for the daughter's home in Illinois.

