

10-7-1899

Carlsbad Current, 10-07-1899

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CARLSBAD CURRENT.

VOL. VII.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

NO. 48.

CARLSBAD SALOON

BARFIELD & CANTRELL, Proprietors.

WINES,
LIQUORS,
CIGARS,
CASE GOODS.

Lumber Yard.

A. N. PRATT, Prop'r.

Lumber,
Lath,
Shingles,
Doors,
Mouldings,
Pickets,
Sash, Etc.



ON AND AFTER OCT. 18

THE GREAT T. & P.

"SUNSET LIMITED,"

ONE OF THE

FINEST TRAINS IN THE
WORLD

WILL RUN SEMI-WEEKLY
EACH WAY TO

LOS ANGELES

SAN FRANCISCO,
ALSO TO

St. Louis & Chicago

VIA

TEXAS & PACIFIC RY.

Through Dallas and Ft. Worth.

THE FASTEST TIME EVER MADE.

A Palace on Wheels.

See nearest ticket agent for further
particulars.

E. P. TURNER, G. P. & T. A.,
DALLAS.

El Paso & Northeastern Railroad.

El Paso & Northeastern Railway.

Leaves Alamogordo 3:30 p. m.
Arrives El Paso 7:45 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, Grey,
and Salado coal fields.

Also connecting with Tularosa stage
line which leaves Alamogordo after
arrival of train at 11:30 a. m. Leaves
Tularosa at 10:30 a. m., via Luz at 12
m., making connection with the south
bound train.

A. S. GREGG,
Gen Supt & Tkt & Pass Agt
H. ALEXANDER, A. G. P. A.



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made strictly confidential. Address: MUNN & CO.,
351 Broadway, New York.

Live Territorial News.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Albuquerque Democrat.

The annual conference of the M. E. church, south, which has been in session in Albuquerque for several days past, completed its business yesterday.

After the reports of committees had been received and adopted Bishop Morrison announced the following appointments of pastors for the ensuing year:

El Paso district—E. F. Goodson, presiding elder.
El Paso station—J. T. French.
Hoswell—Arthur Marston.
Peeno—T. L. Lealanco.
Carlsbad—J. E. Sanders.
Alamo and Marfa—J. D. Hammons.
Penasco—R. H. Heiser.
White Oaks—T. L. Adams.
Alamogordo—Ed Leffertson.
Fort Davis—To be supplied by Geo. Ward.

Albuquerque district—Mark Hodgson, presiding elder.

Albuquerque—J. N. McClure.
Deming—J. M. Ray.
Gallup—E. Paultha.
San Miguel—Robert Hodgson.
Magdalena—Thomas Hodgson.
Las Cruces—G. C. Harris.
Gila River—W. S. Haggitt.
Carrizosa—M. L. Moody.
Watrons—To be supplied by W. D. Clayton.

C. V. Liles was transferred to the North Texas conference and T. F. Sessions to the W. Texas conference.

Rev. A. H. Sutherland and L. L. Gladney were granted locations. The former will engage in the insurance and book selling business, the latter in evangelistic work.

The conference was a successful one throughout.

Sheriff Stewart's Work.

The New Mexican of Saturday had the following:

Sheriff M. C. Stewart of Carlsbad, arrived in this city last night with three prisoners one of whom made an attempt to escape by jumping out of the car window. The prisoner was Ignacio Misfanes a 18 year old Mexican who was sentenced to two years in the pen for larceny of a mule, Thursday morning at a point near Hereford, while the train was going at the rate of 25 miles an hour, Misfanes jumped out of a window of a closet.

The sheriff soon missed the prisoner there was no bell rope in car and it was some time before he could communicate with the conductor elsewhere on the train. The officer finally decided to go to Amarillo and leave the other prisoners in the county jail while he pursued the escaped convict. From Amarillo he drove back and recaptured the fugitive.

The other two prisoners Sheriff Stewart brought to the penitentiary are Marion Brock, sentenced to three years for burglary, and Bruce Jones, sentenced to one year for larceny.

Sheriff Stewart is establishing for himself a record that is enviable. As will be remembered he effected the capture of W. H. McGinnis, the alleged train robber who is supposed to have killed Sheriff Farr of Waldenburgh, Colo. He made a number of other arrests in Eddy county that have made him a terror to outlaws and earned for him the reputation of being one of the most efficient sheriffs in the southwest.

You..

Get what
you want and only
pay for
what suits
you when you
get
you Printing
done by
The Current.

For Rent.

For the choicest rooms in town, either in the center of town or in residence three or four blocks north, apply at this office.

L. L. COOK,

Windmill Workman.

Will repair broken and out of order Pumps, Windmills, etc. All kinds of work done promptly.
Leave orders at Tracy & McKean's.

KETCHUM'S CUNNING.

He Had a Plan to Get Out of the Hospital and Blame the Guard.

When Sheriff Stewart of Eddy county, called on the wounded man in the hospital a few days ago, "Black Jack" said jokingly to the sheriff, "I am getting fat so when they hang me they can eat me if they want to." Secretary Martin was present and after leaving the hospital concluded there was something up to make the prisoner talk in such a tone and told the sheriff that Ketchum was making some plan. After a report was made on this subject to Superintendent Borsum special vigilance was exercised, with the result that a plan to secure the escape of the train robber was discovered. In the cloths used as a bandage for the wound of the prisoner and wrapped around his body was found a steel saw made of a clock spring, apparently, and in the water closet of the hospital, which the prisoner frequents, a complete wooden pistol covered with tin foil was discovered hidden.

The plan contemplated was to saw through the hospital's floor, surprise a guard by flourishing the mock weapon, seize the guard's gun and fight a way out if necessary, or perhaps in the attempt. There is no doubt that the prisoner is quite equal to a bold attempt of this character. When the saw was discovered on the person of the convalescent he broke down with emotion. He was promptly removed from the hospital to the cell house, from which he cannot hope to escape.

That the bandit had confederates in making these preparations goes without saying. But who they are and whether they are known is not now given out. That there are outsiders ready to spend money to secure the release of the robber is known and some one has retained attorneys to defend the other highwayman, McGinnis, who has been taken to Raton for trial. Ketchum has a rich brother and the bandit's companions on many raids are interested in helping the men to escape. The vigilance of the officers probably has prevented a tragedy in or about the hospital, but now that the prisoner has been placed in a cell no possible schemes can avail him.

Cloudcroft.

Cloudcroft is in the newly organized county of Otero, N. M., one hundred miles north of El Paso, Texas, on the summit of the Sacramento mountains. It is at the terminus of the Alamogordo and Sacramento railway, 3,400 feet above sea level, commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. On the north, the White Mountain covered with snow the greater part of the year, rising to a lofty height of 12,000 feet high; on the west the White Sands of the Tularosa Valley, which constitutes the most wonderful formation in New Mexico and presenting an appearance not unlike white billows rolling in from the sea; and on the south and east boundless forests of spruce and pine swaying to the hills and in the valleys below, and from together form a scenery unsurpassed for its magnificence.

CLIMATE.

The climate of the Sacramento is simply superb. It is not excelled by that of any other region. The atmosphere is cool and invigorating and absolutely free from impurities.

As evidence of the excellence of the climate of this region of New Mexico, it is only necessary to state that the United States government, after careful investigation of all the country in its vast domain best adapted for a marine sanitarium selected Fort Stanton.

Write to E. P. Turner, general passenger agent T. & P. Ry. Co., Dallas, Texas, for full information regarding rates, schedules, chair cars, sleepers, etc.

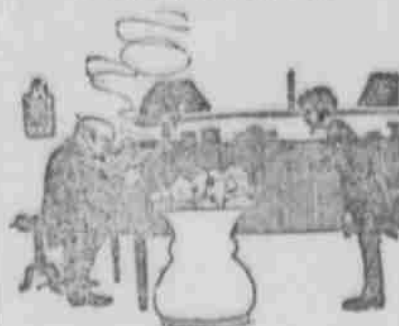
Reduced Rates for Summer Trips.

Commencing June 1st and continuing to and including September 30th, 1899, the Texas & Pacific Railway Co. will sell 4 round trip summer tourist tickets 7 points in Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, District of Columbia, Georgia, Ill. 70th, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Ontario, Pa., Pennsylvania, Quebec, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin, at a considerable reduction in rates.

See the nearest ticket agent for full information or write E. P. Turner, G. P. & T. A., Dallas Texas.

If you want good private board in a quiet house and at moderate rates see J. B. Duff at Pecos Valley Hotel. 145

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, I hope it hasn't hurt him!

Bookkeeper—Not in the least, sir. Employer—Well, then, if we can't sell it as a fertilizer, we'll sell it as a food for infants.—Lustige Blätter.

Probably.



Soldier Sam—My—Me pore ole mudder, she hasn't seen me face for 20 year. Languid Luke—Was that the last time ye washed it?—Ally Sloper.

No Chance For Eunny.

Mr. Myles—Did your wife find anything to occupy her time at the spa this summer?

Mr. Styles—Anything to occupy her time! Well, I should say she did! She spent four hours every day changing her dresses and three hours putting on her hats!—Yonkers Statesman.

Bryant & Son

Painters and
Paper Hangers

Decorators
and Sign
Writers....

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

We allow none
to underbid us
or do better work...

Pecos Valley & Northeastern Railway Co.

Central Time.

North Bound.	South Bound.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 12:30 p. m.
Ar. 9:30 a. m.	Ar. 2:30 p. m.
Ar. 11:30 a. m.	Ar. 4:30 p. m.
Ar. 1:30 p. m.	Ar. 6:30 p. m.
Ar. 3:30 p. m.	Ar. 8:30 p. m.
Ar. 5:30 p. m.	Ar. 10:30 p. m.
Ar. 7:30 p. m.	Ar. 12:30 a. m.

Train No. 1 leaves Pecos, Texas, daily at 7:30 a. m., arrives Eddy 7:30 a. m., Hoswell 11:30 a. m., American 2:30 p. m., connecting with A. T. & S. P. and F. W. & D. C. Ry.

Train No. 2 leaves American daily at 5:30 a. m., arrives Hoswell 7:30 a. m., Eddy 9:30 a. m., Pecos 10:30 a. m., connecting with Texas & Pacific Ry.

Stages for Lincoln, White Oaks and Nogal 7:30 a. m., leave Hoswell daily except Sunday at 1:30 a. m.

For low rates, for information regarding the resources of this valley, price of lands, etc., address:

D. H. NICHOLS,

Genl. Frt. & Pass Agt.
Carlsbad N. M.

Arthur R. O'Quinn,

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Ice and
Wholesale
Beer.

Agent for Schmitz and Anheuser-Busch
Brewing companies.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

O. K.
BLACKSMITH AND
CARRIAGE SHOP.

First-class blacksmithing, Carriage painting and wood work of all kinds.

Sewing machines and FREE all kinds of repairs.

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Department
Store—

EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Dry Goods,
Clothing,

Gents Furnishings,

Shoes,

Hats,

Notions,

Stationery,

Hardware,

Queensware,

House Furnishings,

Clocks,

Cutlery,

Guns,

Ammunition

Sporting Goods, Saddlery,

Saddlery Hardware,

Harness,

Wagon Timber,

Buggies,

Wagon Covers,

Tarpaulins,

Tents, Etc.

Largest Stock and Lowest

Prices in the City.

A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) in every subscription. Only 50¢ per year.

McCALL'S 50

MAGAZINE YEAR

A LADIES' MAGAZINE.

A gem! beautiful colored plates; latest fashions; dressmaking economies; fancy work; household hints; games, etc. Subscriptions, 50¢ per year, in advance. Single copies, 10¢. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.

Stylish, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect Printing Paper Patterns.

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BAZAR

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128-140 West 14th St., New York.

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BAZAR

PATTERNS

THE CURRENT.

W. H. MULLANE

Official Paper of Eddy County.

Published every Saturday at Carlsbad, N. M., and carried as the official mail matter.

SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1900.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Yearly—By mail per annum \$2.00.
By mail per six months \$1.00.

Archbishop P. Bourgade, who will be remembered visited this place about a year and a half ago, had the pallium conferred upon him in the beautiful ceremonies attended, by Bishop Matz of Denver, Wednesday of this week at Santa Fe. The New Mexican in speaking of the event describes it as impressive, solemn, beautiful, magnificent. The conferring of the pallium or insignia of rank and powers of an archbishop is always attended with much ceremony as befits so important and grand event. The pallium is the name given by the church to one of the articles worn by the pope, patriarchs and archbishops. It is worn by the pope at all times to signify universal and abiding jurisdiction. By archbishops it cannot be worn until it has been solemnly asked for and granted by the pope and even then only during solemn services of the great church festivals and on occasions of the ordination of bishops and priests and other similar acts of archiepiscopal order. The pallium is a narrow band about two inches wide and probably three to four feet long made of wool of two lambs which are previously blessed and the night of the vigil of Saints Peter and Paul the pallium is placed on an altar over the tomb where the remains of Peter and Paul rest in the eternal city of Rome. Within three months after the consecration of an archbishop he is bound by the discipline or law of the church to apply to the pope in person or by proxy for the pallium nor is it lawful for him until he has received it to exercise any act which is properly archiepiscopal. He cannot call a provincial synod. The pallium is interred with the archbishop and its use is said to symbolize the office of the good shepherd bearing the lost sheep on his shoulders. After the pallium was placed upon the shoulders of Archbishop Bourgade he spoke eloquently in conclusion, thanking the clergy, the members of the archdiocese and all others for their kindness in making the ceremony a success, and for the encouragement and assistance they have given him in his work. He alluded touchingly to the many links which bound him to New Mexico and Santa Fe. It was here in 1869 that Archbishop Salpointe raised him to priesthood; it was here in 1885 that he was ordained bishop of Arizona, and it was here again that he was installed archbishop, and that to day the pallium was conferred upon him. It was no wonder, therefore, that he loved New Mexico and Santa Fe, and that he would do all in his power for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his archdiocese, including New Mexico and the loyal city of Santa Fe.

Governor Otero, who attended the banquet after the ceremonies at the cathedral, delivered the following address:

"Your Grace and Gentlemen—I desire to congratulate you upon this most auspicious occasion, when, for the fourth time in the history of this ancient city, the solemn and impressive ceremony of investiture of the pallium has been witnessed.

"As chief executive of this territory, charged by law and by my oath of office with the execution of its laws and the acts of congress of the United States applicable to it, I am glad to greet the head of that great church which for so many years has been the support and stay of the law throughout the largest diocese in the United States without whose aid and assistance the administration and execution of the laws in the vast domain included in New Mexico and Arizona would have been most difficult, if not impossible.

"While under our constitution and system of government church and state must always be distinct and separate, yet in the practical administration of affairs we find that each relies upon the other.

"It was your church, most revered sir, that first brought christianity to the people of this land, and dotted the western side of the continent with missions, convents, schools and churches from the bay of San Francisco to the highest part of the Rocky mountains. To it and its servants the people owed not only their religious knowledge and instruction but were indebted for most of their material progress and comforts in earlier years. The priests of your church introduced sheep and the vine, pears, apples and other fruits which were unknown here before, and which have become so great a factor in the material advancement of this western country, until the fame of California, Arizona and New Mexico fruits and grapes has become almost world wide, and the 'Mission' grape of the early fathers is acknowledged as the best of all its kindred; while sheep and their pro-

ducts in New Mexico bring us more revenue than all other resources combined.

"For all this and much more are our people indebted to your church; and it is most appropriate that the ceremony of today should have occurred upon the very spot where, 200 years ago, De Vargas reconquered the City of the Holy Faith from the savage Indians, and caused the solemn services of your church to be executed in thanksgiving and praise to God for his victory, and where he made the vow in its commemoration which is faithfully observed until this day in the procession to San Rosendo.

"I congratulate your grace upon assuming the pallium. I congratulate our people upon having a prelate who has lived among them so long, and knows so well their needs and wishes. And I congratulate myself and the government I represent in having, in the exalted position which you occupy, so able, distinguished and patriotic an American citizen as yourself."

The remarks of the governor were greeted with applause.

What the Peos Times don't know about freight rates would fill many volumes. The Times holds that the P. V. & N. E. Ry. is discriminating against Peos, which is not a fact. The reason why it appears so is because the S. P. and Santa Fe have made an arbitrary rate of \$125 per car on stock from Marfa to Kansas City via El Paso and the northern Santa Fe route. In order to meet this rate the roads competing for the cattle trade around Marfa were compelled to make a similar rate of \$125 per car, allowing the S. P. its pro rata for hauling to Sierra Blanca. Then the cattle would come over the T. & P. to Peos and the P. V. and Santa Fe, to Kansas City or over the T. & P. via Ft. Worth. But the facts are no cattle are shipped by that route though the rate is in existence. On the other hand the T. & P. have made a rate of \$115 per car from Peos to Kansas City and the P. V. a like rate. Nearly all the cattle destined for Kansas City from the Marfa country are driven to Peos and shipped over the P. V. So the Times' charge that the P. V. is injuring Peos by the low rate from Marfa is all moonshine. The Peos Times is a bright little paper and the boys are nice fellows who run it, but somehow they have got the wrong peg by the ear in this case.

E. M. Doherty will supply you with fine melons and vegetables watch for his wagon.

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?

OLYMPIA'S CHAPLAIN.

Not the least interesting member of the Olympia's company is the chaplain, who happens to be the second of the Catholic priests appointed to the navy. He is the Rev. William Henry Frommelt. He received his commission from President Harrison in March, 1892. Father Charles H. Paris was the first priest appointed. Mr. Frommelt, of Maine, was the first to be appointed. Father John P. Chute, of Maine, was the first to be appointed. He joined the navy during Mr. Cleveland's second term.

Chaplain Frommelt was born at sea thirty-four years ago during a voyage across the Atlantic of the steamer Ironsides, of which his father, who also served in the United States revenue service was commander.

His early years were spent near Fort Hamilton, New York, and then the family moved to Detroit, Michigan. His college course was made there under the Jesuits. He was a good student and an all-around athlete. Determining to study for the priesthood, he was sent to St. Mary's seminary at Baltimore, to take his theological course. He was ordained a priest by Cardinal Gibbons in June, 1893, and was soon after made pastor of the church at Liberty, Frederick county, Maryland. Here he ministered for the three following years. An appointment as chaplain in the navy having at this time been offered to him, he was selected to fill it. His success in this field of sacred duty has amply justified the confidence reposed in him by his superiors.

His first tour of service was on the training ship Portsmouth. Later he was transferred to the Charleston, and in June 1896 to the receiving ship Vermont, at the Brooklyn navy yard. He went to the Olympia on July 3, 1898, and has been with her ever since.

While the Olympia was at Naples, Chaplain Frommelt went to Rome, where the Pope accorded him the honor of a special interview and a place at a function that is

Wholesale and Retail Meats.

...Packing House and General Manufactory...

All kinds of sausage and meats cured and fresh on hand at all times.

D. W. Gerhart.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

We have a large list of choice ranch, farm and town property.

McLenathen & Tracy.

Carlsbad, New Mexico.

J. F. MATHESON.

Grain-Commission Warehouse. And General Forwarding.

Hay, Grain, Seed, Feed, Blacksmith Coal

U. S. MEAT MARKET.

Fresh Meats, Sausage, Game, Etc., Always on Hand.

Free Delivery in any Part of City.

JOHN LOWENBRUCK, Props.

W. A. KERR.

General Merchandise.

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SANTA FE ROUTE.

THE SHORT LINE TO Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City

No Transfers from El Paso or Fort Worth.

Ask for Time Cards and Maps of Your Nearest Agent, or write

G. F. A. Robertson.

BLACKSMITH and Wagon maker.

Feed and Livery Corral in connection. Accommodation and satisfaction, guaranteed.

Ed. Louie H.

"Please lend me or dine, mister."
"What for?"
"To buy bread."—New York Journal

Glad Anticipations.

Encountering him—Wot was de happiest time in your life?
Tired Treadwell—When I had de typhoid fever.
Battering him—Dat's queer. People is 'posed to be too sick to git any enjoyment out of life when dey have dat.
Tired Treadwell—Yes, I know dat's de common supposition, but say, Sim, I just laid dere and was happy 'thinks wot I'd do wid de thimst I had on me when I got up.—Chicago Times-Herald.

County Commissioners.

The board of county commissioners convened in regular session Oct. 2nd, 1899. Members present N. Cunningham chairman; Geo. Wilcox, commissioner district No. 2, and N. W. Weaver, commissioner district No. 3, when the following business was transacted to-wit:

Upon presentation to the board of county commissioners of a petition of twenty-five resident householders of precinct No. 1, Eddy county, New Mexico, for the suspension of the laws of the 3rd legislative assembly as to the killing of game, it was ordered by said board that the time within which said petition may be filed in said precinct No. one be extended until March 1st, 1900.

Affidavit of G. M. McGonigill asking the assessment of two thousand head of range horses made by the county commissioners at its July meeting be reduced to the number of three hundred and ninety-six horses as to the firm of McGonigill & Roberts and the number of two hundred head of stock horses be assessed to G. M. McGonigill. It is therefore ordered by the board that said assessment be reduced as provided in said affidavit.

The time having expired for the assessor to turn over the assessment rolls, on motion it is ordered by the board of county commissioners that the assessor of Eddy county, New Mexico, shall deliver to the clerk of the board the tax list for the year 1899.

On application of Mrs. J. H. Carpenter for rebate of taxes on w. l. n. w. 1/4, section 16, township 24, range 27, it appearing that the taxes for the year 1898 has been paid, it is ordered that the sum of \$9.15 be refunded to Mrs. J. H. Carpenter on account of said reduction of assessment; it is further ordered by the board that the sum of \$3.50 be refunded to said Mrs. J. H. Carpenter on said above described land for the Malaga special school district fund, it appearing said land is not located in Malaga school district.

The petition of J. W. Taylor for reduction of assessment for the year 1899 on 150 acres of land near Hope, New Mexico, said land having been assessed by the assessor at \$600.00. Said petition asks that said land be assessed as follows: 140 acres un-tiligated land at \$2.50 per acre and 10 acres of said quarter section at \$4.00 per acre, making a total of \$400.00, also \$100.00 assessed on improvements, making a total of \$500.00. On motion it was ordered that said assessment be reduced to the amount of \$500.00.

The petition of McLenathen & Tracy, agents for Numa Raymond, asking for a refund on account of double assessment for the year 1899, it was ordered that the tax to-wit: as shown on page 27, line 18, be refunded to said Numa Raymond on account of said double assessment.

On motion it was ordered that the double assessment on lot 5, block 47, town of Eddy, belonging to C. W. Basper for the years 1897 and 1898—year 1897 tax amounting to \$2.50 for the year 1898, \$2.50—be refunded to said C. W. Basper as to both of said years on account of said double assessment.

On motion it was ordered that, s. l. w. 1/4, section 16, township 24, range 27, and the w. 1/4, section 25, township 24, range 27 for the year 1899 be assessed at \$1.25 per acre, making a total of \$250.00, and that rolls of 1899 be corrected as to said assessment.

Mr. Lowenbruck appeared before the board showing that he has paid the taxes for the year 1897, to the amount of \$1.50, on lot 9, block 32 by mistake when he should have paid the tax on lot 9 block 31. It is therefore ordered by the board that the payment of taxes on said lot 9 block 32 be cancelled and declared as not having been paid and that the amount paid thereon be and the same hereby is declared to apply on payment of taxes on said lot No. 9, block 31, for the year 1897.

The following bills were allowed:

P. V. Ry. water	9.00
" " "	8.20
" " "	8.20
B. G. Stegman	16.75
A. J. Emerson	3.00
T. J. Welch	3.00
J. N. Pratt	7.00
Jennie L. Potter	10.00
A. N. Pratt	110.00
Hash Freeman	10.00
A. N. Pratt	99.00
Jao Nymeyer	12.00
M. Redding	45.00
S. I. Roberts	7.25
Tracy & McEwan	6.25
New Mex. Pig Co	25.00
N. Cunningham	50.00
Geo. Wilcox	52.50
S. W. Weaver	51.30
W. H. Owen	100.00
C. H. Wright	15.00
Eddy Drug Co	15.00
Tracy & McEwan	50.00
Carlsbad Current	61.10
" " "	8.25
A. N. Pratt	32.50
Joe Vela	6.00
J. F. Matheson	5.50
R. M. Johnson	16.25
D. B. Clark	42.21
J. S. Crozier	4.00
J. W. Stewart	75.00
M. C. Stewart	52.02
" " "	125.00
" " "	162.50
" " "	151.00
" " "	150.00
A. Green	25.00
W. H. Owen	5.00

On motion adjourned sine die.

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Ed. Louie H.

"Please lend me or dine, mister."
"What for?"
"To buy bread."—New York Journal

Glad Anticipations.

Encountering him—Wot was de happiest time in your life?
Tired Treadwell—When I had de typhoid fever.
Battering him—Dat's queer. People is 'posed to be too sick to git any enjoyment out of life when dey have dat.
Tired Treadwell—Yes, I know dat's de common supposition, but say, Sim, I just laid dere and was happy 'thinks wot I'd do wid de thimst I had on me when I got up.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WHY BOER HATES BRITON.

A PLAIN
STATEMENT OF THE
CAUSES WHICH HAVE LED TO THE
CLASH IN SOUTH
AFRICA.

BY CYRUS SYLVESTER.

THE BOER SAYS—

This is our country. We snatched it from the savages. We made thousands of the wilderness.

You want it because of the gold and diamonds.

You demand equal franchise. This would mean political extinction for us.

By the conventions of 1894 you promised never to interfere in our internal government. Now you ignore these conventions.

We want no English among our citizens. You are immoral and vicious. You would not make good burghers.

If our laws please you not, you are free to go away.

If God will it, we will fight to the death.

Remember Majuba Hill.

THE BRITON SAYS—

We helped you fight the Kaffirs. We developed the mines and made you rich. We built the cities.

We seek only to protect our subjects in their legitimate pursuits.

We pay six-tenths of the taxes. Don't we deserve a vote? The majority ought to rule.

Conditions have changed. Your rule has become tyrannical. You rob us on every hand.

No nation has the right to isolate itself in a land full of gold and diamonds. You are religious bigots.

We are here to stay.

So will we.

We do.

The quarrel between the British and the Boers has its complications, but even at this distance it is possible to distinguish the main points of the controversy.

It is not the whole truth to say that this is merely another case of British land grabbing. Neither is it entirely fair to charge the blame wholly to Boer stubbornness. There are two sides to this as to every other ques-

tion. Sometimes they fought; sometimes they trekked. When they finally moved beyond the Vaal river, they thought they were safe from the English. The country was a savage infested wilderness. But somebody discovered gold and diamonds in the Boer territory. Then the English moved in and began to work the mines. The Boers are not miners. The golden rocks of the Rand would remain uncrushed forever if they had their way. They wish only to till their farms, raise their stock and read their Bibles.

But the glitter of gold and the glint of diamonds attracted more and more sons of Britain. Men of other countries came too. There were some Germans and a few Americans. The Boers call them all uitlanders, or outlanders. It is an expressive name.

Finally the uitlanders became more numerous than the Boers. There are now in the Transvaal about 245,000 whites. Of this number more than 105,000 are English. Besides these, there are 30,000 Germans, 10,000 Americans and a few hundreds of almost every other race on the globe. So the Boers are actually in a minority in their own land. The remainder of their 1,000,000 population is composed of blacks, chiefly Kaffirs.

But this little handful of, say, 90,000 Boers has retained absolute sway in the territory which was wrested from the savages. For all practical purposes only native Boers have full rights of franchise. They make the laws, levy the taxes and grip with jealous hands the reins of government.

Toward the uitlanders the Boer attitude has been aggressive, autocratic and possibly oppressive. It depends on the point of view. The British miners have had to pay handsomely for the privilege of taking out the treasures which the Boers themselves neglected. They have been heavily taxed. They have been bled by government monopolies.

True, they have prospered and grown enormously rich in spite of it all. But so have the Boers, and it is the English who have done the work. Year

the native tribes. The British contested the alleged right. In 1834 emancipation was proclaimed in the Colony, which till then had been peopled by British and Dutch alike.

What added to the grievance of the Boer was that the slaveowners among them received as compensation orders on London which they were compelled to cash on the spot at ruinous rates.

The great exodus, or trek, of 1830 was the result. Some 6,000 Boers by a concerted movement abandoned Cape Colony and moved on to the unknown interior. The bitter memory of their sufferings from hunger and thirst and the attacks of savage natives remains as a legacy of hatred among their descendants to this day.

At the Orange River the trekkers di-

ly disposed as was Mr. Gladstone, declares that the alien laws of the Transvaal republic constitute a breach of the London conventions and that consequently said documents are annulled. Hence, he argues, the suzerainty is still in force.

Possibly there is a flaw in Mr. Chamberlain's argument, but it is backed up by British guns. This sort of reasoning has won before, but not against the Boers.

Although in 1884 England definitely and specifically renounced all right to interfere in the internal government of the Transvaal, she now makes a very distinct demand. She says the voters must pass a law which will make any white man eligible to full rights of citizenship after a five years'

residence without forswearing allegiance to his native country.

At present the only citizens entitled to vote for president of the Boer republic are those who were residents of the Transvaal previous to 1876 or who carried arms for the government in any of the various wars of independence. Of course this applies only to white males. Voters of these qualifications are known as first class burghers, and, so far as numbers go, they are in a ridiculous minority.

Should the request for a five year franchise be granted the Boers would find themselves speedily legislated out of existence. Such a concession would hand over the control of the government to the uitlanders. Do you wonder they object?

Still, there remain the grievances of the uitlanders. Some of them deserve to be classed as outlaws. It is true, for blacklegs from the four quarters of the earth can be found in the streets of Johannesburg. Yet the majority are not of this description.

The first hordes of immigrants were naturally enough composed in part of gamblers and adventurers, but these were soon succeeded by earnest, practical workers, by men of brawn and brains. They worked the mineral wealth of the country; they spent their savings in opening up mines, in putting up the finest machinery, in costly experiments of every kind; they collected the cleverest engineers and managers, assayors and chemists from all the mining centers of the world; they redeemed the land from desolation; they built the towns; they constructed the railroads; they established the com-

merce; they fought in the wars against the savage native tribes, who, despite all the courage and fortitude of the Boers, must finally have triumphed over them if they had been left single handed.

And they paid and have paid and are paying practically all the taxes. It is estimated that 95 per cent of all the magnificent revenues that flow yearly into the coffers of the Boer government

is contributed by uitlanders. The state which they found nearly bankrupt has now an accumulated surplus of some \$15,000,000.

They are not mere birds of passage flitting through the land, accumulating wealth and returning to spend it in their own country. The uitlander, so far as the laws allow him, has made his home in the Transvaal. His children have been born there. The insalubrious climate and the wealth of the soil, neglected by the Boer, give every guarantee of the permanent settlement of generations.

It is exactly that permanent settlement which the Boer statesman dreads. Nor does he dread it without reason.

The denial of the suffrage is not the only grievance of the uitlander. He complains of unjust and oppressive taxation, of the misuse of the proceeds in corruption of the civil service. The Boer has little reason to complain of either abuse. The taxes by which the treasury is filled are not levied upon him. He consumes his own untaxed products. He has few wants which force him to contribute to the duties levied on imports. So long as it is not his money that is wasted he cares little what becomes of it.

Monopolies have been imposed upon everything from mining machinery to mineral waters, and after enriching their own coffers to the bursting point the shrewd minded Boers have expended a goodly fraction of the remaining revenue to arm and equip their countrymen with the most modern munitions of war in anticipation of coming unrest.

According to the malcontents, it has become a habit with the Boer to hold one hand on the throat of the uitlander and the other on his family Bible.

Then the uitlanders have no voice in educational matters. Their children are taught only the crude Boer patois in the public schools. They are denied the freedom of the press and, in certain ways, even freedom of speech, for it is criminal to hold public meetings. They have no power in the municipal government of Johannesburg, and when they appear for trial they do so before juries of Dutch burghers.

The president has the right to expel any member of the community from the republic without trial.

In fact, everything possible has been done to eliminate the Anglo-Saxon

sent the number of able-bodied Boers who can bear arms.

The real army is the nation in arms. It is impossible to give exact figures concerning its strength. A German army officer who recently made a report on the Boer fighting strength says he asked men and boys of all ages in all stations of life in all parts of the Transvaal whether they would go to war, if it came to war, without ever receiving a negative or even a doubtful answer. Even the oldest men he met thought they would be good for



MAJUBA HILL.

(Where the Boers thrashed the British in 1891.)

something as long as they had fingers to pop a gun with and eyes to see a redcoat.

The Kaiser's informant thinks the citizen army comprises at least 20,000 men between the ages of 15 and 35 years. Though the majority of uitlanders are exempted from military duty, the younger ones will readily help their neighbors. He thinks the 60,000 blacks

of arms, they may be relied upon to fight with a will.

The nation in arms really means an army of mounted infantry, for every citizen soldier reports for duty on horseback, and there are no better riders or sharpshooters in the world. The German observer says it seems to be impossible to fire out a Boer or his mount. "As to getting away from his bullets, the English have tried it once. Their losses in the war of 1880 and 1881 were 1,150 dead and wounded against 113 Boers, who received scratches."

This subject of the remarkable fighting qualities of the Boer is a fascinating one which has been often dealt with. In fact, there has been so much exaggeration that it is hard to say what is the truth and what is mere romancing.

But even the English admit that a Boer with a rifle is a dangerous customer, even at a distance of 1,000 yards, and Tommy Atkins must be much nearer than that to do effective work.

The best defense against an invading army, however, is found in the character of the Transvaal border. Shut in on all sides by mountain ranges, the Boer could not be safer if he had a Chinese wall all around his



STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG.



STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG.

These figures throw a lurid light upon the potential earnings of a railroad which, like the Netherlands, charges from 6 to 24 cents per mile.

Although there are many minor ones, these are the main grievances of the uitlanders, and it is because of these that England demands the right to interfere in the internal affairs of the government, the London conventions notwithstanding.

Whether the Boers are able to defend their country or not is a disputed question. On the face it would seem absurd that a nation which shows a fighting force of only 25,000 could successfully resist the great armies which England could send against it. But these figures do not truthfully repre-

republic. Each entrance to the Transvaal, except from the north, is through a mountain pass, and the Boers hold these passes.

On the other hand, the Boers are practically surrounded by British territory. Beyond the mountains wait the redcoats. Germany is far away. The only friends upon whom the Boers can count are their brothers in the Orange Free State, just across the Vaal. But to the southeast, to the west and to the north extends British Africa. The Boers' only path to the sea is blocked by Portuguese East Africa, and the Portuguese are under British influence.

These, then, are the causes, this the situation. Now we can watch the making of history.



YOUNG BOER AND BRITISH SOLDIER.

vided into two parties, one of which founded the Orange Free State. The other, continuing farther eastward, founded Natal. Both states were conquered by the English. A majority of the Boers, once more fleeing from British thralldom, crossed the river Vaal and intrenched themselves in their present position in the Transvaal.

Here four rival sovereignties were established whose internecine feuds



SIR FREDERICK WALKER.

(Who commands British forces in South Africa.)

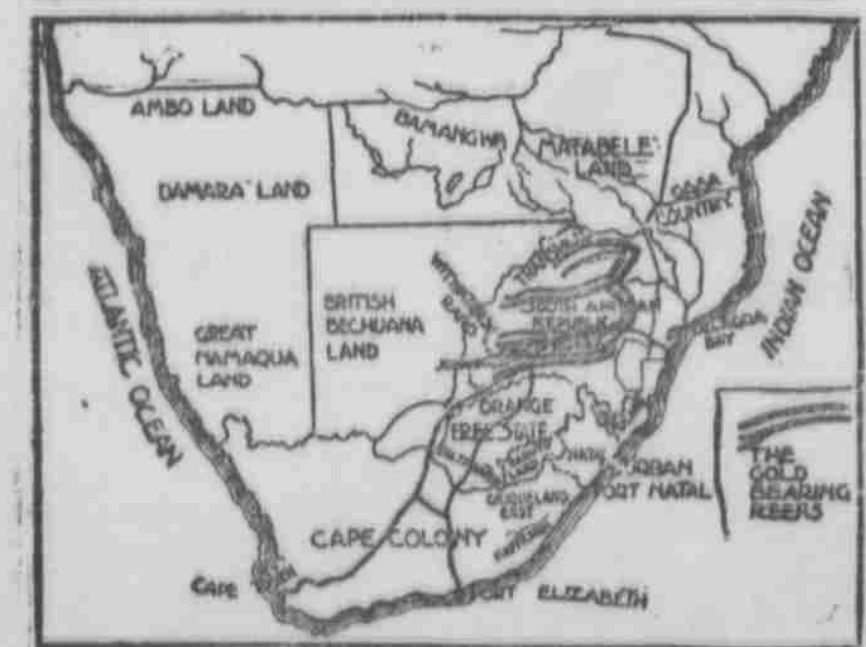
were finally harmonized by a union into one republic. In 1848 the grainwet, or fundamental law, was passed by a special Volksraad elected for the purpose, and it still remains as the nominal constitution of the country.

But the Boers found themselves unable to cope with the savage natives, who harassed them on every side and threatened the security not only of the Boers themselves, but of their British neighbors. Yielding partly to a desire for self protection, partly to a show of British force, the Boers consented to annexation with the British empire in spite of the protest of Oom Paul Kruger and other sturdy unaided young patriots.

So for awhile the Boers and British fought the blacks side by side, but the Boers fretted under the British yoke, and under the plea that Britain had not performed her promise they rose in rebellion in 1850 and, after the bloody victory of Majuba Hill, succeeded in again establishing their independence "subject to the suzerainty of her majesty." The treaty which contained these words was signed at Pretoria in August, 1881.

In 1883 the Boers sent a deputation to London to secure the abolition of the suzerainty. Gladstone was in power then, and under his leadership a new agreement was signed by which England gave up her rights of suzerainty except in regard to treaties with foreign powers and the Orange Free State. This was signed in London in 1884, and the documents are now known as the London conventions. The interpretation of this agreement was the subject of the discussion which has led up to the present state of affairs.

Mr. Chamberlain, not being so kind-



MAP SHOWING SITUATION OF TRANSVAAL.

question the savage African tribes whom they subdued. Their ancestors went to South Africa from Holland. Boer is Dutch for farmer. That is what the word means, and that is what they are.

The first Boers settled in Cape Colony. Trouble with the English led them to move farther inland and farther north. They would build their kraals in one place and stay there until the encroachments of the English made it necessary for them to fight

after year the taxes have become higher in spite of the indignant protests sent to England.

In the meantime the political relations of the two countries, the little republic and the great empire, have swung through several interesting stages.

The first time the Boers and the English clashed was when both were settled in what is now Cape Colony. There came up the question of slavery.

The Boers claimed a right to enslave

TRULY EXASPERATING.

The Hyde Park Man Had a Right to Feel Vexed.

"By George!" said a Hyde Park man who was riding down town in an early train yesterday. "I detest people who are so biased positive about everything."

"It is a disagreeable habit," the passenger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people confronted with proofs that they are in the wrong."

"Yes, it does me too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of those know-it-all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning he was reading about this Dreyfus trial, and I gave him a pointer on how to pronounce a French word that was used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"

"I suppose not."

"No. He sat there, right at my own table and argued with me for 20 minutes trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why don't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh! I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself, but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so biased positive about it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Easy Order to Fill.

The mother of the children's home in Wichita, Kan., has received a letter from a man who wants to adopt a child.

"Send one," he says, "that is lively and will laugh and cry and get into mischief. I am 58 years old, and I would give the world for a child that will laugh and get in my way and bother me. We'll give it a good home. I have raised five children, but they are all gone now, and I can tell you there is nothing so sweet as the bother of children."—New York Tribune.

The Family Authority.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in the dictionary?

Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.—Chicago News.

Taken Literally.

"Hannah," exclaimed the mistress, "what do you mean by putting all your money into mackintoshes, galoches and umbrellas?"

"Wasn't it yer own advice, mum, that I put away all I could for a rainy day, mum?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Rival's Estimate.

She—But do you think he has ever done anything that will be remembered after he is gone?

He—That will depend altogether upon whether his various tailors die before he does or not.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Incredible.

"Franklin," said Jefferson as they sat sipping cool drinks in the Patriots' club over the river, "I see the Philadelphia have given you a statue."

"So soon as this?" queried the sage in surprise.—Philadelphia North American.

Has His Suspensions.

"When I kiss you, Edgar, you are not afraid I am going to ask for money, are you?"

"No, dear; but I'm afraid you've already cleaned me out while I was asleep."—Chicago Record.

More Than Likely.

Mrs. Flagg—I ought to go to that club meeting this afternoon, but I can't get up enough energy to start.

Mr. Flagg—Would it help you along if I were to tell you not to go?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Kind Hearted Girl.

He—So you give me the mitten?

She—Yes.

He—And this is all?

She—I might throw in a few more mittens.—Chicago Record.

Not All English.

Little Miss Wayupp—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highbump—No, but his clothes is.—New York Weekly.

Dismal Joy.

"Do you enjoy Hauptmann's plays, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, indeed; they are so cute and gloomy."—Chicago Record.

Thought He Understood.



"Hi, there!" called out the guest, who wanted to add something to his order. The waiter, however, merely looked back, nodded and went on.

Fifteen minutes later he brought on the woodcock, due to a turn.

"Waiter," said the guest, "this is excellent."

"Yes, sir. Didn't you hear at me you wanted it right?"

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The originators of our national game were gentlemen who played baseball for recreation only, says the Philadelphia Times, and would have held in low esteem any man who sought to transform it into a business means of gaining a livelihood. It was their intention as well as that of other generations of enthusiastic baseball players who followed them that baseball should be purely a gentleman's game. As clubs multiplied throughout the country it became necessary to establish some general organization having authority to control and regulate the interests of the sport, to make such changes in the playing rules as might from time to time seem necessary and in every possible way protect and improve our national sport. To meet this necessity there was formed the National Association of Baseball Players, in which any club was entitled to membership with the privilege of sending delegates to the annual meeting. The playing rules adopted by this organization were the standard ones for the game and were respected and adopted by all clubs, whether members of the association or not. Almost the first rule adopted by this national association was one most positively debarring from membership and rendering liable to expulsion any club in which there was a man who played baseball for hire or emolument of any kind, the object being to make and keep the sport a gentleman's game. The result of this was that baseball flourished between the years 1890 and 1871 to an extent that has never been known before or since. The number of clubs was literally legion, and in every large city the number of matches that were played daily was almost incredible. The grounds were usually upon some vacant lot or common and were free to all, no admission fee being charged. As a consequence the crowds at these contests were very great, from 10,000 to 30,000 being by no means an unusual attendance.

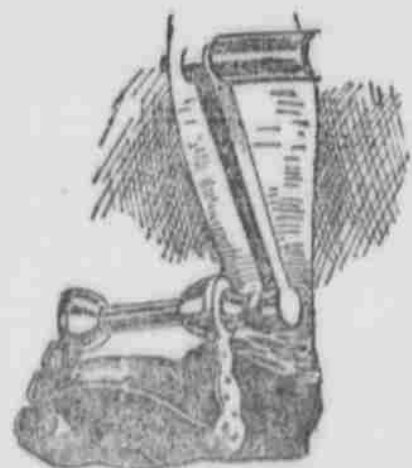
In the city of New York, for example, there were five different baseball grounds within a stone's throw of each other, and scarcely a day passed during the baseball season that there was not a match in progress upon each and every one of these grounds, and the same is true of other large cities. It is an exaggeration to say that 30 years ago 200 games were played for every one that is played now. Baseball is unquestionably in its decadence and has been ever since professional baseball players were first openly recognized and professional playing permitted. The sport received its death blow as a pure, healthful recreation and invigorating muscular exercise and welcome relief from the toils and cares of the daily avocations of men and boys of all classes when it ceased to be a gentleman's game.

The Bicycle a Cure All.

If the investigations of the medical fraternity continue, cycling bids fair to become a cure all beyond the wildest claims of the patent medicine quacks. Diabetes is the latest disease for which the bicycle is prescribed. German authorities have found that "even in severe cases of diabetes active muscular exercise, such as bicycling, may be utilized as a therapeutic factor of scarcely less importance than regulation of the diet. The former has the advantage of being more readily applicable, as a rule, than the latter, and for this reason it is worthy of serious consideration in cases in which it can be employed. Its influence should, however, always be first carefully tested both qualitatively and quantitatively."

Stirrup Pedal.

The Scientific American describes a new stirrup pedal for bicycles. The idea is plain enough. It is to enable the rider to exert greater power on the down stroke than would be possible if the ordinary form of pedal were employed and to obtain a better control



of the wheel when back pedaling. The stirrup is pivoted on the pedal pin of the crank by means of a sleeve swinging on ball bearings. Whatever may be the position of the crank, the stirrup will always hang vertically. The foot on the down stroke exerts force upon the bottom of the stirrup, and on the up stroke the foot will bear against the pedal sleeve. Power is therefore applied on both up and down strokes. It is claimed for the stirrup that it dispenses with the necessity of toe clips, that high knee action is overcome and that in back pedaling the rider is enabled to stop his wheel much more quickly than would otherwise be possible.

Nursed Them With Sponges.

Those who believe that feeding bottles for babies are the result of modern civilization are out of date. "The Greek nurses used to carry them with a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop the children from crying, and in the British museum are two Greek vases dating from 700 B. C. which are much like feeding bottles used by the Romans subsequently."

MEDIAEVAL MAGIC.

The Antiquated House of Count Cagliostro in Paris to Be Torn Down—Headquarters of Necromancy in the Eighteenth Century. Strange Career of the King of Impositors.



CAGLIOSTRO PERFORMING HIS FAVORITE TRICK.

use of all his learning. He was such an apt student of chemistry that he was sent to a monastery near Palermo to pursue the study under the direction of learned priests. It was an age of ignorance and superstition, and the agile mind of Bahamo detected great possibilities in performing tricks based on this science. He was naturally a trickster, and so, after completing his course of study, he started out on a career of deception. He began by forging counterfeit tickets and then a will. He robbed a goldsmith named Marano of a sum of money. Bahamo pretended that a secret treasure lay buried in a certain rocky chasm just outside the city of Palermo and that he, for a consideration, of course, was able to unearth the gold by means of certain magical incantations. The goldowner was a simple man and like a gull soon swallowed the bait, hook and all. He paid the required fee and, accompanied by the amateur seer, paid a visit on a certain dark night to the lonely spot where the treasure was supposed to lie.

The necromancer drew a magic circle of phosphorus on the ground, pronounced some cabalistic words and bade the goldsmith to dig. Marano went to work with pick and spade. Suddenly terrific voices were heard, and a troop of devils (Joseph's boon companions in disguise) rushed from behind the rocks and pounced upon the hapless goldsmith. They pummeled him with their fists and prodded him with pitchforks and left him insensible among the rocks. For this act Bahamo was forced to flee from Palermo to escape the vengeance of the furious goldsmith and punishment at the hands of the authorities. He was not loath to leave the city, for he had the heart of a rover.

In company with a Greek named Althous he visited Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Rhodes, Malta, Naples, Venice and Rome. According to his own account, he studied alchemy at Malta in the laboratory of Pinta, grand master of the Knights of Malta and St. John. During the course of his wanderings he became more and more versed in natural magic, and his talent in that line were so great that he soon won a reputation as a master of mysteries. He perfected his dexterity and became proficient in tricks involving the use of sleight of hand. He also learned the art of forging documents and seals and practiced with seal the profession of the idea of "mine and thine."

In Rome he met a beautiful girl, Lorenza Feliciani, daughter of a griddle maker, and as she was desirous in the practice of sleight of hand and promised to be a good assistant to him and helpmate they were married. She was, in fact, more original and inventive than himself, and they traveled over Europe in a coach with a retinue of servants in gorgeous liveries. He played the part of a magician, prophet and exorcist so well that his fame spread over Europe, and people of the better class, scholars and writers, met him with great deference. The ladies were fans, hats and souvenires in a Cagliostro. His wife's picture and his own were worn in lockets. Marble busts of the couple were to be seen in the parks and palaces, and under the picture of the charlatan were inscribed the words, "The Divine Cagliostro."

One of his famous arts was the preparation of a rejuvenating elixir by whose use old and wrinkled ladies might obtain a smooth skin and the various charms of youth. "At Strasbourg," says one of his biographers, "he reaped an abundant harvest by professing the art of making old people young." Cagliostro himself pretended to be of great age and declared that he had hobnobbed with Al-

exander and Julius Caesar, that he was present at the burning of Rome under Nero, and was an eyewitness of the crucifixion of Christ. As the founder of a certain mysterious lodge Cagliostro gained many adherents. He led his brotherhood back to Enoch and Elias and promised the members that they should be born again, morally and physically, and in that way they could live 5,000 years.

Count Cagliostro was at the perihelion of his fame when he first appeared in Paris, in the summer of 1781. His record had preceded him, and all Paris was on the qui vive. Cardinal de Rohan of France, who was a firm believer in the pretensions of the charlatan, entertained him in Paris, introducing him to that gay world of the old regime which went out forever in the French revolution. He captured Paris as easily as he had other capitals on the continent, and he literally coined money.

When Cagliostro came to France, he found the ground prepared for his magical operations. A society eager for distractions and emotions, indulged to every form of extravagance, necessarily welcomed such a man and hailed him as its guide. "Whence did he come? What was his country, his age, his origin? Where did he get those extraordinary diamonds which adorned his dress, the gold which he squandered so freely? It was all a mystery. So far as was known Cagliostro had no resources, no letter of credit, and yet he lived in luxury. He treated and cured the poor without pay, and, not satisfied with restoring them to health, he made them large presents of money. The Germans, who lived on legends, imagined that he was the Wandering Jew. Speaking a strange gibberish, which was neither French nor Italian, with which he mingled a jargon which he did not translate, but called Arabic, he used to recite with solemn emphasis the most absurd fables, and he found the people ready to listen and believe him.

The count dressed in a manner that befitted his calling. According to the most authentic records, he was rather a badly built man, clad in poorly cut blue taffeta, laced on the borders. He wore his hair in a startling and most ridiculous style, with powdered plaits lunched in cadettes. His silk stockings were embroidered in gold, and the buckles of his velvet shoes sparkled with precious stones. The display of diamonds on his fingers and watch chains went beyond the limits of vulgarity. His headpiece was a pointed hat ornamented with white plumes. During eight months of the year he wore a great blue fox cloak. On the street he was a walking scarecrow, and the children fled from him in terror. His features were regular, his complexion clear, his teeth superb, and his eyes were of marvelous brilliancy. His wife was a woman of bewildering beauty, realizing the Greek lines in all their antique purity and enhanced by an Italian expression. It was the Cardinal de Rohan himself who installed Cagliostro and his wife in the house of Mme. d'Orville, and which is now to be torn down. He acted as the seer almost every day, sitting at dinner time and remaining until late in the night. It was said that the great cardinal assisted Cagliostro in his labors, and the people of that time spoke of the mysterious laboratory where gold bubbled and diamonds sparkled in crucibles brought to a white heat.

The queen of France had a strange antipathy toward the charlatan, and it was forbidden to mention his name in her presence or at court. The wife of the Comte de la Motte, an adventurer of the first rank, boasted of her ability to conquer the queen's dislike. She first made the acquaintance of Lorenza and afterward that of Cagliostro, who introduced her to the cardinal. Then followed the well known intrigue of the diamond necklace. Here is the count's own statement of the affair:

"On the 22d of August a commissaire and eight policemen entered my house. The pillage began in my presence. They compelled me to open my secretory. Elixirs, balms and precious liquors all became the prey of the officers who came



to arrest me. I begged the commissaire to permit me to use my carriage. He refused. The agent took me by the collar. He had pistols, the stocks of which appeared from the pockets of his coat. They hustled me into the street and scandalously dragged me along the boulevard to the Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth. I, so a carriage approached, which I was permitted to enter to take me to the Bastille.

While in the Bastille Cagliostro made the remarkable prediction that one day the Bastille would be raised to the ground. How well that prophecy was realized history relates.

The antiquated house of Count Cagliostro in Paris is to be torn down. It was the headquarters of necromancy in the eighteenth century. Cagliostro is perhaps better known as Balamo, the principal character in several of Dumas' famous novels. In fiction the Italian adventurer is given credit for many good qualities that historians seem to have been unable to find. The affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace is even justified on political grounds. There is good ground to believe that Cagliostro was the first man to make use of mesmerism for fraudulent purposes.

Balamo was born of a musician family in Palermo, Sicily, in 1748. He received the rudiments of an education, and being naturally bright he made good

RACE UP A MOUNTAIN

A KANAKA RUNNER DISTANCED HALF A DOZEN HORSES.

It Was a Terrible Test of Endurance, and the Sturdy Subject of Katakana Won Easily. Though Two of the Horses Dropped Dead.

"Did any of you ever hear of a 35 mile steeplechase for man and beast?" inquired one of the California men in a party of turf followers when stories of queer bits and long shots were going around. "Well, there was an affair of that kind down in the Hawaiian bunch in the fall of 1888, when that genial chile concurred proposition, Katakana, was king of the islands. There were no telephones joining the islands then, and state messages and newspapers were carried by the inter-island steamers and delivered by Kanaka runners. These runners could gallop all day, like American Indians in pursuit or on the trail, and they didn't know what getting winded or tired meant."

"Katakana thought a good deal of these runners of his. He always maintained that they could go faster and farther than horses over the rough Hawaiian country. In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Katakana wagered \$5,000 in gold of \$1,000 with five of them that he would pick out a runner from among his Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the top of the burning lake of Kilauea, a distance of 25 miles, quicker than any horse and any rider could do the trip. They snatched the king up at even money. It looked as if they had the good end of it. The king and a big party from Honolulu sailed in one of the inter-island steamers to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the finish.

"The king picked out a huge, lithe, slender Kanaka, a man about 30 years old, who had been employed as a runner on the island of Maui for a number of years, to try the trick for him. Eight Kanakas made the start a-horah, on native ponies, bred away from western cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy tempered little mounts, thoroughly used to the hard road and the climbing. The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, to coach the day before to be on hand to greet the winner.

"Now, I understand that that road from Hilo up to the burning lake of Kilauea has been improved since the time I'm speaking of, but it surely was a bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was about a 45 degree affair in the climb all the way up. The palms that lined the road used to get blown across the trail by the score in big whistlers, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their business to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been attended to carefully, however, in advance of the race by order of Katakana, and it looked like a pipe for the cayuses, all of which had made the run up many a time.

"Katakana didn't ask for any hand-out allowance for his man. The runner took the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun. The horses distanced the runner from the jump, and he let them distance him. He was dressed in a G string, and he just took up a steady lope and let the cayuses get out of his sight. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't even see them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait. The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Half Way House was reached, and the Kanaka was just galloping along at the beginning of the third hour with the same big stride he had started in with, his arms up and shooting out in front of him like soldiers on the double time drill. There wasn't a pant in him when he fetched up at the Half Way House. He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took a couple mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they had been going at a clip that they had never been pushed to before.

"The Kanaka headed the bunch a mile beyond the Half Way House, and it was a big romp for him the rest of the distance. He took a position for the remaining 17 miles of the journey about a city block ahead of the writhing and panting horses, and he just stuck to his lope like a man wound up. He never let 'em get nearer than a block to him for the remaining three hours of the trip, looking back at them with a grin once in awhile. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached, the Kanaka took another drink out of a spring and began to draw away. The Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no good. The Kanaka runner disappeared out of their sight on the tortuous trail, and when six of the cayuses pulled up at the hotel veranda about three-quarters of an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, fanning himself and drinking saki. Two of the horses had dropped dead in their final effort.

"The Kanaka made the 35 mile trip over sticks and stones on a miry road in 6 hours and 40 minutes, and he looked fit to run for his life when he got through. When I was reading about the young fellows who did the long distance running in those Olympic games in Greece some years ago, it struck me that any one of Dave Katakana's runners could have made the whole bunch look like aluminum dollars."—Washington Post.

When you are particularly busy is the hour to expect a call from the man who uses ten words where one would do.—Atlantic Globe.

WHIM-WHAMS.

Some Specimens of Salient Spices From the Yankee Statesman. He said he'd win her "in a walk." We felt quite sure he'd fail. He took her in his pretty yacht and won her in a sail.

Booker—Is your friend a good critic? Penman—Oh, yes. He don't mind being sworn at a bit.

Bill—Does your gas meter run all right? Jill—Run? It fairly gallops!

She—What has your wife got on her bonnet? He—I think she's got \$5 on it yet.

Patrice—Charlie lost his head in the interview, I hear. Patience—Well, he didn't lose much.

She—Didn't you feel like clapping your hands while she was singing? He—Yes—clapping my hands over my ears.

Bill—I want something that will stick to my ribs. Jill—Why not try some of that liquid glue?

The Delinquent Boarder—This piece of chicken you've given me is just like rubber. The Lady He Owes—Well, it's the neck, isn't it?

She—Do you see anything ridiculous about that hat? He—No, dear; but I haven't seen the bill yet.

"I never saw a thermometer go up and down so fast as that one I bought yesterday," said the manager of the dry goods store.

"Where did you put it?" asked the innocent one.

"In the elevator."

Alack! Alack! It had come at last.

For weeks and weeks he had dreaded the coming of the fatal day, but it had arrived just the same.

"Life is dear to me," she said, "and it would be hard to give it up. But"—

And again she gazed at the reflection of her fair face in the mirror, and more especially at the three gray hairs she had just discovered.

"My time has come. I must die."—Chicago News.

Finesse. She did not poison her husband, although he was 73 years old, while she was but 18. She was far too clever for that. Instead she kissed his brow and asked him would he not, for her sake, try to live to be 100. Of course he could not refuse. The effort to live to be 100 was at his advanced age necessarily fatal, and the young wife came at once into all his property.—Detroit Journal.

Would Make Him Useful. "Orpheus," said the student, "was a man whose music possessed such power that it moved anything in nature to immediate obedience."

"Well," answered the gloomy friend, "I wish he were here this minute. I'd get him to sing 'Hard Times, Come Again No More.'"—Washington Star.

Explained. Housekeeper—What's the reason that all the men who come around begging now are such big, strong looking fellows?

Polite Pilgrim—De reason, lady, is that it's on'y strong looking fellows w'at kin beg nowadays widout gettin hurt.—Philadelphia Record.

A Feminine Inference. "It always exasperates me to meet Josephine Jenkins, whom you used to be sweet on."

"Why, my dear?"

"She always looks at you as if she could have married you if she had wanted to."—Chicago Record.

Unequal. "Was it a fair fight?" asked the French duellist's friend.

"No," was the answer. "I was foolish to be drawn in it. My opponent is in a business that needs advertising, while I am not."—Washington Star.

Wild Guess. Instructor—What is the difference between positive and negative electricity?

Student—It is positive when it is turned on and negative when it is turned off.—Indianapolis Journal.

Somewhat Personal. "Why was Mr. Sweet offended when they asked him to impersonate the sand man in that tableau?"

"He seemed to take it as a personal slur. You see, he's a sugar merchant."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It Depends. "So your uncle was 83 years old when he died? Did he have the full possession of his faculties to the last?"

"As to that—well, as to that we can't tell yet. The will hasn't been read yet."—Unserer Gesellschaft.

He Knew. Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the month of June call for in grant plenty?

Tommy in Jeweler's shop—Wedding presents, mum.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Then the Rubber Man. Footpad—Mum or your life! Book Agent—Sorry I haven't a copy of my life, sir, but let me show you the "Life of George Washington" in full Morocco.—Chicago News.

A Reluctant Guest. "That girl next door lost her pet dog. I feel sorry for her."

"Well, I can't feel any real grief. She hasn't touched her piano since the dog died."—Chicago Record.

LOCAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Wilson lost their baby Tuesday.

Funeral: To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Smith, Oct. 2, a daughter.

Mrs. D. W. Runyan, of Spring Lake near Stigman, is very ill.

J. W. Tarkenton purchased 2,500 sheep this week from Ed S. Hart for \$5,500. There will be no service in the Episcopal church to-morrow, the rector being in Roswell.

Ed. Pedrick has opened a tailor shop in the room formerly occupied by Hughes's barber shop.

Six hundred cars of stock were handled by the railway during the month of September.

Will McKean and J. C. Wheat went out Sunday and got a couple of antelope near six mile dam.

Allen C. Rush of Los Angeles was in town this week. He is a brother of J. W. Rush of Ceynor Springs.

R. N. Northington, of Abilene, will make his home in one of the Roxburg cottages on Greene's Highland.

Charles Sayers, who has been ill for some time, was joined by his wife who arrived from San Angelo yesterday.

Jno. Lowenbruck will conduct the U. S. meat market at the old stand of Lowenbruck & Stone and will furnish the best in the market at all times.

The drillers are down 600 feet on the vineyard stock farm but have struck no artesian water yet, though much salt and oil have been encountered.

Pat Murray went to Dallas returning Wednesday. He effected a settlement with his creditors and will probably open up some day in the future.

Rains have fallen during the past week which will cause grass to sprout and grow in places where the range is bare. The rains were much heavier west in the Guadalupe than along the river.

W. L. Hughes has closed his barber shop and will ship the outfit to Roswell. W. L. is now working with Jack Wilson, Gus Goodwin having gone to Ariz. Mr. H. invites all his old customers to call at his present location.

Bill Stone, one of the oldest settlers in this section has opened up a meat market for himself, the firm of Lowenbruck & Stone having dissolved partnership. Bill has a well filled shop and is prepared to furnish good meats cheap.

Joe H. Simpson returned Thursday night from Sedalia, Mo., where he spent a couple of days with old friends. Joe struck a snap while at his old home and will now proceed to take it in. He has become interested in a big patent medicine house as southern manager.

Joseph Gleason of San Francisco died Monday morning at the Eddy County Hospital of peritonitis. Mr. Gleason was taken down immediately upon his arrival here about six weeks or two months ago and has been in the hospital since. He was destitute but was given a decent burial by a few citizens who attended the funeral. His relatives in San Francisco were notified.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Gerhart entertained their friends Wednesday night in honor of their first wedding anniversary. The lawn was brilliantly lit in red, white and blue electric lights and the house shone like an electrical display in the world's fair. A large number of friends gathered and whiled away the hours until after midnight in dancing and cards.

Ambrose Lowenbruck, who rode away on one of his father's horses one day last spring, returned Tuesday from Pawnee, Oklahoma, where he was down with slow fever for some time. Ambrose is now sick in bed and thinks there is no place like home and mother to care for him. Mr. Lowenbruck sent a ticket to Pawnee to bring his son home, but Ambrose came as far as Roswell and there got his horse which he left last spring. He was out all night in the rain riding from Roswell, hence his illness at present.

Lucius Anderson, who left here in February, 1898, returned from Klondike home last Sunday. Mr. Anderson on being questioned as to his success said he had made nothing by his trip, returning with about the same amount he left. He says only one in a hundred who go to Klondike make fortunes and many lose all and life as well. Nibbet, McLean, Hill, Archey Mann, A. J. McCallum, Hamus and several others who left this section are still in Klondike. Mr. Knowles is in Colorado. Mr. Anderson left Dawson Sept. 7 and arrived here Oct. 1, being therefore only three weeks on the trip. He says going and coming from Dawson now is a picnic to what it was when his party went through. Boats now run up the Yukon to Lake Linderman and from there the train takes passengers to Skagway. The fare is \$200 from Dawson to Seattle but only \$100 going the other way. While Mr. Anderson did not bring home a fortune his many friends were as pleased to see him as if he had. He says he had good health since leaving and certainly looks the picture of health at present.

Town Board.

The town board of trustees met Monday night and appropriated \$25.00 for repairing sidewalk between the depot and Schütz hotel, provided the railway company would furnish two cars of gravel on track for the purpose. The following bills were allowed:

Dick Wineser	\$50.00
J. M. Somme	8.33
I. S. Osborne	25.00
J. E. Lavery	5.00
Harfield & Cantrell	5.00
W. H. Angell	5.00
A. D. Vaughan	9.00
D. D. Clark	25.00
County of Eddy	20.00
W. F. Cochran	4.04
A. N. Pratt	11.72
T. F. Blackmore	5.00

County Schools.

A. N. Pratt, our efficient county superintendent, has submitted his report to the territorial superintendent and as it contains facts not generally known a brief synopsis is here given to show the standing of our schools. The total enrollment of all schools in the county is 538.

Total school attendance enrollment, 541.

The county treasurer holds the following amounts on hand to the credit of the schools in the county:

Carlsbad, Sept. 1	\$2,453.25
No. 1	1,043.11
No. 2	65.44
No. 3 and 4	335.71
No. 5	57.41
No. 6	151.26
No. 7	230.83
No. 8	239.07
No. 9	262.08
No. 10	1,032.76
No. 11	355.63
No. 12	250.22
No. 13	209.31

The following districts held terms of school last year:

Carlsbad district school 6 months.	
No. 1	" 7 "
No. 2	" 7 "
No. 3 and 4	" 6 "
No. 5	" 6 "
No. 6	" 9 "
No. 8	" 6 "
No. 9	" 6 "
No. 10	" 9 "
No. 11	" 6 "
No. 12	" 6 "
No. 13	" 7 "

No. 6 was the only district which did not have school.

District 3 and 4 built a school house by private subscription and conducted school by private subscription for six months.

District No. 7 had nine months school, No. 8 six months, No. 12 six months and No. 13 seven months, all run either whole or part by private subscription. These districts as will be seen by reference to the county treasurer's statement, each have about \$250 in treasury, and have drawn nothing from the public for support in the past year.

Sisters Berchman and Angels of Mercy Convent, Stanton, Texas, were here last Saturday to look over the field with a view of establishing a sanitarium and female academy in Carlsbad. At present the project is very immature, though with very little encouragement from the citizens of Carlsbad and Eddy county might be made a certainty. A sanitarium on Hagerman Heights conducted by the Sisters of Mercy could do more for the town than any other project imaginable. A sanitarium properly conducted would bring hundreds of people here who would require produce of the farms to sustain. In turn the farmers would require the articles sold by our merchants. Every cent expended by healthseekers would find its way to the pockets of our business men and farmers. A female academy conducted by the sisters would be the proper place for many of the young girls who are difficult to manage and would no doubt do wonders by way of example to those so circumstanced as to be unable to attend. If the good people of Eddy county would kindly lend a hand to assist this worthy enterprise, not by gift but by a guaranty of support it would be established at once.

Mrs. Kimball and sister, daughters of Mr. Brownfield of Crow Flat, arrived here Sunday from Oklahoma. They took a hack driven by Joe Cunningham for the home of their father Tuesday morning. Rain set in about dark while the party was some five or six miles west of Hies' ranch. Joe lost the road, it being too dark to see ahead and raining heavy. Jack Tedford, who was out with a subpoena for Dock Reed to go to Roswell to testify in the Dan Johnson case, came along about this time on a horse. Joe and Jack then went ahead and found the road but on account of the extreme darkness again lost it. They continued thus to find and lose the road until one a. m. Wednesday morning, when they arrived at Queen's house in the Guadalupe. J. D. Wiker was also lost and laid out all night, arriving at Queen's next morning. J. D. was in the vicinity of Queen's and gave several yells which were answered by Jno. Queen by shooting a gun but the answers were not heard by J. D., so it is therefore supposed by his friends

THE
Parlor Saloon,
Conway & Camp,
Proprietors.

THIS palatial new resort affords the patronage of the people of Carlsbad and Eddy county, guaranteeing courteous treatment and first-class service in all respects. We handle only the best of all kinds of refreshments. For family or medicinal use the renowned J. S. Searey Whisky is unexcelled, as its selection by the U. S. government by the U. S. Marine Hospital will testify. We also handle Sherwood Pure Rye, the best and highest priced of this class of goods on the market.

TO THE TRADE:
Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., Ky., 1891.

My brand was selected for use at U. S. Marine Hospital at Washington, D. C., after being analyzed by the United States Chemist, W. M. Stear, 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 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 Red Hot Spring in Anderson county, Ky., which stands at a temperature of 36 degrees the year round, with a simple rock-water. This water is at all times clear. I will further state that I have never had a single barrel returned.

Very respectfully,
J. S. SEAREY.

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.

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.

that he was too badly excited to hear anything. It is considered strange that J. D. would become lost, knowing the hills as well as he does. The party headed for Crow Flat, Wednesday, while Jack Tedford returned here without his man, Doc Reed having gone to Salt Flat for salt.

C. W. Cowden, received word Tuesday of the death of his nephew Erther eighteen year old son of Geo. Cowden. He was injured while playing foot ball at school in New York last Saturday and died Sunday.

Geo. McBiles has leased the building formerly in use as a city hall and fire department headquarters and refitted it for a livery and feed stable. He has also leased the lot on the north from John Lowenbruck and built sheds for horses and hay, the rear being seventy feet wide Mr. McBiles invites all his old friends to call and guarantee liberal treatment and very fine rigs.

Obituary.

Samuel George Kayser was born at Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 13, 1847. Died Monday, Oct. 2, 1899, of cancer of the stomach.

At the age of four years he moved with his parents to Hay county, Mo., and resided there until the age of 21. He then went to Conway, Ark. March 10, 1872 he was married to Mary L. Moretti and with her was united to the M. E. church, south, and remained an active member until death. His first wife died Dec. 1, 1875, leaving one son, John. On July 10, 1877, he was married to Eliza Hinkson in Washington county, Ark., who with six children mourns his loss.

In 1879 he with his family moved to Palo Pinto county, Texas, and resided there nine years, then moved to the Pecos Valley, having since resided here.

He was of a very benevolent disposition. He was never known to speak ill of anyone; if he could not say a good word would say nothing at all. He strove at all times to be a model to

his boys, none of whom ever heard him say a vulgar or profane word; was scrupulously honest and strove to impress this principle on his family. Shortly before his death he admonished his children to be obedient to their mother and to always do right. He was conscious to the last and said he was prepared to die. He said "The Good Lord has called me; and when he calls we'll all have to go, be that hour when it may, and I'm not afraid to die." He told his wife with all calmness that Sunday was his last day on earth; was reconciled to his death. He was always ready to aid the ill and oppressed, always seeking good to do. He looked at the bright side of life and thought of others before himself. Even in his illness he insisted on those who were with him to take rest and for them not to worry about him; endured the pain in silence to hide it from them. He was a consistent member of the church and an earnest worker, having served as steward and also Sunday school superintendent in Texas for several years.

Dressmaking.

Miss Lizzie Craig will do all kinds of dressmaking at Mrs. Farewell's or will sew by the day for private families.

Hunters are now in their element for the quail and ducks are fat while the black tail and Antelope are more plentiful than usual.

Cakes of all kinds made to order and delivered from the bakery, also pies, doughnuts, etc.

Lands, lots and ranches with cattle at sacrifice sale.

Wm. H. MULLANE, Agent.

Household Goods for Sale.

Including nearly new upright piano, three bedroom sets, folding bed, wardrobe, book case, carpets, stoves, chairs, bicycle, etc., at bargain prices. Call at residence—brick house opposite ball grounds.

JOE H. SIMPSON.

Hillside Dairy Farm,

P. 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.

PHILIPPINE DESECRATION.

SACRILEGIOUS OUTRAGES COMMITTED BY AMERICAN SOLDIERS

With the Tacit Permission of Their Superiors—Anglo-Saxon "Civilization" and "Benevolent Assimilation" Illustrated.

To the editor of the New York Times:
How is a matter concerning which the Times ought to say a strong word, the last week's Collier's Weekly, this page. It is the picture of the interior of a church (R. C.) in the Philippines, with a view of the altar. Before the altar is a writing table, flanked where the priest stands to celebrate mass. At the table sits a uniformed man with a cigar in his mouth writing. A telegraphic instrument stands on the altar and an officer in the United States uniform stands beside it with his cap on, smoking a cigarette, while the wire of the instrument is wound around the tabernacle. And this is "benevolent assimilation," I suppose, transplanting upon every sacred association of the people who are being assimilated, Bah!

CIVIL AMERICANUS.

The periodical in question, in its title to the picture in question expressed with politeness and pertinency the queries that must have been raised in the mind of every civilized being who saw it, by its shocking spectacle. One would fain hope by the avariciousness which the picture shows to elementary consideration of human decency had been the work of some wild and woolly western volunteer of the troops of Kansas or Colorado or South Dakota. But the title of the picture seems to exclude even this faint and foreign hope. For it sets forth that the most offensive and outrageous of the vandals represented, a vandal in front of the desecrated altar smoking a cigarette, with his hat on, "holds the rank of captain in the volunteer forces, but in the United States army."

The thing is simply awful and not susceptible of an apology. And if there is one American citizen who holds it to be account, or of little, that American citizen is greatly to be pitied but also he is greatly to be blamed. The thing is of the most enormous, "political significance."

But when we come to more intimate things, to the sacred sensibilities of a community, to appreciate which requires "gentlemen," dare we say that American officers and soldiers have gone farther dare we say that they have gone as far, as the Spanish officers who proceeded them? Are we as civilized as Spain? That is a question which is raised in italics, raised in capitals, by our correspondent's letter.

And, although the subject matter of our correspondent's complaint is not known was in fact taken up almost at once by the representatives of the insulted and outraged religion, yet that complaint did not have its full force, just because it was made by the denomination of Christians that might have felt itself to be deeply aggrieved.

But we violate no confidence in saying that our present correspondent is not a representative of that religion—that he speaks not only for "the fair humanities of all religions" but that he speaks, and chiefly, as a civilized man, in the interests of a civilization.

There was a time when they really taught Spanish at West Point. And indeed when the academy was founded, it was a useful language for officers of our army. Latterly it lapsed into something that by no means either amounted to a colloquial or to a literary acquaintance with the Castilian tongue. And we have by the curious turn of the irony of fate, been paying through the nose for the fact that the Spanish professorship at West Point had been allowed to lapse into fake professorship, and that the cadets did not really learn Spanish, as General Ludlow has just been inculcating upon his subordinates in Cuba to do, they could not have helped learning other things therewith, and one of these things would have been the duty of every educated man to show respect to religious opinions which he did not himself partake. Instead of which it seems that we have been simply walking roughshod over the tender susceptibilities of our newly acquired fellow citizens, or vassals or what ever they may be.

We really wish we could deny, peremptorily, that the genial "captain in the United States army" who is represented as defiling a Filipino altar could be a graduate of West Point. But alas! alas! we do not feel authorized to do so. And we see, educated gentlemen see, the mischief he is doing. A whole division sent to reinforce General Otis, would not do as much good, rather would not be capable of retrieving for us as much harm, as the three brutes represented in the picture have done us by walking, with a more than British insolence and with more than the weight of British boots, over the sensibilities of a sensitive race.

It has been evident for a long time that the grievousness of the Philippines must have been rather sentimental than material. But if anybody still doubts that sentimental grievances are even more effective than material let him consider the case of American officers who took possession of the altar in a Catholic church as the most convenient and sheltered telegraphic station.

S. T. Bitting, Banker.

5 doors below
Hotel Schütz.

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.

And let him no longer wonder that thousands of Filipinos who are ready to die rather than to submit to the indignities that have been inflicted upon them by the doubtless brave and patriotic, doubtless well meaning, but doubtless horribly uncivilized persons depicted in the picture which is our text, and which to our shame the uniform of officers.—New York Times.

The Carlsbad ball team which visited Roswell last Saturday was unfortunate enough to lose a game to the Military Institute team by a score of 7 to 10. The boys are loud in their praise of the treatment received from the Institute management. They were met at the train and driven in a bus to the Institute and there they were well fed and returned to the train in like manner. The Institute team made eight runs the first two innings after which time our boys had become accustomed to the ground and prevented them from making but two more runs. The Institute team will be here next Saturday, Oct. 14, to play the return game when Col. Meadows will treat our citizens to an exhibition drill by the cadets.

Job work of all kinds such as repairing sidewalks, work in gardens, team work of all kinds, plowing, etc. Call on Chas. Swanson opposite Riddick residence. Clothing cleaned and repaired.

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 BITTINGS

THE FORAY OF THE HENRIK HUDSON.

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A TALE OF '54.

A PROLOGUE.

Out of the gray emptiness of the Baltic the slow, silent waves were rolling, shuddering on the sands of the little rock-ringed bay with monotonous, rhythmic fall. The horizon was an uncertain merge of sea and sky, unbroken by a single sail. The swirl of the lagging breakers made a never ending drone, swallowing all lesser sounds into a silence. From out of the deep the mighty swellings marched upon the strand, moving silently of restless power. But for the sea birds that perched and pecked their white bosoms upon the dark rocks the place seemed void, lifeless, desolate.

Yet behind one of the smooth, tide worn boulders something moved—something that pecked and scratched at the pebbles with white, nervous fingers, cowering at them anxiously. Beneath the shadow of the rock crouched a small, headless, long haired, in filthy rags, cowering with the dust of road and field, animal, savage, huddling to the shore like a bird's nest.

At his feet lay a cup, a richly chased, double handed beaker, gleaming yellow with the sheen of gold alloyed. Ringed round it on the sand lay a necklace of amber beads, each pellet large as a cherry and locked to its neighbor by thick strands of virgin metal.

The lean fingers toyed and twisted the circle of beads into a hundred shapes and coronals, and as the human bent itself up its voice now and again a wretched laugh elict the unending bent of the surges. The harsh rasp of it cut the echoes horribly, and eliciting in their poised squadrons overhead the terms waited an answering plaint. From far inland out of the gathering dusk came a long drawn, throaty call, the howl of the wolf leading the famished pack afield.

There were other voices astir than those faint savagery of the night. Behind the ring of rocks that ridged inland behind the bay another man cowered and watched furtively the ragged wall upon the sand. His eyes gleamed dully, his hands grasped with inert muscles the tugs of seaweed beside him; half leaning, half squatting, his loins heaved with the violence of his pulses, swaying his body uncertainly. Now and again he left his cowering place and crept into the cave and swept his gaze impatiently inland. Down upon the pebbles the restless vagrant churned the sand and wrenched the necklet ceaselessly, and his vain, joyless laugh rang in idle repetition across the rocks.

At the sound the spy shook with angry tension, and his body arched as if to spring. So might a coward wolf have crouched behind a slow dying bullock.

Suddenly across a glade of the haggard pine forest behind him three distant figures showed in black, moving dots. In one of his swift peerings across the tumble of boulders they caught his eye.

For a second he hesitated; then with a last look at the wretch, who still thrashed and cowered upon the pebbles, he turned and ran, bending almost to his belly, among the tangle of granite slabs between the foreshore and the forest.

It was with the elinking travel of a snout rather than the gait of a man



The lean fingers twisted the circle of beads into a hundred shapes and coronals. That he sped into the twilight of the pines, twisting his way among the dark trunks. It was with a snout's sudden, silent uprising that he emerged into the path and stood before three gray coated soldiers.

The leader, with the chevrons of a sergeant on his sleeve, looked at him as a terror might at the ferret who thrusts out the rat into his jaws. His face was a concentrated sneer as he found his voice in a single word.

"Well?" he queried.

"All is well, little father. I have tracked him. Some of the spell lies beside him openly."

In the excitement of his reply he drew up to the soldier, and his eyes gleamed into the other's repugnant face. His hands worked one within another calmly.

The sergeant fell back with a gesture of disgust.

"Up!" he grunted. "Lead on, sleuth-bound."

For a single instant a malicious

spasm crossed the eager face—the white teeth shone with a snarl. Then the dark shoulders dropped back into their proud of defiance, and the human snout began to wind among the tumbled rocks again as he had come. The sergeant and his two apathetic companions followed, their military uprightness sadly broken by the yawning cliffs.

Down upon the sands the outcast still snored childishly at his abjecting nose of granite and looped his amber beads. Nor did he alter his position as the four advanced upon him. Only the nasal shuffling of his laughter betrayed out rather more indelicately upon the silence and prolonged itself into the echoes of the shore.

He escaped a handful of orange sand into his pocket and raised it to his mouth, plunging the newcomers in fantastic show. Then again his gelling mockery of snuff broke across the rush and laughter of the tide.

One of the writing soldiers thrust his hand into his breast and touched the chain that hung from his swarthy throat. He called softly the good saint's name to protect him from all devils.

The sergeant laid his hand roughly upon the rascal's shoulder. "No more fooling," said he severely. "Get up, dog."

The wild, stiller hands still moved the pebbles unceasingly, and the blurred eyes roved vacantly across the waste of waters. A flock or two of snow began to fall from the massed clouds.

Impatiently the sergeant kicked at the huddled figure, cursing with a fierce oath their listless, indolent swayings.

The nosing, unmoved hands snatched themselves into rigid surprise beneath the stroke of the heavy boot. Then with a yell of furious pain the man animal sprang upon his aggressor, tearing and tearing with blind, bestial ferocity at his flesh. A crimson stain followed quick upon the kepard-like spring, staining the coarse uniform. The two men fell together to earth, their savagery beating the pebbly strand as a pebble beats within a mortar. They lost themselves in an indistinguishable whirl of striving, oath spitting rage.

The suddenness of the fray at first left the others motionless with amazement. Then with a shout they fell upon the twisted furies of the fight and tore their leader from the throttling limbs of his assailant. It took the three of them to restrain the madman's writhings. It was not till they had shackled him with the straps of their bandoliers that they laid him under any control. With linked hands and ankles he bowed upon the sand, shrieking his unintelligible mouthings in a frenzy of flailing lust.

The laughter of the sergeant rose from him like a cloud as he layed his torn limbs in the sea water.

"The accused here's a man!" he shouted. "Wither and blast him! Why in the name of St. Paul and all saints did you let me handle the dog, you son of perdition?" he asked fiercely, turning on the spy.

"One of the noble birth," pleaded the other. "He claims. As there is a God in heaven he makes pretense of this delirium to conceal his evil doings. Give up but leave to question him with fear, and he shall tell all—all, as I live."

"Do your devilment," quoth the sergeant with a coarse oath as he turned again to the washing of his wound, and into the eyes of the man snarl rose a light of unholy, hideous desire.

They stretched the kicking, writhing wretch upon the shore and piled rocks upon him, crushing his breath from him to the bare fangs of existence. Between his bound fingers they burned matches; but with his nails they thrust splinters; after each torture they plied him with one question—a single, inextinguishable query. Naught did they get save yells that might have sprung from the ninth circle of the lost.

In his disappointment and lust for cruelty the unsuccessful torturer suggested unprincipled atrocities. The soldiers, already sickened into half a mutiny, cursed him into silence. Finally at a word from the leader they heaved their chattering victim to his feet, unbound his lower limbs and between them forced him across the rocks forestward. They faded down the trail among the pines as the evening closed upon them, and the snow began to fall in earnest at last.

The great feathery flakes thickened and swirled in the air, carpeting the ground in swiftly piling layers. They fell upon the pines and spruces of the forest till each to the topmost bough was laden and drooping with the clinging weight. They covered and shrouded the dark trail as a schoolboy sponges his slate. The woods were putting on their winter clothing—thick, woolly, as the bears that lived among them. They would not do it till the spring. Night and snow wrapped them as by curtains that ran upon a single rod.

The men tumbled along wearily, thrusting their prisoner before them. They cursed impatiently the weather and their quest, nor forgot to spare an execration or two for their guide, who slunk ahead, wip'ing now and again the drifted snow from a pine trunk to seek the yellow blaze upon it. As the

darkness deepened he did this with increasing difficulty, scrambling at the pale wrapped bolts with the nervous energy of despair. At every least slip he tumbled down with growing fervor, and the wretched caven shook with dismal fright.

Faintly down the sides of pine came a moaning, drift borne cry. Low, deep and full it began, then swelled and shrilled to evening discords of hunger and desire. The single first heard note lost itself in a tossing chorus of yells, leaping, whooping, they snote apart the thick silence of the snow bound forest. With gathering, swift growing suddenness they filled the night. From every thicket they rose out of seeming emptiness. The roof of unlit boughs cast them back to earth as they rolled peeling down the arched avenues of trees. They linked themselves to the bias and swirl of the gale.

The four and their prisoner were stumbling below a tangle of rocks that edged the forest. Black cliffs and crannies broke its overhanging face. The fearsome echoes beat upon it and were flung back as from a sounding board. Dark, lithe, snow patched forms were about their path. The blaze of hot, devouring eyes glinted from countless fairs among the boulders and bushes that framed the crag foot. A thousand fangs were bared upon them—yellow, snarling, whistled for slaughter, lust for blood.

The soldiers backed upon the rocks and with rifles at the ready peered out into the night. Crouching behind them, slithering at the sheer wall as if he would seek refuge in its pitiless breast, moaning, object, huddled and cowering human, cowered the guide. Striding across him, snubbing, calling, laughing about his gleaming mirror, clanking the snow with shodless feet, beating with bound hands upon the stones, stood the captive and upturned the covering wretch with his tramp-lings.

A score of paces away the gray wolves ringed them in and licked their lean jaws. Thrusting and jostling one upon another, they japed upon their prey ravenously, lashing themselves by slow degrees to the desperation of attack.

The sergeant was muttering and cursing, fumbling with nervous hands at the lock of his rifle.

He turned and with a kick and fierce oath quieted the whinings of the guide. At the same moment his glance rested on the prisoner. A peculiar expression passed his face. As one who acts on sudden impulse, he drew from his belt his shunted knife and cut savagely at the bandages that bound the other's wrists. With the strength of despair—the despair that poses all on one last throw—he flung him forward almost into the jaws of the clamoring, fighting throng.

"Tuna, son of a dog, run!" he roared. "Curse be thick on you! Make into the forest!"

With a yell that rang and shrilled unceasingly above the baying of the pack the madman snatched himself upon the closed ranks of eager feline, bursting the serried line by mere force of impact and surprise. Out into the drift swept avenues he leaped, and with hot teeth, gleams and howls as from the pit the torrent of wolves swirled together and swept upon his track.

A short 50 yards he held his advantage. Then with a snap the fangs of the leader met in his fleshless thigh. Screaming, he turned and with white strength seized in each hand a white toothed jaw and bent and split them one from each other.

As he cut away the torn and bloody mask, like a crazed wave the pack flung itself upon him, following for slaughter, snarling, tangled, biting with unceasing fury each other's twisted limbs.

Above the wretch's head a pine branch ran out, bent with the gales of scores of winters, frost shrunk, but gnarled to a sapless strength. Bleeding, desperate, shrieking, he raised and thrust his tormented arms about it and, strong with his furious agony, swung himself up out of the wild hurle of teeth and flying fur.

A score of disappointed raveners leaped as their camping quarters and snored and striped the skin from him with straining teeth. Still shrieking, he dragged himself forward and crawled horribly toward the trunk. The dark blood fell in gout upon the snow, and the panting brutes below licked and snuffed at it with quavering lips.

Above their torn victim climbed and moved among the pine needles to a higher shelter. As the friendly boughs closed about him, wrapping him in their warm, welcome shelter, yelling him from the yelling horde below, some tension snapped within him like the sudden parting of a brittle string. A cry, gasping, inhuman, kn to the scream of the speared otter, rang out above the wild clamor of the pack. Limply he fell forward into the thickness of the knitted twigs and lay motionless. His body hung derelict like the wind drift of a storm.

Beneath the living corpse the wolves swung round to seek for quicker meat. Back from the ruddy, trampled patch of snow they charged, filled with the fury that has roared blood, in thick, relentless columns that strid not for knife or gun.

Three shots rang out, and, with howls of a thousand men, they snote upon their prey. For 30 frightful seconds four swaying tangles of rending teeth and claws fought and churned the snow, while out of them burst snarl, shriek and the spouting blood of men. Then came quiet but for the snarl of jealous raiders and the crunch of human bones.

One by one the glutton scavengers sought their lairs. The white light of the rising moon showed only scarlet trappings and shreds of gray uniform where three rifles had fallen abroad. Among the pine needles an inert body

still lay without sign of life. Like some high toned jester of the forest.

CHAPTER I.

A HOSPITAL PATIENT.

"It's good to see you again, old man," said Barr, the house surgeon. "The fat of prosperity's thick upon you. Heavens, what a shiny fellow you used to be, and now—good Lord!"

The other smiled richly. The mellow March sunshine glinted through the open window and enveloped him with a wendy halo. His waistcoat was creased with complacent folds. He blew a long cloud of smoke and beamed upon his companion.

"It is good," he assented briefly.

Then as the happy retrospect loosened his tongue he became suddenly garrulous. "By Jove, Arthur, to think that it was only in '52 that I was a weary wound dresser like you and this is only '54, two years! It seems a lifetime, old boy."

Barr smiled back, but a little drearily. "It seems more than two years to me, but—for other reasons."

"Poor old chap," sympathized Desmond. "You've been tied to this old



He sat up and addressed them, gesturing violently.

place all that time, while I— Look here, Arthur, come with me! You've never tasted freedom yet. Come with me, old man. I'll show you. The sea, my boy, the boundless sea. Haakeneyd phras that, but, my, it's so!"

Barr shrugged his shoulders. "Thanks much, old man. Awfully good of you, but impossible."

"Is it?" queried the other. "That's where you make your mistake. The old Hendrick's in dock now, red and so forth, but next week I go out again upon the waters. Come, Arthur. Come with me and be my love. You shall live—the life of the blameless salt. You shall smell the sweet sea smell instead of filthy antiseptics, learn the inside clinic or the fisherman's bandage, roll and bandage. You'll sleep the dreamless sleep of the surge rocked machine—poetry that—instead of 'Please, sir, No. 52's a-chooking and a-coughing ho!'."

Barr chuckled.

"Yes, they generally choose about 2 a. m. to wake up and choke," he answered, with a twinkle. "It would be scrumptious to get away for awhile, but—but it's no good thinking of it. I haven't, old man, I should get the boot. I can't afford that."

The other gurgled gleefully, flinging the butt of a new cigar. "Fact is, old chap," he said, half apologetically, "I've arranged it. Met Sir William on the stairs. Deuced civil, he was. Mentioned old days when I dressed for him. Congratulated me on the splendid position to which I'd succeeded. Had known Uncle Elias well. Heard my Norfolk shooting was among the best in England. Was it 600 or 650 brace we got when Ludovic was with me? Naturally I took the hint. And the speaker stipped respectfully."

"Well?" queried Barr breathlessly.

"What's that got to do with—"

"That up. Naturally I asked him if he'd look me up in October. Delighted. Looked 15th to 22d then and there. Then I said how run down you looked. He quite agreed. I suggested sea voyage. He thought it just the thing. Should mention it to the board. Might tell my friend. So pleased to have met me. Au revoir."

Barr leaped to his feet and fairly yelled. "What! I'm to have a month without having to go. Did he promise? Billy, if it's so, you're a cherub."

"Two months," quoth Billy stolidly. "Told him there was no good in half measures. He thought the same. Pave's to take it on."

Barr snote his friend upon the shoulder and danced to the window and back to the fireplace in three skips.

"Billy," he bawled, "you're the original Samarian reincarnated. In another month I verily believe I should have fallen by the wayside. And now, now!" The speaker found no words to explain his rapture.

"That's all right, old man, that's all right," said the stout benevolent. "Within a couple of weeks you'll be as healthy and as strong as I. But it'll do you a power of good. The sickness, I mean, not the curing. Now, just walk me round the old charnel house again, for old sake's sake. I should like to sniff the carbolic once more."

and—leave it as you may—a professional that isn't no room for other and more prosperous emotions.

He stopped and looked curiously at a diet card or two and patted a child's little hand that was picking idly at the bed cover.

"Anything out of the common, old chap?" he queried.

"None," said Barr cautiously. "Rather curious tracheotomy that. Child here for common fracture of the leg. Fine was playing with a tin soldier the mother bought and swallowed it. We had to pierce the trachea in a hurry to prevent choking. That's a strange case over in the corner too. It's a beggar picked up in the Wapping way. When he came in, he could only say one word, or rather make one sound. Sir William made it out to be a form of aphasia—splitter growing on the brain. He operated. Quite right, splitter was there. He makes any amount of sounds now, but the worst of it is we can't understand one of 'em."

They were standing opposite a cot in which a white faced, bearded man thrashed wearily at the blankets and chattered to himself in a torrent of hoarse, guttural words. He snored eagerly at the pair as they approached, and the storm of soliloquy rose higher. He sat up and addressed them, gestulating violently.

Suddenly Desmond staid himself and stopped short at the bed foot.

"Great heavens!" he declared. "The chap's talking Finnish!"

"Finnish?" quoth Barr with an indulgent smile. "What on earth d'you know of Finnish, Billy?"

"Not much, old man. But I've been up the Baltic for three months out of each year for the last two, so I know something. As far as I can make out he's jawing infernal nonsense, but that it's the nonsense of Finland I'm prepared to bet my hat."

He turned to the bed and said a few hesitating words.

A light leaped to the hopeless, weary eyes, and the lips left their aimless motion, gaping wide in astonishment. Then a yell resounded through the quiet of the ward. The patient sprang lucidly from his bed and flung his arms round Desmond's neck. Before the latter could repel this outrageous assault two bearded lips had pressed a passionate salute upon his forehead. Then with triumphant gesticulation the storm of words roared on.

The ward was morally and physically paralyzed. Doctor, nurses and patients stared upon this astounding rupture of the decorum of the room entirely unable to voice their emotions. The mouthed babblings of the Finn snote upon a silence born of stupefaction.

Desmond laughed gleefully.

"Well, old chap, how's that? Bring him somewhere for me to talk to him comfortably. He's simply wild with excitement and delight at finding a Johnny who understands him. It won't do for me to colloquy with him here. It would upset the ward."

"If you're quite sure that he's not a dangerous lunatic," began Barr.

"That's right enough," interrupted Desmond, turning toward the door. "You send him along to me, and I'll find out all about him. He's as sane as you or me now. Send him along."

Barr shrugged his shoulders and made no further opposition. At his order two attendants came forward and helped the man into the regulation slip suit of the convalescent. Supporting him, they followed Desmond down to the house surgeon's private room. There they left him pouring out words and yet more words at his now found friend. One of the attendants thrust his tongue into his cheek as he retired into the passage. He winked toward his companion and tapped his forehead significantly.

"You're right," said the other. "Both of 'em, I should say." Then they passed back to routine grinning.

Barr went on through the wards, and an hour had gone by before he finished his rounds. When he returned to his room again, the patient was still talking, talking, but the first passionate outburst had subsided into a slow, ceaseless stream of monologue. Desmond, his elbows leant upon the table, was staring across at him. His eyes were alight with an interest that his usual stout complacency utterly failed to conceal.

"My goodness, Arthur!" he called as Barr entered. "Come here and pinch me, old chap. Either I'm dreaming the worst sort of nightmare or else we've got a chance before us that doesn't happen to a man twice in a lifetime. Such things as I've heard!"

Barr sniffed. "You must recollect, Billy, that the beggar's only half witted at present. Aphasia's a rummy thing. Probably he's just remembering something that he's dreamed or what not, and thinks it's a reality. What's he been trying to tell you?"

"You shall hear afterward, old man. For the present get this beggar into a private ward and the best of attendance. I'll stand the shot. I want him to buck up and get well—and as quick as possible too."

Barr did not look enthusiastic. "He's been getting everything he wants so far," he said stilly. "We don't let treat him as a rule, even in the public wards."

Desmond chuckled joyously. "There, there, my son, don't be stilly. You forget I know the secrets of the slaughter house as well as you. I know he's had the best of everything, but he hasn't had the quiet he needs, or rather, that I shall need, for I'm coming to see him every day. Next week he sails with you and me for Ulster, and very likely for one or two other places that you've never heard of. So don't you be a hedging, but do as I tell you."

Barr stared at him in deep astonishment. "Good Lord!" he burst out. "You're going to take this Yiddisher on your yacht! Heavens above! Billy, you're as demented as he is!"

TO BE CONTINUED

With the Police.



"Just think! The ingenious fortune teller to whom I paid a mark and 50 pennies told me I had a bad temper and would get a stingy husband!"

"You ought to have gone to the fortune teller who for a mark told me I would inherit a fortune and marry a nobleman."—Flegende Blatter.

Dreadful Situation.



Party in Waters (on the shallow side, with nice trout on)—Now, then, you idiot, bring me the net, can't you, or he'll be off in a second!—Punch.

Very Obliging.



Chorus—Oh, ain't he kind ter play wid us.—New York Journal.

One Man Fooled Him.



"Yes, sir," said the phrenologist. "I will admit that there was an old man whose bumps peaked me."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know his name, but I learned afterward that he was a professional pugilist."

Adding Insult to Injury.



Tired Edward (disgustedly)—Basil! They're all alike, these 'ere philanthropic societies—there's allus nothing yer got to do afore yer git any relief! 'Ere, boy, jus' ring this 'ere bell fer me, will yer?—Ally Sloper.

What Worried Him.



Beggar Woman—This cough bothers me so.

Phanlet—Bothers you? It bothers me more because you cough an octave too high.—Flegende Blatter.