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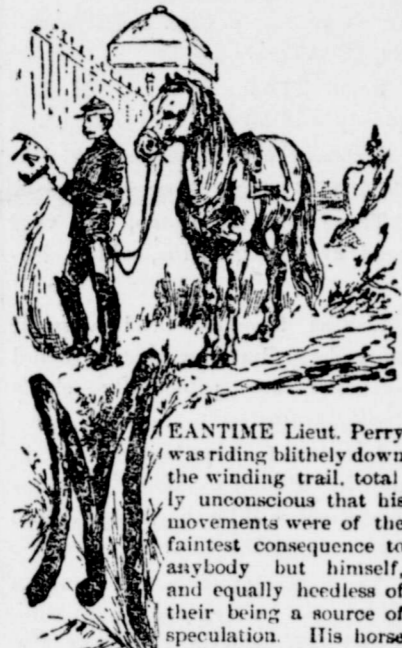
A Story of American Frontier Life.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.

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CHAPTER III.



CHAPTER III.
EANTIME Lieut. Perry was riding blithely down the winding trail, total unconsciousness that his movements were of the faintest consequence to anybody but himself, and equally heedless of their being a source of speculation. His horse was one he rejoiced in, full of spirit and spring and intelligence; the morning was beautiful, just cool enough to be exhilarating; his favorite sound, Bruce, went bounding over the turf under the slopes, or ranging off through the cottonwoods along the stream, or the shallow, sandy arroyo, where the grass and weeds grew rank and luxuriant. Every now and then with sudden rush and whir a drove of prairie chickens would leap from their covert, and after vigorous flapping of wings for a few rods, would go skimming restfully in long easy curve, and settle to earth again a hundred yards away, as though suddenly reminded of the fact that this was mating time and no gentleman would be mean enough to shoot at such a season.

Every little while, too, with prodigious kicking of dust and show of heels, with eyes fairly bulging out of his feathered head, and tall lop ears laid flat on his back, a big jack rabbit would bound off into space, and go tearing across the prairie in mad race for his threatened life, putting a mile between him and the Monee before he began to realize that the two quadrupeds ambling along the distant trail were obedient to the will of that single rider, who had no thought to spare for game so small. Some Indian ponies, grazing across his pathway, set back their stunted ears, and, cow like, refused to budge at sight and hearing of the big American horse; whereas a little vagabond of a Cheyenne, not ten years old nor four feet high, set up a shrill chatter and screech and let drive a few well directed clobs of turf, and then showed his white teeth in a grin as Perry sang out a cheery "Howdy, sonny," and spurred on through the opening thoroughfare, heedless of spiteful pony looks or threatening heels.

Perry's spirits rose with every rod. Youth, health, contentment, all were his, and his heart was warm towards his fellow men. To the best of his reckoning, he had not an enemy or detractor in the world. He was all gladness of nature, all friendliness, frankness and cordiality. In the roughest cowboy whom they met on the long march down, the most crabbed of the frontiersmen they had ever encountered, was never proof against such sunshine as seemed to radiate from his face. He would go out of his way at any time to meet and hail a fellow man upon the prairies, and rarely came back without knowing all about him—where he was from, where he was bound and what were his hopes and prospects. And as for himself, no man was readier to answer questions or to meet in friendliest and most jovial spirit the rough but well meant greetings of "the plains."

Being in this frame of mind to an extent even greater than his normal wont, Mr. Perry's eyes glistened, and he struck spur to hasten Nolan's stride, when, far ahead, and coming towards him on the trail, he saw a horseman like himself. Being in this mood of sociability, he was something more than surprised to see that all of a sudden that horseman had reined in—a mere black dot a mile away—and was presumably examining him as he advanced. Hostile Indians there had none for many a long month, "road agents" would have starved in a region where there practically were no roads, cowboys might, and did, get on frolics and have wild "tears" at times, but who ever heard of their being hostile, man to man? Yet Perry was plainman enough to tell, even at the mile of distance, that the stranger had halted solely to scrutinize him, and his vast astonishment, that something in his appearance had proved either alarming or suspicious, for the horseman had turned abruptly, plunged through the timber and across the stream, and in another moment, resting that way himself to see, Perry marked him fairly racing into the mouth of a shallow ravine, or "break," that entered the valley from the south, and there he was lost to sight.

"What an ill-mannered galoot!" was his muttered comment as he gave Nolan brief chance to crop the juicy grass, while his perturbed rider sat gazing across the stream in the direction taken by the shy horseman. "I've half a mind to drop the ranch and put off after that fellow. That rascal can't go in so very far but what he must soon show up on the level prairie; and I'll bet Nolan could run him down." After a moment's reflection, however, Mr. Perry concluded that as he had come so far and was now nearly within rifle shot of the mysterious goal of his morning ride, he might as well let the stranger go, and pushed ahead himself for Dunraven.

The stream bent southward just at the point where he had first caught sight of the horseman, and around that point he knew the ranch to be. Very probably that was one of the ranchmen of whom Mrs. Lawrence had spoken—churlish fellows, with a civil word for nobody, grim and repellent. Why, certainly, that accounted for his evident desire to avoid the cavalryman; but he need not have been in such desperate haste—need not have kept at such unapproachable bounds, as though he shunned even being seen. That was the queer thing, thought Perry. He acted just as though he did not want to be recognized. Perhaps he'd been up to some devilment at the ranch.

This thought gave spur to his speed, and Nolan, responsive to his master's mood, leaped forward along the winding trail, once more. The point was soon reached, and the trail was silently examined the two or three that were most clearly defined upon the trail, then gave a long whistle as a means of expressing his feelings and giving play to his astonishment.

"Johnny Bull holds himself too high and mighty to have anything to do with us blasted Yankees, it seems, except when we want his horses shod. These shod horses were set at the post blacksmith shop, or I'm a duffer," was the lieutenant's verbal comment. "Now, how was it done without the quartermaster's knowing it? That's the cavalry shoe!"

Pondering over this unlooked for revelation, Mr. Perry once more mounted and turned his disappointed steed against down stream. At last, full half a mile farther on, he saw that a wire fence ran southward again across the prairie, as though marking the eastern boundary of the homestead inclosure, and conjecturing that there was probably a trail along that fence and an opening through, even if the southeastern line should be found fenced still farther, he sent Nolan through the Monee to the open bank on the northern side, centered along until the trail turned abruptly southward, and, following it, found himself once more at the fence just where the heavy corner post stood deeply imbedded in the soil. Sure enough, here ran another fence straight up the gentle slope to the south, a trail along its eastern side, and a broad cattle gap, dusty and tramped with the hoofs of a thousand steers, was the result of the fence's being cut through, spanned the northern boundary. Inside the homestead lot all was virgin turf.

Following the southward trail, Perry rode briskly up the long incline. It was east of this fence he had seen the cattle herds and their mounted watchers. He was far beyond the ranch buildings, but felt sure that once well up on the prairie he could have an uninterrupted view of the ranch people and satisfy himself what there was in the stories of their churlish and repellent demeanor. The sun was climbing higher all this time, and he, eager in pursuit of his reconnaissance, gave little heed to fleeting minutes. If fair means could accomplish it, he and Nolan were bound to have acquaintance with Dunraven Ranch.

Ten minutes' easy lope brought him well up on the prairie. There, extending north—was the mysterious clump of brown buildings, just as far away as when he stood, baffled and disappointed, by the gateway on the Monee. Here, leading away towards the distant buildings, was a bridge path. Here in the fence was a gap just such as he had entered on the stream, and that gap was barred and guarded by the counterpart of the first gate and firmly secured by a padlock that was the other's twin. Mr. Perry's comment at this point of his explorations was brief and characteristic, if not objectionable. He gave vent to the same low whistle, half surprise, half vexation, that had comforted his soul before, but supplemented the whistle with the unnecessary remark: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Even Nolan entered his protest against such incredible exclusiveness. Thrusting low his head over the topmost wires, as before, he signaled long and shrill a neigh that would have caught the ear of any horse within a mile—and then, all alert, he waited for an answer. It came floating on the rising wind, a responsive call, a signal as eager and confident as his own, and Nolan and Nolan's rider whirled quickly around to see the source from whence it arose. Four hundred yards away, just appearing over a little knoll in the prairie, and moving towards them from the direction of a distant clump of grazing cattle, another horse and rider came trotting into the halting distance; and Perry, his bright blue eyes dilating, and Nolan, his dainty, sensitive ears pricked forward, turned promptly to meet and greet the new arrivals.

For fifty yards or so the stranger rode confidently and at rapid trot. Perry unobtrusively watched the outturned toes, the bobbing, "bent over" seat, and angular elbows that seemed so strange and out of place on the broad Texas plain. He could almost see the "crop" in the free hand, and was smiling to himself at the idea of a "crop" to open wire gates, when he became aware of the fact that the stranger's men had changed; confidence was giving place to hesitancy, and he was evidently checking the rapid trot of his horse and throwing his weight back on the cantle, while his feet thrust through to the very heels in the gleaming steel stirrups, were braced in front of the powerful shoulders of the bay. The horse wanted to come, the rider plainly wanted to stop. Another moment, and Perry could see that the stranger wore eyeglasses and had just succeeded in bridging them on his nose and was glaring at him with his chin high in air. They were within two hundred yards of each other by this time, and to Perry's astonishment, the next thing the stranger did was to touch sharply his horse with a barbed hiel, whiplike spitefully about, and go bobbing off across the prairie at lively canter, standing up in his stirrups, and bestirring his steed as though his object were not so much a ride as game of leapfrog.

It was evident that he had caught sight of Perry when Nolan neighed, had ridden at once to meet him, expecting to find some one connected with the ranch, and had veered off in disgust the moment he was able to recognize the uniform and horse equipments of the United States cavalry.

CHAPTER IV.
WEET tempered a fellow as Mr. Perry confessedly was, there was something in the stranger's conduct that galled him inexpressibly. From his hands, as he saw the general appearance, Perry set this stranger down as one of the Englishmen residing at the ranch. It was not far from true, and capture that sent him scowling away across the prairie; it was deliberate intent to avoid, and this was, to Perry's thinking, tantamount to insult. One moment he gazed after the retreating form of the horseman, then clasped his foreleg cap firmly down upon his head, shook free the rein and gave Nolan the longest word. Another instant, and with set teeth and blazing, angry eyes, he was thundering at headlong speed, swooping down upon the unconscious stranger in pursuit. Before that sturdily built, curly haired, bullishly framed young man had the faintest idea of what was impending, Mr. Perry was reining in his snorting steed alongside and cuttingly addressing him.

"I beg your pardon, my good sir, but may I ask what you mean by trotting away when it must have been evident that I wanted to speak with you?"

The stranger turned slightly and coolly eyed the flushed and indignant cavalryman. They were trotting side by side now, Nolan plunging excitedly, but the English horse maintaining his even stride and stronger contrast of type and style one could scarcely hope to find. In rough tweed shooting jacket and cap, brown Bedford boots fitting snugly at the knee but flapping like shapless bags from there aloft to the waist, in heavy leather gaiters and equally heavy leather gloves, the stocky figure of the Englishman had nothing of grace or elegance, but was sturdy, strong, and full of that burly self reliance which is so characteristic of the race. Above his broad, stooping shoulders were a bull neck, reddened by the sun, a crop of close curling, light brown hair, a tanned and honest face lighted up by fearless gray eyes and shaded by a thick and curling beard of lighter hue than the hair of his massive head.

He rode with the careless ease and supreme confidence of the skilled horseman, but with that angularity of foot and elbow, that roundness of back and bunching of shoulders, that incessant rise and fall with every beat of his horse's powerful haunch, that the effect was of that neither security nor repose. His saddle, too, was the long, flat seated, Australian model, pig skin, with huge rounded leather cushions circling in front and over the knees, adding to the embarrassment of his equipment and in no wise to the comfort; but his bit and curb chain were of burnished steel, gleaming as though fresh from the hands of some incomparable English groom and the russet reins were soft and pliable, telling of excellent stable management and discipline. Perry couldn't help admiring that bit, even in his temporary fit of indignation.

As for him—tall, slender, elegantly made, clothed in the accurately fitting, "blouse" of the army and in riding breeches that displayed to best advantage the superb molding of his powerful thighs, sitting like centaurs well down in the saddle, his feet and lower legs, cased in natty riding boots, swinging close in behind the gleaming shoulders of his steed, erect as on parade, yet swaying with every motion of his horse, graceful, gallant, and to the full as powerful as his burly companion, the soldier in appearance as well as on Perry's side, and was heightened by Nolan's spirited action and martial trappings. Perry was an exquisite in his soldier's taste, and never, except on actual campaign, rode his troop horse without his brodered saddle cloth and gleaming boss. All this, and more, the Englishman seemed quietly noting as, finally, without the faintest trace of irritability, with even a suspicion of humor twinkling about the corners of his mouth, he replied:

"A fellow may do as he likes when he's on his own bailiwick, I suppose."
"All the same, wherever I've been, from here to Assiniboia, men meet like Christians, unless they happen to be road agents or cattle thieves. What's more, I am an officer of a regiment just arrived here, and, from the Missouri down, there isn't a ranch along our trail where we were not welcome and whose occupants were not 'thill fellow well met' in our camps. You are the first people to shun us; and, as that fort yonder was built for your protection in days when there is no need of it, I want to know what there is about its garrison that is so obnoxious to Dunraven Ranch—that's what you call it, is it not?"
"That's what—it is called."
"Well, here! I've no intention of intruding where we're not wanted. I simply didn't suppose that on the broad prairies of the west there was such a place as a ranch where one of my cloth was unwelcome. I am Mr. Perry, of the cavalry, and I'm bound to say I'd like to know what you people have against us. Are you the proprietor?"
"I'm not. I'm only an employe."
"Who is the owner?"
"He's not here now."
"Who is here who can explain the situation?"
"Oh, as to that, I fancy I can do it as well as anybody. It is simply because we have to do pretty much as you fellows—obey orders. The owner's orders are not aimed at you any more than anybody else. He simply wants to be let alone. There's never any one to come here because he wanted a place where he could have things his own way—see people whom he sent for and nobody else. Every man in his employ is expected to stick to the ranch so long as he is on the payroll, and to carry out his instructions. If he can't, he may go."
"And your instructions are to prevent people getting into the ranch?"
"Oh, hardly that, you know. We don't interfere. There's never any one to come, as a rule, and, when they do, the fence seems to be sufficient."
"Amplify, I should say; and yet were I to tell you that I had business with the proprietor and needed to ride up to the ranch, you would open the gate yonder, I suppose?"
"No; I would tell you that the owner was away, and that in his absence I transacted all business for him."
"Well, thank you for the information given me at all events. May I ask the name of your misanthropical boss? You might tell him I called."
"Several officers called three years ago, but he begged to be excused."
"And what is his name?"
"Mr. Maitland—is what he is called."
"All right. Possibly the time may come when Mr. Maitland will be as anxious to have the cavalry around him as he is now to keep it away. But if you ever feel like coming up to the fort, just ride in and ask for me."
"I feel like it a dozen times a week, you know, but a man mustn't quarrel with his bread and butter. I met one of your fellows once on a hunt after strayed mules, and he asked me in, but I couldn't go. Sorry, you know, and all that, but the owner won't have it."
"Well, then there's nothing to do for it but say good day to you. I'm going back. Possibly I'll see some of your people up at Rossett when they come to get a horse shod."
"A horse shod! Why, man alive, we shoe all our horses here!"
"Well, that fellow who rode out of your north gate and went towards the fort about an hour or so ago had his horse shod at a cavalry forge, or I'm a duffer."
A quick change came over the Englishman's face; a flash of surprise and anger shot up to his forehead. He wheeled about and gazed eagerly, lowering, back toward the far away buildings.

"How do you know that?" he sharply asked.
"Oh, I don't know who he was," answered Perry, coolly. "He avoided me as just pointed as you did—galloped across the Monee and out on the prairie to dodge me; but he came out of that gate on the stream, looked it after him, and went on up to the fort, and his horse had cavalry shoes. Good day to you, my Britannie friend. Come and see us when you get tired of prison life." And with a grin, Mr. Perry turned and rode rapidly away, leaving the other horseman in a brown study.

One fairly across the Monee he ambled placidly along, thinking of the odd situation of affairs at this great prairie reservation, and almost regretting that he had paid the ranch the honor of a call. Reaching the point where the wagon tracks crossed the stream to the gateway in the boundary fence, he reined in Nolan and looked through a vista in the cottonwoods. There was the Englishman, dismounted, stooping over the ground and evidently examining the hoof prints at the gate. Perry chuckled at the sight, then whistling for Bruce, who had strayed off through the timber, he resumed his jaunty way to the post.

In the events of the morning there were several things to give him much to think of. The little boy was fabled the source of the bird's twitter. So the other evening, while his father was away at the office and his mother was down town on a shopping expedition, the youngster reached the cage, captured the bird and picked off all its pretty yellow feathers. But he did not discover the source of the twitter, and the bird caught a severe cold through its loss of drapery and died with pneumonia the next morning. The little boy was fabled in an upper room when his experiment was discovered by his parents, and now he firmly believes that two in the bush are of much more value than a bird in the hand.—Chicago Herald.

Looking for the Twitter.
"The mortality among the domestic animals up in our block increased greatly last week," said a South side young man yesterday. "One of our neighbors owns a pretty canary bird, and his little son has always been anxious to ascertain the source of the bird's twitter. So the other evening, while his father was away at the office and his mother was down town on a shopping expedition, the youngster reached the cage, captured the bird and picked off all its pretty yellow feathers. But he did not discover the source of the twitter, and the bird caught a severe cold through its loss of drapery and died with pneumonia the next morning. The little boy was fabled in an upper room when his experiment was discovered by his parents, and now he firmly believes that two in the bush are of much more value than a bird in the hand."—Chicago Herald.

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"I feel like it a dozen times a week, you know, but a man mustn't quarrel with his bread and butter. I met one of your fellows once on a hunt after strayed mules, and he asked me in, but I couldn't go. Sorry, you know, and all that, but the owner won't have it."
"Well, then there's nothing to do for it but say good day to you. I'm going back. Possibly I'll see some of your people up at Rossett when they come to get a horse shod."
"A horse shod! Why, man alive, we shoe all our horses here!"
"Well, that fellow who rode out of your north gate and went towards the fort about an hour or so ago had his horse shod at a cavalry forge, or I'm a duffer."

A quick change came over the Englishman's face; a flash of surprise and anger shot up to his forehead. He wheeled about and gazed eagerly, lowering, back toward the far away buildings.

"How do you know that?" he sharply asked.
"Oh, I don't know who he was," answered Perry, coolly. "He avoided me as just pointed as you did—galloped across the Monee and out on the prairie to dodge me; but he came out of that gate on the stream, looked it after him, and went on up to the fort, and his horse had cavalry shoes. Good day to you, my Britannie friend. Come and see us when you get tired of prison life." And with a grin, Mr. Perry turned and rode rapidly away, leaving the other horseman in a brown study.

One fairly across the Monee he ambled placidly along, thinking of the odd situation of affairs at this great prairie reservation, and almost regretting that he had paid the ranch the honor of a call. Reaching the point where the wagon tracks crossed the stream to the gateway in the boundary fence, he reined in Nolan and looked through a vista in the cottonwoods. There was the Englishman, dismounted, stooping over the ground and evidently examining the hoof prints at the gate. Perry chuckled at the sight, then whistling for Bruce, who had strayed off through the timber, he resumed his jaunty way to the post.

In the events of the morning there were several things to give him much to think of. The little boy was fabled the source of the bird's twitter. So the other evening, while his father was away at the office and his mother was down town on a shopping expedition, the youngster reached the cage, captured the bird and picked off all its pretty yellow feathers. But he did not discover the source of the twitter, and the bird caught a severe cold through its loss of drapery and died with pneumonia the next morning. The little boy was fabled in an upper room when his experiment was discovered by his parents, and now he firmly believes that two in the bush are of much more value than a bird in the hand.—Chicago Herald.

Looking for the Twitter.
"The mortality among the domestic animals up in our block increased greatly last week," said a South side young man yesterday. "One of our neighbors owns a pretty canary bird, and his little son has always been anxious to ascertain the source of the bird's twitter. So the other evening, while his father was away at the office and his mother was down town on a shopping expedition, the youngster reached the cage, captured the bird and picked off all its pretty yellow feathers. But he did not discover the source of the twitter, and the bird caught a severe cold through its loss of drapery and died with pneumonia the next morning. The little boy was fabled in an upper room when his experiment was discovered by his parents, and now he firmly believes that two in the bush are of much more value than a bird in the hand."—Chicago Herald.

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The Independent.

JAMES KIBBEE, Ed. and Pub.

INDEPENDENT IN NAME AND IN FACT.

Published at Lincoln, Lincoln County, New Mexico, every Friday.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING RATES.

One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.00
Advertising rates made known by addressing James Kibbee, Lincoln, New Mexico.

RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1890.

"It is with pain" we announce that Bro. Caffrey, of the *Leader*, does not seem to understand that there are some things in the way of local items that it would be best to leave untold.

The Southwest Cattle Association has offered a reward of \$225 for the arrest and conviction of each and every thief caught depleting its herds. It was thought necessary to take some such step as cattle stealing has been carried on upon a large scale in Grant county of late.

The *New Mexican* is in receipt of information to the effect that Prof. O. H. Ladd, recently appointed and confirmed census superintendent for New Mexico, has accepted a lucrative and responsible position with a large New York City printing establishment and will tender his resignation to the secretary of the interior.

Above Denver on Cherry Creek, is being constructed a dam for storing 2,000,000,000 gallons of water. The farmers in the valley below are already fearful that the structure will give way, and they ask for a rigid examination of the work. The city of Denver would prove another Johnstown if that reservoir ever breaks.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says: "The chances for admitting Territories in a block are not favorable. Omnibus territorial bills cannot be successfully engineered through congress more than once in a century, and that once is too often. Idaho and Wyoming will be admitted this year, but the claims of each, as is eminently proper, will be considered separately and on their merits. Arizona and New Mexico, especially the former, will scarcely come in during the lifetime of the Fifty-first congress."

The St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* believes that the farming industry rests under serious political and commercial burdens which must be removed by organized effort, but the *Journal* has no patience with some farmers and quotes as follows from the *Progressive Farmer*: They give no attention to detail. They think small things not important. They take no interest in their work. They regard work as a misfortune. They weigh and measure stingily. They are fretful and impatient. They ruin stock by low fencing. They let their gates sag and fall down. They will not make compost. They let their fowls roost in the trees and on the fence. They have no shelter for stock. They do not cur their horses. They leave their plows in the field. They hang the harness in the dust. They put off greasing the wagon. They starve the calf and the milk cow. They go to town without business. They do not know that the best is the cheapest. They have no method or system. They go too often "to see a man." They have no ear for home enterprise; they never use paint on the farm; they plant very late in the spring; they stack fodder in the fields; they prop the barn door with a rail; they let the horses stand in the rain; they let the clothes dry on the fence; they let the hoops fall from the tubs; they neglect to trim the fruit trees; they milk the cows late in the day.

The *Journal* adds: To sum up these accusations in a word that some farmers have very "unthrift" ways. And unthrift ways always cause the possessor of them to make a failure. Some of them are so unthrift that they wouldn't make a success with wheat at \$2 and cattle 10c a pound; but we hope they are very few.

Corn and Oats.
300,000 pounds of choice oats, and about same amount of corn, for sale by Rosenthal & Co., Lincoln, N. M. Special prices in large lots.

The Senate confirmed the nomination of William D. Lee as associate justice of the supreme court of New Mexico.

THE ALBUQUERQUE DEMOCRAT.

The broad-as-he-is-long representative of the Albuquerque black-mailer *Democrat*, who recently unmasked himself among the good (and bad) people of Lincoln, proceeds to puff through the columns of his paper every Democrat who gave him a little taffy or a month's subscription to the great Albuquerque black-mailer.

The "Doctor" is said to be a pretty decent kind of a man, but it is a pity he should lend his talents, for filthy lucre, to such a notoriously disreputable sheet as Gallbright's *Democrat*.

Now THE INDEPENDENT does not rise to make these remarks because Dr. Gould intimated, in his mild, harmless vapors, that the editor of this paper was only entitled to consideration in this community because he has "seven children, all about the same size." The above intimation, by the way, is false, and highly misleading, as the editor has only five children, and one of them is big enough to set two galleys of type a day, (which we'll bet is more than the fat, lazy "Doctor" can do.)

Neither are we insulted because the fat contributor to the *Democrat* asserts that THE INDEPENDENT man is not as tall as he might be. We have the consolation of knowing that there are lots of big little men in this country with more brains than he's got; and many of the giants of history were not "mighty in stature," but nevertheless giants in intellect. But when he says that THE INDEPENDENT, as an independent paper, does not fill a field of unusual promise, right there he treads on dangerous ground, and had better "stand from under."

THE INDEPENDENT, however, comes to think of it, does not care for what the "fat contributor" may say on this subject. The people of Lincoln county, and southern New Mexico generally, must be pretty well pleased with THE INDEPENDENT, for our subscription lists are gradually and steadily increasing, and every day we are receiving commendations from both old and new subscribers. And the general tone of these commendations is: "Keep up your lick; you are giving us the best paper Lincoln county has ever had."

And what is the reputation of Gallbright's *Democrat*? It pretends to be Democratic, yet it is a notorious fact that whenever there are a few dollars thrown into sight it wheels over onto the side of the dollars—witness its support of Dwyer in the contest for Delegate three years ago.

And as a blackmailing sheet its reputation stinketh as carrion to the public nostril. Right now it is blackmailing its own city of Albuquerque (or trying to) on every possible occasion, and the great wonder is that the people of that town do not rise en masse and tar and feather Allbright and ride him out of town on a rail, or knock his cursed outfit into everlasting and irretrievable pi.

His name should be Alldark, for he never has a bright word to say for anyone—unless there is a ten dollar subscription in sight.

The only thing that gives the blackmailing sheet any hold on the people at all is its supposed franchise on the associated press dispatches. Take that away from the *Democrat* and it could not hold its head above water for twenty-four hours.

If our eleven-year-old-boy, (who now sets two galleys of type per day) cannot run a better and more decent paper when he is seventeen years old than the *Democrat* now is, we'll hire somebody to beat him up a lot with a stuffed club,—and he'll run an independent paper, too.

C. T. Russell, former sheriff of Socorro county, is now at Grace Harbor, Washington, in the real estate business, where he is prospering and doing well.

Corn and Oats.
300,000 pounds of choice oats, and about same amount of corn, for sale by Rosenthal & Co., Lincoln, N. M. Special prices in large lots.

LATEST NEWS AND NOTES.

Allison is elected United States Senator for another six years.

The okra fiber is now claimed to be the great substitute for jute.

The president has approved the act providing for an assistant secretary of war.

Master Abraham Lincoln, son of Minister Robert Lincoln, died at London.

Wolves and mountain lions are still destroying a great deal of stock in Wyoming.

Wyoming has abolished the fee system and put all her county officials on salaries.

The cutting of rates between Denver and Chicago and intermediate points continues.

The stallion Alcazar, belonging to J. L. Rose, of Los Angeles, was sold at New York for \$25,800.

The big smelting organizations of the United States have formed a trust, with a capital of \$17,000,000.

A 53 year old widow and a 19 year old boy married in New York last Friday, all "for love." The boy got some property in the bargain.

It is estimated that the snow blockade on the Central Pacific railroad's lines in California and Oregon has cost the company by loss of traffic not less than \$75,000 a day, and that the total loss up to the present time does not fall short of \$1,000,000.

Moonshiners have been at work in No Man's Land. Three large distilleries have been seized by the United States officers, which have not only been doing a large business with the neutral strip and northwestern New Mexico, but also with Kansas.

Late advices from Oklahoma Territory are to the effect that not only scores, but hundreds of prairie schooners filled with boomers hunting for choice claims, are moving over the Cherokee Strip in all directions, and that single men and parties with guns on their shoulders, who claim to be hunting, but who are really selecting land, are encountered daily.

There is such an urgent demand for steel plate for war ships in England that many builders have to use iron plates instead of steel.

The saving banks of Connecticut showed an increase in deposits amounting to \$4,500,000 last year; the wage workers there seem to be making money. These deposits were made in 86 banks, the aggregate of whose deposits amounts to \$110,000,000; the total number of depositors is 294,890.

A Philadelphia builder has just purchased a \$60,000 tract of land, on which he will at once erect 1200 houses. Ten thousand or more dwellings will be erected in that city during the current year.

Russell Sage is said to have more actual cash than any other millionaire in the world. He is thought to be worth about \$50,000,000.

The much talked of labor strike will probably take place May 1. It will be under the management of the American Federation of Labor which organization has 650,000 members. This is the most important labor movement ever contemplated.

There was never such activity among builders in all the larger cities of the country, as at present exists. In Boston, New York, and Philadelphia about \$12,000,000 will be expended for buildings this year.

TERRITORIAL TALK.

A. Sidney Chick and wife are in the city and will remain for some time. Mr. Chick is a prominent ranchman from across the river and has just returned from the east with his bride.—*Socorro Advertiser*.

The secretary of the Interior has approved the action of the land offices at Santa Fe and Las Cruces in rejecting the A. & P. railroad company's claims for several thousand acres of indemnity lands in the Rio Grande valley.

Our delegate in congress, Mr. Joseph, has introduced a bill, to annually appropriate out of any money in the U. S. treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the sum of \$100,000 to aid in the support of free common schools in the Territory of New Mexico.

Kingston note: One of the leasers on the Lady Franklin came into the assayer's office one evening last week, and laying down his sample remarked: "Now, if that will only run 80 or 100 ounces, I am fixed, for I have struck a large body of it." The assay gave over 800 ounces, and this week has opened up a chamber larger than any on Bonanza Hill except the celebrated Comstock chamber.

Johnstown No. 2.

PRESCOTT, ARIZ., March 1.—Nearly all the victims of the late disaster have been buried. There are known to be forty-nine victims, and of these ten have not been recovered. There was no loss of life at Wickenburg, the inhabitants having been on the watch for the flood. The total damage is probably little over \$1,000,000. The nature and cause of the calamities were almost identical with those of the Johnstown disaster.

"It is what might have been expected," said an engineer yesterday, "in a dam where no cement was used. Once started, a dam of this kind melts away before the rushing waters like mists before the noon day sun. The loose hand laid stone roll into the mighty torrent and are carried away like so many corks." The dam was completed about eighteen months ago, and was a matter of pride to the Territory. Local engineers, however, say that the work was "scamped." The "Walnut Grove Storage Company" has its headquarters in this city, and the design of the dam was to save the winter floods of the Hassayampa for summer use in mining and irrigation. The dam was built in 1887 and 1888, the work having been pushed with wonderful rapidity. In the first place everything had to be hauled some sixty miles over the mountains and plains, and a dozen new industries were created on the spot. It was an object of national interest from the start, and by a strange coincidence, was fully described in *Scraper's Magazine* for January, and classed as one of the four great dams which were to test eventually the storage of water on a large scale. The others are the great Merced dam of California, the Bear Valley dam of San Bernardino county, Cal., and the Sweetwater dam, near San Diego, Cal. When it is considered that the lake which the Hassayampa dam held back, was the largest body of water in the entire Territory it is a wonder that more care was not taken in the building. Lieutenant Bodie of the United States Army was the chief engineer in charge, and is supposed to be one of the best of his class in the service. Why he should permit an affair of the kind to be erected without the use of cement is a mystery, and yet it has been urged that the structure was of sufficient density and weight to be perfectly safe except in the event of a cloud burst or waterspout. As these are known to occur frequently in that region, many engineers have urged that this question should have been considered at the time the work was performed. From bluff to bluff the dam was 145 feet long at the bottom and 410 ft. at the top; its width (thickness) was 10 feet at the top and 110 feet at the bottom, and its height was 110 feet. The lake thus formed covered some 800 acres and was supposed to contain 3,000,000 cubic feet of water; its depth was 100 feet. At the bottom of the dam was a pipe gate 5 by 5 feet; in the dam proper there was no waste way, but one 40 by 8 feet had been cut around the end of it—through the solid granite of the canon wall. Therefore, say the officials of the company, the disaster could not have occurred if the attendants had done their duty in opening these passes for the spring water.

CATTLE CHIPS.

Mayer Haiff says that if the railroads want an interest in his cattle this year, he will sell them, but that he will not give up \$20,000 in cash to have his cattle hauled this year.

Gov. Warren has issued a proclamation revoking all other quarantines already made, and establishing the dead line for Southern cattle. All Southern cattle entering Wyoming will be required to unload at Cheyenne for inspection. This inspection will be made without cost to shippers.

At this time the scarcity of what is known in the markets and in the corn-raising districts, as "feeders" and thrifty two-year-old steers, such as farmers buy to fatten on grain, is most remarkable. Price currents and accounts of sale from all the market centers quote feeders in demand and at prices ten to twenty per cent relatively higher than beves of ordinary quality. The fact is that there are very few feeders in the country.—*Northwestern Live Stock Journal*.

The Texas Live Stock *Journal* perceives the inevitable drift: The rancheros of southwest Texas are cutting up pretty badly this fall. They are not shooting or hanging anybody in particular as the above announcement would indicate according to popular but erroneous reputation, but they are cutting up their big pastures into smaller ones and into farms which are being sold at good figures. The big pastures must go, is the decree of the autocrat, progress. They are also cutting up their herds into smaller and better flocks. Small farms and better stock represent the idea.

The cattlemen who occupy the Cherokee Strip with their herds are complaining that the enforcement of the president's proclamation will entail upon them a loss of many thousands of dollars and will render valueless the leases which they have secured at great expense. This should not deter the government from carrying out the policy determined upon by the secretary of the interior. The cattle syndicates have made enough money out of the cheap pasturage which they have monopolized so long to amply compensate them for the losses they will suffer by reason of their removal. The leases they hold were made with the knowledge that the government reserved the right to cancel them whenever the interest of the public demanded it. If the country is compelled to wait until the cattlemen are ready to move out, the Cherokee Strip will never be thrown open to settlers.—*Kansas City Star*.

A year ago or longer, the Stock *Journal* pointed out that the range cattle of the country were decreasing in number. The combined effects of drought in summer, arctic temperature in winter, spaying of heifers, marketing of cows, all tended to the one point of reducing the range herds. Within the last year the flooding of markets with cattle from the agricultural districts has kept down prices and delayed the advance that we have all looked for but it cannot put off the day of better prices, and when it does come, it will come emphatically, for when the country awakes to a sense of the fact that we have some more millions of mouths to feed, and some millions of cattle less to feed them, the value of a herd of good beef stock will be what it was in '83 and '84. * * * Most stockmen take the same view of the situation, and from this consensus of opinion we may fairly conclude that the cattle business is getting out of the bog.

There are a number of cattlemen in Colfax county who think it unnecessary to advertise their "brands" in a newspaper. To such we refer the following opinion of an old and experienced cattleman: "Cattle in brands which are freely advertised are not stolen nearly so much as those which are not shown in the papers. It is the little 'nestors,' as the rustlers call small stock raisers who are chiefly prated on; men with from twenty-five to a hundred or two cattle who 'think they have not cattle enough to pay for advertising the brand.' They are really the ones who can best afford to publish their brands, for they have not cattle enough to occupy a man's full time to look after them, and the thieves look upon them as the safest victims. You need never take out my brand."—*Raton Range*.

A scheme is on foot to establish penny postage throughout Great Britain and the United States.

ROSENTHAL & CO.

General Merchandise, Etc.

Have now on hand the Most Complete and Best Assorted stock of Genl. Merchandise in Lincoln county, consisting of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLERY, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, LIQUORS, CIGARS.

Lincoln, New Mexico.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

Texas is unusually short of good fat sheep.

Prime 80@90 lb. lambs have sold this week at in Chicago \$6@6.50.

Corn-fed western sheep have lately sold at \$4.80@5.00.

Some Chicago sheep men went to Texas to buy mutton and returned empty-handed.

Some 122-lb. muttons of fine quality sold for \$6.10 in Chicago.

Kansas sheep, 88 lbs, sold at \$3.50.

Texas corn-fed sheep, not very good, averaging 67 lbs, sold at \$4.75.

Kansas formerly bred a good many sheep, but now that state and Nebraska are principally sheep feeding states.

Look out for another advance in mohair. Bound to come. The entire stock will be used up before the next clip is available.

An exchange takes a column to tell why "more farmers should keep sheep." We can do it in less space. They should keep more sheep in order that the dogs may have a better show... The ewes were killed or not bred, till the country is short on sheep; then the wool tariff is settled for a time. These things account for the sheep boom.

An exchange suggests that now that the sheep business is promising better times for us, let us see to and improve the time. Don't let some enthusiastic persuade you into the business big, but engage in it carefully. Look around and get good ones, and go slow, not because the business is liable to be overdone, but if engaged in it too largely or indiscreetly the flock owner is liable to become "overdone."

TEXAS TIDINGS.

A college for boys will be built at Belton.

Five buildings were destroyed by fire at Ballinger.

An epidemic of measles has possession of Comanche.

The Fort Worth and Rio Grande is located to Corsicana.

Machinery has arrived at Pilot Knob for a large canning factory.

The late cold snap has played havoc with the early fruit in the southern part of the state.

At Petty, a small station near Honey Grove, Capt. Hill fell dead of heart disease while chopping wood.

It is reported that a large quantity of silver and lead has been discovered in the Chicasaw nation ten miles east of Stonewall.

Galveston expects to become a Texas New York, as soon as the bar opposite the city can be removed to a depth of 30 feet. It will cost about \$7,000,000 to do the digging.

Capt. Story, of Waco, who had stolen from him two years ago thirteen pieces of silverware, had it restored by a lad who found it buried on the east bank of the suspension bridge.

The development of Texas has but just begun, yet there are 2106 post-offices in the state; the receipts are more than a million of dollars annually, and the length of the mail routes is more than twenty-two thousand miles.

FRIEDRICH & NEEDHAM,

DEALERS IN—

CHOICE LIQUORS, CIGARS

Lincoln, New Mexico.

Stolen Bonds

Notice is hereby given that the Lincoln county current exp. use bonds, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, for \$1,000 each, dated Jan. 1st, 1890, were stolen in the recent robbery of the Albuquerque postoffice. All parties are hereby warned against purchasing said bonds. GEO. CHERRY, Clerk of Lincoln county, Lincoln, N. M., Feb. 7th, 1890.

ACORN POULTRY YARDS.

PERRY GALL, PROPRIETOR. SAN MARCIAL, NEW MEXICO. Breeds Silver Laced Wyandottes. They are very attractive in appearance and the best of egg producers. They are the favorite of the Fanciers, the Farmers, the Ranchmen and the Market Poultrymen. Eggs \$3.00 per setting of 13 eggs. Please mention THE INDEPENDENT.

CALL 8 PER CENT BONDS.

To All Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that Lincoln county 8 per cent. bonds, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19, each for \$1,000, will be paid on presentation at my office in White Oaks, N. M. Interest will cease on these bonds after July 1st, 1890.

G. R. YOUNG, Treasurer Lincoln Co., N. M.

CALL

LINCOLN COUNTY JAIL WARRANT.

To All Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that Lincoln county Jail Warrant No. 5, for \$2,000, will be paid on presentation at my office in White Oaks, N. M. Interest will cease on said warrant after 30 days from the publication of this notice.

G. R. YOUNG, Treasurer Lincoln Co., N. M. Jan. 31, 1890.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in wisely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of women's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outcome of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from ladies of every clime and country, who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for women's peculiar ailments. As a powerful invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the weak and ailing in particular. For overworked, worn-out, run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, wait-girls, housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest and most strengthening tonic, an appetizing and restorative tonic. As a soothing, strengthening, and invigorating nervous system, it is unequalled in its effects upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves neural anxiety and depression. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "interfered head." As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that transitional period, known as "The Change of Life." "Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes excruciating and scrofulous humors from the system. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for women, sold by druggists, under positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottles-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles 100 doses \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (100 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Third St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Independent.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

At White Oaks, - Rev. N. W. Lane.
Fort Stanton - - - Postmaster.
Upper Penasco, - - -
Mesclero, - - - Harry Bennett.
Eddy, - - - Fred V. Piontkowsky

If Charlie Wingfield knew how happy he made the editor's family by sending them that great big wild turkey, he would feel good, sure. The turkey weighed 15 pounds dressed, was rolling fat, and as tender and juicy as a spring chicken.

We will not allow any house in Lincoln county to undersell us. Still greater reductions made on Provisions and Dry Goods. Give us a call. R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Mrs. Capt. Roberts opened the public school here last Monday, with a fair attendance. Lincoln now has a first-class school.

Best tank coal oil, 150 test, only 40 cents per gallon, at WHELAN & Co's.

Dr. Block and J. H. Canning, of Fort Stanton, made a quick trip from Roswell last Friday. They left that place at 7 a. m., arrived at Lincoln just before dark, and went on to Stanton after supper. The distance between Roswell and Stanton is between 75 and 80 miles, and the trip was made with one change of horses. It is nine miles from Lincoln to Stanton.

Rose nthal & Co. are away ahead of all competitors when it comes to a complete stock and bed rock prices.

Candidates who want to "get there" should not hide their light under a bushel. Let the people know early that you are in the race. And the way to let the people know anything is to tell them that in THE INDEPENDENT.

Ladies' Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, for spring and summer, at prices to suit everybody, just opened up at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Boring on or in the Jicarillas well was resumed this week and the managers avow a determination to keep on until they strike water, China or - - - Leader.

Plant a garden. Call early and select your seeds at Whelan & Co's.

The Mound Valley Ditch & Reservoir company of Lincoln county has been incorporated: Incorporators, W. T. Carper, John H. Carper, L. W. Dimmett, S. S. Nelson, B. F. Carper. Capital stock, \$5,000. Object to build an irrigating ditch east of Roswell, taking the water out of "the large lake" in section 2 and 3, township 11 south, range 25 east.

Every day new goods arrive at Rosenthal & Co's.

The Pecos Valley Railroad company has been incorporated. Incorporators: James J. Hagerman, Louis H. Sandson, Irving Howberts and Henry C. Lowe, of Colorado Springs, Colo., and C. B. Eddy and W. A. Hawkins of Eddy, New Mexico. The president of the company is J. J. Hagerman; Chas. B. Eddy, vice president, treasurer, Henry C. Lowe. The capital stock is \$800,000. The articles of incorporation provide for the construction of a standard gauge railroad from the Texas line northward through the Pecos Valley via Eddy to the town of Roswell, an estimated distance of 115 miles. The town of Eddy is named as the principal place of business.—Citizen.

Just received, an immense stock of children's and men's Hats at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

A reader asks us about husking bees. We never had any luck trying to husk them.

For cleanliness, comfort and first-class fare, goto Whelan & Co's. Hotel.

"And Smithkins plays in the band! Why, he couldn't blow a hot potato." "That's what he does; he blows the tuba."

Several train loads of new goods at Rosenthal & Co's. Call and examine before buying from old shelf-worn stocks.

You see a good deal of advice in the papers how about raising small fruit, but none about raising small potatoes.

Our motto: "Small profits and quick returns" will be carried out to the letter. R. MICHAELIS & Co.

"Why, what's the matter?" Well, sor, I swallowed a pertaber bug, and sorr, though I took some parrus green widin five minutes after tor kill the baste, shill he's just raisin' th' devil inside o' me."

Full line of garden seeds at Whelan & Co's. Rosenthal & Co. have now on exhibiti on of the largest and best assorted stocks of men's and boy's clothing ever offered in Lincoln county.

All Postmasters are authorized and requested to act as agents for THE INDEPENDENT.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Ben Ellis is the latest victim of la grippe. Mrs. Frank Lesnet entertained a party of friends at dinner on Tuesday. Mrs. Jno. Whelan has been quite ill from la grippe, but is now improving.

Jack Thorator has been on the sick list again this week. Grippe and sore eyes. Geo. B. Barber, the popular White Oaks attorney, was here on business this week.

W. S. Ryan calls it "catarrhal fever," but it kept him in bed five days, all same like la grippe.

Henry Lutz, formerly of Michaelis & Co., has bid farewell to his Lincoln friends and left Sunday morning on a visit to his old home "across the seas."

Sheriff D. C. Nowlin returned Tuesday from a three weeks' absence over in the eastern part of the county. He reports that cattle are fat on the plains but poor on the Pecos.

Elmer Whitlock, brother of Mrs. J. J. Dolan, arrived in Lincoln from Las Cruces Monday evening. He reports everything quiet at Cruces and that nearly everybody down there has had the grippe.

A. E. Powers, who ranches near Carthage, in Socorro county, was in town Monday on business, and took in THE INDEPENDENT office. Sebe Gray was plotting him around amongst his old friends.

Died. At Lincoln N. M., Friday, March 7, 1890, Amelie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Whelan, aged six months.

MESCALERO MATTERS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. MESCALERO AGENCY, March 8, 1890. The holy-terror, "Old Grippe," is about letting up on us now, nearly everybody having had a taste of his majestic grip. All the Agency employes, school children and many of the camp Indians, having been down with it.

The doctor had his hands full while the grippe was on an inspection tour through the reservation.

H. F. Bennett, the Agency clerk, is making negotiations for the purchase of a fine piano. We hope that with his new instrument he will give free concerts and invite THE INDEPENDENT correspondent and editor in an I give them a front seat.

C. O. Bennett has opened a store about four miles from the Agency (off the Reservation) with a nice stock of dry goods, groceries, etc.

The Indian school children are busy planting a fine field of oats, under the direction of Mr. Shields, the industrial teacher.

Many of the camp Indians are asking for fruit trees to plant on their farms. Indians are in every day asking for oats to plant and wire to fence in their patches so that cattle will not destroy their crops.

Korachin, one of the medicine men and priests of the tribe, died the other day of some chronic disease of the lungs, having been very sick for the last year or two.

Sunday evening nearly all the employes and school children, hitched up wagons and drove down to the "new store" to "blow themselves in" to the extent of their pile, the girls nearly exhausting the stock of ribbons and candy.

Mr. Pelman, the Agency farmer, is out every day instructing the "autotored savage" how to farm and irrigate.

Miss Bessie Patterson arrived about two weeks ago from Albuquerque, where she has been teaching in the Indian school, on a visit to her sister, our school teacher.

Agent Bennett expects to have fifteen or twenty new children into the Agency school by the end of next week.

"Franchise day" was celebrated here in fine shape. The Agent and school teacher spoke to the school children, followed by Mr. Keeney and others, after which there were songs and recitations by the school children. After the exercises were over they went out and "blowed up" a lot of fireworks.

WM. OF LADING.

LAS CRUCES LOCALS.

From the Rio Grande Republican, Mar. 8. Judge Caldwell, recently appointed to succeed Judge Brewer, was a former law partner of Judge Henderson.

Married, on the 26th of February, at the residence of the bride's mother in Mesilla, W. H. Mandell and Miss Maud Casad.

On the 3d inst Mrs. E. C. Wade gave birth to twin boys, one of whom died. The other and its mother are doing as well as could be expected.

The gentlemen who were appointed to attend the Fort Worth cattle convention from Las Cruces are Jas. J. Dolan, W. H. H. Llewellyn and John H. Riley.

Lt. Garst and his wife, the daughter of John C. DeLany, of Ft. Stanton, who have been in Japan as missionaries for the past six years, will return with their two children, born across the seas, next June.

The commissioner of the land office telegraphed special agent Stidger yesterday, to stop all work on the Fort Balden canal, awaiting further orders. The war department restored the license of the canal company, but afterwards abandoned the reservation, which puts it into the hands of the interior department.

The Mesilla Valley is suffering from these delays, and it will be a wonder if the patience of those who are putting their capital into the enterprise holds out.

Abundant supply of Hay and Grain and best attention paid to horses at Whelan & Co's.

Blank notes, blank receipts, warranty deeds, hills of sale, etc., now in stock at THE INDEPENDENT office.

Go to Rose nthal & Co's for your clothing. Largest and finest stock.

FORT STANTON FACTS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. FORT STANTON, N. M., Mar. 12, '90.

Judge A. M. Richardson paid the Post office visit on Saturday last. He and Tom Eubank added a few touches of vermilion to the Benito valley that evening.

It is rumored that two companies of the 10th Infantry, now stationed at Ft. Union, will be transferred to this post the coming spring, but, owing to the recent transfer of Apache prisoners from San Carlos to Union, it seems rather improbable.

First Lieut. H. Kirby, 10th Infantry, now stationed at San Carlos, has been ordered to join his regiment at this post.

Maj. W. M. Magyard, paymaster, is expected here about the 22d inst.

Birth, on the 3d inst, to the wife of private A. W. Hawkins, D. troop, 6th cavalry, a daughter.

Sergt. Frank Hayden, whose term expired on the 10th, re-enlisted on the same day. This is his third enlistment.

Mrs. Fritz, of Lincoln, and Miss Para Smith, of Roswell, visited Dr. Block on Monday.

Sergt. Fogarty, B. Co., 10th Infantry, has been appointed Commissary Sergt. and will be stationed at San Carlos, Arizona. While congratulating the Sergeant on his promotion, we regret his leaving the cool and healthy mountain climate of New Mexico for the heat of San Carlos.

Lieut. G. L. Scott and Capt. R. W. Johnston, Post Surgeon, left on Monday for a turkey hunt in the vicinity of Dowlin's mill. Barney Coffee, the king of hunters, accompanied them.

Mrs. J. J. Cockrell is residing at the post during Mr. Cockrell's visit to Washington.

Dr. W. S. Block, hospital steward, expects to remove to Roswell at an early date.

Hon. W. S. Cobean is anxiously awaiting his confirmation by the Senate. He longs to become one of the boomers of the Pecos Valley.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, Mar. 5. Capt. J. C. Lea has been quite sick the past week. We are glad to report him much better.

Mrs. O'Neil has rented the Richardson cottage, recently vacated by Mrs. Mills. She is fitting it up for rooms.

Sidney Prager was very successful in his hunt on the plains the other day, having bagged over 200 quail besides other game.

At the cattlemen's meeting the other day in Roswell, it was decided to build a series of reservoirs on the east side of the Pecos. The object is to get the benefit of the grass on the plains.

J. A. Manning's home was made brighter by the event of a beautiful baby girl Monday morning.

Mr. Chas. Sandstrom has rented Capt. Garrett's farm and is engaged now in planting a large crop of vegetables for the Roswell trade next summer.

We are requested to announce that the Roswell public school, under the charge of Miss Hattie McParren, will give a public exhibition on Friday, the 28th inst., it being the close of the present term of school.

Ward & Courtney's outfit passed through town the other day from the big ditch, where they have just finished a big contract, headed for Amarillo, Texas. Mr. Courtney is very non-committal on the question of removal, but from the strange twinkle in his eye and eager haste to reach the Panhandle country, we are inclined to believe he has something good in the railroad line. He says he thinks certainly there will be railroad work very soon on a line coming to Roswell.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS.

Whispered to us by the Interpreter, Mar. 7. B. H. Dye has resumed work at the mine with a small crew.

Col. T. W. Heman has been confined to the house since Saturday with a sprained ankle.

C. Whitley returned Wednesday from San Pedro and reports it very dull, much worse than White Oaks.

Ed. R. Bonnell is recovering rapidly. He expects to be able to get out among his friends in a few days.

The new Congregational church is receiving the finishing touches this week.

Messrs. McPherson and Biggs with numerous witnesses leave the first of the week for Las Cruces to be in attendance at court, to answer the complaint of the government.

S. W. Lloyd, the cattleman, is no better. His case is a sad one. He is violently insane and needs constant and the most watchful care.

Only the other day he set fire to all his clothing and the house, which was saved by the efforts of Mrs. Lloyd and the men about the place. The attention of brother Masons is called to Lloyd's situation. We are reliably informed that he is a member in good standing for the last 35 years, having joined the Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge in 1855. The financial condition of the family renders it impossible for Mr. Lloyd to receive the treatment he is in need of, hence this suggestion to the Masonic fraternity, who doubtless are not aware of the actual state of affairs.

Abundant supply of Hay and Grain and best attention paid to horses at Whelan & Co's.

Blank notes, blank receipts, warranty deeds, hills of sale, etc., now in stock at THE INDEPENDENT office.

The Apaches will not be transferred from Florida to Fort Sill.

EDDY ECHOES.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. EDDY, N. M., March 8, 1890.

Our little city has been in a state of subdued excitement all day. It was officially announced this morning that Eddy would have a railroad inside of six or eight months, completed and ready for business, and work has already commenced. The road will be of standard gauge and will start from a point on the Texas & Pacific R. R., east of the Pecos River. It will be pushed through to Eddy as quickly as money and energy can do it. The terminus will probably remain here for some months, but the road will finally be completed to Roswell.

Messrs. James J. Hagerman and Chas. B. Eddy, president and vice president of the Pecos Irrigation & Investment Co., are at the head of the railroad. The road in Texas will be known as the Pecos River R. R., and in New Mexico as the Pecos Valley R. R. Co.

Eddy needs a railroad and, as the Argus says, "she always gets what she wants."

Messrs. Leslie M. Long and S. Mendenhall, of Roswell, were here this week on their way to the railroad to meet a party of gentlemen bound for Roswell. On their return they will spend a few days with us looking over our various enterprises.

The new hotel is steadily growing into a thing of beauty and will soon develop into a joy for quite a length of time, if not forever.

Engineers are scarce around town; they are all out on our new railroad.

Eddy has had quite a boom in the past, but now look out for a boom unparalleled in the history of centuries. If we had only known about our railroad a little sooner we would have had a try for the World's Fair, but it's too late now.

Well, so long. More anon.

From the Argus, March 1. Another doctor has come to town.

Dr. Van Norman has sent for his family.

We regret to record that one of the Pierce twins—the boy—is dead.

Every man who owns a lot in Eddy thinks it was especially designated by nature for a depot site.

There must be a good country town down the river somewhere, and the Look-out people naturally believe that they will get it.

Dusty? Yes. It wasn't that way in our country in the north, was it? No. It is the opposite. It was muddy. And slushy. And a raw chilly wind whizzed down from the north. And we had to scrape our feet half an hour before entering the house. And—But we all remember how it was in the north during the month of March. And, remembering, we ought to be grateful that we have cast our lot in such a God favored section as Southeastern New Mexico.

Buildings are now under construction and nearly completed for the following people: S. L. Daniels, W. M. Stone, H. S. Church, Garrett & Brent, and Smith, Neatherlin & Co.

County School Superintendent Byers has appointed Alonzo Lucky director of this district in place of John Murdock, who failed to qualify.

ARMY AFFAIRS.

Col. Henry Douglass and family left last night for Pennsylvania.—New Mexican.

A court martial will try Steele, of the 5th cavalry, on charge of imprisoning a private because the latter refused to work for him.

The military headquarters of the department of Missouri, are to be removed from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to St. Louis, about May 1st.

Major A. S. Kimball, chief quartermaster of the department, will proceed on public business to Whipple barracks A. T., Albuquerque and Carthage, N. M.

By authority of the commander general commanding the army, the commanding officer at Fort Wingate will grant to Peter Petery, troop K, 6th cavalry, a furlough for four months.

Notice.

To date the citizens appointed by the board of County Commissioners as Road Supervisors have filed their bonds with Probate Clerk from the following precincts Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9. The office in the following precincts is yet vacant: Nos. 5, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. If those appointed will not serve, I ask the people to send me the names of men who will serve as Supervisors for appointment in the above named precincts. The law requires road work to commence in March.

Each road Supervisor should have and use road receipt books with stubs, which can be had at THE LINCOLN INDEPENDENT office.

The Supervisors can use any money collected as road tax for the purchase of necessary tools for working the roads in their respective precincts. Supervisors should post up on what little road law we have and act accordingly.

J. N. Coe, Commissioner of Roads.

The Apaches will not be transferred from Florida to Fort Sill.

NOGAL NUBBINS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. NOGAL, N. M., March 6th, 1890.

The worst feature in this camp is la grippe. The majority of our neighbors have been rustling with it for several days and have the best of it. But Mr. L. D. Puckett took a relapse and for several days has been under Dr. Paden's care, and is very low at present.

Prof. J. L. Reese was moved to White Oaks to be near the Doctor, and is very poorly.

The next unpleasantness is the wind which ceased to blow a few days ago and went to pushing, making it unpleasant for those convalescent.

Prof. W. L. Breese was in town Monday, feeling around our new directors for the next term of school. We hope he or some other able-bodied man will get it. It takes a man strong enough to brand a maverick alone to run this school successfully.

H. L. Harris, who paddled the Nogal Nugget into the Banner camp, is looking for cheap transportation to the railroad.

Cy. B. Ayres, of our town, is getting all the work he can do at Fort Stanton.

P. G. Peters will be moved into his new adobe residence by the last of this week. The building looks very cosy.

The Alliance are repairing their adobe hall, and when it is done they will move the Banner press into it.

J. G. Kuhn, who was for so many years telegraph and station agent at Lava, was transferred to the San Marcial office on the 5th inst. We have not the name of his successor.

T. W. Henley, T. H. Ray and M. D. Gaylord have gone to the Capitan mountains on a hunting tour.

No GAL.

NOGAL, N. M., March 12, 1890.

We are pleased to state that Prof. J. L. Reese has returned to Nogal much improved. He contemplates a tour to the Penasco country in a wagon, the object being to camp in the open air and lessen the altitude while he is still so weak.

Mr. L. D. Puckett, we are glad to say, is some better, with chances good for him to soon get well.

T. J. Moore's wife has been very sick and is very poorly yet, though we learn she is improving.

Miss Emma Puckett is expected to arrive at Nogal soon from St. Joseph, Tex., where she went after the demise of her aunt Garrett at Tuscola, Ill.

The little gold mill at Parsons, N. M., continues to ship bullion from a hope-ful mine, enough to pay expenses.

The Yates tribe, from some quarter of the globe, have camped in our town.

Alf C. Watson, who has been working all summer at San Pedro, is expected home by Nogal by the 22d.

Dr. L. H. Holsted, owner of the Silver King, Parsons, N. M., was compelled to stop development on account of the large flow of water, both in tunnel and shaft. That was too bad, as the doctor is the only man in camp with plenty of means and a will to work.

J. C. Haggard, from Bonito, was rustling through our town on the 8th for seed oats.

And Levi Leonard, from Eagle Creek, was racing through our woods with a breech loading club for a beef steer on the same day.

P. G. Peters is putting a new windmill and pump to his well, near his new residence.

C. C. Parsons, from Sumner, Ia., is expected to arrive in Nogal camp to-morrow.

Ed. Gillmore, who had his collar bone broken recently, got on a frisky pony, and while passing a Mexican house, some dogs rushed out and set the pony to hitching, which rebroke the bone and hurt him badly other ways.

Capt. D. W. Roberts is very liberal with his invitations for us outsiders to come to Lincoln on the 21st of April next.

LATER—We learn Prof. Reese may continue his tour to Texas.

We are losing our grippe, but rather slowly. No GAL.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, Mar. 6. R. T. Russell and J. M. Clark, of Parsons, were in Nogal yesterday.

This is the first time Dick has been out since his wrestle with the small pox.

Mr. Minor Gaylord, of Tortolita Canon and another party whose name we failed to get, killed five turkeys and an eagle one day last week. The eagle measured seven feet from tip to tip.

Last week the Banner had information that Mr. Sidney Chick had died at his home in Kansas. Now the report is that Mr. Chick is not dead but is married.

Fortune is always on the lookout for happy luck and enterprise. Judge Saltostall has just finished a well over on the north slope of Patos mountain. At nineteen feet he struck a stream of water which now stands four feet deep.

Roman Baca, of Atrisco, died Saturday from the effects of too much whisky. He drank six glasses of sixty proof stuff sold in a grocery store over there. After that he could take no nourishment and he died a few hours later.

Salomon Luna will shear 35,000 sheep this spring and expects to get from them 90,000 pounds of wool. He is one of the most extensive sheep raisers in Valencia county, and is recognized as a decidedly progressive citizen, in for improvements of all kinds.

R. MICHAELIS & CO., LINCOLN, N. M.,

Dealers in General Merchandise.

The Only House in Lincoln Co. that is Selling Strictly for CASH! Our Motto is: "Small Profits and Quick Returns."

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THE LINCOLN Livery and Feed Stables JACK THORNTON, Proprietor.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month Double and Single Buggies, Carriages, Saddle Horses, Etc., to be had at all Hours. Charges Reasonable.

THE BANK EXCHANGE SALOON! Lincoln, New Mexico.

NEW BILLIARD TABLE, NEW BAR FIXTURES, BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS.

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Writes the BEST policy for the Policy-holder issued by any Company, and returns from 25 to 100 per cent larger dividends than any other Company, and all other Companies are

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JESSE M. WHELOCK, General Agent for New Mexico.

E. S. McPHERSON, Special Agent, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

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Of New Mexico, - - - at Las Cruces, N. M. NOW OPEN.

Tuition FREE!

To residents of the Territory. Moderate charges for Preparatory Course. For full information, call on or address: Hiram Hadley, A. M., President of Faculty, or W. L. Ryerson, Sec'y of Board of Regents, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

THE LINCOLN Barber Shop,

CHAS. G. BELL, TONSORIAL ARTIST. At the Bank Exchange. Stylish Hair Cuts and smooth Shaves always on tap.

LEGAL NOTICE. Territory of New Mexico, ss No. County of Lincoln.

In the Third Judicial District Court sitting within and for the County of Lincoln at the April term, A. D. 1890.

WM. S. RYAN, NOTICE OF vs. P. ROBERTS & Co. ACTION AND ATTACHMENT

SPECIAL. It is with pleasure that we announce to our many patrons that we have made arrangements with that wide-awake, illustrated farm magazine, the AMERICAN FARMER, published at Fort Wayne, Ind. and read by nearly 200,000 farmers, by which that great publication will be mailed direct FREE, to the address of any of our subscribers who will come in and pay up all arrearages on subscription and one year in advance from date, or from October 25th 1889, to any new subscriber who will pay one year in advance. This is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. The AMERICAN FARMER is a large 16-page journal, of national circulation, which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. It treats the question of economy in agriculture and the rights and privileges of that vast body of citizens—American Farmers—whose industry is the basis of all material and national prosperity. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The regular subscription price of the AMERICAN FARMER is \$1.00 per year. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth three times the subscription price to you or members of your household, yet you get it FREE. Call and see sample copy.

\$100,000.00. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Las Vegas, New Mexico. J. HAYNOLDS, President. A. B. SMITH, Assistant Cashier.

\$100,000.00. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. Albuquerque, New Mexico. J. HAYNOLDS, President. M. W. FLORENCO, Cashier.

\$100,000.00. FIRST NATIONAL BANK. El Paso, Texas. J. HAYNOLDS, President. JOHN W. ZOLLARS, Vice President. J. S. RAYNOLDS, Cashier.

Aggregate Capital, Surplus and Deposits, \$2,000,000. Accounts of Merchants, Miners, and Stockmen Solicited.

OTHERS MAY PREACH ABOUT—

Low Prices and Square Dealing BUT—

WE PRACTICE

A fair article of Gun Powder Ten at 50c a pound. A 3-pound can of Tomatoes 20c. Boston Baked Beans 75c a can. Heating Stoves at greatly reduced prices.

YOUNG & TALIAFERRO. White Oaks, N. M. Call on us and satisfy yourself.

ECLIPSE WINDMILLS. POWER AND HAND. STEAM PUMPS, RANCH MACHINERY, Iron, Pipe, Hose and Belting.

Solon E. Rose & Bro. Albuquerque, New Mexico.

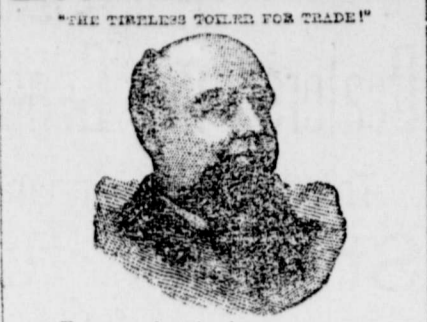
Do You Want The earth, with the sun, moon and stars thrown in? Well, you can't have 'em. But for two dollars a year you can get the next best thing, and keep thoroughly posted in regard to this part of the "moral vineyard," by becoming a regular subscriber to

The Lincoln Independent.

MARTIN BROTHERS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

We carry the largest and choicest stock of such goods to be found in the territory and offer the same at REASONABLE PRICES. We will be pleased to answer mail orders and quote prices.

Economical Men!



HONEST CLOTHING. If your goods are not in the hands of some STURDY MAN from the BEST KNOWN and largest MARKETS Wholesale Clothing Houses in the world, at prices that will MAKE YOUR eyes snap and LEET YOU guessing how we can afford TO DO IT. If your DEALER does not keep our goods, send to us and we will furnish you a Suit or Overcoat, cap or hat, or a pair of shoes, on receipt of price. We will win and hold your patronage if you try us with an order! We have built up this immense business by our PAINSTAKING methods, and by doing by others as we would be done by.

ED. L. HUNTLEY & CO., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing for Men, Boys and Children, 122 and 124 Market St., Chicago, Ill. P. O. Box 667.

PRINTERS' INK

A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS. Is issued in the first and fifteenth days of each month, and is the representative journal—the journal of American advertising. It indicates to the experienced advertiser how, when, and where to place his advertisements; how to write an advertisement; how to get the most out of his advertising; how to secure the best results from his advertising; how to secure the best results from his advertising; how to secure the best results from his advertising.

20 BOOKS GIVEN AWAY

- List of 20 books for sale or giveaway, including titles like 'The Baron's Will', 'The Port of Richard Pardon', 'The Blackbird Hill', 'The Guardian's Plot', 'The Gray Falcon', 'The Sorrow of a Secret', 'The Little Old Man of the Buttrick's', 'The Little Old Man of the Buttrick's', 'The Little Old Man of the Buttrick's'.

FREE

Send for Catalogue A, showing Sights and Rifles of latest design. WM. LYMAN, Middlefield, Ct.

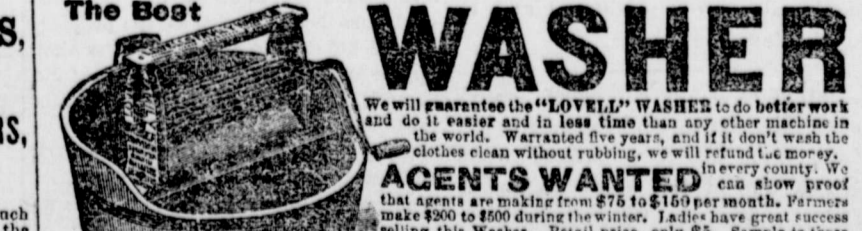
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H. R. Wood & Co.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Heavy and Shelf Hardware. STOVES, TINWARE, MINING TOOLS, Etc. AGENTS FOR Giant Powder, Canton Steel, Buffalo Scales, Etc.

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AGENTS WANTED. We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

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FREE. One of the best ways to escape a winter of suffering is to invest in a pair of Vicks' Eye Drops. They are the best for all eye troubles, and will cure you in a few days. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

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Are Unequaled both for Hunting and Target Shooting. Send for Catalogue A, showing Sights and Rifles of latest design. WM. LYMAN, Middlefield, Ct.

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