

10-14-1899

Carlsbad Current, 10-14-1899

Carlsbad Printing Co.

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CARLSBAD CURRENT.

VOL. VII.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

NO. 49.

CARLSBAD SALOON

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TEXAS & PACIFIC RY.
Through Dallas and Ft. Worth.
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DALLAS.

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Leaves Alamogordo 2:30 p. m.
Arrives El Paso 7:15 p. m.
Leaves El Paso 10:30 a. m.
Arrives Alamogordo 2:45 p. m.
Making connection at El Paso for
the east, west and all points in Mexico.
Connecting at Alamogordo with the
stage line for the

White Oaks Country.

White Oaks, Bonito, Nogals, Gray,
and Salado coal fields.
Also connecting with Tularosa stage
line which leaves Alamogordo after
arrival of train each day. Leaves
Tularosa at 10:30 a. m., La Luz at 12
m., making connection with the south
bound train.

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H. ALEXANDER, A. G. P. A.

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Live Territorial News.

The Standard Oil Monopoly.

In 1891 the Standard Oil company absorbed the Independent Oil company which had its refinery at Florence, Colo.; since then the markets of the southwest generally have been at the mercy of the Standard Oil company which destroyed the Colorado enterprise. There are many merchants in New Mexico who suffered considerable loss upon coal oil which they had bought of the Colorado company because the Standard Oil company shipped oil into every town where a car of the Colorado product was received and the Standard was directed to sell at such prices as would make the buyers from the Independent Oil company lose money. The Standard has since maintained arbitrary prices throughout New Mexico regardless of the cost of freight and production.

In all New Mexico towns the prices charged merchants for oil and gasoline are about double that which the El Paso merchants pay for the same commodity and the dealers in El Paso actually sell at a profit and retail at figures one third lower than the New Mexican dealers have to pay the Standard Oil company.

The Standard Oil company dare not rob the people of Texas, for that state and its legislature have a habit of getting after monopolies "hot foot." The state of Texas has for years been pursuing the Standard Oil company in the courts and that monopoly dare not add to the resentment of the people of the state by raising the prices of coal oil and gasoline. New Mexico has been robbed by this monopoly ever since it was able to crush opposition by cutting prices and this oppression will go unchecked so long as the people do not resist it to the utmost.

It is true that the first restrictive legislation attempted by the New Mexico legislature has failed to accomplish what was intended but there is a hereafter and other and more effective laws can be enacted by the next session of the New Mexico assembly.

There is no question of politics about this matter; the people of New Mexico pay at least ten cents more per gallon for coal oil and gasoline than do those who live a few miles distant in a state where a monopoly meets with a constant and vigorous opposition from the courts and law-making powers.

Had New Mexico begun her fight when the time of Texas did she might at least have kept that gigantic corporation from advancing prices and have saved for the people several millions of dollars by this time.

The oil monopoly question is a live issue and no man should be elected to the legislative assembly who cannot be depended upon to do all in his power to secure restraining legislation which will prevent the greatest monopoly in existence from robbing the people and defying the territory. The time has come when other states will curb it, commonwealths who have much less cause than New Mexico, and the people here expect to see an effort made to restrict the damnable operations of the Standard Oil company and to compel that company to be decent and fair in its charges for coal oil, gasoline and kindred products.

So That's Settled.

"Did George propose to you on his knees?"
"No! I want you to understand that I never sat on his lap until after we were engaged."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Color Training.

"How did you get a start as an artist?"
"Well, when I was a bootblack, I used seven different shades of polish on tan shoes."—Chicago Record.

You..

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you
want and only
pay for
what gets
you when you
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Will repair broken and out of order
Pumps, Windmills, etc. All kinds of work
done promptly.
Leave orders at Tracy & McEwan's.

Sermons In Trees.

De Long Stayre (who has been prosing on in the same manner for three hours)—See the trees, Miss Bright; how like human beings they are. They know when it is time to doff their summer garb and don their autumn trappings. And in the spring—
Miss Bright—And in the spring, Mr. Stayre, they show their intelligence by leaving at the proper time.—New York World.

The Same, but Different.

Commuter—When I first went to live in the country, I pronounced the name of my house "Oakhurst Cottage."
Citizen—Well, how do you pronounce it now?
Commuter—"O-Curt Cottage."—New York World.

The Usual Preliminaries.

The theatrical season is open. Ten actresses have stopped runaway teams, one has caught a thief, two have had their diamonds stolen and a few have tried to act—Baltimore American.

Ground For Suspicion.

"What makes you think she is getting along in years?"
"The only birthday parties they have at their house now are for her husband."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Purely an Act of Kindness.

Mother—I found some cigarettes in your pocket, Johnny.
Johnny—I took them away from Billy Smith so he wouldn't smoke 'em.—Stray Stories.

An Extreme Case.

"Isn't Jobbs somewhat penurious?"
"He's so stingy that he won't give his children middle names."—Chicago Record.

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Illustrations Ready at Hand.

Student—Heat expands and cold contracts.

Professor—Correct. Give an example.

Student—During the summer the affections of city people for their country relatives expand and in winter they contract.—Ohio State Journal.

Menu Mystery.

"What's this?" exclaimed the hungry man. "You have no less than half a dozen dishes here styled 'a la dossier.'"—Washington Star.

Unusual.

"Oh, my! Something must be wrong. Perhaps there's a big strike."
"What makes you think so?"
"Look! They haven't got our street torn up for a gas leak this morning as far as you can see."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Revised Version.

"Well, rain falls on the just and the unjust."
"Not much; the unjust steal umbrellas."—Chicago Record.

A Use For Everything.



Bookkeeper—Your young son has just eaten some of that chemical fertilizer, sir, that no one will buy.
Employer—For heaven's sake, if hope hasn't hurt him!
Bookkeeper—Not in the least, sir.
Employer—Well, then, if we can't use it as a fertilizer, we'll sell it as a food for the infants.—London Standard.

THE POOR PROFESSOR.

He Really Needed a Shave, but Didn't Want to Be Told So.

The professor had not been shaved for four or five days owing to hard study on a little scientific problem. He came down from his room the other morning in this condition and, not having solved the problem, was not in a very pleasant frame of mind as he put on his coat and hat to go out.

"Jobs, dear, aren't you going to shave before you go out?" asked his wife in a surprised tone.

The professor growled something about women minding their own business, slammed the door and was gone. This was only a starter.

The professor had not gone two blocks before a barber, standing in the door of his shop, hailed him thus, "Shave, sir?" John had really intended stopping in the place; but, being warm under the collar already, this remark did not cool him off. So the barber lost a customer. Farther along the professor met a friend heading for a barber shop who asked John if he was going that way.

By this time the professor was mad, so mad, in fact, that he threatened to annihilate the next person who referred to his face in any way.

Continuing on down the street, he met his friend Jones. Jones, noticing the professor's dejected look, said as they neared a saloon: "Professor, you need a 'raiser.' Have one with me."

The professor, still thinking of his morning's adventures, thought Jones meant "razor." He was now hopping mad. This was the last insult he would stand. Slinging off his coat, he made a rush at Jones. Five minutes later they were both hauled away in the patrol.—Pittsburg Press.

True Devotion.

"Miss Cayenne," said Willie Washington, "you are always laughing at me."

"That's very true. I'll try to quit, if it annoys you."

"It doesn't annoy me. I am content to sit perfectly silent and let you laugh at me ever since I heard you say there was nothing you were fonder of than something really funny."—Washington Star.

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Ar. 7:30	Carlsbad 5:30 p. m.
Lv. 8:20	McMillan 5:00
9:00	Hagerman 4:30
10:45	Rowell 4:00
11:45 p. m.	Portales 3:30
12:15	Devils 3:00
Ar. 1:00	Amarillo 2:30

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WM. H. MULLANE
Official Paper of Eddy County.
Published every Saturday at Carlsbad, N. M., and entered as 2nd class mail matter.
SATURDAY OCT. 14, 1899.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
WEEKLY—By mail per annum, \$2.00.
By mail per six months, \$1.00.

Paul Kroeger the Dutch president of the Transvaal says: "The republics are determined that if they must belong to England a price will be paid that will stagger humanity." Further on he says: "I have, however, full faith that the sun of liberty shall rise in South Africa as it rose in North America." Such eloquence can only be inspired by the justice of the cause of the Boer. No doubt the South African is very over bearing and intolerant but he is pitted against the most cruel and atrociously barbarous nation on earth, England; a nation that stops at nothing when holding the whip hand but the most whimpering, cowardly and cringing when met by forces any where near her equal. It is a grand testimonial to the American people that their sympathies are with the Boer and it is said by President Kroeger that nearly all Americans in South Africa are enlisted in the Boer army.

President McKinley will go down into history as the most self-contradictory inhabitant the white house has ever known. His silver record is known of all men. His Filipino record is equally stuffy. At the New England dinner at Philadelphia, in 1898, Mr. McKinley said: "Human rights and constitutional privileges must not be forgotten in the race for health and commercial supremacy. The government of the people must be by the people and not by a few of the people; it must rest upon the free consent of the governed, and all of the governed. Power, it must be remembered, which is secured by oppression, or usurpation, or by any form of injustice is soon dethroned. We have no right in law or morals to usurp that which belongs to another, whether it is property or power."

Another volunteer in the Philippine service has disgraced himself by ruining a young Mexican woman and then deserting her. This time the villain was an officer Captain O'Brien, of the Wyoming volunteers. The fact that he had a wife and family at home did not deter him from trifling with the affections of a poor simple Philippine woman and then deserting her. She tried to follow him on the ship but was denied passage. Yet he is now being welcomed home as a hero.

Dr. Geo. T. Gould formerly of Las Vegas has purchased the Graphic of El Paso from W. W. Bridges. Dr. Gould is an old newspaper man and is making a good paper of the Graphic.

Stepping the Paper.

A great many people form the idea that if they will stop their paper it will work untold hardships on it, and they will expect that publication at once end its existence. But they are always disappointed. They are like the fellow that resigned from the employ of a large city railway company and he found that trains moved along with the same regularity. Your name off the subscription list never makes a bit of difference with the paper financially or otherwise, as another one is added in your place and perhaps two or a dozen. An exchange in commenting on this subject says:

"The practice of stopping the paper when something appears in it that is objectionable is as old as time, but of late years with the spread of education and general intelligence, it is becoming almost obsolete. People do not usually discontinue a paper now-a-days with an exhibition of anger and malice, because the editor usually smiles and other people who may be apprised of the fact sometimes laugh outright."

"The newspaper that is a success never considers for a moment the possible loss of a reader as any grounds for influencing its editorial opinions or the general policy of the paper. The newspaper has its duties to perform and sometimes one of those duties is to reflect public sentiment in such a manner as may constitute a criticism of the acts of some private individual or public officer. When this is the case it dare not continually evade that duty much it would like to, if it desires to retain the esteem and respect of the general public."—Springer Stohkman.

The Brooklyn Eagle states that a clergyman recently preached a sermon in that place which he had given 14 times since last fall in other places. He gets \$50 and expenses every time he delivers it. If it was a good sermon, there is no reason why the preacher should not have delivered it 15 times in 15 different places or even more if he had an opportunity. If it was worth \$50 in one place, it would probably be worth \$50 in another place.

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Perplexity Over the Yacht Race.

The public has at last arrived at a pretty definite idea of the dimensions of the two yachts that are to make New York the Mecca of all yachtsmen, though there is much dissension among those specially interested in yachting over which boat should win. This dissension has no reference to a difference of judgment as to the merits of the two boats. The men who indulge in it the fiercest do not know the difference between a sloop and a catamaran.

To the average landman dimensions and spread of sail cut no figure. Sentiment is the basis upon which his forecast is made. Many of the debaters over the merits of the contesting boats are ardent Americans of Irish descent and would lose no opportunity to do honor to anything carrying the stars and stripes, but the challenger bears a name to conjure with wherever Irish blood boils and Irish traditions prevail. Her body is painted an emerald green, and above her floats the flag of yellow and green that proclaims her nationality.

There is a small body of Irishmen in New York which suspects a British plot in the visit of Sir Thomas Lipton. They resent the naming of the yacht and her convey and say the challenger sails under false colors, for she represents England and not Ireland. But there flies the green flag of the Emerald Isle, and the majority of the sons of Erin are in a state of perplexity as to which yacht to bet on.

In a letter to the American Bar Association Ambassador Joseph H. Choate, who was president of the organization, said: "The law's delays, which seem to be constantly on the increase, may well engage the earnest attention of the association. No opportunity should be lost to counteract the inevitable tendency to elaborate procedure and unnecessarily multiplied appeals." The tendency to "elaborate procedure and unnecessarily multiplied appeals" is one of the worst of the evils of litigation. The increasing cumbersomeness of our system of jurisprudence is not so generally appreciated outside of the profession. It is beginning to stand out, however, as the most obdurate fact about that system. Codes have simplified procedure, but the determination of their meaning has only increased abridgment and so the cumbersomeness. The decisions of the judiciary of the federal government, 45 states, and Great Britain, piling up in volumes upon volumes, year by year, are baffling as a present fact and appalling in the prospect. People feel more and more that

Poor Cyrano de Bergerac! Perhaps if he had been able to peer into the future and foresee the fate in store for him he would have refrained from doing many of the things with which more or less mythical authorities have credited him. Cyrano was a pretty wild sort of chap, and it is suspected that he would have undergone untold torture for the sake of having himself talked about, but in his wildest dreams he could never have believed it possible that some day he would be the central figure of a comic opera. That is bad enough, but when the doughty duelist is to be impersonated by diminutive Francis Wilson the limit is almost reached, and when we are further informed that Mr. Wilson will play many passages seriously the limit is actually reached.

Thirty-one governments are to be represented at the trade congress to be held in connection with the National Export exposition at Philadelphia. The meeting is likely to have more results than the peace congress at The Hague. And there will be less sentiment about it all.

Don Carlos is again said to be lying in wait near the Spanish border. As a layer in wait Don Carlos is unquestionably the best in the business.

The largest straw hat ever constructed has just been made in Australia. The crown is 12 inches high, and the measurement across the brim is 6 1/2 feet. It is not stated for whom the hat was made, but we understand that the Emperor William and Mr. Hall Caine are both negotiating for it.

According to cable dispatches from Manila, many of the Kansas soldiers whose terms have expired are re-enlisting. Can it be that they are trying to defeat the purpose of those Kansas girls who have resolved never to marry any but a man who fought with Penitents?

a business
man...

Should
have good
stationery—
it helps
his
business—
and that is what
the patrons of
The
Current know.
Are
you in
the list?

CONQUERING NATIONS.

History's Highway Strewed With
Their Wrecks.

PERILOUS HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

Once Embarked Upon the Policy of
Land Grabbing, the United States
Must Maintain a Highly Standing
Army—Increased Taxation Will Fall
Heaviest on the Poor.

President McKinley is credited with the intention of having the people of Cuba vote on the question of annexation to the United States, an intention which if harbored is in conflict with the solemn assurance given by the congress to Cuba and the world and which, considering that the island is now under American military control, cannot be executed in fairness to the Cubans or with justice to ourselves. General Gomez doubtless echoes the sentiments of patriotic Cubans when he objects to annexation and insists upon independence now, as he did before the war.

At a recent demonstration in his honor at Havana he said: "I still demand the separation that I asked before the war, not only from Spain, but from any and all other nations. The destiny of Cuba is only independence. We should give due thanks to the Americans, whose progress and power inspire our admiration, but this does not mean that we should resign ourselves to a tutelage to be exercised over us. Let us make the same statement to the United States that the American colonies made to England when they declared in 1776 that the Americans owned North America."

In the event that the imperialists are permitted to push the work of subjugating the Philippines to completion the annexation of Cuba, with or without the consent of the people, may be expected. Let the electorate once sanction the war to subject the natives of the Philippines to American authority against their will and a precedent will have been established which will be used to justify wars of aggression. Fairly embarked upon the policy of land grabbing, we shall become England's rival in this form of robbery. The policy will necessitate a powerful navy, an alliance with Great Britain, a permanently large standing army, enormous expenditures and a continuance and an increase of high taxation that falls with heaviest weight upon the poor. What we are doing in the Philippines is not an augury of good to Cuba. It does not promise that our pledge to the Cubans will be honestly kept. Nor does it bode good to ourselves. In destroying the liberties and independence of other peoples we must inevitably foster a sentiment and develop a power and condition that in time will destroy our own liberties and independence.

Neither physical nor moral law may be violated with impunity. Sooner or later the man who transgresses must pay the penalty. This is the teaching of all experience and history, and what is true of the individual man is true of the collection of men termed a nation. One no more than the other may crush the weak, outrage justice and escape unscathed. We are confronted with the responsibility of choosing between might and right, of adhering to the principles and traditions of the republic or departing from them, of determining whether we shall remain honest or become and remain dishonest, of degrading the republic to the level of imperialistic nations or maintaining it as a high moral example to all and as a beacon of hope to the liberty loving and oppressed of every land.

Temptations come to nations as to individuals. This is the hour of our temptation as a people. Each or most of us know something about the elevation of thought and purpose, the strengthening of character and the satisfaction and pincidity of conscience that result from a battle with temptation determinedly and nobly fought and won. Shall we experience and enjoy all this by self denial and resistance, or by basely yielding shall we degrade our thought and purpose, lower our moral tone, crush our conscience and enter upon a career of degeneracy which must terminate in ruin? The highways of history are strewn with the wrecks of conquering nations. Shall this fair republic flourish perennially by remaining content with the patriotism God has bestowed and with the equitable principles adherence to which has given it a degree of peace, growth and prosperity unparalleled in human annals, or by succumbing to ignoble greed shall it, too, become a wreck, sharing the fate of Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Rome and moribund Spain?—Dubuque Telegraph.

The Situation in Ohio.
These seem to be perilous times for Republicanism in Ohio. Nothing was ever more plainly evident in politics than the fact that Hanna and his cohorts are on the run. An indication of this is shown by the class of Republican speakers who are to be thrown into the state to apologize for the McHanna administration.

Meantime all is not harmony in the home camp. The Buckeye senators are at odds. This is notorious and there is every likelihood that their quarrel will develop into a political scandal. Foraker, who is brainy and brilliant, has no use for Hanna, his gross colleague, and he does not hesitate to say so.—New York News.

Captain Carter's Code.
In Captain Carter's code of criminal procedure the plea of "not guilty" is entered after conviction, but then his case has no precedent.—New York World.

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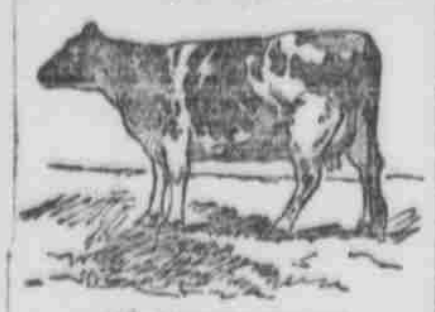
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Wing Lee Laundry.
(Next to O. K. Shop.)
**Work Equal to a Steam
Laundry.**
No torn clothes—No Extra Charges.
All work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

Dairy Conformation.

Breed Points Are Important, but Are Not the Whole Thing. A Special Pure-bred Cow That Gives a Perfect Satisfaction.

Hood's Dairyman publishes an illustration made from a photograph sent by Baldwin Bros. of Adrian, Mich., which represents in his own words "one of our herd of special purpose cows. The position is rather bad, but it shows what she is, and her performance at the fair is perfectly satisfactory."

We are not told what breed or breeds she represents, and if one should attempt to judge from the picture the chances are a mistake would be made. It would seem possible, therefore, for all of us to study this illustration without bias of any kind and learn something about the general appearance and special points of a cow whose performance at the fair, which is the ultimate criterion of merit, is perfectly satisfactory to her owners.



A SATISFACTORY DAIRY COW.

It is true the position is constrained, but this may be rather a help than a hindrance to right conclusions. It helps us very much in coming to a judgment upon cattle, whether from personal inspection or from a picture, to get away, in the first place, from the first impressions which come from looking at the animal as a unit. The beauty of outline and the stateliness of pose which have been impressed upon us by the artists who draw from life (7) are not without their influence, and the handsome cow has an undue advantage when only dairy merit is to be considered.

Try covering all but the rear third of this cow, and then make a critical study of the form and anatomy of the exposed third, with a view to forming some definite conclusions as to the relation of the several parts to the work required of them and the ulterior purposes they must serve. For a cow to be perfectly satisfactory at the fair there must be not only an udder, but a place for it and a support for it, and these must be so formed and disposed as to enable the udder to perform its function with the least friction and wear and discomfort to the cow.

Having finished a study of the rear third, cover that and uncover the middle third and give it the same kind of examination and study. Consider what the internal organs must accomplish in order to supply the udder with the material required to enable her to perform satisfactorily at the fair. The cow cannot make milk from nothing, cannot deliver from her udder more than goes into it.

Follow the same system with the front third, and when each has been examined and passed up, defects and excellencies balanced, look at the animal or the picture as a whole and note whether the several parts (thirds) correspond with and mutually assist and reinforce each other.

Having done this, we feel confident that reasons to corroborate the conclusions of the owners will be apparent, and when the same processes of examination are applied to other cows a very close approximation can be made to a correct judgment in regard to their dairy ability. It is immaterial to what breed the cow may belong. Unless she has the true dairy conformation, in addition to the specific breed requirements and peculiarities, she is likely not to prove satisfactory at the fair.

The breeder should not neglect the breed points, but for the working dairy these are of subordinate importance.

Salt in the Tubs.

Packing a tub of butter has much to do with its value. Recently on South Water street, in Chicago, says The Creamery Journal, several tubs of a shipment just received were opened, and the packing was nowhere near right. The surface of the butter was at least three inches below the head of the tub, and about half the intervening space was filled in with several pounds of coarse dairy salt, which lay in a heap on top of the cloth cover. There should have been at least ten pounds more of butter in each tub. The result of such packing was that the butter sold for a cent a pound less than would otherwise have been obtained. In addition, the salt was wasted, and the bill for tubs was larger at the end of the season than would otherwise have been the case.

Food Value of Koumiss.

According to one authority, 1½ gallons of mare's koumiss contain as much nutriment as a strong adult requires during one day. Many persons prefer skimming koumiss. During the warm weather, when every one is inclined to drink freely, the use of koumiss is a wholesome and nutritious addition to our summer drinks.

Cream Separators.

The efficiency of cream separators depends, first, upon rapidity of the revolutions of the bowl; second, upon the time during which the milk is subjected to centrifugal force; third, upon the temperature of the milk; and, fourth, upon other conditions of the milk—Live Stock.

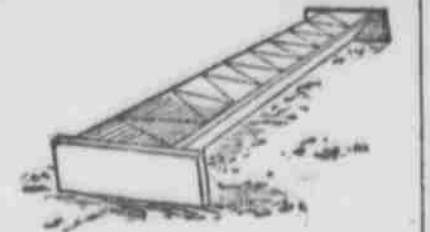
FEEDING HOGS.

Wheat and Middlings—Their Cost and Qualities.

The local mills 25 years ago were often overstocked with bran and middlings and to get them out of the way often sold them cheap, writes John M. Jamison in The National Stockman. Gradually farmers have come to use more and more of them. Formerly the mills were only swept clean when ever corn was scarce, but now with corn plentiful we find the price of these products high. Shelled corn should be valued at \$14.42 per ton on this market, ear corn at \$10.88. We find bran at the mill worth by the ton \$12, middlings \$14. At the present price of pork at the farm the farmer can buy and feed these products at a profit.

A four local mill we find bran sacked and piled away in stacks, while the bran are kept clean of middlings by purchases of farmers. The difference in price of the two is \$2 per ton, yet farmers buy the middlings and neglect the bran at the lower price. The impression prevails with many farmers, and intelligent ones, that there is no feeding value in bran for pigs. During the summer season the aim should be to secure growth. Grass, young and fresh, and clover favor this. The corn feeds mainly to produce fat. The grasses and clover produce, along with bone and muscle, sufficient fat to keep the body in a healthy condition. The corn ration tends to give a surplus of fat not needed in the animal system, to add to the health of the animal.

The per cent of fat in the bran and middlings is the same, and the per cent



WHEAT HOG TROUGH.

of protein is nearly the same, but when it comes to the ash or bone forming material the per cent in the bran is very much the greater. There is 5.5 per cent of ash in bran, in middlings 3.9 per cent. In a ton of bran we find 116 pounds of bone material, in a ton of middlings 78 pounds. The tables at hand give the manual value of bran at a fraction over \$13 per ton, but we are unable to find the manual value of middlings. It is probably two-thirds that of bran. This is a strong point in favor of the bran for feed as compared with middlings.

The pig does not take kindly to bran alone, fed dry or as slop. Middlings alone used to make slop do not mix well and are unpleasant to handle on this account. By the use of bran and middlings mixed the objectionable features to the feeder and the pig are obviated.

Considering these points in favor of the bran, we think it would be advisable for the farmer to cast aside his prejudice against it and when he buys middlings purchase an equal weight of bran to mix with it. Then, if the pigs are fed where they have range over the clover and pasture fields, at least three-fourths of the feed consumed will be left on the land in the shape of manure. These times it does not pay to overlook this feature in feeding.

Wool and Clothes.

In a letter to The American Sheep Breeder S. S. Cole of New York says: "Having occasion to buy a suit of clothes for a boy, I will give you a few straws on wool. The merchant threw down a number of suits ranging from \$8 to \$14. He then brought forward one at \$5 which was superior in looks, feeling and texture to all of them. It occurred to me that, as I grew wool and flattered myself that I knew something about it, here might be an object lesson. I proceeded to investigate the highest and lowest priced suits. Well, I found that one could pull a thread three or four inches in length of long, staple, strong wool from the best one. From the other the yarn came out about one-quarter inch long and would break into one-eighth to one-sixteenth, etc. Please don't ask me which suit I bought. If any reputable sheep breeder and wool grower will buy for his boy (who has been a shepherd, sheep dog and saddle pony combined) such a shoddy outfit for his best suit, some sensible old man that is master of the situation should not only butt him from the rear, but from all points of the compass until he (the dad) learns the eternal 'truth' of all things. And the merchant—well, he was an honest man. Had he been otherwise and put this shoddy suit up to \$10, so as to make \$6 profit instead of \$1, he would have sold about as many as at the extreme low price and not aroused the suspicion of his customers, as in my case."

Demand for Mutton.

If the demand for mutton is calling for greater supply, the increase of supply of good mutton, on the other hand, is encouraging a taste and hence is creating greater demand. There is room for more of us to foster demand by contributing whatever is suitable to our circumstances, whether it be the furnishing of baby lamb for the critic appetite of the gourmand, the feeding of the nice bunches for fall or winter trade or the more ambitious work of distributing nice sires and ewes to raise the standard of quality in the carcasses or to promote good mutton form and early maturity qualities. The springtime of the shepherd is in the fall. It is then he contracts for the quality and extent of his crop for the year. Let beginners have hope and old timers have renewed confidence in their sheep enterprises, for the future is rosy.

GOOD ROADS TAX.

State Aid System Is the Most Equitable and Feasible.

"It is absolutely impossible for the farmers alone to provide a system of good roads. The cost is altogether too great, and unless substantial help is furnished them, upon some reasonable basis, progress in road building will continue to be slow and unsatisfactory," says Otto Dörner, chairman of the L. A. W. highway improvement committee.

"The help which the farmers require in building roads should come from the cities. The cities are the great centers of wealth; they are the great markets in which business is done, the great distributing points for manu-



MAKE TRAVEL A BURDEN.

facturers and for agricultural products. Agricultural America has built them up and maintains them. The union between the cities and farming districts is close, upon a hundred different channels of trade. Each depends upon the other. What is more proper, therefore, than that the city should unite with the country in constructing and maintaining suitable and efficient means of communicating and transportation?

"But how can a tax be levied upon city property for expenditure in country districts for road building purposes? A city tax is out of the question, as much so as it would be to levy a town tax upon farm property for building sewers in a distant city. True, a county tax might be levied, a large share of which would be paid by the cities situated in the county, and which might be used for the building of roads in any locality within the county. But this is not sufficient, especially in the case of large cities like Chicago, New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Baltimore. Their interests extend far beyond the counties in which they are situated. Indeed, the cities themselves constitute the greater part, or nearly all, of the taxing property included in these counties. They may properly contribute to the cost of building roads in all the territory from which they draw their trade."

"The best method yet devised for levying taxes upon city property for the purpose of building country roads is by the medium of a state tax. This is levied upon city and country property alike, upon all classes of people, so that every locality, every taxpayer, contributes proportionately, according to the amount of property owned, the wealthy property owners contributing the largest amounts."

ROAD REFORM.

The Automobile as a Factor in Highway Improvement.

The department of agriculture is doing an admirable work in seeking to educate the farmers to the point of appreciating the commercial value of fine highways. The various experiment stations are constructing sample roads and demonstrating that the difference between a mud rut and a smooth, compact hauling surface means a difference between loss and profit in the transportation of farm produce to market, but the course of this propaganda is slow in comparison with the necessities of the case. There is a vast deal of ground to be covered and many stubborn prejudices and much dense ignorance to be overcome.

The wheelmen are responsible for a marked improvement in several lines of travel. The entrance of the automobile as a factor for good roads is to be heartily welcomed. This new vehicle appeals for the present chiefly to men of means. It will doubtless arouse interest among citizens who have had no part in the bicycle development of the past years and who are not in a position otherwise to realize the agricultural necessities in regard to good roads.

The general use of automobiles by this class of citizens will thus supplement the other factors for highway improvement which have been steadfastly laboring of late and may result in such legislation as will materially advance the prospect of the good time to come when it will be possible to crisscross the maps of all the states with the lines of such thoroughfares as are today to be found in abundance in Europe.

The Road Grader.

The peculiar feature of a road grader is that it cuts away the dirt at the side of the road and draws it up into the middle, thus producing a ditch at each side and a slope in each direction from the center. At the same time it will cut away the dirt to just the proper depth and no deeper. In this particular its work differs from that accomplished by the use of plows, shovels or hand scrapers. The road grader leaves a smooth, regular surface, giving the road the proper contour. A dirt or gravel road can be put into excellent shape by running the grader repeatedly over it. Care should be taken first to remove brush and rubbish from the side of the road, that the grader may not carry it into the traveled roadway.

A Safe Prescription.

Where stars are bad A little grass Well will add To joys of travel. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

ARTIFICIAL ANIMALS.

Dairy Cows Must Be Studied and Treated as Machines.

Those who plead for nature's way in handling and feeding the dairy cow frequently run directly counter to the best practice of advanced dairymen, writes E. P. Smith in the Boston Cultivator. The reason for this is quite obvious if we stop to consider what the dairy cow is today. We cannot consider her a natural product any more than we can classify the hot-house plants with the wild growths of the fields and woods from which they originally sprang. They are purely artificial products of the modern method of developing certain organisms for commercial purposes. The ideal dairy cow is thus a machine, highly developed for the sole purpose of giving great quantities of rich milk. No other consideration is technically given to her except in so far as it affects this one purpose. We treat her well and try to conserve her strength and health, not from humanitarian reasons, but because it is necessary that her health should be good in order that she can give the greatest amount of milk. That seems a cold blooded way to state the fact, but it is nevertheless true, and it is also true that many have an affection for their fine dairy cows. But the truthfulness of the statement that the cow is an artificial milking machine is not lessened one jot by this. Viewed thus as a milking machine, the dairy cow must be studied and treated as such. If we can find methods of improving upon nature's way, it is to our interest to do so, and it is foolish to reason that nature is always right and that we cannot be far wrong if we follow her. Nature, from the point of view of man's modern needs, is very often imperfect and defective, and we constantly have to go just counter to her in order to achieve what we desire.

The dairy cows being artificial products, the calves must be taken away from them at an early age and trained to make the same sort of machines. The cow would bring up her calf in the old way, and by the time the animal reached maturity she would lose many of the points so valuable today in the dairy cow. We feed the calf on good food, so that she will develop rapidly and intensify the qualities that her mother is noted for. The effort is constantly made to make the calf do better than her mother, and to accomplish this we resort to all sorts of artificial methods of feeding and keeping. The present system of feeding and breeding is the result of years of experiment and test, and as we go ahead we make new discoveries and improvements. To go back to the old way of nature's methods would be to abandon some of the best discoveries of the age and reduce the average milk yield greatly.

The Acid Test.

In Leighton's instructions for the use of Mann's acid test, as he gives them in Chicago Dairy Practice, he very wisely says, "The time to use it is just after separating and again the last thing at night." The thoughtful butter maker will see the point without lengthy explanation. Using it immediately after separating shows the acidity then. Make an estimate of the temperature which will result in the desired acidity at night. Then use the test to see how near you hit it. Change the temperature according to the acidity at that time, so it will be of the required acidity for churning the next morning. This is all plain sailing, but he adds, "It is no use to use it in the morning just before churning, as you have not time to let the cream ripen more if it needs it." This is all straight, too, from the single line of thought he was pursuing, but it needs revision on general principles. If it is never tested just before churning, the butter maker will never know whether he has secured the desired acidity or not. He needs to use it then to verify his judgment. As well say that he should never taste of his butter to see if the salt content is right, or look at it to see if it is mottled, or test it for flavor or body after churning, because it is too late to correct the mistakes—Creamery Journal.

Profit From Cows.

It is estimated that the cost of a cow for one year for food alone is about \$25. This amount she must return to her owner before she can make any profit, and yet there will remain the cost of the labor and shelter, for which she will pay with the manure, as it possesses value as well as the milk. If the farmer cannot get enough from the cow to pay for the food she eats, he will keep her at a loss. At \$25 per year the cost is about 7 cents per day. The price of the milk in market will determine the value of the cow. If she produces 2,500 quarts in a year, the cost of each quart will be reduced. All cows cannot be kept for one year at so low a cost, but as there must be an expense for the cow, whether she proves valuable or not, the dairyman should seek the best to be had in order to reduce the cost of the product. He can only do so by using the best breeds, for if he steps outside and resorts to the open market in order to purchase his cows, instead of raising them, he will incur the liability of adding inferior animals to his herd.—Philadelphia Record.

Uniform Milking.

Cows are very sensitive to sudden changes. It is a mistake to change milkers if it can be avoided. Each milker has a magnetism peculiar to himself. The cow knows as quickly as a strange hand takes hold of her teats that the accustomed milker is not present and will hold up her milk. Quite often she will not allow a strange milker to approach her. Where the persons who do the milking are changed often it is impossible to keep up the flow of milk that the cow should be able to give.—Boston Cultivator.

DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE.

Cremation Best Suited to the Needs of Small Towns.

The question of garbage disposal is one of vital importance to every community, great or small, for municipal cleanliness is among the principal safeguards of health.

In a recent report to the council relative to the subject of collecting and disposing of garbage and other waste material W. L. Glasier, city engineer of Newport, Ky., stated that three methods are principally in use—cremation, disinfection and reduction by various processes. He recommends garbage disposal by cremation as the one best suited to the needs of a city the size of Newport on account of its cheapness, simplicity, ease of operation and its capacity for being made a sanitary system. He believes that the cost of installation and the expense of operating the other two methods would be an objection, while their complication would render them more or less inoperative, because of the expense of obtaining skilled labor to properly run them.

Mr. Glasier explains that a crematory does not have to be built at a great distance from residence property, but can be operated with no more injury or inconvenience than an ordinary manufacturing establishment. Thus the collection and hauling of garbage to the plant is kept at a minimum cost.

In suggesting a location for such a plant, which is on a street practically given up to manufacturing purposes, Mr. Glasier does not forget the possible annexation at some future time of Bellevue and Dayton to Newport, and he advises building the plant with this idea in view. He also suggests that if the cities of Bellevue and Dayton should, as separate municipalities, burn their garbage in conjunction with Newport, a proper proportion could be made which would reduce the expense of operating to that city. Some of the points made by Mr. Glasier, in the information obtained, are as follows:

A plant should be designed to have a furnace capacity necessary to provide for present needs, with building space to enlarge at any time that it may become necessary. Not over 30 or 35 tons daily are collected. Some burn without the use of other fuel than the garbage and refuse, and some use coal or coke. The cost varies from 15 cents to 45 or 60 cents per ton, according to local conditions, care with which plant is operated, cost of fuel, etc. Covered metal receptacles should be used to store garbage in, as much of the nuisance and disease caused by garbage occurs from decomposition in the receptacles on the premises. Mr. Glasier believes that a plant suitable to the needs of Newport can be erected at a cost of \$3,500 to \$7,000, exclusive of cost of land royalties, etc.

ATLANTIC CITY.

What Publicity Did For This Famous Seaside Resort.

Atlantic City has been virtually made by the newspapers. The hotel proprietors there are liberal users of newspaper space. They will use \$500,000 worth this season. Most of these men issue booklets as supplements to their newspaper work, but they all turn down schemes. Mrs. M. E. Hoopes was the pioneer of Atlantic City advertising. At the time she owned a cottage of some 20 rooms. She spent \$800 the first year in advertising it. She sold it a short time after for \$125,000. She is now the owner of another hotel, which keeps well to the front by the same methods which made the first famous.

The Atlantic City hotel men combine forces in advertising the city, but it is every one for himself when it comes to individual houses. Nearly all the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington dailies and many country dailies in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England are used. The magazines of large circulation are also favorite mediums. As to results, the hotel men claim that experience has taught them the sure things, and that nothing but war scares or bad weather can keep the favorite mediums from sending business to Atlantic City.

Pacific Coast Boom.

"Pacific coast is on a boom," said a resident of the slope the other day. "The reason for the boom is the annexation of Hawaii, the prospective requirements of the Philippines and the favorable prospects for the building of the Nicaragua canal. There are no less than six or eight towns that expect to be large cities, and all of the ports on the Pacific coast are putting in active bids for the new Pacific trade. Los Angeles is forging ahead with wonderful rapidity. San Francisco has seemingly taken a new lease of life and is livelier than for many years past, while there is a decided improvement in business in all of the cities on the sound. Our merchants believe that in a few years the transpacific trade will equal, if not exceed, the transatlantic trade. If they are right, the cities on the Pacific coast will be as populous and wealthy as those on the Atlantic coast. This is what the Pacific coast people believe is going to happen, and they are going to be ready for it."

For Window Cards.

Goods that fail to hit the public we sell at any price. Don't pass our bargain window with your eyes shut. Yes, purchases are "exchanged" as well as made right. We sell goods cheap, but we don't sell cheap goods. We make our reputation—in having you make a profit. You are not here to please us, but we are here to please you. We profit if you are pleased, and we are pleased if you profit. We like the instruction that is got from a customer's complaint. We have no "remainders," and "remnants" go at your prices.—Printers' Ink.

HARNESSING A HORSE.

How to Adjust the Various Parts. Abolish Blinders.

It is strange, but is nevertheless true, says a writer in Our Animal Friends, that almost every one who has had any experience, however slight, in harnessing a horse believes that he understands thoroughly how to do it. A very simple rule for fitting the bridle is that the bit should touch the corners of the horse's lips without dragging upon them, but too frequently this is disregarded, and the horse suffers a deal of misery from that error alone.

Again, and sometimes in conjunction with the mistake we have just mentioned, the brow band is so short that it draws the metal rings of the reins against the roots of the horse's ears, where their pressure causes acute pain. All metal ornaments of any weight at the top of the crown piece, behind and between the ears should be removed because of their pressure upon the base of the brain.

If blinders are used, care should be taken that they stand well out from the horse's eyes; otherwise, by pressing upon the eyeballs, they cause intense pain and also obscure the range of vision. In all cases, unless the horse is so accustomed to blinders that it is absolutely unsafe to drive him without, they should be dispensed with, for they add nothing to a horse's appearance, and he is much more comfortable without them. In fact, colts should be trained to drive with an open bridle, and it were well if laws were enacted to that effect.

How to Make Orange Honey.

Mix together the juice of three oranges, the grated rind of one, a small cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly, until about as thick as honey. Serve cold. This is excellent with all kinds of warm bread and griddlecakes.

How to Make Tomato Mayonnaise.

Select medium sized, perfectly ripe, smooth tomatoes and peel them with a very sharp, thin bladed knife. Do not scald them to remove the skins easily, as scalding destroys the flavor and texture. After peeling lay them in a salad bowl and stand them in the refrigerator. In the meantime make a good stiff mayonnaise. When ready to serve the tomatoes, cut deep grooves across them, dividing them in quarters, nearly to the stem and side, but not quite severing them. Season them with salt, sprinkle them well with capers, pour on a little tarragon vinegar, dress them round with a deep fringe of water cress, pour the mayonnaise over them and serve.

How to Roast Clams.

Wash the clams in cold water, put them on the broiler, and place that over a clear fire. As they open take them from the broiler. Remove the upper half shell, placing the remaining half shell on a plate or platter. Pour over a few drops of melted butter and serve.

How to Treat Canned Goods.

When ready to use, open the can two covered for that time. This will often dissipate the close, "tinny" taste so often noticed in canned goods. In using peas, asparagus or any canned vegetable, drain and throw away all the liquor. Cover the vegetable with cold water and let stand for at least half an hour. Drain and heat over hot water, adding a bit of butter and seasoning to taste. Always empty cans as soon as opened. The majority of the cases of poisoning from canned goods occur through neglect of this precaution.

How to Make Beef Extract Custard.

Beat an egg until white and yolk are well mixed and then add a few grains of salt, a teaspoonful of beef extract and half a cup of milk. Strain into a buttered custard cup, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven until firm.

How to Be Healthy.

A French physician who claims that we all might be strong and beautiful if we would give the following rules for health: Don't drink tea or coffee. Drink pure water. Eat grapes, apples, raisins and figs. Eat a few salted almonds daily. Don't eat much animal food. An egg or two a day, soft boiled, instead of meat. Eat an orange every day or so. Walk two or three miles a day. Bathe the whole body daily in tepid water. Don't fret, don't worry, be calm and quiet.

How to Take Paint From Glass.

To remove paint from window glass make a strong solution of potash, saturate the spots of paint with this and let it remain until nearly dry. Then rub off with a woollen cloth.

How to Cement Iron.

Iron can be cemented to iron so firmly as to withstand the blows of a steam hammer by the following process: Take six parts each of sulphur and white lead and one part of powdered borax. Mix well together. At the moment of application wet the mass, or sufficient of it for the purpose, with strong sulphuric acid, apply a thin layer of it to each of the surfaces to be united and then bring together under strong pressure and leave so.

How to Curry Sausages.

Fry the sausages until brown. Then pour a little water into the frying pan, dredge in curry powder to taste and enough flour to thicken the whole. Simmer for ten minutes, add a squeeze of lemon juice and stir until the sauce is done. Add the sausages, heat again and serve with a border of boiled rice.

How to Wash Cane Chairs.

Wash cane seated chairs on the under side only.

MADE & TATE BLOOM.

WORK OF ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

What Fifty Years of Education Has Done For Fruit Growing, Forestry, Vegetables and the Beautifying of Parks and Homes.

Were a history of the horticulture of Illinois for the last half century to be written it necessarily would include the history of the horticultural societies of the state, for to the efforts of these organizations is largely due the knowledge of the capabilities and resources of the state and the diffusion of horticultural information. The pioneers in this work, for the most part, were men in the nursery business, who did much for the propagation and dissemination of trees and plants for fruit, shelter and ornament in the Prairie State.

Previous to 1890 efforts had been made to secure an organization of these interests, but not until a meeting held at Princeton in 1891 did they result successfully. At that time was formed the Northwestern Fruit Growers' association, with John H. Bryant as president and Samuel Edwards as secretary. Its largest membership was in Illinois, but it also included southern Wisconsin and eastern Iowa. Meetings were held successively at Dixon, Chicago, Burlington and Alton. The Burlington meeting was notable for its exhibition of apples, rivaling in extent and perfection anything of later years. The meeting at Alton seems to have been the last.

In 1896 the Illinois State Horticultural society was organized at Decatur, with Dr. E. S. Hull as its first president. In 1897 the society was incorporated, and from that time on the list of officers and members has included the names of all the prominent horticulturists of the state. The earlier members devoted not only time and expense to attend the meetings and furnish papers and discussions, but often contributed the money necessary to publish and distribute the proceedings for the benefit of the public.

In 1897 the legislature, recognizing the value of the society and the work it was doing, made an appropriation for the purpose of extending its field. This has been continued and added to, and now the biennial appropriation for this society is regarded by the general assembly as one sure to be carefully and economically managed and beneficial in its results.

Since the reorganization of the society its management has been vested in an executive board, consisting of the president and secretary, elected by the state society, and the president and vice president of each of the three district societies, the northern, central and southern. The district societies hold annual meetings. The state society holds its annual meeting usually the last week in December, and its programme is made up of the best available talent of the state, assisted generally by some of the prominent horticulturists of neighboring states.

An edition of 5,000 copies of the annual report is published and furnished free to the life and annual members of the state and district societies, to public libraries and various local horticultural societies and distributed through the County Farmers' Institutes. It is conceded these reports are not surpassed in practical information and completeness by any other state report published in the country.

An attractive addition to the winter meetings of the society are exhibits of fruits, nuts and vegetables, for which liberal premiums are offered. In the earlier years public fairs or exhibitions occasionally were held during the season when fruit and flowers were most abundant.

The Illinois fruit exhibit at Chicago in 1893 was a notable one and did much to call attention to Illinois as a fruit producing state. In all 429 varieties of fruits were shown.

At the Omaha exposition in 1898 a successful exhibit was kept up from June to November.

But it is not the fruit industry alone that receives the fostering care of this society. Flower and vegetable gardening, the conservation of forests, the planting of groves and the ornamentation of parks and home grounds all receive attention.

Result of Good Example.

The good example of New Orleans in providing the means for improving the sanitary condition of the city may be the incentive for like needed action in other cities. Public spirited citizens of Galveston have acted thus early in the matter. They have organized the Cleaner Galveston league and have started out vigorously on a campaign of education and agitation. Their platform is a comprehensive one. They ask for the immediate establishment of a thorough sanitary inspection system, for a strengthening of the ordinance in regard to the use of garbage cans and for the immediate and regular cleaning of outhouses and cesspools. They urge the city council to formulate a plan of finance commensurate with the city's needs in the way of sanitation, and they look forward to the inauguration of a municipal sewerage plant, which would render cesspools unnecessary.

In the Newspaper.

An advertisement in a newspaper finds access to the homes of the people. It is not thrown into the waste paper basket or the fire as so many of its character is shown, as a majority of handbills and advertising pamphlets are. It is not ignored or regarded with either scorn or contempt, as posters generally are. It comes to readers with the authority behind it of the journal in which it appears, and it confronts many of them when they have the leisure to consider its terms.—Rochester Chronicle.

THE ANGELUS.

The Message of Hope Carried to the World by Miller's Painting.

This celebrated painting was given to the world in 1830, but the painter did not live to see it reach the height of its fame. Millet died in 1875. In 1880 the picture was bought at auction by the American Art association and brought to the United States and exhibited in the principal cities, but in 1890 was sold to the agents of M. Chaudard for \$150,000, the purchaser signifying his intention of keeping it as long as he should live and presenting it to the Louvre at his death.

Etched, painted, given into tapestries, reproduced by various processes, the picture has become a familiar one in all countries and one which speaks to the masses everywhere of the people's toil, their rest and their worship. No matter how poor the copy, the spirit of the original is there. The ear catches the distant sound of the bells ringing their solemn call to worship, the evening sky is bright with the sunset glow, labor is relieved of its curse and the slaves of the soil become the children of God.

Two peasants, a man and a woman, at the sound of the Angelus bell from a distant church have stopped their work and stand in the field praying with bowed heads. It would be hard to conceive a more simple and pathetic representation of peasant life in France, and it is not strange that it touched the hearts of the common people. Here the peasant is in his grandeur, living by the soil and the fruit of hard, incessant work. In the picture and out of it his type proclaims that in spite of man's oppression—in spite of long hours of work, coarse fare and the absence of culture—the toiler can be kept from being brutalized by that voice from the sky heard in the bells of the Angelus, which speaks of peace, of God and of the final redemption. If "The Angelus" has a social mission, it is to indicate the only way out of the thralldom of the centuries—the way God has provided. And if you think the world is terribly wicked, if you think hard toil fearfully enervating and deadening to the senses, go to beautiful Barlizon, hear the ringing of the Angelus at morning, noon and evening, and even though hope has died in your heart it will revive and live again.—Edward A. Steiner in September Woman's Home Companion.

RISE OF THE GANG.

How the Cards Are Stacked Against the Youth of New York's Slums.

Untrained for the responsibility of citizenship, says Jacob A. Kile in the September Atlantic, robbed of home and childhood, with every prop knocked from under him, all the elements that make for strength and character trodden out in the making of the boy, all the high ambition of youth caricatured by the slum and become base passions—so equipped, the slum boy comes to the business of life. As a "kid" he hunted with the pack in the street. As a young man he toils with the gang, because it furnishes the means of gratifying his inordinate vanity that is the slum's counterfeit of self esteem. Upon the Jacobs of other days there was a last hold, the father's authority. Changed conditions have loosened that also. There is a time in every young man's life when he knows more than his father. It is like the measles or the pump, and he gets over it all, with a little judicious firmness in the hand that guides. It is the misfortune of the slum boy of today that it is really so and that he knows it. His father is an Italian or a Jew and cannot even speak the language to which the boy is born. He has to depend on him in much in the way of order of things. The old man is "slow," he is "Dutch." He may be an Irishman with some advantages; he is still a "foreigner." He loses his grip on the boy. Ethical standards of which he has no conception clash. Watch the meeting of two currents in river or bay and see the line of drift that tells of the struggle. So in the city's life clash the currents of the old and the new, and in the churning the boy goes adrift. The last hold upon him is gone. That is why the gang appears in the second generation, the firstborn upon the soil—a light-colored kid, a "Frisch" is there with his ready fist, a thieving gang if it is the east side Jew—and disappears in the third. The second boy's father is not "slow." He has had experience. He was clubbed into decency in his own day, and the night stick wore off the glamour of the thing. His grip on the boy is good, and it holds.

It depends now upon chance what is to become of the lad. But the slum has stacked the cards against him.

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING.

A Comely Little Bride and a Handsome, Masterful Man.

It was a crystalline day, the 6th of January—old style—1759. Up to a colonial mansion, the "White House," in New Kent county, Va., a spanking team of horses clattered and stopped, puffing clouds of breath on the frosty air. From the great coach a brisk faced, slow, important gentleman in scarlet dress stepped out, British from forehead to foot, his excellency Lieutenant Governor Fauquier, come with his wife to grace the wedding party of young Colonel George Washington, a new hero in the Virginia assembly. The lieutenant governor assisted the lady to alight. His sword clanking as he followed her, removing his belted cocked hat, he entered to add to festive brilliancy within. The dark eyes of the comely little bride, "the Widow Custis that was," were bright. She greeted them with dignity, softened by a desire to please into the graciousness that is southern.

In white satin threaded with silver and quilted petticoat she wore pearls intertwined in her soft brown hair. Her little feet in high heeled slippers, "the smallest ever," twinkled with "puckles of brilliant." Plain lace ruffles, full about tapering arms and bosom, and plumed with bracelets and necklace of pearls, she looked by beside the tall bridegroom in his costume of blue lined with red silk, embroidered white satin waistcoat, gold knee and shoe buckles and sword. Happiness beamed in his glance and movement. He was the handsomest man of the handsome assemblage. It is said, and he had the quality that most quickly makes a woman love—magnificence unalloyed with tyranny. He was 27, she but three months younger. Her charms were such that on the day they met he knew that he wished to marry her. He had seen her but four times before marriage; each time, however, was a day or more or little less. It was a hopeful wedding, a suitable match.—Leila Herbert in Harper's Magazine for September.

WATERPROOF VARNISH.

How to Prepare and Apply a Useful and Durable Article.

A good waterproof varnish for old umbrellas and storm coats is made of two parts of turpentine, three parts of linseed oil and one part of powdered litharge. Mix these ingredients together thoroughly and boil in a water bath—that is, in a vessel floating in boiling water—the same as the cabinet maker melts his glue. When the varnish is thoroughly boiled so that every part is dissolved, remove it from the stove and apply with a brush while warm. It should be painted over the article to be varnished with the same care as if it were paint. If it is an umbrella, open it wide and spread the varnish smoothly. After it has dried a second coat may be applied if needed.

When the varnish has dried, it will not be stiff and cracky, but will show great elasticity. This varnish can be employed in a great variety of ways. Ordinary cloth can be varnished with it two or three times, and it will be waterproof and almost as serviceable as oilskin or waterproofing cloth. Old rubber coats that have begun to leak can be renewed by giving them a painting with this waterproof varnish. It can be kept on hand for a long time for general use. All that is needed when required for some special work is to heat it up again to the proper temperature.—New Voice.

How to Clean White Goods.

Put half an ounce of salts of tartar into a bottle with half an ounce of sal ammoniac, add half a pint of warm water and shake the bottle until the salts and the sal ammoniac have dissolved. Stretch the stained portion of the fabric over a small basin and pour some of the liquid over it. If the stain has been recently made, it will soon disappear, but if the linen has already been washed it will probably be necessary to repeat the process several times, and the fabric should be very gently rubbed now and then. When the mark is no longer visible, rinse the linen at once in hot water and then wash it well with soft soap and hot water and let it dry in the sun.

How to Make Turkish Salad.

Put a pint of cold baked beans in a salad bowl, slice two small onions fine, pour over them a little cold water, press with the hand to extract the strong taste and add the onions to the beans, together with two fresh tomatoes sliced thin. Season with salt-spoonful of salt, one-fourth as much pepper and add slowly two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Toss with salad fork until the dressing is all through the salad, decorate with a border of lettuce leaves and a ring of olives and set on ice until ready to serve.

How to Make Toast Relish.

Brown pieces of bread in the oven until very crisp. Break into thin pieces, and to two cupfuls pour over the following: Heat one cupful of milk to the boiling point. When it boils, stir into it a piece of butter the size of a walnut carefully mixed with one teaspoonful of flour. Stir until smooth. Season with a tablespoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Cover all and let stand a moment. This is a very good way to utilize scraps of stale bread.

How to Take a Vapor Bath.

Place a pall three parts filled with boiling water under a chair with a cane seat. Have ready two hot bricks which have been treated in the fire, place them gently in the pall of water and sit down upon the chair, covering yourself entirely with a blanket, letting the latter fall round the chair so that the steam may be kept. Have a warm blanket ready at the end of half an hour and wrap around you. Get into bed with it on.

How to Make Tomato Wine.

First take your ripe tomatoes and cook them in enough water to let the juices flow. Then squeeze the fruit, and to each half gallon of juice allow one quart of water, and to each gallon wine mixed add 3 1/2 pounds of sugar. Set the wine in a cask to ferment. After the lees sink to the bottom strain off the wine, and, if required, add more sugar. Set to ferment again, and afterward clarify the wine with isinglass.

How to Clean Jewelry.

Wash well in warm soap suds, to which 10 or 15 drops of sal volatile has been added. Dry and place in box-wood sawdust till perfectly dry, then rub with a chamois leather. Pearls must not be wetted, but exposed to the air as much as possible to prevent their turning yellow. Opals should be kept from fire and heat, as a high temperature renders them liable to split. Coral can be washed in soap and water.

How to Press Flowers.

Place them before they have time to wither between sheets of drying paper. Spread the flowers out in as natural a way as possible, with neither leaves nor petals crumpled. Lay on the top of them several sheets of drying paper, then more flowers, putting a stout board over all and heavy weights. The paper must be changed several times each day.

How to Candy Peel.

Soak the peels in cold water and change frequently. Then put them in sirup till they become soft and transparent. Take out, drain, roll in sugar and let the sun pierce them. Repeat this three or four days till the peel is three times its former size. Put away in glass jars.

How to Restore Velvet.

To restore velvet that has been spotted by rain dampen thoroughly on the wrong side and then hold over a hot iron to steam, taking care not to let it touch the iron.

ADVICE BY BEATRICE

NEW YORK JOURNAL'S LOVE DOCTOR KEPT VERY BUSY.

Capit Wounded Strephons Unsettled Their Aching Hearts and Beg Miss Fairfax to Show Them How to Win Their Conquering Phylloxera.

Letters from embarrassed swains and broken hearted maidens continue to pour in on Miss Beatrice Fairfax, the New York Journal's alleviator of human misery. Below are three of the latest which the doctor of broken hearts has had to consider:

Miss Beatrice Fairfax: Dear Madam—I have kept company with a young lady whom I love dearly. We corresponded regularly until a few months ago, when she wrote to me, and I neglected to answer the letter.



"CANNOT GET HER OUT OF MY MIND." causing a misunderstanding. She is considered very pretty and is admired by every one. I cannot seem to get her out of my mind, and do you think it right for me to write to her or call on her? She has acted quite coolly at times. Sam Werts.

The best way to get her out of your mind is to put something else in her place, and as two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time the new interest will force out the unrequited love which bothers you now. Of course if you did not answer her letter it is in your place to write or call and apologize for your carelessness.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax: Dear Madam—I'm off for California unless my girl stops making eyes at other fellows when I'm in her company. When I'm doing my best to entertain her, her mind seems to wander, and I might just as well talk to a chair or some similarly inert object as to mention the most trivial



"I MIGHT JUST AS WELL TALK TO A CHAIR." circumstance in her presence. Her taste seems to run to mixed ale parties and chowder racket, while I hold these movements (7) to be vulgar and common and to have no place in a life devoted to the study of Shakespeare, as mine is. The lady lives in Georgetown. Do you think that has anything to do with her affliction? Grouser.

Our sympathies are entirely with the young lady. If your flights of imagination and attempts of humor are such as you have favored us with, we do not blame her for preferring the chowder and mixed ale. We congratulate you, George, on having sufficient leisure to write fake letters.

Miss Beatrice Fairfax: Dear Madam—I am a young man 20 years of age and have a good and steady job. I also have the pleasure of being very clever in the line of gymnastics. I got acquainted with a young lady one reception evening at the athletic club and love her dearly ever since. As my folks are going



"I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BEING A GYM-NAST."

to the country this summer I would like to keep company with this lovely brunette. She hasn't got a fellow at the present and stays at home in the evening. I would kindly ask you to inform me how to win her, if there is any chance of winning her. I remain until answered, broken hearted as ever. MARTIN JOHNSON.

Your "vaunting ambition" has in this case truly "o'erleaped itself" and brought you into that contest where the weak are often the victors. If you can prove to her by your feats of agility that you are able to travel through the ups and downs of life with a sure step, you ought to be able to win her.

Praise. "Some men are forever talking shop," said Mr Meekton's wife scornfully. "That's a fact," he answered. "It's a great failing we have. A woman never does that way," he added approvingly. "She doesn't stand around and talk about it when she feels like shopping. She just goes ahead and shops."—Washington Star.

Out of His Class. "This Patty de Clam that the papers are talking of," said the Little Neck, "seems to have been strangely named."

"Why?" queried the cherry stone. "He clearly belongs to the lobster 'nully."—Philadelphia North American.

Well Equipped. "He intends to take up literature now."

"Is he well qualified for it?" "Well, I should say so. Why, he's done everything except learn to write."—Chicago Post.

Not Enough of It. Mrs. Gay—Do you think this bathing suit will attract too much attention? Her Husband—Oh, no. It will scarcely be noticed.—New York Journal.

Language. "How did you like Dobbins' novel?" "It was so dry I couldn't wade through it."—Chicago Record.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A White Housekeeper and the Last Dinner—A Cozy Corner—An Excellent Savory Dish.



Youthful North Briton (on honeymoon tour, proud of his French)—Gaston! La-le-le-art—Gaston—Oul, m'sieu, tout de suite! Admiring Bride—Losh! Sandy, wot did he say?

Youthful North Briton (rather taken aback)—Aweel, Jeannie, dear, he kens I'm Scotch, and he asked me to 'tak' a seat."—Punch.

Can Any One Guess?



"Are you good at riddles, Dick?"

"Yes, fairly."

"Well, then, if it takes an hour and a half for a cockroach with a wooden leg to hop up a bar of soft soap, how many yards of tripe would it take to make an elephant a waistcoat?"—Ally Sloper.

No Inducement.



Apples—Don't come up, little boy; we're all sour.—New York Journal.

She Knew.



Hiram (describing his trip to London)—I went into the stores and got in one of them things that take you right up to the roof in a jiffy—what d'yer call 'em, Marthy?

Martha—Them's shop lifters.—Nuggets.

Kind to Her.



"Do you consider it selfish for a man to take a vacation trip by himself?" "Not at all, Simpson; think what a rest your wife will get."

An Artist's Dream.



When the Magician Meets a Bear.

—New York Journal.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A White Housekeeper and the Last Dinner—A Cozy Corner—An Excellent Savory Dish.

Eternal vigilance is the price the house-keeper has to pay for the satisfaction of having a smoothly running establishment, and to keep the table up to a uniformly high standard she is called upon to exercise many virtues. She must have foresight and judgment, and she must know exactly to what extent she may temper a prudent economy with a bit of justifiable extravagance now and then. She must set forth her table generously, but never wastefully, and if she wisely manages a little imagination with her sensible choice and arrangement of the daily food her family will rise up with enthusiasm and call her blessed.

There can be no half way measures about the family meals. The cookery books that tell such cheerful tales of manufacturing all manner of impressive dishes out of odds and ends are dealing largely in fairy stories. The foundation of every dinner must consist of fresh meat carefully cooked and accompanied by enough vegetables to give a healthful variety to the regimen. There is, however, a legitimate use for the broken bits of yesterday's fish, fowl, meat or certain vegetables, and the housewife will find it to her advantage to study up the proper methods of preparing them. These savory morsels may be minced, artistically seasoned and made into fritters or croquettes or baked and served in little baking dishes. By such ingenuities the meal may be lifted from the monotonous commonplace into which the daily fare is always in danger of falling, and savory little morsels may be saved from waste. It is a good plan to have these preparations served separately and immediately after the soup.

Suppose the dinner for today is to consist of a plain soup, roast mutton, two vegetables and a sweet of some sort. These may be in the icebox some stewed tomatoes remaining from yesterday. If these are highly seasoned and put in the little earthenware baking dishes, one for each person, with alternate layers of bread crumbs and dots of butter, a very appetizing entree will result. The tomatoes should come from the oven attractively browned and should be sent to the table absolutely hot. The soup may be scalloped and served in the same way. Squares of bread that have been lightly fried and hollowed out in the center may hold a mince of meat and vegetables. Bits of fish, meat, poultry and game may all be utilized as entrees, and most of them are the better for a warming over. They may be served as croquettes, formed in little circles, dipped in yolk of egg and bread crumbs and delicately fried or scalloped. In any case they must be skillfully seasoned with pepper, salt and savory herbs, and the addition of a few drops of lemon juice or a dash of onion will not come amiss. —Philadelphia North American.

A Cozy Corner.

The cozy corner here pictured would be a delightful addition to either a sitting room, a library or a den. The boxlike seat could be utilized as storage room where closet accommodation was limited. It could be built short or long, according to the size of the room, and if built separately it need not be a fixture in any particular room. The



COMFORTABLE AND CONVENIENT.

narrowest part of the lounge here shown is three feet wide, and its widest parts, the two ends, measure about five feet. The back of the lounge, as well as the seat, should be well padded and covered with denim or other material, and a number of downy sofa pillows should be placed about. The woodwork back of the lounge should be built higher at one end than at the other and the elevation fitted up as a bookcase or as a holder of bric-a-brac or pictures or for the beloved pipe and tobacco.—Emma Lewis in American Queen.

An Excellent Savory Dish.

Such dishes as beef or veal olives are attractive and palatable. Sufficient meat for them may be purchased for a single meal. In fact, this is true of all steaks, but broils and roasts are not good when small. Beef olives are strips of thin round steak with a small piece of suet or bacon rolled and tied within. They are first browned in a little suet and then stewed slowly until tender—about one hour—in a brown sauce made by adding two tablespoonfuls of flour to the fat in which they were browned. After mixing add a pint of hot water and a seasoning of onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Go to Market.

To purchase food economically one must go to the market and the grocers and not order by the driver or by telephone. What to Eat says that the latter method of marketing, while saving time, involves an expense of 80 per cent for food, for which there is no compensation in quality.

PEACE IS DESTROYED.

The Transvaal Presents an Ultimatum to Great Britain.

THE MEANING IS WAR

Forty-Fight Hours Given England to Reply—The Terms Are Such That It Is Assumed England Will Reject Them.

London, Oct. 11.—The text of the Transvaal ultimatum, it is understood, is on the way to the British foreign office. According to the latest advice the time limit expires at 5 o'clock this afternoon, when, if the demand of the Boers is not complied with, further landing or dispatch of troops will be considered an act of war and hostilities will commence immediately.

The fact that the Boers have taken the initiative is regarded as rendering the situation more serious and increasing the hopelessness of averting war.

In some quarters it is intimated that the government has received notification of the Boer ultimatum which relieves the consequences as the government considers the Boers as now placed in a position of having forced on the war.

Whatever the official feeling may be there is no mistaking the significance of the great manifestation, combined with a war spirit of the imperial solidarity that occurred on the streets of London this morning, when the New South Wales lancers traversed the city to embark for South Africa. Tens of thousands assembled to do homage to the little band of soldiers, representing the empire's loyalty.

From the arrival of the squadron at Waterloo station to the embarking on the railway train at Fenchurch street station, tumultuous scenes of wild enthusiasm marked the route traversed. Bands were allowed to play nothing but "Soldiers of the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the Queen," in which the dense crowds joined. It is doubtful if such a frenzied welcome was ever before witnessed in London. There was an incessant roar of cheers and songs until Mansion house, the official residence of the lord mayor of London, was reached. Here traffic was completely blocked by surging throngs and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the lord mayor, in full robes of office, restrained the singing and vociferous cheering while he addressed the colonial troops, wishing them God speed and expressing the interest of the country in their heroic determination to assist in asserting imperial authority in South Africa.

Reports from all military centers show mobilization orders have been received with enthusiasm, now that President Kruger has crossed the Rubicon and taken the irrevocable step of issuing an ultimatum. The only wonder is why, if President Kruger has resolved upon fighting, he has waited so long. The explanation seems to be that his hand has been forced by the fact that the Boers have got out of control, or that he is awaiting the arrival of the British army corps the chances of military success for him will be of the slightest possible character.

The expiration of the time limit of the ultimatum does not leave Great Britain much time to strengthen her present military position, although there is still a few troops at Durban Natal, available for dispatch to the front, but the government will doubtless now adopt the suggestion to form refugees from Rand into volunteer regiments, this while relieving their distress will also be utilizing excellent material.

Outside of the news of its ultimatum nothing of moment has been received from the scene of action, except the announcement that the Boers have constructed forts commanding Laing's Nek and guns have been mounted on Mount Program and Mount Prospect.

The Transvaal ultimatum which is signed by E. W. Reitz as secretary of state, concludes with the following four demands:

1. That all points of mutual difference be regulated by friendly recourse to arbitration or by whatever amicable way that may be agreed upon by the government and her majesty's government.
2. That all troops on the borders of this republic be instantly withdrawn.
3. That all reinforcements of troops which arrived in South Africa since June 1, 1899, be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time.
4. That her majesty's troops which are now on the high seas, shall not be landed in any part of South Africa.

An immediate and affirmative answer is requested not later than 5 o'clock this afternoon. If not then received the Transvaal government will regard the action as a formal declaration of war.

Delagoa Bay Ceasefires.
London, Oct. 11.—It is reported that at the coming session of parliament for formal announcement will be made of the cessation of Delagoa bay and surrounding territory in Portuguese East Africa, to Great Britain. The price is said to be \$5,000,000.

Demand Troops Be Withdrawn.
London, Oct. 11.—The London News Agency publishes the following dispatch

from Pretoria, filed there at 7:40 p. m. Monday:
"An urgent dispatch has just been handed Conyngham Greene, the diplomatic agent, requesting explicit assurances of the withdrawal within 48 hours of the British troops from The Transvaal borders, as well as the withdrawal of all British forces landed in South Africa since the Bloemfontein conference."

Ready for War.

New York, Oct. 11.—The Journal's Pretoria special says Kruger in an interview says he is ready for war and the army is all ready.

Great Britain can have peace or war, which ever she chooses.

Cape Town correspondent to the Chicago Record says Great Britain's force up to Oct. 6 was inadequate, while the Boers numbered 35,000 well armed, well equipped, fighting men.
It will require 50,000 Britons to make a showing against Kruger.

Southern Industrial Convention.

Huntsville, Ala., Oct. 11.—It was 11 yesterday morning before the delegates to the Southern Industrial convention assembled. The convention was called to order by Tracy W. Pratt, president of the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce, who explained the object of the gathering. When Hon. Allie Moore, mayor of the city, began his address of welcome in behalf of the citizens of Huntsville the auditorium of the hands some little opera house was well filled. Owing to the absence of Major John J. Herber, of Arkansas, who was to have responded to the welcoming address in behalf of the delegates, ex-Governor W. A. McCorkle of West Virginia, made the address. A temporary organization was effected by the election of ex-Gov. McCorkle chairman, and N. F. Thompson of Huntsville, secretary. A recess was then taken. The convention will extend over five days and the topic of discussion relates solely to the development of the south and its resources.

Business Houses Burned.

Kansas City, Oct. 11.—The business part of Sheffield, a manufacturing section of this city, has been visited by fire. Seven buildings were destroyed and a dozen firms sustained losses, the aggregate exceeding \$10,000. While within the city limits, Sheffield has no fire protection, and by the time the fire department reached there from the city the flames had secured considerable headway. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

Shot for a Burglar.

Corpus Christi, Tex., Oct. 11.—Engineer Lipscomb was shot and probably fatally wounded at Rice at yesterday morning by Bob Gatlin, a special watchman at the depot. The depot had been burglarized twice recently and Gatlin was hired to watch for burglars. Lipscomb's engine stalled a short distance from Rice and he came back to get tools and was looking into a window when Gatlin fired.

Way for Promotion.

Washington, Oct. 11.—The retirement of General Shafter from the regular army on Oct. 15 promises to lead to the promotion and retirement of at least five colonels as brigadier generals and to open the way for the president to recognize the conspicuous achievements of two staff colonels, Lawton and Mac Arthur, by making them general officers of the line.

Short of Water.

Austin, Oct. 11.—The several large state eleemosynary institutions here are almost wholly without water, owing to the partial shut down of the municipal water works plant. There is no prospect of the city water service being resumed soon, and steps have been taken toward putting down artesian wells at the different institutions.

Chadwick Presented a Sword.

Morgantown, W. Va., Oct. 11.—Chadwick day was celebrated here by 25,000 people. The meeting was called to order by Governor Atkinson, and he presented the sword to Captain Chadwick, now of the cruiser New York, in behalf of the people of the state. Captain Chadwick was deeply touched by the ovation accorded him.

Clayton Will Contest.

Denver, Oct. 11.—Notice of the contest of the will of the late George Washington Clayton, who bequeathed more than \$1,000,000 for the establishment in Denver of an orphan's college, patterned after Girard college, Philadelphia, has been filed in the county court in behalf of a brother of deceased. It is expected that other heirs will join in the contest.

More Interest Anticipated.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Vanderbilt, has issued an order anticipating the November interest without discount. The order also provides for anticipation of the entire fiscal year's interest at a discount of two-tenths of one per cent per month. If this offer is taken advantage of it will release about \$50,000,000.

The Newark Is to Go.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Acting Secretary Allen has ordered the cruise Newark to the Philippines. She is now sitting out at Mare Island. Capt. B. H. McCalla, who did such good work at Guantanamo, is in command of her.

The Yacht Races.

Sandy Hook, Oct. 11.—The committee has decided that the next yacht race will be Thursday, and subsequent races will be called on succeeding days thereafter, except Sunday, until the contest is decided.

Newport Arrives from Manila.

San Francisco, Oct. 11.—The United States transport Newport arrived 31 days from Manila. She has 465 members of the volunteer signal corps and 13 civilians aboard.

YIELD OF GRAIN.

The Estimated Production of Wheat, Oats and Corn for This Year.

New York, Oct. 11.—The total wheat crop of 1899 is estimated by the American Agriculturalist in its final report at 845,430,000 bushels grown on 45,251,000 acres. The average yield per acre is placed at 12.5 bushels. The winter wheat crop is estimated at 297,000,000 bushels, averaging yield 11.5 bushels, spring wheat crop 269,000,000 bushels, average rate of yield 13.7 bushels.

The average rate of yield of oats is returned at 30.4 bushels per acre, 2.5 bushels above that of last year. The crop is estimated at 300,000,000 bushels against 299,000,000 in 1898 and 314,000,000 in 1897. The quality of the present crop is usually good.

The average condition of corn is three points lower than September 1, and only two higher than was reported at this date a year ago and adds that if the final rate of yield shall substantiate that indicated by the present return the crop is likely to be found rather above 2,125,000,000, a fairly liberal result, but not a record crop.

Carter Pays His Fine.

New York, Oct. 11.—Oberlin M. Carter, the disgraced army officer, has paid the fine of \$5000 imposed by the court martial. His check for that amount was sent to United States District Attorney Burnett. Mr. Rose, Carter's counsel, has been called to Savannah and Judge Lacombe has therefore extended the time for submission of briefs in the habeas corpus proceedings until next Saturday. The writ was obtained by Mr. Rose in an endeavor to save his client from the additional punishment for five years in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth.

To Build a Dormitory.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 11.—The board of managers of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' home had a meeting here and transacted a great deal of routine matters. The home has been opened for the reception of orphans and widows of Masons, and there are at present five inmates. When the number reaches 40, which will be shortly as applications are coming in very rapidly, the home will be opened with appropriate ceremonies. At the sessions it was decided to erect at an early date a dormitory to cost in the neighborhood of \$5000 or \$6000.

Parts of a Woman's Body Found.

New York, Oct. 11.—The upper part of a woman's body has been found on the beach at the quarantine station by John Heiman, 12 years old. The portion found was from the waist line to the neck. The appearance of the flesh is quite fresh and had been but a short time in the water. It was tied up with twine and pieces of Manila paper and newspaper clinging to the twine. The part where the head was cut off is quite jagged and the head was evidently hacked off, arms cut off close to the shoulders also cut off in a clumsy manner.

Shooting at Lindale.

Tyler, Tex., Oct. 11.—County Attorney Nat A. Gentry received a telephone message from Justice of the Peace Jarvis of Lindale late yesterday afternoon that John C. Edwards had been shot and mortally wounded and that a man well and favorably known there was under guard charged with the shooting. Mr. Jarvis asked that Mr. Gentry hasten there and bring with him the sheriff and several other peace officers, in order to avoid further trouble as it was momentarily expected.

Seven Years Back.

Ardmore, I. T., Oct. 11.—United States Judge Townsend has sentenced Pat and Morris O'Malley and Frank Jennings, members of the Jennings gang of train robbers, to seven years each in the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., for complicity in the Rock Island railway robbery of 1897. Al Jennings, leader of the gang, who was formerly a lawyer in Texas, is serving a life sentence for the same offense.

Famous Veteran Dead.

Austin, Oct. 11.—It has been discovered that Antonio Foralera, an aged Mexican, who died in poverty in this city a few days ago, was a veteran of the war of intervention in Mexico, and was one of the guards who kept watch over Emperor Maximilian the night previous to the day on which he was shot. Foralera was given a medal by the Mexican government for gallantry before Queretaro, and he presented this medal to a friend on his deathbed.

Glycerine Factory for Mexico.

Torreon, Mex., Oct. 11.—A company with a capital of \$1,000,000, all paid in, has been organized to establish a factory here for the purpose of manufacturing glycerine. Juan Hittingham of Torreon and Enrique Creel, the millionaire banker of Chihuahua, are the principal stockholders.

Abandon Coffee Raising.

Oaxaca, Oct. 11.—Many coffee planters are abandoning their properties and are going into mining until the low price of coffee improves, but on the other hand some larger plantations have recently been bought by foreign capitalists who have faith in the future of the business.

Wilson Not Serious.

Richmond, Oct. 11.—The report sent out from Charleston, W. Va., that Hon. W. L. Wilson, president of the Washington and Lee university, is dangerously ill, is incorrect.

Bryan Improving.

Webster, Ia., Oct. 11.—W. J. Bryan is much improved. He expects to resume his campaign in a day or so.

HIS ANNUAL REPORT.

Secretary Root Is at Work on His Annual Summary.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Secretary Root has returned from the west where he went with the president and will immediately begin work on his annual report which will be of great importance. Besides recounting the doings of the military army in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, he will probably make recommendations regarding the future government of these islands. It is well known that he wishes to inaugurate a civil government in Porto Rico at the earliest possible moment, and that he favors the speedy withdrawal of many of the soldiers from Cuba.

The president will depend largely on the report of the Philippine commission in shaping his proposals for the government of these islands, but Secretary Root will have something to say in his report as to control by the military pending the institution of civil government.

It is stated that the secretary will not make any recommendation in his report for army reorganization or in the direction of permanent increase for the army, but will leave the matter open until after the Philippine war has been brought to a close. By this silence the administration, it is alleged, will avoid the charge of militarism during the coming session of congress.

The secretary will take the ground that until the war is ended, it will be difficult to determine how many of the 100,000 men at present authorized can be dispensed with. The present force can be utilized until 1901. If the war is ended before the close of the session the secretary will draft a bill for a permanent reorganization of the army. If it is not, the whole matter will go over until the fall of 1900.

Jacky Boyd Killed.

Chicago, Oct. 11.—J. Boyd, a well known steampipe chaser was killed at Hawthorne. The accident occurred in the third race, a steampipe chaser. Boyd got off well together and as the horses swung toward the fence Boyd swerved with the seeming intention of carrying Chasemite out of the course. He succeeded, but Globe II crashed against the wing of the hurdle and turned a complete somersault, colliding with and knocking down Three Forks, and crushing Boyd so badly that he died while being conveyed to the hospital.

Still Unsolved.

New York, Oct. 11.—The mystery surrounding the identity of the mutilated woman, portions of whose body were found in West Seventeenth street and in the North river on Saturday is still unsolved. Several men and women have positively identified the dismembered portions of the body which are still at the morgue, but so far the identifications have been without result and it is believed the persons making the identifications have been mistaken in the matter.

Fatal Fight.

Middleton, Tenn., Oct. 11.—A fatal difficulty occurred here between T. P. Neely and W. G. Williams, resulting in the death of the former and the serious wounding of the latter.

Neely was stabbed near the heart by Williams and died in 30 minutes. Williams was shot by Neely, the ball entering near the temple and lodging in the back of his head.

Editor Killed.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 11.—C. M. Gardner, editor and publisher of Our Sunny Land of Miami, was killed at West Palm Beach by Marcus Frank. The quarrel was caused by the publication in Gardner's paper of an article in which Frank's mother was mentioned. After the murder Frank was arrested, a coroner's jury recommended that he be held for trial.

Miss Jacobs Dead.

Luling, Tex., Oct. 11.—Miss Mamie Jacobs, aged 22 years, died at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Jacobs. Miss Mamie died from the effects of four pistol shot wounds at the hands of Ben E. Jacobs, her cousin. The remains of Ben E. Jacobs, who shot and killed Miss Mamie Jacobs and then killed himself, were carried to San Antonio for burial.

Another Diphtheria Case.

Corpus Christi, Oct. 11.—Dr. T. A. Miller reports another case of diphtheria, the patient being Annie Louise McCurdy, aged 8 years on West Collins street. The case has been isolated and all precautions taken to prevent this disease spreading. The case of Mr. A. B. Hooper's child is reported more favorable.

Dewey Off for Vermont.

Washington, Oct. 10.—Admiral Dewey and party of friends left here for Vermont, where the admiral is to be the guest of Dr. Seward Webb. The party included, in addition to the admiral, his aides, Lieutenants Caldwell and Brunby, Dr. Webb, Governor Smith of Vermont and the admiral's son and his Chinese servant.

Forty Persons Drowned.

London, Oct. 11.—Forty persons are reported as drowned according to a dispatch from Naples, by floods following severe rains in the province of Salerno. A number of small villages and factories have been destroyed. Troops have been sent to the relief of the inhabitants.

Killed in a Wreck.

Birmingham, Ala., Oct. 11.—News reached here from Winetta of the killing of three negroes and the probable fatal injury of one by the wreck of a freight train on the Louisville and Nashville road.

At Allahabad is a magnificent mausoleum surrounded by three marble domes, wherein Jehangir, the ancient governor of the country, and his two sons sleep their last sleep. For years this tomb has been deserted and abandoned, but recently some English officers of the Allahabad garrison conceived the idea of turning it into a billiard saloon, and accordingly had the interior decorated and lighted by electricity, and installed a splendid billiard table. Soon the remains of poor Jehangir will tremble with fright at the joyous shouts of laughter which disturb their repose.—(Geneva La Suisse.)

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Some folks are as changeable as a 15 bill.

An Offer Declined.
"Now, Mr. Deety," coldly said the handsome young widow who was doing her own marketing, "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer upon me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again, and am, therefore, compelled to refuse the offer of your hand."
"But-but-but," stammered the astonished butler, "I have never offered you my hand, and—ah—"
"Then why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the meat, sir?"—(Spare Momen.)

A Very Good Reason.

Nipples—Why does Witticus enjoy drinking in his own jokes so much? Gripps—Because they nearly all have a whisly flavor.

Tr—day's straight rule may be warped to-morrow.

There are a great number of popular fallacies.

THE ills of women overshadow their whole lives. Some women are constantly getting medical treatment and are never well. "A woman best understands women's ills," and the women who consult Mrs. Pinkham find in her counsel practical assistance. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

MRS. MABEL GOOT, Correctionville, Ia., tells how Mrs. Pinkham saved her life. She says:

"I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me. I can recommend it as one of the best medicines on earth for all women's ills. I suffered for two years with female weakness and at last became bedfast. Three of our best doctors did me no good so I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do all my household work. I know that your medicine raised me from a bed of sickness and perhaps death, and am very thankful for what it has done for me. I hope that every suffering woman may be persuaded to try your medicine."

Get Mrs. Pinkham's advice as soon as you begin to be puzzled. The sick headaches and dragging sensation come from a curable cause. Write for help as soon as they appear.

MRS. DOLE STANLEY, Campbellsburg, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was troubled with sick headaches and was so weak and nervous, I could hardly go. A friend called upon me one evening and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying that she knew that it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine and after taking five bottles of it, I was entirely cured. I cannot praise it enough."



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John M. Smith & Co.
MAMMOTH
MAIL ORDER
HOUSE
150-152-154
156-158-160
162-164-166
W. MADISON ST.
CHICAGO.

In Time of Sunshine
Prepare for Rain.

Our Facilities are such that we are enabled to quote prices that always interest economical buyers. Our goods are the trust-worthy kind that always give satisfaction. Our values are the unapproachable kind that never can be reached elsewhere.

\$3.45

OUR MAMMOTH CATALOGUE
In which is listed at lowest wholesale prices everything to eat, wear and use, is furnished on receipt of only 10c. to partly pay postage or expressage, and as evidence of good faith—the 10c. is allowed on first purchase amounting to \$1.00 or above.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Caracarets
PATENTS R. S. A. H. LACEY, Patent Attorney, Washington, D.C.
LADY OR MAN
PENSIONS Get your Pension DOUBLE QUICK
Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1425 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D.C.
Agents Wanted You can earn \$50 per month handling our Pension Cards and Forms. Write for terms C. R. Anderson & Co. 112 E. 10th St. St. Paul, Minn.
It affords with Thompson's Eye Water
M. A. Co., Dallas, (3) W. N. U. 25, 1899
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

LOCAL.

Sheriff Stewart departed Wednesday night for California on official business.

There are good prospects at present for securing a pastor for St. Edwards Catholic church.

The El Paso papers appear to at last, after changing owners several times, settled down to white winged peace. Sunrise Yeast gives best results. Free samples at Leek's.

Nib Jones moved his house from the draw some three miles west to Spencer dam this week, where he has homesteaded 160 acres.

Twelve to fifteen cents per head is the cost of using Pasteur Blackleg or Blacklegine which is Pasteur Vaccine prepared ready for use from Eddy Drug Co.

A catapillar down the back going in between the shirt collar and neck creates a creeping sensation, but that seems to be about the only place a catapillar loves to dwell.

The happiest couple in this land of promise is Maynard Sharpe and wife, it is twins—a fine cellar filled with big red apples and a well built eastern ready and waiting for the heavens to open.

The saying: "You scratch my back and I scratch yours," has been parodied in Carlsbad lately by: "You brush the catapillars off me and I brush them off you." It is more necessary you know.

Walter Cole, for several years one of the big cattlemen of the Seven Rivers country, came back Thursday morning from Ida, Texas, where he has resided for two years on a 2500 acre farm. Walter has some interests here still which he is looking after.

D. W. Gerhart last week butchered a heifer which dressed 675 pounds and will kill several yearlings which have lived on alfalfa since they were weaned. They are very fine and Dave thinks he can supply meat to suit the taste of the most fastidious.

Deputy John Stewart went to Roswell Thursday to bring Chas. Ware back to jail, none of the thieves having been tried at the term of court just closed in Roswell where they were taken on a change of venue from this county. Dan Johnson skipped his bond, and Sam Morrow is out on bond so only one of the four caught near Alamogordo is a prisoner at present.

Mr. H. H. Beasing last Wednesday set the monument provided by the Woodmen of the World for their deceased brother Jas. H. Carpenter and the unveiling ceremonies will be held some day in the near future. Mr. Beasing performed an excellent piece of work in the setting of the monument which should be seen to be appreciated. The grave is now marked by the finest stone in the whole cemetery.

Mr. P. W. Hunt, of Ft. Worth, Tex., representing the Pasteur Vaccine Co. of Chicago, was in the valley this week introducing this preventative of black leg. The new process consists of running a needle containing several threads, which have been soaked in the preparation, through the under side of the animals' tail, then cutting off the string of threads. A person can vaccinate about 500 per day in this way. Cattle rarely die treated in this manner with the vaccine. Mr. Hunt has arranged with the Eddy Drug Co. to handle the vaccine and John McEwan will tell you all about it if you call, or will furnish pamphlets on application descriptive of the treatment.

After going down 752 feet on Green Vineyard stock farm the well drillers have abandoned the idea of reaching the much coveted artesian water. About 100 feet of pure salt was penetrated and when the hole was abandoned there seemed to be no end to salt. The driller Mr. Eliza White is on a deal with the citizens and trustees of Carlsbad to sink a well near the Dark Canon wells in hopes of striking an artesian flow. There could be no better use made of a little of the surplus funds of the town than to experiment for water in a location where there is good hopes of securing it. The Green Vineyard location never was endorsed by experts and the Dark Canon site has been.

Haskell Jones father of the eight Jones brothers of Lucky Arroya was in town Tuesday. Mr. Jones came to this country 32 years ago from Denver having emigrated from Virginia to Colorado in 1857. Of his family of nine boys all but one James, were born in the west. Tom who is now about thirty is a native of old Lincoln county and Bruce is the first white child born in what is now Eddy county. Bruce first saw light on the W T ranch near Blue spring some eighteen miles south of town. Mr. Jones, despite his three score and ten years is hale and hearty and has less gray hair than many men of forty. He has certainly contributed his share in developing and populating this country. Considering that schools and churches were unknown while his family of boys were growing up, he is to be congratulated on having as responsible and reliable a set of young men as he has.

Charley Taylor's Death.

Last Tuesday evening while at a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Teepie, Charley Taylor was stricken, with congestion of the brain and died Thursday morning at 3 o'clock. Charley had not been feeling well for some time but was up and around. He was stricken while at the supper table and fell over forward, going into an unconscious state from which he never revived. The funeral was held from the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Goetz at 2 o'clock, the remains being taken to Grace church where Rector Matthews held the Episcopal services. Charley was twenty-four years of age and a very companionable young man having hosts of friends. He came here five years ago from England with E. McQueen Gray and has been employed at various kinds of labor in farm, dairy and beet sugar industries since.

James Christopher, Fred Buttler and Sam Cornett went up to Cottonwood Spring west of Stegman last week and downed five or six fine antelope.

The saloons in Las Cruces have received Sunday closing orders from Judge Leland, who is temporarily presiding there. As Judge Leland is permanent judge of this district we may look for some such order shortly for this county.

Attention is directed to the new livery advertisement of G. W. McBiles. George is one of the old residents of the town coming here in 1890 and has been engaged in breaking and training horses, moving houses, etc., for years. His many friends will be pleased to know he has engaged in business permanently for himself. He has in his employ that expert stable porter, Mr. James Penson, who is too well known as a careful and courteous assistant to require extended notice.

Mrs. Ada Chambers of Cripple Creek whose husband, Dr. W. G. Chambers, is the medical attendant of some 600 miners in and around Cripple Creek, yesterday purchased the McLenathen home in La Huerta, formerly the Dolan place. Mrs. Chambers is accompanied by her father, Mr. Chamberlain, of Grand Junction, Colo., and infant son. Dr. Chambers found the elevation at Cripple Creek too great for his wife and was therefore compelled to find a lower situation and has selected Carlsbad and La Huerta as his future home. Mr. McLenathen also found that Mrs. McLenathen's health was better at the sea coast and will therefore transfer his home to some coast point but will still hold his business interests here and remain here himself most of the time.

A Dead Fugitive.

Sheriff Bleylock, of Greer county, Texas, passed through Monday morning with the body of Norman Newman, a fugitive from justice whom the sheriff had followed since July 1. Newman murdered his partner in November of last year in Greer county while returning from town where they had sold a load of produce. He escaped from jail where Sheriff Bleylock's son was in charge as jailer. Sheriff Bleylock stated to John Cantrell (who knew him years ago in Fort Worth) that he had been three months on the trail of Newman and had followed him all over the thinly populated country of north Texas and New Mexico, finally locating him near Las Cruces. The sheriff secured the services of Pat Garrett and his deputy, Jose Espalin, and drove from Las Cruces to the ranch of W. W. Cox 25 miles east of Las Cruces.

Garrett and Espalin found Newman in the kitchen washing dishes and undertook to make the arrest. Newman resisted and fought both officers all over the kitchen and out through a French window onto the porch, after being knocked down several times and losing the greater portion of his clothing which, by the way, was the clothing of the man he had murdered. He finally escaped back into the house, both officers hot in pursuit. But his plans to get his gun were cut short when Espalin pulled his six-shooter, firing twice and killing him instantly. The coroner's inquest which was held exonerated the officers from all blame. The body was embalmed and taken by the sheriff back to the scene of the crime who, at an expense of \$400 and about 100 days hard riding and hunting will turn the remains over to clear himself of the blame incident to allowing the prisoner to escape.

E. A. Cunningham of Mogollon is in Raton looking after the interests of his friend, Wm. H. McGinnis, who is now on trial for his life, charged with the murder of Sheriff Ed Farr and H. M. Love, near Cimarron, July 16. Mr. Cunningham says that McGinnis is well known and very popular among the cowboys and miners of the Mogollon district, and that they all chipped in a few dollars each to help pay costs in his defense.—Raton Reporter.

Cattle and yearlings are now susceptible to blackleg. It can be prevented by Pasteur Vaccine the great black leg preventative which has been used successfully on millions of cattle in Europe and America. Get pamphlet of particulars and testimony from Eddy Drug Co.

THE
Parlor Saloon,
Conway & Camp,
Proprietors.

LAWRENCEBURG, Anderson Co., Ky., 1894.
TO THE TRADE:
My brand was selected for use at U. S. Marine Hospital at Washington, D. C., after being analyzed by the eminent chemist, W. M. Mew, over eighty seven samples of the leading brands of Kentucky, Maryland and Pennsylvania. It should be borne in mind that in this department of the government service the sample appear in plain bottles, without marks of any kind, and the selection of the Seagram Whisky two years, '94 and '95, on its merits, over such a large number of prominent brands is a record that few distillers can show. The water used for the manufacture of this whisky is from the noted Boiling Spring in Anderson county, Ky., which stands at a temperature of 56 degrees the year round, with a supply inexhaustible. This water is at all times clear. I will further state that I have never had a single barrel returned.
Very Respectfully,
J. S. SEAGRY.

Eddy Drug Co's.

Jewelry Department carries a full line of watches, clocks, chains, rings, charms, souvenir spoons, etc. All watch repairing guaranteed and eyes examined free of charge by an experienced optician.

Eddy Drug Co.

Agent for Pasteur Blackleg Vaccine.

Windmills!

Eclipse and Star.

Well Casing and Piping.

Tin and Galvanized

... Iron Work.

Galvanized Iron Cisterns built to order.

Give us a call and get our prices.

Tracy & McEwan.

Ball Game Postponed.

The ball game between the Military Institute team and the Carlsbad juniors was postponed from today until next Saturday, Oct. 31, when Col. Meadors and staff and the whole military school will visit Carlsbad. The event promises to be one of great importance as the following from Lieut. Martini indicates:

ROSWELL, OCT. 11, 1899.
MY DEAR MULLANE:
We are coming to take your town by storm next Saturday. By "we" I mean our base ball team, the whole corps of cadets, Mr. and Mrs. Meadors, instructors, some people of Roswell, etc. Our special will leave Roswell at 7 a. m., local time and reach Carlsbad about ten o'clock. We expect to give a street parade and a military drill between 10:30 and 11:30 a. m. The baseball game will be played in the afternoon and we will leave Carlsbad some time Saturday night; this will depend on what Carlsbad is able to do to entertain our boys in the evening. The colors of the institute are black and red—adorn yourselves with them.
Yours truly,
L. MARTINI MARCINI.

Mrs. S. E. Lavery received a telegram yesterday announcing the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Judge Strawn, at Palo Pinto, Texas. Miss Lula Lavery left yesterday to attend the funeral.

Rev. J. D. Hammons departed Thursday evening for his new field of labor, Alpine and Marfa. Rev. Hammons was a very popular pastor and during his short stay here made many friends.

Sunrise Yeast makes the lightest bread. Call at Leek's for free sample.

M. P. Kerr has made a deal whereby he will part with a portion of a valuable copper mine near Alamogordo. A company has been formed to develop and work the property. The mine was purchased at \$15,000 and the owners expect to make it one of the greatest producers in the west.

Hillside Dairy Farm,
F. E. BRYANT,
Proprietor.
Fresh Cream, Milk and Butter Delivered to All Parts of the City.
Special Cows for Invalids and Children.
COWS FROM OUR REGISTERED HERD OF JERSEY CATTLE FOR SALE AT ALL TIMES.
INSPECTION INVITED.

McGinnis Convicted.

The Jury Decided That He Killed Sheriff Farr of Colorado.

At Raton Saturday evening the jury after deliberating three hours, found a verdict of guilty in the case of William H. McGinnis, charged with the murder of Sheriff Edward Farr, of Walsenburg, Colo. The testimony of James H. Morgan, one of the posse, was favorable to the defendant. Other members of the posse had testified that at the time of the attempt to arrest the robbers in Turkey canon the defendant McGinnis had a rifle in his hand, and immediately upon being ordered to surrender raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired in the direction of Farr, and that Farr fired simultaneously. Morgan's testimony conflicted with this. He said that at the moment the shots were fired McGinnis had no gun or rifle, and that he fell immediately upon the first fire of the posse. Miguel Lopez testified that Perfecto Cordova had told him after the fight with the robbers that McGinnis had no rifle when first seen by the posse. Cordova swore on the stand that McGinnis did have a rifle in his hand when first discovered.

The defendant then took the stand and said he was in Turkey canon July 16, 1899, in company with two other people, but refused to name them; that he was getting supper about 5:30 in the evening, and had started to a small creek about 50 yards from their camp to get some water carrying a canteen in his hand; that when he got about half way to the creek he heard the report of a gun and felt a pain in his shoulder, as if some one had struck him a heavy blow with a club; that immediately another shot was fired from the direction of Farr, which struck him in the back and brought him to the ground; that he tried to move, but could not; that he laid on the ground several minutes, unable to move; that all the time there was a perfect volley of shots fired in the direction of the camp; that he fainted away and knew nothing more of what took place until about dusk, when he regained consciousness and found one of his companions standing over him, asking him how badly he was hurt.

This man he afterwards admitted to be Franks. He stated that he and Franks then went to where Sam Ketchum had fallen in the rocks some distance away, and there they found Ketchum so badly wounded that he was unable to mount his horse.

After some conversation with Ketchum, Franks and McGinnis decided to leave Ketchum and seek safety in flight. On cross-examination defendant refused to answer many questions asked by the prosecution. All questions relating to his former life, his acquaintance with the "Black Jack" gang, he refused absolutely to reply to, and would only answer relating to the fight in which Farr was killed. When questioned about the train robbery at Folsom he refused to answer. When counsel for the territory attempted to compel McGinnis to answer these questions, McGinnis addressed the court saying:

"If the court please, I am here on trial for murder. I understand there are other charges against me, for train robbery and for murder. I have been put on trial without any chance of procuring many of my witnesses. I have no way to protect my self, and I positively refuse to answer any questions except those asked me concerning this fight, and I will not under any circumstances answer any other questions."—New Mexican.

McGinnis Sentenced for Life.

Deputy Sheriff Hill and two assistants last evening brought W. H. McGinnis, the train robber, and Ramon Chacon from Raton to the penitentiary. McGinnis was convicted of murder in the second degree, at Raton and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Chacon was found guilty of murder in the third degree and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. The deputy sheriffs returned home last evening.—New Mexican.

Hon. Sol Luna, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Max Luna, returned from San Francisco last night. A week ago last Friday they said good-bye to Lieut. Max, whom they saw last waving farewell from the deck of the transport Columbia, as the good ship steamed out of San Francisco harbor bound for the Philippines.—New Mexican.

Unlucky San Marcial.

The rumor that San Marcial would lose the railway shops, received the official approval of the Santa Fe management Thursday, and before the day was over the work of shipping material to Albuquerque was under way.

A few of the employees are already on the retired list, and from now on until the last of October, the force will be cut till only thirty seven men out of the total 126 will be left to tell the tale of San Marcial's past glory and future gloomy prospects. Six coal cars, one engine, and three engines now on hand will receive the necessary repairs and then the order of dismissal will be in full force, and only a sufficient number of mechanics will remain to attend to emergency repairs. The work that has been carried on here will in future be done at the Albuquerque shops, and a few of the discharged men may find employment there; but no pledge of this character has been given, so that the 80 discharged men will have to spread out and seek new jobs. This misfortune to San Marcial is bad

S. T. Bitting, Banker.

3 doors below Hotel Schulte.
CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.
A General Banking Business Done.
Exchange Furnished to Customers Free of Charge.

Wm. Stone

General Meat Market.

All kinds of meat products constantly on hand.

enough in itself, but the sure thing story of what is to follow—the transfer of the divisional headquarters to Rincon—will give the finishing touches to the town as a commercial center of any importance.

At first glance it looks as if the town has been harshly treated by the railway company, particularly as the blow fell almost without warning; but a sensible person will admit the right of the Santa Fe people to manage their business in their own way, and see in this movement only the carrying out of a policy of concentration that is being followed by all the big railway concerns in the country.

Many of the hard-working and industrious mechanics which were let out, own their own homes here, and a few of them have payments falling due thereon. These people will be the greatest sufferers by the change, for property will neither sell nor rent. The business men fully realize the position in which they find themselves, and some have already countermanded large eastern orders for goods.

From any standpoint in which the situation is viewed, no bright lining can be observed in the dark cloud; but before the dawning of the new year the situation will be fully understood by many, and plans laid to hug the advantages of other towns whose future does not entirely depend upon the fluctuating plans of railway corporations.—San Marcial Bee.

For Sale.

Twenty-five French Merino bucks, for cash or exchange for ewes.
G. SHULTZ,
Ranch Lake Avalon, postoffice Carlsbad, N. M.

SISTERS SCHOOL...
The Sisters of Mercy of Stanton, Tex., will open their school the first Monday in September.
Monthly Rates:
Tuition and board, \$12.00
Washing, 1.00
Music, 5.00
Address: Sister Superior, Mercy Convent, STANTON, TEXAS.

J. C. Lorton
Harness and Saddlery.
Hand Made Harness and Repair Work.
AT BITTING

THE FORAY OF THE HENDRIK HUDSON

BY FRANK MACKENZIE SAVILE.
(KARL LELAND)

A TALE OF 84.

(Copyright, 1905, by F. M. Savile.)

"Now, my good Arthur," answered Desmond solemnly, "don't you think I may know my own business as well as you do? Get this man comfortably into a private ward, and then, but not before, you shall hear all there is to hear. What's the good of arguing about things you don't understand in the least?"

Barr shrugged his shoulders and dropped further discussion. In silence he touched the bell. Back came the two attendants and received their further orders. Desmond added a guttural word or two to the patient, and all three retired stairward. The Finn continued to wave his hand excitedly toward his benefactor as he withdrew upward, and the flow of his grateful words died slowly into the emptiness of the passages. A door shut in the distance. The last echoes of his chattering were still.

Then Barr turned again to his friend. "Now perhaps," said he, "you'll be kind enough to explain yourself. What has this hopeless imbecile been stuffing you with?"

The other looked at him with an air of compassion. He nipped the end of his cigar and spat a shred of leaf into the grate before him, answered, and then turned himself comfortably into the recesses of his armchair.

"What an old, fat-headed, narrow-minded customer you are, Arthur," he began cheerfully. "Ever been out of England yet? No; now I come to think of it, you never have. Well, we'll right all that presently. However, here goes for the romance, if you like to think it so. I swear to you it's gospel truth. I feel it in my bones. The chap couldn't have possibly imagined the thing. Besides, I've heard myself—but that's neither here nor there."

Barr shoved forward the other easy chair and reached for a cigarette. "Well, I'll hear you," he said, "but draw it mild if it's particularly sensational. The practice of medicine doesn't induce a high level of receptivity for the marvelous. Trot out your lie. I'll reserve judgment till afterward."

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE TALE OUT OF THE NORTH. Desmond looked at his friend for a moment without speaking, puffing great clouds of smoke as he sought a clothing of suitable words for his revelation. Then as the marvels of it swelled in his memory he dashed into it incontinent, forbearing oratory.

"By gum, Arthur, it is a great game! The fellow's name's Lars—Lars Pladja. What d'you think of that? Picturesque and pretty original in London, eh? He comes from Skelligen, a village in the district—banged if I remember the district, but it's somewhere in northwest Finland and on the seaboard. There'll be time enough to find out the geographical details. Shortly, his story is this:

"He's a woodman, or rather was when he was at home. He was employed on the estate of a magnate of sorts. I've forgotten his name, too, but it doesn't signify. At any rate, his employer got into some mess with the government and doesn't inhabit his ancestral halls. The government runs the concern on confiscation principles in the old chap's absence.

"This man Pladja spends his time in the forests. Goes for days together among the pines and doesn't see a soul. How he's got to England he has only the ghostliest notion of. Thinks when he was imbecile."

"Oh, he knows he's been dotty, then?" interrupted Barr. "That's a fairly healthy sign at least."

"He knows right enough, but he's as sane as you or I now. Well, he thinks when he was in that state that he wandered on board some ship in Ulenborg, stowed away and got fired out in the port of London. He has some sort of misty reminiscence of being knocked about by a cross-eyed scoundrel on board, but can't remember much. He's got here somehow, that's the main point."

"That certainly seems the main point up to now," agreed Barr.

"Don't interrupt. Now enters the villain of the piece. It seems he married his wife in the face of strong opposition from her people—venanted with her, in fact. Her brother, who seems to have been a particularly atrocious sort of scoundrel, never forgave him. The young woman was fair to look upon, and this deadly brute had hoped to make a bit by offering her to the highest bidder."

"There seems sound commercial fact in that," quoth Barr, "but I speak as a fool on feminine subjects."

"You do. Dry up. Our friend queer-ed this pitch entirely, and his poisonous snake of a brother-in-law never forgave him. Nothing happened for a time, but the other was on the watch. Now we insert the blue lights for the semitransparent touch."

"One day Pladja was eating his grub beside a forest brook—or rather channel, for it was a drought summer—when in one of the pools he sees a metal rod sticking up among the pebbles and sand."

Barr stretched out his legs and guffawed. "Bless your heart, Billy, the beggar's stolen it out of the Arabian Nights! How much for this priceless information?"

"Nothing, you ass. Besides, the beggar can't read. Shut up and let me finish. He sees, as I say, a metal rod and pulls at it."

paying no attention to this sarcasm, "and up it comes. He finds it's soft metal and of a dull color, but in pulling at it the bends and cracks upon it showed bright. In point of fact it's gold."

"What else?" queried Barr softly. "I could have sworn it."

"At this," went on Desmond excitedly, "he paddled into the water and began to dig and delve for all he was worth. In a minute or two up came a cup and a little later a necklace. Then, as luck would have it, a cloudburst and thunderstorm came on, down came a deluge, and before he knew what was what the torrent was roaring away ten feet deep."

"The laws of nature are imperious," said Barr. "Water must find its level."

"Well, that didn't put him out at all, because he knew that he could return when the storm was over and scoop in the remainder. He buried the cup and necklace, not wishing to excite suspicion by bursting too much treasure on the community all at once, but the scepter—for that's what it undoubtedly was, by his description—he cut up into little bits and took home. He sold it lump by lump to a money lender, and this old fool let the cat out of the bag."

"So it came to the brother-in-law's ears that his sister's husband had got something worth selling. He came down like a carload of brick. He demanded his share, and our friend very naturally told him to go to the devil. Then this stupendous villain began his tricks."

"It's 'All Baba and the Forty Thieves,' Billy," said Barr stolidly. "You can't get away from it."

"Humph! This was the way of it: The fellow in charge of the Skelligen estates was apparently just such another brute. He was a relation of the former owner, as far as I can make out. As he was by no means a person

grate to the intelligent peasantry, he had a lieutenant and a couple of dozen soldiers to look after him. These two beauties went to the officer and trumped up some sort of charge against the unfortunate Lars and got him shoved into jail. What they did to him there Lord only knows, but some utter devil-fishness, for there seems no doubt it was there he went off his head."

"Humph!" said Barr unbelievably. "The question is, Was he ever on it?"

"He can't give any detailed account of the matter. All he remembers is that his wife was mixed up in it. It was on seeing her in their hands that something cracked inside him—as he describes it—and he was endowed with the strength of ten. Somehow or other he must have hewed his way out, for the next thing he remembers he and his wife were outside in the forest. After a bit his wife couldn't move any more. He realizes now that she must have died then, but he says he didn't at the time. Directly after that he was alone and tearing through the forest. He must have visited and unearthed his buried treasure in some sort of instinctive way, just as a dog scratches up its bones, for when he was on the ship he found the necklet round his neck."

"Query: Is it the same necklet?" quoth Barr. "Where is it, my most credulous young friend?"

Desmond thrust his hand into his pocket and hung a string of amber beads upon the table. "There you are, my unbelieving Thomas. Now let me go on." And he resumed his tale as Barr examined the gold linked circle.

"He thinks there were a lot of wolves in the forest, and that he played with them and laughed to them from the tree tops, but that may well be a bit of imagination, as you suggest. But that doesn't matter as far as the rest of the story's concerned."

"Hang it, Billy," remonstrated Barr, "don't gag at a wolf or two after swallowing a buried hoard! Let's have the wolves by all means. Most effective touch."

"All right. Grit if you like. You won't put me off it. Now he's in the wildest sort of state at finding I understand him, and he's begged me by all I hold sacred to take him back to his home and give him a chance to see his desire upon his enemies. I told him he was a fool for his pains to wander back to a place where, as sure as eggs are eggs, he'd only be clapped in prison again, and probably a worse thing than before come upon him. But it's no use. It wasn't at first by any means that he let on about this—only as a means of bribing me to take him along. He'd spent himself first in explaining his tale of woe without any allusion to this treasure trove. Now, seriously, what d'you think?"

"I think very seriously indeed," answered Barr. "For I perceive that you and he are lunatics who differ only in degree. Probably in some of his sailor wanderings he picked up this old necklet somehow—perhaps honestly, per-

haps not—and evolved the remainder out of a whisky or vodka heated imagination. But I know you well enough to be perfectly aware that what you call your mind is already made up, and that you mean sailing up to Skelligen or whatever the outlandish place may be—to die after this fantastic phantasm of a lunatic's brain. So be it. It'll be a jump anyway. I shall perhaps prevent your getting into the most disastrous kind of scrape, so I'll come. But, O Lord, the blatant absurdity of the business!"

"Well, there you're talking wild, old man," said Desmond, getting up and straddling across the hearth rug. "This isn't the first time by many that I've heard of viking treasure being buried up north. If you come to think of it and consider how those old customers were always sailing south, it's a wonder that more of the stuff hasn't come down the centuries. In my opinion, there's more of it buried than has ever been found."

"That, I should think, is excessively probable," said Barr dryly. "So why go paddling after it in a mountain torrent? Much better form a syndicate of exploration and discovery and send other fools. The Russian government will let you have a concession of all Finland probably for a couple of fivers. What on earth should bring scepters and necklets into the bed of a stream?"

"That's the convincing thing about it," said Desmond. "If the beggar had only come with a tale of buried treasure, I might have thought with you. But, my boy, it isn't likely he would imagine the stream incident. It's a trifle too improbable unless you consider other testimony. It's just here that history backs him up. It's well known that the old vikings used to bury their special chiefs by turning aside the course of a stream, putting the corpse in a hole in the bed of it and then turning on the tap again. What they did for their chiefs you may be a very considerable part of your income they did for their worldly goods. Gold's more valuable than even herold's carillon. Anyway, I'm going to have a look, see? And you're coming along to call fair. Place the Domini, or must I use force?"

Barr yawned aggressively and looked upon his friend with contemptuous pity. "You always were an enthusiastically dogged ass, Billy," he began, "and I s'pose you always will be till you get a good fall. Yes, I'm coming, but if you think—"

Desmond caught him by the elbow and twisted him out of his chair. "There, Arthur, that's quite enough. That'll suffice to relieve your conscience. Come along with me to the club, and then we'll see what sport the town affords. If you preached till doomsday, you wouldn't turn me, so drop it."

He reached his hand over to a peg, lifted down a hat and dumped it on the other's head. Throwing him and his exportations before him, he drove him from the room. The sound of the wordy warfare grew thinner down the passages. The great doors of the hospital swung to. Their attendants finally lost themselves in the swirl of the London traffic. This was the forty conceived and begun.

CHAPTER III.

CENTRALISAND OF WAIL.

A glassy shimen lay upon the face of the waters, dimmed and shivered now and again by little catpaws of the land. The white wings of the Hendrik Hudson were spread, but as often as not flapped idly against the mast when the breeze died, rose and died again. Over the murews of the sound lay a haze, shimmering in the April sun. The white cottages of Vaadbeek and other longshore villages nestled into the green of the beech woods, showing splotchily against the glare. It was a perfect day in a perfect Scandinavian spring.

Barr rolled, stretched himself and then sank luxuriously back into his chair among the cushions. His face expressed a beatitude of content. His cigar smoke curled him like a luscious halo. His yawn concentrated into its expansiveness the languorous delights of seven days of uninterrupted idleness. He blushed upon the Danish shores with a placid sense of proprietorship in their beauties as by right of discovery. He was soaked and surfeited in a warm bath of sun breeze and sunshine. His blood ran within him as wine.

To him entered Desmond from the companionway. A businesslike air and the importance of command lay thick upon him. He barked his orders with no uncertain sound, and the whir of the wheel spokes followed swift upon his words. Before a sudden gust the prow crept round to starboard. The yacht began to nose inland to where Copenhagen showed dim in the mantle of the boat haze, girl with the forest of her shipping.

Barr raised his eyebrows. "Going in, old man?" he queried.

Desmond nodded. "Yes; going to call for an hour."

"You said you shouldn't stop short of Ulenborg. Why this waywardness?" Desmond shrugged his shoulders. "There were all these rumors of war before we came out. Best to hear what's happened, if I can. I couldn't make out what those men meant that we sailed just now. Something about Russia. If we're going to shove our heads into the bear's jaws, we may as well know how we stand."

Barr growled loudly. "If that isn't my luck exactly! Here am I on my first real holiday for two years, and then the blighted emperor of Russia must step in to spoil the whole show. I should have thought my little egg basket might have been spilt without plunging the nations into war. But, no; my luck is the kind that impresses itself upon you with stupendous and carefully thought-out cataclysms. With

any ordinary folk it would have been measles, or a broken arm, or, at most, a shipwreck. With me it's either drop the whole business or a probable five years of a Russian fortress, or, mayhap, a bullet. Well, well, man's born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. I'm sorry my eternal destiny has dragged you into its baneful orbit, Billy."

Desmond laughed and filled his pipe. "All's experience, my boy, even the inside of a Russian prison. Not that I think it'll come to that. We needn't make our mean till we hear more certainly. Curl yourself up again and snore peacefully. I'll wake you when we clear for action."

They drifted slowly along, the two knot snuffing faintly irregularly upon their canvas, and passed into the channel that runs between the island and the blunt spit of land upon which the Danish capital stands. As the chain rattled in the hawse pipe the dingy took the water and Desmond was set ashore. Barr returned happily to his slumbers.

Two hours later he was awakened by the sound of his friend's voice and by the din of the anchor coming home. He was aware as he blinking surveyed his surroundings that the yacht was under weigh again and was creeping out of harbor. She was heading for the Swedish coast. Desmond had returned to his chair and to his eternal pipe, which he was methodically stuffing with birdseye. The grin that usually lurked on his ingenious countenance was lacking. He seemed to be considering something with absolute seriousness and concern. This phenomenon was so entirely foreign to his temperament and customs that Barr sat up to regard him with anxiety.

"How now, Billy?" he questioned. "For goodness' sake, what's up?"

Desmond blew a cloud at him. "Nothing at present. Everything, probably, in the near future. Victoria, queen of Great Britain, and Napoleon, emperor of the French, have conjointly espoused the cause of Turkey. They have notified Nicholas, the Russian, that he is to quit pounding the sons of Islam. Most unjustifiably and unaccountably they have failed to consult me. A rumour must needs ensue. The question is, What about us and our little game?"

"Is war an absolute certainty?"

"Nothing's a certainty, my boy, but the odds are a thousand to one on Nicholas. Is not the man to take that sort of thing sitting down. 'How can I say, old man? I risk nothing but my very inconsiderable self. You risk your ship and crew. Certainly it's for you to decide.'"

"They seem to think our fleet's coming up here, too," mused Desmond. "It would be ripping to see the turn up. Besides, why should an absurd rumor put us from our purpose? Anyway, we've got to decide within ten minutes. When we're opposite Malmö, we must either swing port for home or starboard for the Baltic. Now, which is it to be?"

"In yours to command in peace or war," said Barr. "I don't mind owing that, from a strictly personal point of view, I'm for continuing. The joy and mystery of the quest were just beginning to filter into my veins. But, as I said before, I have no responsibility to brake my opinion. It runs unweighted. Do just what you think best."

Desmond puckered his brows. "I'm hanged if I know what to do. I want to go on, of course, and so do you. But the question is, Are we justified in risking crew and ship?"

"If our fleet's to come up here, these waters will be as safe for us in a week or two as the English channel. The Russ hasn't a faintest chance of sticking up to them. But why don't you consult Jones and one or two of the crew? Of course Pladja will want to go on all the more. He's got chances of endless gore and revenge upon the oppressor. But our men ought to have a say in the matter."

The amateur commanding officer flamed out in Desmond in a moment. "Nonsense!" he snapped. "It's an end of all discipline if you cry to your naval vet nurse every time you want to make a decision. I have it. We'll toss for it." He produced a florin from the depths of his trousers pocket. "You call," he said tersely to Barr, and



"Is war an absolute certainty?"

the coin twinkled high into the air. It fell on the spotless decks and rolled in slow circles toward the scupperns. The fate of the foray hung upon a single word.

"Heads!" called Barr, and they both sprang from their chairs and rushed to where the spiral silver disk glittered in the sun. The graven similitude of England's queen stared up at them. Then as Desmond slapped it home again into his pocket, for some reason of instinct rather than of intention, the two men grasped each other's hand. They were no longer merely the pals of a yachting expedition, but captain and lieutenant respectively of a buccanting foray. At least so went the trend of their innermost souls.

Barr broke the silence. "Well, that's a weight off my mind," said he. "Oh, I was in a horrid funk. It would be against us. My stars, how ripping and medicinal I feel! Where's our skoll and crossbones? Why wasn't I christened Drake or at least Hawkins? To singe the emperor of Russia's beard, don't you know, or words to that effect. See the headlines in the papers, old boy! First Blood to Britain. Daring Raid by Private Yacht. The Sea Dogs of England Loose Again! Eh, old man? Does that make your sluggish pulses stir?"

Desmond had recovered his everlasting smile, but he grunted deprecatingly before he replied.

"Umph!" said he. "It's much more likely to be: 'Destruction of Private Yacht in the Baltic. Capture of the Crew. All the Prisoners Sent to the Salt Mines.' However, we've decided; so that's the end of it. We aren't at all necessarily going to encounter a Russian man-of-war. They'll be snug inside Cronstadt if they hear a whisper of our fleet coming up. There are no Turkish vessels up this way, so we can't be mixed up in any business till war is actually declared. It's when we get north that there may be trouble. That we'll leave considering till we meet it."

"It'll all depend if war's declared when we get to Skelligen," began Barr. "Of course, if it is and we're discovered, that's the end of it. We can't very well—"

"Can't! Can't!" exploded Desmond. "D'you suppose I'm a perfect fool? There are shotguns and rifles aboard enough to arm the crew. I'd like to see a rabble of Finland sorts stick between our men and what they want if we mean business. I mean going through with this, I can tell you."

"But, good Lord, Billy, you can't stand up to a regiment! Supposing there are soldiers about?"

"Time enough to suppose that when we get there. Now let's drop raising the ghost of every unpleasant possibility that could happen and enjoy ourselves while we may." And as Desmond gave vent to this very proper and inspiring sentiment Mezzies, the Scotch steward, announced luncheon. Leaving, therefore, forebodings for the practicalities of victual, they descended sideward with appetites in no degree impaired by the momentous issues they had been called on to decide.

When they got on deck an hour later, the wind had freshened. The waves were tipped with white, and the yacht was no longer sliding slowly before the breeze, but flying nine knots an hour past the point of Falsterbo. Her prow at last was heading north into the wide expanse of the Baltic.

As the day died down into the sunset the gale freshened, and night found them steering up into the great sea gulf under nearly bare poles, the surges thundering astern and sweeping them along a good 15 miles an hour.

So on through the night they fled and staid not. With the coming of dawn the wind began to drop, though still fresh, and they considered their dead reckoning, for they had held far to eastward for sea storm and land was entirely out of sight.

Jones calculated their position to be about 40 miles south of the island of Gotland. They had to decide whether to pass it east or west. East was no doubt safer. And in tempestuous weather safer. On the other hand, it brought them nearer the Russian coast and within reach of Russian cruisers.

Jones, the sailing master, thought fit to put in a judicious word. "In case of trouble, sir, inside Gotland would be most convenient."

That decided it. Desmond rounded on him with all the exasperation born of good and unbecoming advice.

"In case of trouble, Mr. Jones! Great heavens! What trouble?"

"Well, sir, they say—"

"Who say? And what?"

"Well, sir, it was hinted by a man on the quayside at Copenhagen to Murphy, the coxswain there, that war was imminent."

"War imminent!" stormed Desmond. "War's going on! We're not a Turkish gunboat, but an English yacht."

"No, sir, but they say that England and France—"

"Thank you, Mr. Jones. If we're to run this cruise according to the fat-headed imaginations of every dockside loafer who nips his secondhand opinions, I'll let you know. At present when I want advice I'll ask for it. Outside passage, please, Mr. Jones, and stand well out to eastward," delivering which command, with great show of imperious discipline, Desmond returned along the deck to his companion. He had a good deal of the air of a Cochon China who has had his feathers ruffled by an absurd disagreement with a hantam.

This again was the fate of the foray decided by a triviality, this time simply the officiousness of a well meaning and perfectly well advised old seaman.

All that day they swung along, meeting only a couple of merchantmen under Swedish colors and, as they drew nearer the Gotland coast, a country boat or two. The early dark was just beginning to fall as they sighted two vessels to starboard, one much nearer than the other and on to the Swedish coast.

As they drew near the first one the yacht showed English colors. In answer the stars and stripes crept up the stranger's flag halyards, and to the English hall came the reply:

"Jemina of New London, Bremen to Stockholm. Russian gunboat astern. Think war is declared with England. We have contraband."

Jones slapped his leg and shouted triumphantly. "That's the trouble I spoke of, sir."

"Well, Mr. Jones," snapped the exasperated Desmond, "what if it is? D'you think I'm to be stopped by a twopenny halfpenny Russian gunboat? If war is declared, I shall stop and take her."

"Excuse me, sir," said the skipper, with dignity. "You hold no commission to levy war. Neither I nor the men signed no combatants."

It is impossible to say what reply Mr. Jones' pusillanimity would have evolved. Desmond's mouth was agape with winged words, which in another moment would have been flitting euphorously round the skipper's head. At that moment a rending crash peened across the waters from the other ship. He wheeled about and looked toward

her and saw that disaster had befallen. Her deck was littered with splinters, cordage and flapping canvas. Her fore topmast had given under the press of sail. She lay a prey to the Russian as easily as a shot wild duck to a retriever.

Desmond swore aloud. "Well, my fine fellow, you've got to fight now. Being us alongside and let's hear the rights of the case."

Jones spread out his hands and began to stammer. "I must protest!"

Desmond rounded on him like a flash. "May I remind you that I have a beard of trade certificate and am master of this vessel? By gum, if you don't bring us alongside in two shakes of a dog's tail, I'll have you in irons for mutiny, you lily livered cook!"

They slid up to within three score fathoms of the other vessel. Mr. Jones' expressions were varied and peculiar and his glances astern numer-



"Well, my fine fellow, you've got to fight now."

ous. But Desmond was a very vivid actuality of unpleasantness beside him, while the Russian only loomed distantly astern. He gave in with a bad grace. It must be owned, but with a well considered weighing of the chances of immediate discomfort.

"Can we help?" bawled Desmond as they bobbed about. "Sh'll I send aboard?"

A red bearded, blue-eyed skipper came to the side and shouted back with melancholy gratitude: "Thanks many, mister. Too late, I'm afraid. She'll be on us in quarter of an hour. She called fathom for fathom with us before. We can't get repaired in time. But don't you get mixed up in our dust. Cut your lucky and show your heels."

"Let me take you off," suggested Desmond.

The other flushed a fine color and spat contemptuously into the sea.

"Not by no manner of means," he replied. "She's only a dispatch boat. Only one gun, not much better than a signaler. Let her board and chance it. We've got 40 cases of rifles and 30 tons of powder, so I shall let her. We're a couple of passengers, though—no scratched his head—but that's no good either. They'd see them and chase you and come back to us. I reckon they want them as much as the other. I'm going to let her, but don't you get into trouble."

Desmond squealed for joy. "If you're going in to win, I'll be entirely blighted if I don't stand by. I've got a signaler. Let me put six pounds of lead into her forefoot and surprise her weak nerves. She'll throw up the game if she sees we mean business."

"You ain't got a letter of marque, you see," said the merchant skipper, scratching his head for the second time. "and you don't know for certain that war's declared. You'll have to let her start, and then you can defend. But don't come no privatering tricks." And he returned to urging on his crew to their exertions with the deck litter, using a wealth of most polite invective.

Desmond massed his men aft, and, quelling intervention on the part of Jones with a fiery glance, he addressed them in patriot wise. He put the case before them with bluntness. Here was a good civilized American ship at the mercy of a score of half-tamed Tartars. Were they to leave her to be taken and her crew to rot in Russian prisons? Were they to become the talk of every dockside from the Tyne to the Liffey as the white haired lot who saw friends being pounded and sneaked out of the row? No! Perish the thought! He'd arms aboard, and all would do their duty as English seamen. Mr. Mezzies would supply applicants with a glass of grog all round. Then they'd stand by to whip any and all the interfering Russians ever whelped.

A wild cheer rose as he concluded, and a simultaneous rush was made to the steward's quarters, where teats of victory received full acknowledgment.

Then the little brass 6 pounder that had hitherto acted as ornament alone, save on foggy nights, was uncovered, sponged out and loaded. Rifles and shotguns were handed round and below the deadlights screwed in. With an air of impudent unconcern the little yacht bobbed about within 100 yards of her consort, waiting what should betide.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]