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DUNRAVEN RANCH.

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 XV.



Wo days passed without event of any kind. Socially speaking, the garrison was enlivened by the advent of Mrs. Page, and everybody looked to the Bell knaps quarters in order to do her proper homage. When Perry called he asked Parke to go with him, and when the latter seemed ready to leave the former, disregarding a very palpable hint from the lady of the house, picked up his forage cap and went likewise. For two days the one subject under constant discussion at the post was the event of Miss Maitland's sudden appearance, her perilous run and her daring and skillful rescue. Everybody maintained that Perry ought to be a very proud and happy fellow to have been the hero of such an occasion; but it was very plain that Perry was neither proud nor anything like happy. No one had ever known him so silent and cast down. The talk with Lawrence had helped matters very little. In brief, this was about all the captain could tell him, and it was all hearsay evidence at best. The officers of the Eleventh and their ladies had, with a few exceptions, taken a dislike to Dr. Quin before Bellknaps and Lawrence with their companies of infantry had been ordered to Fort Rossiter. The feeling was in full blast when they arrived, and during the six or eight months they served together the infantry people heard only one side of the story—that of the Eleventh—for the doctor never condescended to discuss the matter. After he was forbidden to leave the post by his commanding officer, and after the announcement of the "blockade" of Dunraven, it was observed that signals were sometimes made from the ranch at night, a strong light thrown from a reflector was flashed three times and then withdrawn. Next it was noted, by an enterprising member of the guard, that these signals were answered by a light in the doctor's windows, then that he mounted his horse and rode away down the valley of the Monee. He was always back at sick call; and if any one told the commanding officer of his disbeliever of orders, it was not done until so near the departure of the Eleventh that the doctor was not afterwards actually caught in the act. Things would undoubtedly have been brought to a crisis had the Eleventh been allowed to remain.

Now as to the story about Mrs. Quin and her going. It was observed during the winter that she was looking very badly, and the rumors in the garrison in the Eleventh that she was stung and suffering because of her husband's conduct. Unquestionably there was some fair cut-throat at Dunraven who lured him from his own fireside. She had no intimates among the ladies. She was proud and silent. It did not seem to occur to them that she was resentful of their dislike of her husband. They were sure she was "pining" because of his neglect—or worse. When, therefore, without word of warning, she suddenly took her departure in the spring, there was a gasp of gossip-loving cronies in the garrison; all doubts were at an end; she had left him and taken her children with her.

"The more I think of it," said Lawrence, "the more I believe the whole thing capable of explanation. The only thing that puzzles me now is that Quin has anything from your colonel, who is one of the most courteous and considerate men I ever served with. Perhaps he has told him by this time; we don't know. Perhaps he thought he might be of the same stamp as his predecessor, and was waiting to find out before he made his confidences. As to Mrs. Quin's going away when she did, it may have been simply that her heart was suffering, she needed a change, and went with his full advice and by his wish, and he simply feels too much contempt for garrison gossip to explain. Very probably he knows nothing of the stories and theories in circulation; I'm sure I did not until a very few weeks ago. You know, Perry, there are some men in garrison who hear and know everything, and others who never hear a word of scandal."

But Perry was low in his mind. He could not forget Quin's sudden appearance; his calling her Gladys; and then he hated the thought that it was Quin who saw him having that confounded tender interview with Mrs. Bellknaps. Was there ever such a streak of ill luck as that? No doubt the fellow had told her about it! Perry left Lawrence's that night very little comforted, and only one gleam of hope did he receive in the two days that followed. Mrs. Sprague joyfully beckoned him on Wednesday afternoon to read him a little note that had just come from Miss Maitland. Her father had been very ill, she wrote, his condition was still critical, but she sent

a world of thanks to her kind entertainer, Rossiter, and these words: "I was sorry not to be able to see Mr. Perry again. Do not let him think I have forgotten, or will be likely to forget, the service he and Nolan did me."

Of Dr. Quin he saw very little. With the full consent and knowledge of Col. Brainard, the doctor was spending a good deal of time at Dunraven now, attending to Mr. Maitland. Indeed, there seemed to be an excellent understanding between the commanding and his medical officer, and it was known that they had had a long talk together. Upper circles in the garrison were still agitated with chat and conjecture about Gladys Maitland and her strange father; Perry was still tortured with questions about his one visit to Dunraven whenever he was so incautious as to appear in public; but all through "the quarters," everywhere among the rank and file there was a subject that engrossed all thoughts and tongues, and that was discussed with feeling that seemed to deepen with every day—the approaching court martial of Sgt. Leary and of Trooper Kelly.

As a result of his investigation, Capt. Stryker had preferred charges against these two men—the one for leading and the other for being accessory to the assault on his stable sergeant, Gwynne, who was still at the hospital, though rapidly recovering from his injuries. Not a word had he said that would implicate or accuse any man, but Stryker's knowledge of his soldiers, and his clear insight into human motive and character, were such that he had readily made up his mind as to the facts in the case. He felt sure that Leary and some of the Celtic members of his company had determined to go down to Dunraven and "have it out" with the hated Britons who had so affronted and abused them the night of Perry's visit. They knew they could not get their horses by fair means, for Gwynne was above suspicion. He was English, too, and striving to shield his countrymen from the threatened vengeance. They therefore determined, in collusion with Kelly, to lure him outside the stables, bind and gag him, get their horses, having one of the keys of the stable, ride down to the ranch, and, after having a Donnybrook fair on the premises, get back to Rossiter in plenty of time for reveille and stables. No sentries were posted in such a way as to interfere with them, and the plan was feasible enough for one thing. Gwynne had made most gallant and spirited resistance, had fought the whole gang like a tiger, and they had been unable to overpower him before the noise had attracted the attention of the sergeant of the guard and some of the men in quarters. An effort, of course, was made to show that the assaulting party were from without, but it was futile, and Stryker's cross-questioning among the men had convinced them that to lure him outside the stables, bind and gag him, about the matter. There was only one conclusion, therefore, that Gwynne must have "given them away," as the troopers expressed it.

Despite the fact that he had been assaulted and badly beaten, this was something that few could overlook, and the latent jealousy against the "cockney sergeant" blazed into a feeling of deep resentment. Garrison sympathy was with Leary and his fellows. Thursday came, and Sgt. Gwynne returned to light duty, though his face was still bruised and discolored and he wore a patch over one eye. He resumed charge of the stables in the afternoon, after a brief conversation with his captain, and was superintending the issue of forage, when Perry entered to inspect the stalls of his platoon. Nolan was being led out by his groom at the moment, and pricked up his tapering ears at sight of his master and thrust his lead muzzle to receive the caress of the hand he knew so well. Perry stopped him and carefully and critically examined his knees, feeling down to the fetlocks with searching fingers for the faintest symptom of knot or swelling in the tendons that had played their part so thoroughly in the drama of Monday. Satisfied, apparently, he rose and bestowed a few hearty pats on the glossy neck and shoulder; and then was surprised to find the stable sergeant standing close beside him and regarding both him and horse with an expression that arrested Perry's attention at once.

"Feeling all right again, sergeant?" he asked, thinking to recall the non-commissioned officer to his senses.

"Almost, sir. I'm a trifle stiff yet. Anything wrong with Nolan, sir?"

"Nothing. I gave him rather a tough run the other day—had to risk the prairie dog holes—and, though I felt no jar then, I've watched carefully ever since to see that he was not wrenched. I wish you would keep an eye on him too, will you?"

There was no answer. Perry had been looking over Nolan's haunches as he spoke, and once more turned to the sergeant. To his astonishment, Gwynne's lips were twitching and quivering, his hands, ordinarily held in the rigid pose of the English soldier—extended along the thigh—were clenching and working nervously, and something suspiciously like a tear was creeping out from under the patch. Before Perry could recover from his surprise the sergeant suddenly regained his self-control, hastily raised his hand in salute, saying something half-articulate in reply, and turned sharply away, leaving his lieutenant gazing after him in much perplexity.

That night, just after tattoo roll call when a little group of officers was gathered at the colonel's gate, they were suddenly joined by Dr. Quin, who came from the direction of the stable where he kept his horse in rear of his own quarters. Col. Brainard greeted him warmly and inquired after his patient at Dunraven. Every one noted how grave and subdued was the tone in which the doctor answered:

"He is a very sick man, colonel, and it is hard to say what will be the result of this seizure."

"You may want to go down again, doctor, if that be the case—before sick call to-morrow. I mean, and you had better take one of my horses. I'll tell 'em you are on a readiness."

"You are very kind, sir. I think old Brian will do all the work needed. But I would like to go down at reveille, as we have no men in hospital at all now. And, by the way, is Mr. Perry here?"

"I am here," answered Perry coldly. He was leaning against the railing, rather away from the group, listening intently, yet unwilling to meet or hold conversation with the man he conceived to be so inimical to his every hope and interest.

"Mr. Perry," said the doctor, pleasantly, and utterly ignoring the coldness of the young fellow's manner. "Mr. Maitland has asked to see you; and it would gratify him if you would ride down in the morning."

Even in the darkness Perry feared that all would see the flush that leaped to his face. Summoned to Dunraven Ranch, by her father, with a possibility of seeing her! It was almost too sweet, too thrilling! He could give no reply for a moment, and an awkward silence fell on the group until he chokingly answered, "I shall be glad to go. What time?"

"Better ride down early. Never mind breakfast. Miss Maitland will be glad to give you a cup of coffee. I fancy."

And Perry felt that though the fence had taken to walking, he made no answer, striving to regain his composure, and then the talk went on. It was Stryker who was talking now:

"Has the ring been found, doctor?"

"Not that is a most singular thing, and one that worries the old gentleman a great deal. It had a history; it belonged to Mrs. Maitland's father, who was from Ireland—indeed, Ireland was her country, as it was my father's—and that ring she had reset for her son Archie and gave it to him when he entered service with the Lancers. It was sent home with his watch and other property from South Africa—for he died there—and old Maitland always wore it afterwards. Archie was the last of three sons; and he broke his heart."

"And the ring was lost the night of Perry's adventure there?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, Mr. Perry remembers having seen it on his hand when the old gentleman first came down to receive him. It was missed afterwards, and could easily have slipped off at any time, for his fingers were withered with age and ill health. They have searched everywhere, and could find nothing of it. It could easily have rolled off the veranda on to the grass during his excitement at the time of the row, and somebody may have picked it up—either among the ranchmen or among the troopers."

"I hate to think that any of our men would take it," said the colonel after a pause.

"I do not think any of them would, with the idea of selling it," said Stryker; "but here is a case where it was picked up, possibly, as one of the spoils of war. I have had inquiry made throughout the troop, but with no result so far. Do you go down again to-night, doctor?"

"Not if I can avoid it. I am going now to try and sleep, and will not ride down till daybreak unless signaled for. Good night, colonel, good night, all."

Unless signaled for, instinctively Perry edged close to Lawrence, who had stood a silent listener to the conversation, and Lawrence turned and saw him and knew the thought that must be uppermost in his mind. There was a moment of perfect silence, and then Lawrence spoke:

"Does anybody know what the signal is?"

"Certainly," said Col. Brainard, promptly. "He has explained the whole thing to me. Those were signals for him that we saw the night you were all in my gallery. It was an arrangement devised by their old nurse—who came up with the carriage for Miss Maitland the other day. She had a regular old fashioned headlight and reflector, and when Mr. Maitland was so ill as to need a doctor, used to notify Quin in that way. He sometimes failed to see it, and I have given orders today that the guard should wake him when it is seen hereafter."

"Then that was what those mysterious night lights meant that we have heard so much about during the last three weeks?" asked Mr. Dana.

"Certainly," answered Brainard. "What on earth did anybody suppose they meant?"

To this there was no response for a moment. Then Lawrence burst out laughing.

"Come into your room a moment; I want to speak to you," said Perry, after a moment's reflection.

They passed along the broad gangway between the rows of stalls, others still afoot and munching; their bay the stable guard stood at his post and faced them as they turned into the dark and narrow passage leading into Gwynne's little sanctuary. The lamps along the line of stalls burned low and dim, and the ports being lowered, gave no gleam without the walls. Once more, however, a bright light shone from the window of the stable-sergeant's room—brighter than before, could they only know it, for this time there was no intervening shade. After his brief inspection of the lieutenant's face, Gwynne had left it drawn.

The sergeant set his lantern on a wooden desk, and respectfully waited for his superior to speak. Perry looked him well over a moment, and then he said:

"Did you tell Capt. Stryker the partic-

ulars of your rough treatment down there at the ranch?"

"The rough treatment—yes, sir."

"Would you mind telling me where you were taken?—where you saw Dr. Quin?"

The sergeant hesitated one moment, a troubled look on his face. His one available eye studied his lieutenant's features attentively. Something in the frank, kind blue eyes—possibly some sudden recollection, too—seemed to reassure him.

"It was to Mr. Cowan's little house, sir. He interposed to save me from a worse beating at the hands of three brute boys who were employed there and had some grudge against this garrison of which I was ignorant. They attacked me without a word of warning. It was he, too, who called in Dr. Quin."

"Have you—did you see any of the people at Dunraven besides this young man?"

"I saw his mother, sir. She is a nurse there and has been in the family for years. I am told."

Perry was silent a moment. Then he spoke again:

"Have you heard any further threats among the men here since the arrest of Sgt. Leary?"

Gwynne hesitated, coloring painfully:

"It is something I hate to speak of, sir. The talk has not alarmed me in the least."

"I know that, sergeant. All the same we want to prevent recurrence of that performance, and it was that, mainly, that brought me over here. I saw some men stealing out of M troop's quarters awhile ago, and lost them in the darkness. I thought they might be coming over here, and—got here first."

Gwynne's face lighted up. It touched him to know his officers were on the lookout for his safety.

"I have heard nothing, sir. The men would hardly be apt to speak to me on the subject, since the affair of the other night. What I fear is simply this—that there is an element here in the regiment that is determined to get down there to the ranch and have satisfaction for the assault that was made on you and your party. They need horses in order to get there and back between midnight and reveille, and I have no doubt but that they will try the stables of some other troop or the quartermaster's. Shall I warn the sentry that there are prowlers out to-night?"

"Not yet. They will hardly make the attempt while your light is burning here. What I'm concerned about just now is this: We all know that there is deep sympathy for Leary in the command, and it is not improbable that among the Irishmen there is corresponding feeling against you. I don't like your being here alone just now, for they know you are almost the only witness against him."

"I have thought of that, sir," answered Gwynne, gravely, "but I want nothing that looks like protection. The captain has spoken of the matter to me, and he agreed, sir, that it would do more harm than good. There is one thing I would ask—if I may trouble the lieutenant."

"What is it, sergeant?"

"I have a little packet, containing some papers and a trinket or two, that I would like very much to have kept safely, and if anything should happen to me, to have you, sir, and Capt. Stryker open it, and—the letters there will explain everything that is to be done."

"Certainly. I will take care of it for you—if not too valuable."

"I would rather know it was with you, sir, than stow it in the quartermaster's safe," was Gwynne's answer, as he opened a little wooden chest at the foot of his bunk, and, after rummaging a moment, drew forth a parcel tied and sealed. This he handed to the lieutenant.

"Now I will go back and notify the officer of the guard of what I have said," said Perry; "and I want Nolan, added, out at my quarters right after morning stables. Will you see to it?"

"I will, sir, and thank you for your kindness."

All was darkness, all silence and peace as Perry retraced his steps and went back to the quarters, carrying the little packet in his hand. He went direct to the guard house, and found Mr. Graham sitting over being disturbed in his snooze by the sentry's challenge.

"What the devil are you owing around this time of night for?" was the usual question. "I thought it was the officer of the day, and nearly broke my neck in hurrying out here."

But Perry's brief recital of the fact that he had seen some men stealing out of the quarters of M troop in their stocking feet or moccasins put an end to Graham's complaints. Hastily summoning the sergeant of the guard, he started out to make the rounds of his sentries, while Perry carried his packet home, locked it in his desk, and then returned to the veranda to await developments.

Sgt. Gwynne, meantime, having lighted his young officer to the stable door, stood there a few moments, looking over the silent garrison and listening to the retreating footsteps. The sentry came pacing along the front of the stables, and brought his carbine down from the shoulder as he dimly sighted the tall figure as he came nearer, the steady challenge died on his lips.

"I thought I heard somebody moving around down here, sergeant. Is it right you, then, was it?"

"I have been moving around—inside—but made no noise. Have you heard footsteps or voices?"

"Both, I thought; but it's as black as your hat on this beat to-night. I can't see my hand after my face."

"Keep your ears open, then; there are men out from one of the quarters, at least, and no telling what they are up to. Who's in charge at the quartermaster's stables?"

"Sgt. Reilly, of the infantry; some of the fellows were over having a little game with him before tattoo, and I heard him tell 'em to come again when they had more money to lose. He and his helper there were laughing at the way they cleaned out the cavalry when they were looking up at taps. This boys

fetched over a bottle of whisky with 'em."

"Who were they?"

"Oh, there was Flanagan and Murphy, of M troop, and Corporal Donovan and one or two others. They hadn't been drinking."

"But Riley had—do you mean?"

"He was a little full; not much."

"Well, look alive now, Wicks. It's my advice to you that you watch that end of your post with all your eyes. And with this Sgt. Gwynne turned back into the stable, picked up his lantern and returned to the little room in which he slept. A current of cool night air, blowing in through the open casement, attracted his attention. Odd! He knew he had pulled aside the shade to scan the features of the lieutenant when he tapped at the pane, but he could not recall having opened the sash. It swung on a hinge, and was fastened by a loosely fitting bolt. Perhaps the rising wind had blown it in. He set his lamp down as before, closed the sash and then closed and locked the lid of his chest. That, too, was open. Wicks, the sentry, went up to the north end of his post and close to the entrance of the quartermaster's corral was yawning. "Half past 12 o'clock, and a-all's well," when the light went out in Gwynne's little room, and all the line of stables was wrapped in darkness.

Perry fretted around the veranda until 1 o'clock, then sought his room. He was still too excited to sleep, and it seemed an interminable time before he dozed off. Then it seemed as though he could not have been in dreamland five minutes before a hand was laid upon his shoulder, shaking him vigorously, and a voice he well knew was exclaiming, in low but forcible tones:

"Wake, lieutenant, wake! Every horse is gone from the quartermaster's corral. There must be twenty men gone down the valley. I've Nolan here for you at the gate."

In ten minutes Lieut. Perry and Sgt. Gwynne were riding neck and neck over the eastern prairie—out towards the paling orient stars and the faintly gleaming sky—before them, several miles away, the dark and threatened walls of Dunraven, behind them, the stir and excitement and bustle consequent upon a night alarm. The colonel, roused by Perry with the news, had ordered the instant sounding of the assembly, and the garrison was tumbling out for roll call.

His Tribute.

Old Peter Rice, for many years a resident of a certain New England village, was one of those unwise and unjust men who never praise their wives, and who do not seem to realize how blessed they are in the way of companions until death comes suddenly to leave them desolate and unprovided for.

Old Peter's kindly, uncomplaining and unappreciated wife died suddenly one day, and Peter came at once to a realizing sense of her many virtues, and was evidently filled with a longing to prove to his friends that he was not blind to his wife's perfections.

This desire increased as the hour for the funeral services drew near, and when all the friends had assembled at the house Peter touched the hearts with the palates of those present by suddenly appearing with a huge yellow bowl filled high with doughnuts in his hands. Passing from one to the other of his friends he said with tearful earnestness:

"Have one; they are the very last of my poor Marier's baking, and they can't be beat—no, they can't! Poor, poor Marier!"—Detroit Free Press.

Wrongly Translated.

The story is an old one of the party of tired travelers who entered a house decorated by a peculiar sign and demanded oysters.

"This is not a restaurant," said the courteous gentleman who met them. "I am an aurist."

"Isn't that an oyster hung outside the door?" asked one.

"No, gentlemen, it is an ear."

A body of sailors from an American vessel, stopping at Samoa, went to the German consulate and demanded dinner.

"This is not a hotel," said the offended domestic official who met them.

"Well, if it isn't a restaurant, what's that black fowl hung out for? Ain't it a sign?" inquired the spokesman.

The "sign" was the German eagle, the consular coat of arms.—Youth's Companion.

That Satisfied Him.

"Last Monday morning," he began, in a solemn voice, "last Monday morning I stopped here and ordered a large list of groceries. Today is Thursday, and they have not come up yet!"

"They haven't! Oh, yes, I remember now," replied the grocer.

"What's the excuse?"

"You are owing us \$40 and we can fill no further order until that is paid."

"Is that it?"

"It is."

"Then it is all right. I didn't know but one of your horses was sick—a wagon smashed up—forgotful clerk, or something of that sort. That makes it all right."—Detroit Free Press.

Cleanliness a Modern Virtue.

The English upper classes are clean, but cleanliness of any high degree is a very modern virtue among them. It is an invention of the Nineteenth century. Men and women born at the close of the Eighteenth century did as the French people do today; they took a warm bath occasionally for cleanliness, and they took shower baths when they were prescribed by the physician for health, and they bathed in summer seas for pleasure, but they did not wash themselves all over every morning. However, the new custom took deep root in England, because it became one of the signs of a gentleman.—Pall Mall Budget.



ATE that night Mr. Perry left his quarters and strolled out on the walk that bounded the parade. He could not sleep; he was feverishly impatient for the coming of another day, that he

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RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1890.

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, dropped dead at a Washington railway depot on the 3d, from paralysis of the heart.

The Albuquerque Democrat refers to THE INDEPENDENT as "one of our Territorial contemporaries." We are sorry for it, but can't help it. Maybe when New Mexico becomes a state, which will probably be next fall, the Territory-loving Democrat may see fit to emigrate to Alaska or Utah. For the good of the new State let us hope that he will.

If your county paper is worth reading it is worth paying for. In justice to the publisher, who is trying to build up a good paper and thereby help you directly and indirectly by building up and advancing the section in which you live, in justice to him, we say, subscribe for your county paper and quit borrowing one that somebody else pays for. If your county paper is worth reading it is worth paying for. And it won't hurt you much to pay for it either, when you can have a copy all to yourself for only \$2 a year.

The Albuquerque Democrat steals the little local in last week's INDEPENDENT, telling about the murderers of Montoya being caught, and stretches it out to a half column fanciful sketch, not without making one or two big mistakes however. Then it takes three or four other good items from THE INDEPENDENT without giving any sign of credit. And then, the ungrateful thing, it accuses this paper of needing a directory locating the prominent men of New Mexico, just because we accused Judge Hazledine of being a "prominent Santa Fean." We beg the Judge's pardon, but really we don't think it anything to his credit for him to live in the same town with the Albuquerque Democrat.

The New Mexican is gratified at the news that Delegate Anthony Joseph now is working in harmony with the good citizens of this Territory in the matter of the admission of New Mexico. When he said that "he would rather live in a Republican State than a Democratic Territory," he expressed the situation exactly. The politics of the administration of the new State is a matter that will take care of itself. In the meantime, all good citizens and those having interests at stake here will naturally favor the Territory's admission. Good for Joseph. —New Mexican.

During the past two years 100 gold mining companies have been organized in South Africa; the product is a little over one and one half tons per month. The capital stock of all these companies is \$35,000,000 but the speculation has increased their supposed value to \$125,000,000.

Texas is looming up surprisingly as a manufacturing state; its machine shops are well equipped, and are turning out excellent work. A large safe factory is being built at Dallas; a woolen mill at Brownwood; artesian wells are being bored in many sections of the State, and in fact, throughout the South. Electric light plants are being projected in a large number of cities and towns; street car lines, dummy and cable roads, and all manner of means for burrying people along are to be provided.

The bill introduced by Senator Platt at the request of Hon. W. C. Hazledine provides that the constitution framed by the people of New Mexico, through their delegation in convention assembled at the city of Santa Fe, in September, 1889, being Republican in form, in conformity with the constitution of the United States, and fully complying with the requirements of congress as to the constitutions of new states, is hereby accepted, ratified and approved, and that the same shall be submitted for adoption to a vote of the people of the territory at an election to be held on the 16th day September, 1890, at which election, in addition to the vote upon said constitution, all officers created and made elective by said constitution and one representative to represent the state in the house of Representatives shall be voted for. Said election to be conducted in similar manner as provided by laws of the Territory of New Mexico for general elections. It is further provided that if a majority of the legal votes cast at said election shall be in favor of said constitution the president of the United States is to issue proclamation admitting the Territory into the Union. The usual grant of lands for the support of public institutions are made. Sections 13 and 36 of each township are set aside for school lands. Fifty sections of land are awarded for the purpose of raising funds to erect a capitol building. Ninety thousand acres are given for an agricultural college, 250,000 acres for permanent water reservoirs and 50,000 each for an insane asylum, school of mines, reform school and deaf and dumb institute.

Compulsory education of the Indians will probably be adopted by the government. It will solve the Indian question. No one can compare the young Indians who attend school here, as seen on the streets in their uniforms, with the young Indians who come here to sell fruit and hides, and not be impressed with the superiority of the former. They may all deteriorate somewhat when they return home, but they never get back to what would have been their level had they not attended school. Neither will they deteriorate so much when education is general. Still less will the next generation deteriorate so much as the present. By all means every Indian child should be educated. —Albuquerque Democrat.

The recent investigation into the sheriff's office in New York has resulted in the introduction of a bill in the legislature making the office a salaried one, and turning the fees into the Treasury. That is the crying need of this Territory. Every county officer should be put upon a salary, and that salary should be a fair compensation for the ability and responsibility required. When the rewards of office are made small the ax will be laid at the root of the spoils system and its corruption will dry up. —Optic.

A strong effort is being put forth by the cattlemen in the southern portion of Colorado to prevent the movement of Texas cattle by trail across their ranges to Wyoming and the North. Appearances now indicate that the lot of the Texas drover after he strikes the Colorado line, will be decidedly unpleasant. No objection will be offered to the movement of any of these cattle by rail.

Feed a little grain and infuse a little Jersey blood into the dairy herd, and there will be no necessity for artificial butter coloring. If anything butter made by pure bred Jerseys is too yellow.

A bill has been introduced in the United States senate creating a court with authority to settle land titles in Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming and Utah.

New York, April 24.—John L. Sullivan and Jackson are matched for \$20,000. The mill will be fought in San Francisco. The date is not yet fixed. Excitement in sporting circles is already at fever heat over the coming battle. Sullivan is the favorite, but there are not a few willing to risk their cash on the new man.

A petition is being circulated and signed by the citizens of Grant County asking for the reinstatement of Capt. Wm. H. Hugo, late 1st lieutenant, 9th cavalry, U. S. army, dismissed from service in 1881. Capt. Hugo has a record of being a gallant soldier.

More Lands for Settlers.
Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Surveyor General Hobart has received notice from the general land office that the suspension of the surveys of thirty-seven townships in New Mexico has been revoked, and that the lands in these townships have been restored to entry.

These townships were surveyed many years ago, and many entries have been made on them since that time, but under the administrative Surveyor General Julian they were suspended, much to the discomfort and trouble of a large number of settlers. Julian alleged that preliminary and final oaths, also some of the names of assistants attached to the field notes, were forgeries; he had no proof to sustain his allegations. The matter has been very fully and carefully investigated both in the office of the surveyor general and in the general land office. The old surveys have been examined and found correct, therefore the suspensions have been revoked.

Restoration to entry of this group of thirty-seven townships will open up some very valuable land to settlement, and will prove a good thing for New Mexico.

Following are the numbers of the townships upon which suspension has been revoked:

- SOCORRO AND LINCOLN COUNTIES.
Townships 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 south, ranges 4 and 5 east,
Township 15 south, range 7 east.
Townships 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15, south, range 8 east.
Townships 11, 12 and 13 south, range 9 east.
Township 11 south, range 9 1/2 east.
- SOCORRO AND GRANT COUNTIES.
Townships 10 and 11 south, range 3 west.
Townships 11, 12 and 13 south, range 12 west,
Townships 11, 12 and 13 south, range 13 west.
Townships 22, 23 and 24 south, range 8 east.
Townships 22, 23 and 24 south, range 9 east.
Townships 22, 23 and 24 south, range 10 east.
Townships 22, 23 and 24 south, range 11 east.
Townships 24 and 25 south, range 12 east.

TERRITORIAL TALK.

The plans and designs for the Agricultural College at Las Cruces were completed by Major Alf. R. Fritsch and forwarded to Las Cruces on Monday. The edifice will be an architectural beauty, with ample accommodation for all present needs. Robert Black, one of the regents of the college, will doubtless be placed in charge of the construction work, and will see that the money is not squandered as it was in the erection of the Dona Ana court house. After the present plans are accepted, which they doubtless will be, advertisements will be inserted asking for bids on the building.

Geo. O. McCarty, the well known live stock dealer and ranchman, has just concluded the purchase of the Black Range Cattle Company, from Chas. I. Davenport, of Silver City. He has also secured a lease on the ranches belonging to the Company. Mr. McCarty is a thoroughly practical stockman and knows how to handle an enterprise of this kind. The cattle are all improved stock and the ranches are the best in the celebrated Black Range country. The consideration was \$70,000.—San Marcial Reporter.

The hunting season closes May 1, and until September 1, during which time it is unlawful to kill deer, turkey, quail and grouse. The fishing season begins June 1 and lasts until November 1. The laws permit the taking of fish with hook and line only. Seines, nets, explosives and drugs are expressly prohibited, under heavy penalties.

Mrs. Cadwell, a Chicago millionaire, owns a quarry of rock on the Gila river. The rock is very peculiar; in its coloring nature has touched it up with such resplendent beauty as to mock the efforts of accomplished artists. Mrs. Cadwell is introducing the rock in eastern cities to be utilized in making ornaments of different kinds, such as pedestals for fountains, flower pots, statuary, vases, decorations for lawn fences, gate posts, bric a brac of various kinds, and a thousand and one ornamental uses.

The Albuquerque fair will open September 15, and continue six days. The premium lists and programs will be issued shortly.

EDDY ECHOES.

Caught on the Arroyo, April 26.
A heavy rain is reported from Black River.

A. O. Mondelle, of Springer, New Mexico, came down this week to stay.

The late A. B. Laird will probably be a candidate for assessor of Grant county.

Mrs. Mary S. Perkins, of New York, intends to put up a 25x30 brick business house at the corner of Main and Fox street.

On Thursday, the 17th, the Mexicans at the Thompson & Talbot camp near Look-out, led by Felix Ortoja, attempted to organize a conspiracy to do up the Americans, but were opposed by Florencio Cervantes and his father. The opposition so enraged Ortoja that he attacked Florencio's father Thursday night and beat him brutally. The next day he tried the same game on Florencio, but the latter ran. Ortoja, with knife in hand, pursued the young man for some distance, when the latter turned, drew a 45-galibre pistol and fired four shots at his assailant, every one of which took effect and either of which would have proved fatal. Ortoja fell after the fourth shot and expired in less than two hours. Cervantes fled and is probably by this time in Old Mexico. A coroner's jury was empanelled by Judge Peitz which rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Judge Peitz believes from the evidence that the homicide was justifiable. Ortoja was a regular bully, and nobody regrets his death.

Heavy rains have fallen within the past few days at several points down the valley and Tuesday morning Black river was too full for fording.

Judge Peitz has gone to Colorado City on particular business. His personal friends will rejoice to learn that he will return in about ten days.

Lon Suggs, who recently resigned the position of book keeper at Pierce's, has purchased a ranch near Fort Stanton on which he will reside in future.

Fred Morris, formerly with Youngblood at Toyah, has accepted the position as book keeper at R. H. Pijer's store.

Here is perhaps the only true fish story on record: "Last Saturday J. R. Brent and family and the writer went to Black river on a fishing excursion, and they returned without a single fish. Candor compels us to admit that none of them received a bite.

The canal company is arranging to fence the entire line of its ditch. Also to extend a telephone from the big dam to the Lake View farm 20 miles south of here.

The next new business enterprise that Eddy wants is a good millinery store. The merchants cannot supply the wants of the ladies as well as a first-class millinery establishment.

Dr. Van Norman was called Thursday night to see Solomon Scott at Rheinbolt's ranch, but when he got to Seven Rivers he learned that Scott was dead.

Early Tuesday morning fire broke out in the rear end of the Silver City National Bank building, and in a short time consumed C. M. Nolan & Co's, news and confectionery stand, entailing a loss of \$1,800, insurance \$1,000. Druggist Jackson and wife, who were sleeping in the second story of the building, had a very narrow escape.

A special to the World from Washington says that Secretary Busk is about to issue an address to the farmers of the country explaining how the depression in agriculture can be remedied. He attributes the present state of affairs in part to carelessness in culture and says that in these days of world-wide competition a successful farmer must be well trained and as careful in business as the store-keeper, and his equal in intelligence and general education. The Secretary also thinks that the farmer does not study the market reports as carefully as he should, and recommends that he avail himself of the information supplied by the agricultural department. He thinks that farmers should not acquire more land than they can profitably cultivate. After touching upon the question of farm mortgages and transportation, the middle man, gambling in farm products and combinations to control the markets, the Secretary makes a long argument in favor of higher duties on farm products. He gives tables to show that our imports of agricultural products amount to \$206,273,739, of which probably two hundred and fifty million dollars might be, with proper encouragement, produced on our own soil. He thinks that the problem might be solved by the imposition of high rates of duty on agricultural products.

Where will the thousands of cattle be taken to that are bunched and started for the Indian Territory from Southern and Western Texas is a question of grave importance. The president's order prohibiting the placing of cattle in any part of the Indian Territory is serious. Fully one hundred thousand head were intended for various portions of the Territory other than the Cherokee Strip. At this moment a very pertinent inquiry is: "How many of these cattle will come to Wyoming?" —N. W. L. S. Journal.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Raised by the Register, May 1.

The saloons have been ordered to keep closed doors on Sunday.

Mr. McClary is busy on the stone and brick work of Mr. Spark's residence.

Mr. Lund, an attorney of White Oaks, and a father-in-law of C. D. Bonney, has been in town for several days.

Mr. Geo. Orard is contemplating a trip to his old home in Utah. He will start about the 10th, accompanied by his family.

The Democrats will hold a convention in Roswell August 21, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature and Council.

We understand A. B. Allen will be a candidate for county commissioner. He will, if elected, make one of the best the country affords.

Mrs. F. H. Lea was taken quite sick Sunday evening, and for a short time her life was despaired of. We are glad to note the fact that she is now convalescent.

Tom York has returned to the Pride of the Pecos. He has sold his cattle in Texas and will stay in Roswell.

B. Gullio has secured the contract for carrying the mail from Roswell to Fort Sumner, tri-weekly, from July 1st, 1890, to June 30th, 1891.

Fountain & Barnett are making considerable improvements in their saloon; they will put in glass front and re-paper. Mr. Lou Keeper, we understand, has rented the building and will fit up the saloon in first-class style.

S. S. Scott, a young man who was on a horse hunt with Mr. Garrett, while out on the prairie was taken sick. He reached Seven Rivers very ill, and died there of congestion of the stomach Friday, after a very short sickness. Mr. Scott was a native of Kentucky and a new comer in this country.

NOGAL NOISE.

Made by the Liberty Banner, May 1.

N. C. Hughes, formerly of Parsons, but now of Arizona, was a visitor to Nogal this week.

Messrs. Race and Dillard, of Parsons, are at the Placer. Mr. Dillard talks of opening a boarding house at the American.

Mrs. P. G. Peters leaves soon for El Paso to visit relatives and bring home her little daughter Emogene, who has been away at school.

Mr. John Mack, the saw mill man, talks of moving to Eagle Creek soon with his saw mill.

THE INDEPENDENT will soon issue an Illustrated Pecos Valley Register and Irrigation edition, containing a complete write up of the entire Pecos Valley, with maps of the reservoir and irrigating canal systems, cuts of prominent buildings, noted ranches, scenery, etc. It will be the most complete edition of the kind ever issued in New Mexico, and the best advertisement of the kind ever issued in the Southwest, without exception. At least ten thousand copies will be issued, and it is hoped that the edition will reach fifteen or twenty thousand copies.

The new chief justice of this territory has decided the meat inspection law passed by the last legislature, unconstitutional.

The Ohio legislature has enacted a law which requires officers of all state and county institutions to purchase native stock for consumption, and defines native live stock to be that which has been in the state one hundred days before being killed.

PROPOSALS FOR MILITARY SUPPLIES AT ROAD STATIONS.—Headquarters Department of Arizona, Office of the Chief Quartermaster, Los Angeles, California, April 8, 1890.—Sealed Proposals, in duplicate, will be received at this office, until 11 o'clock A. M. on THURSDAY, May 8, 1890, and opened immediately thereafter in the presence of bidders, for the furnishing of Fuel Forage and Water at Road Stations in the Department of Arizona to passing public teams, or detachments of troops, during the fiscal year commencing July 1, 1890, and ending June 30, 1891. Blank forms for proposals, containing particulars of the supplies required and instructions to bidders, will be furnished on application to this office, or to the quartermasters at Fort Apache, Lewis Grant, Huachuca, Lowell, McDowell, Mojave, Thomas and Verde, and San Carlos, Whipple, Baracks and Tucson, A. T., and Forts Bayard, Selden, Stanton, Union and Wingate, and Santa Fe, N. M. The Government reserves the right to reject any and all bids. A. S. KIMBALL, Quartermaster, U. S. A., Chief Quartermaster.

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

FRIEDRICH & NEEDHAM,
—DEALERS IN—
CHOICE LIQUORS, CIGARS
Lincoln, New Mexico.

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.

ROSENTHAL & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

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.

M. CRONIN,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Lincoln, New Mexico.

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.

THORNTON & EUBANK, Proprietors.

M. C. NETTLETON,

ALBUQUERQUE JEWELER

DEALER IN FINE DIAMONDS,

Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Solid Silverware, etc. Fine Watch

Repairing and Diamond Setting. Watch Inspector for the A. T. & S.

F. R. Co. Manufacturer of Filigree Jewelry.

The Northwestern Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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

CHALLENGED

to produce in comparison policies of same date, age and kind.

The INTENDING INSURER cannot AFFORD to take LIFE INSURANCE in any other company, when he can get it in the

Northwestern, the Strongest, Safest and Best.

JESSE M. WHEELOCK,

General Agent for New Mexico.

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

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

AND EXPERIMENT STATION

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

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. Rynerson, Sec'y of Board of Regents, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Because
It is the only paper in which will be published all the county estray notices required by law to be published in a paper at the county seat.

Because
It is neatly printed and you therefore are not obliged to put on a pair of specs to read part of it and guess at the rest.

Because
Every paid up subscriber receives "free gratis for nothing," a year's subscription to "The American Farmer," one of the best farm magazines published, the regular subscription price of which is one dollar per year.

Because
It is a wide-awake, progressive, independent county newspaper, and will be worth many times its price every year you take it.

Because
If you live in Lincoln county, or own property in the county, or have any interests in the county, it is necessary for you to take a good local paper, published at the county seat. Especially if that paper is a live, wide-awake, interesting sheet, all for \$3 a year.

Because
There are 30 other good reasons, which every paid up subscriber can easily discover for himself.

Because
Subscribe and you will know them, and never regret it, and don't you forget it!

Address: "INDEPENDENT," Lincoln, N. M.

Because
It may save you many dollars by keeping you posted on all legal and land advertisements.

Because
It may save you many dollars by keeping you posted on all legal and land advertisements.

The Independent.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

At White Oaks, - Rev. N. W. Lane.
" Fort Stanton, - Postmaster.
" Upper Pecosco, - "
" Nogal, - "
" La Luz, - "
" Mesalero, - Harry Bennett.
" Eddy, - Fred V. Pionthowsky
" Roswell, - J. D. Lea.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms for announcement in THE INDEPENDENT: \$5, payable in advance.

COURT ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce J. B. Mathews as a candidate for election to the office of Assessor of Lincoln county at the ensuing election, Nov. 1890, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

R. Michaelis & Co. are improving and remodeling their store room. A complete new set of shutters now protect the doors and windows.

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

Col. J. C. Delany is making arrangements to start a fine horse breeding establishment at his Hondo ranch. It will pay. People who raise fine horses have the whole world for a market.

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

Ex-Rev. J. E. Sligh, when last heard from, was in Spokane Falls, in the new state of Washington.

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.

J. A. LaRue, of Las Vegas, has gone to his Lincoln county ranch, with Kansas buyers, who are after the first-class steers of the Felix company.—Optic.

Fresh supply of Fancy Candies at Whelan & Co's.

Off for the Pen.

Last Monday morning Sheriff D. C. Nowlin, and deputies D. W. Roberts and Desmetrio Perea, left for Santa Fe with the five prisoners sentenced at the recent district court, to-wit:

- Antonio Valdez, larceny; one year.
Abram Miller, theft of a mule; one year.
Cluid Camp, burglary; one year.
Francisco Arnera, larceny of a horse; two years and fine of four hundred dollars.
John Thomas, larceny; one year and costs.

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

New Incorporation.

The following company has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of the Interior:

Lucas Ditch Company.—Capital stock, \$10,000; names of directors, D. H. Lucas, J. G. Lucas, T. D. Lucas; principal place of business, within township 25 south range 25 east, Lincoln county, N. M.; object, to construct, own, maintain and operate a ditch for irrigating agricultural lands in parts of sections 13, 17, 24 and 25, township 25 south, range 25 east, Lincoln county.

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

Strawberries flourish grandly in this section. If you don't think so, gaze on Whelan & Co's. front yard.

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

In the proceedings of the special session of Commissioner's Court, published last week, Deputy Sheriff Langston's account as allowed should read \$49, instead of \$94.

Fresh stock of groceries at Whelan & Co's.

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

Wanted—A woman for general house work. Inquire at or address THE INDEPENDENT office, Lincoln, N. M.

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

Compare THE INDEPENDENT with any other paper in the Southwest, and say, candidly, what you think about it.

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

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

Fresh Butter and Cheese at Whelan & Co's.

The illustrations for THE INDEPENDENT'S Pecos Valley Reservoir and Irrigation edition will be strictly first class. The edition will be eight pages, printed on fine paper, and will be the most complete one of the kind ever issued in the Southwest.

Vienna and Ham Sausage at Whelan & Co's.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Henry Nowlin has been "under the weather" this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton returned to Stanton Tuesday from their trip to Roswell.

Sam Terrell went to Roswell Wednesday on business. Mrs. Fritz accompanied him.

Charlie and Joe Wingfield were here from Ruidoso Tuesday, and report all quiet in their balliwick.

Joshua Hale came over from Ruidoso Monday and took three wagon loads of household goods to Roswell for Frank Lesnet.

Ed. McPherson, the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance man, is with us again, and will stay several days. Well, we can stand it if he can—our life is insured.

Hon. Frank Lesnet and family left Wednesday morning for Roswell, where they will reside. Their many Lincoln friends regret to see them leave, and wish them prosperity and happiness in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jao. J. Cockrell left Lincoln Monday for an eastern tour. They stopped Monday night at Fort Stanton. They go first to visit Mr. Cockrell's brother in Colorado, and then to Mrs. Cockrell's old home, Little Rock, Arks. Mr. C's health is not good, but it is hoped the journey and visit among old friends will be beneficial and that he will be able to return here long, completely restored.

A Big Cattle Deal.

A big sale of Lincoln county steers has been under way for some time past, and was finally consummated this week.

Geo. M. Casey, of Clinton, Mo., one of the main partners in the Champion (CA—) Cattle Co., arrived in Lincoln Saturday, bringing with him Major Tower, a noted cattle dealer of Kansas City.

Billy Mathews, of the CA— company, met the gentlemen here, and, accompanied by Jack Thornton, the party left for Roswell, near which place the CA—Co. and the Felix (flying H) Cattle Co. had 4,000 head of 1, 2, and 3 year old steers rounded up ready for shipment.

The result was that Major Tower purchased the whole bunch of 4,000 head, the ownership of which was about equally divided between the CA— and flying H companies. The prices realized are \$10, \$14 and \$18. These are the best figures cattle have brought in this section for several years.

J. A. LaRue, of the Felix Cattle Co., arrived at Lincoln from Las Vegas Wednesday, accompanied by Messrs Hille and Tilton, two cattle buyers from Wakeeney, Kas., who came for the purpose of buying the steers. They were too late, however, and had to go back without them. It is certainly cheering for our cattlemen to see their property in demand and prices picking up.

Major Tower's steers are on the trail for Clayton, N. M., from which point they will be shipped by rail to Kansas.

THE INDEPENDENT hustler hustled up to Fort Stanton Monday and found several interesting items. The Post is now looking its prettiest, and that is saying a good deal, for Stanton is acknowledged to be the prettiest Port in this military district. Lt. Scott is keeping up his record as being a splendid Quartermaster, and he is certainly doing everything that can be done to improve the convenience and general appearance of the quarters and surroundings. Two new rooms have been added this year to the company barracks, and several of the main buildings are undergoing a thorough remodeling, which will add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the soldiers. THE INDEPENDENT recently stated that \$4,000 worth of improvements have been made recently at Stanton. Some of the Territorial exchanges copied the item, but changed the figures to \$40,000. Of course the latter figures are away off, but so were those of THE INDEPENDENT, for the real amount expended during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, will be in the neighborhood of \$17,000. The hospital is one of the buildings receiving attention, and a big force of men is now busy re-shingling the roof and re-painting the building throughout. It must be somewhat of a temptation for the soldiers to get sick at Stanton, for they have such a perfectly appointed hospital building and such beautiful grounds surrounding it, that it is positively "good for the sore eyes" to look through the building and grounds. But Stanton is one of the healthiest Posts in the U. S., and the hospital is generally very nearly empty. Work on the new hay sheds is nearly completed, and they will soon be ready to receive their stores. They are large and substantial. B. B. Adams, E. W. Dow and P. L. Krouse, the well known Lincoln county carpenters, are all hard at work on the repairs and new buildings. Lieut. Scott believes in employing home talent when he can find it, thereby benefitting our home people; this is one of the many elements of his great popularity. Through the kindness of the Lieut. THE INDEPENDENT man was enabled to witness the practical working of the heliograph, and saw a message received from the White Mountain station, 23 miles distant. This system of sending signals by flashes of sunlight is destined to become of great value to the service in case of Indian outbreaks or in time of war, where telegraph lines do not exist or have become broken.

FORT STANTON FACTS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. FORT STANTON, N. M., May 8, '90.

Col. J. C. DeLany has been appointed postmaster, vice W. S. Cobean, resigned. His commission arrived last week. Mr. Havenscraft will continue to act as assistant.

Capt. J. N. Bannister, Assistant Surgeon, now stationed at Fort Sherman, Idaho, has been ordered to this Post to relieve Capt. R. W. Johnston, Post Surgeon. Dr. Bannister leaves Ft. Sherman about the 17th inst., and is expected here about the 25th. Dr. Johnston will return to his old Post, Whipple Barracks, Arizona.

Hon. Frank Lesnet, the popular Receiver of the land office at Roswell, spent Saturday at the Post, visiting his numerous friends. Frank is a good fellow and every inch a gentleman, and nowhere can he find warmer friends than at Stanton.

Tommy Eubank, Charlie Stein and Andy Richardson leave for Roswell on Wednesday. Tommy goes to look after his fences on the Hondo, Andy to see that the roads are properly worked, but we are at a loss to know what Stein goes for, possibly to invest in corner lots at Roswell.

Scott Truxton has been visiting his kinsman, Lt. G. L. Scott, the past week. Scott is a first class fellow and we like to see him occasionally shake off the alkali dust of the Pecos Valley, and come to see us.

He visited the coal mines at the Salado on Sunday and was highly pleased with the prospects; as Mr. Truxton is a coal expert, being a native of Pennsylvania, his opinion is regarded valuable, and we only hope that his predictions will prove true.

J. C. Schwartz, representing the Mesilla Valley Democrat, spent several days here last week meeting old friends and "taking notes." Schwartz can't get over his old affections for Lincoln county, and says we have the best climate in New Mexico, if not in the world.

Commissionary Sergeant Adolf Lemler celebrated his tenth anniversary on Tuesday the 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Lemler entertained a number of friends that evening, music being furnished by the Stein band. We only wish the celebration and Mrs. Lemler's numerous friends, by wishing them many happy returns of the event.

The beef contract at the Post for the coming year, beginning July 1st, has been awarded to the Blanchard Supply Co., of Albuquerque, at \$6.14 per hundred pounds. The company sent their bid direct to Los Angeles, hence our mistake last week in stating that J. V. Tully was the only bidder.

Charlie Wingfield and Joe Wingfield, of Ruidoso, stopped here Monday on their way to Lincoln. Charlie spent most of his time examining the great curiosity of the "Wooly Calf," which is on exhibition at the Post Traders'. Everyone who has seen the prodigy declares it to be the most wonderful freak of nature ever seen.

J. C. Schwartz, Scott Truxton, Charlie and Joe Wingfield, Capt. Kirkman, Lt. Scott, P. L. Krouse, and a host of leading citizens, declare it the most curious thing they have ever seen.

Sgt. Chas. Wood, B Co., 10th Infantry, has been transferred to C Co., 10th Inf., Ft. Union, as a private. Sgt. Wood was appointed Canteen Steward at this Post, but says he would rather do straight duty as a "back soldier" than serve as a government bar tender.

John J. Kendrick and wife left here on Tuesday for the railroad, in a government ambulance. Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick propose spending the summer at Gleewood Springs, Colorado.

Mr. J. M. Kirk returned on Tuesday from his hunting trip and left for Chicago via Carthage Wednesday noon.

Sgt. Jesse Trotman, B Co., 10th Infantry, has just returned from a few months' furlough in Indiana and Iowa, feeling invigorated after his extended tour.

R. S. Hamilton and wife returned from their Pecos Valley trip Tuesday, well pleased with the general outlook of Roswell. Mrs. H. entered a desert land claim and Mr. H. a timber culture. They will probably locate in Roswell permanently here long.

Obituary.

A letter from H. C. Brown, of the Ruidoso, to THE INDEPENDENT, dated the 2nd inst., brings the information of the death at his house, on the 1st of May, of Robert R. Dickson. Mr. Dickson had been a sufferer from paralysis for over two years previous to his death. He was 62 years of age. Came to N. M. in August, 1892, a volunteer in Capt. Joe Smith's company A, Fifth Infantry, California Volunteers. Enlisted Sept. 12th, 1891; discharged Nov. 30, 1894. After his discharge he bought the saw mill property on the Tularosa, and remained in that business until 1875; then located at Three Rivers. Then moved to Lower Pecosco, and remained until Oct. 15, 1887, when he became helpless, and moved to Ruidoso, since which time he has been under the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who did all for him that could be done. His first stroke of paralysis was in Mar. 1876. He was a good citizen, a good man, and had no enemies. Mr. Dickson was a native of Alabama. His remains were laid to rest at 3 p. m. on the 2nd, at the Joshua Hale burying ground.

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.

Fresh Figs at Whelan & Co's.

ROSWELL RACKET.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. ROSWELL, N. M., May 6, 1890.

"There is a hen on"—I mean there is a wedding upon the tapis!

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were up from their ranch on the Pecosco last week.

With a little more work we will have the prettiest ball grounds in the Territory.

Mrs. Pearl Sutherland and son were down from the ranch a few days last week.

M. D. Minter has quit the butcher business and gone to work for the Lea Cattle Co. again.

Since the adjournment of court at Lincoln Roswell has assumed a livelier appearance.

We are pleased to announce that Mrs. Skipwith, who has been rather ill for a few days, is now on the mend.

Littell & Osborne have contracted for the remainder of the brick work on the hotel and will finish it this week.

A. H. Whetstone and Jas. Sutherland are improving their land up the Hondo by ditching, fluming, etc.

Workmen of all classes are busy and the results of their labor is evidence of the fact that Roswell is "on the boom."

W. H. Guise, range foreman for the Lea Cattle Co., is down and will begin work at or about Seven Rivers, on the 10th inst.

Parker Wells has returned from his ranch on Red River. While absent we understand his clerk did a very unprofitable business.

Mr. Cobean's commission as Register of the U. S. land office here reached him last Thursday night, and he has since begun work in earnest.

W. M. Atkinson, our new J. P., and Mr. Williams, who was admitted to the Territorial bar during the past term of court, have opened up an office on Main street.

A. H. Whetstone and Bud Wilkerson have had side walks put in front of the property on Main street, which adds very materially to the appearance and value of the property.

Jas. Sutherland, of the Bloom Cattle Co., has been at work several days in this section rounding up and gathering a bunch of steers which he will send to the Company's alfalfa field near Trinidad.

Mr. Hamilton, book-keeper for the Post Traders' store at Stanton, and lady, are, among others, viewing our resources, and, we understand, are highly pleased, so much so that they will probably become an acquisition to our society in the near future.

According to the announcement of the ball at the school house Friday night, a large and merry crowd assembled at an early hour and "tripped the light fantastic" until the wee hours, when all the boys, except this forlorn scribe, "went home with the girls in the morning."

There is a young milk maid at Chas. Stanstrom's house—she came April 30th. They had been expecting the little maid and she just fits her clothes, but Charlie is so proud he hasn't anything that fits him—he's suddenly outgrown everything but his milk business, which is increasing rapidly.

MAY DAY AT ROSWELL.

According to the announcement of the celebration of the advent of the beautiful month of May at "The Farms," under the supervision of Rev. Caleb Maule, a large, good-looking and well-dressed assembly crowded the school house to its utmost at 10 o'clock, to witness the opening ceremonies and crowning of the Queen.

At the given hour the house was called to order and perfect quietness reigned while prayer was offered by Rev. Maule, after which the "May Queen," in all her beauty and serenity, was ushered into the auditorium by two beautiful maids of honor, arrayed in delicate costumes and decked with flowers, with appropriate words, crowned Miss Alice Gamble Queen of the occasion. Miss Alice, after her presentation to the throng, covered herself all over with glory by the rendition of the "Beautiful Month of May," amid showers of roses and elegant bouquets.

Rev. Maule then followed the Queen with an oration, in which he intelligently and with no little oratorical ability, portrayed the origin of the celebration of the first day of May, and the propriety of a promiscuous use of flowers on such occasions throughout the land. After several appropriate and interesting declamations by the young ladies, the announcement was made that all would repair to "Lovers' Lane" near by, if it met with the approbation of the majority present, where the great number of baskets carefully prepared by the respective families of the neighborhood would be deprived of their contents and the alimentary capacity of all subdued.

In consequence of a view we obtained of the estates betwixt, our alimentary capacity had become augmented to such an extent that we were prompted, despite the clamors of our best girl, to move that we demolish the baskets and their contents and there, and without waiting any longer, which proposition carried, and we were soon seen with the hind leg of a chicken in one hand and a cup of butter-milk in the other, smiling as if we had been tickled under the chin by the pretty girl that stood beside us.

After all present had partaken of the many delicacies to their heart's content, the dishes were stored away and a series of plays inaugurated that were freely indulged in, and apparently enjoyed, until becoming weary we all repaired to our respective homes, wishing that the merry first of May would visit us oftener. Take it all in all it was a very enjoyable affair, and no doubt the people of this vicinity will remember for years to come the first May party of the Pecos Valley.

Rosenthal & Co. have now on exhibition one of the largest and best assorted stocks of men's and boy's clothing ever offered in Lincoln county.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. WHITE OAKS, N. M., May 5, 1890.

Rain—possibly. Dry—probably. Don't know—most assuredly. Clouds, sunshine a little drizzle, and more wind and dust, make up the certainties of daily life here so far as the weather is concerned.

The week was active in changes, but not rushing. People came and went, and thus the days varied.

Rev. E. Lyman Hood, Supt. of the American Home Missionary Society, of New York, for New Mexico and Arizona, arrived last Thursday night from Albuquerque, to take part in the dedication of the Congregational church Sunday. Mr. Hood is also Supt. of the New West Education Commission, and paid the Academy here a visit. Such had been the progress and success of the school under the principality of Miss Abbie Hull, that he was most thoroughly pleased. The Academy will close its term in about six weeks.

Mr. Hood left for Albuquerque Sunday p. m. He leaves for the east on Wednesday and is soon to take a trip to Europe for recreation.

Rev. A. M. Pipes, pastor of the Congregational church at Deming, reached the Oaks Friday to assist in the dedication services. He came on a bicycle from Carthage, and found a rough road as well as plenty of sand in places. He displayed unusual courage to even undertake such a trip by that mode of conveyance. Mr. Pipes is the pioneer in this line of traveling in this section, and, as he at times rode the bicycle and at times the bicycle rode him, it is probably his first and last trip of that kind in this part of the country.

Sunday was a beautiful day, and at 11 a. m. a large audience assembled to witness the dedication. The interior of the building was handsomely decorated with evergreens and the stand and windows were literally covered with flowers and plants.

The following programme was carried out in the services: Singing of the Doxology, invocation by the Pastor, Scripture lesson, Rev. Thomas, 2nd Reading hymn, Rev. Pipes. Report of Trustees, E. W. Parker, President. Report of Treasurer, Deacon Samuel Wells, Jr. Report of Cheerful Workers, Mrs. E. W. Parker. Offerings. Sermon, Rev. E. Lyman Hood. Prayer of dedication, Pastor. Hymn. Celebration of the Lord's Supper, conducted by the Rev. E. Lyman Hood. Benediction, by the Pastor.

This church has a history unique in itself. The funds in part to build with were collected by the Pastor making a journey of about 7,000 miles, extending as far east as Bangor, Me., and several hundred dollars were thus realized. The cost of the church, outside of the furnishings, has been fully \$2,300, which, with a loan from the building society of this denomination in New York, is amply provided for, and has been or soon will be, all paid.

The furnishing will devolve in a large measure on the people, who have not been waiting on for subscriptions to the Church building, and yet the citizens of White Oaks have not been wanting in interest or generosity towards the work. The ladies raised by entertainments, suppers, etc., about \$200, which, considering the dull times which have prevailed here, reflects credit on their activity and perseverance.

The structure is of stone, 30x50 feet in the clear, with 16 foot walls and stone gables, with steel roof. The ceiling is of poplar, tongued, grooved and headed; the walls are finished with snowy whiteness, on two coats of plaster. The auditorium is lighted with three large lamps of many candle power. Altogether the work has been most successful. Many difficulties have been encountered and overcome in its erection, and as a result White Oaks now has the best church edifice in this county.

Last evening Rev. Mr. Pipes preached a most excellent sermon on church power, and demonstrated to all that he could preach as well as ride a bicycle. He returns home to-morrow.

To-night, Monday, there is to be a camp fire near L. H. Rudisill's residence, for G. A. R. business. Lots of fun, patriotic songs, coffee, hard tack, fried bacon and patriotic noise.

OCCASIONAL.

Whispered to us by the Interpreter, May 2.

Joe Spencer, of Pinos Wells, has gone to Kentucky on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Wells received intelligence Sunday evening that Mr. Wells' father was dangerously ill. They left for the railroad on Monday.

Attorney H. B. Ferguson, passed through, returning home from Lincoln, where he had been attending court, on Sunday last. Mr. Ferguson had received a dispatch informing him of the illness of his little girl, hence his haste.

There are strong indications that Rolla Wells & Co., will soon resume work on the Helen Rae mine at Nogal. This company own a number of mining claims in Nogal Mining District, the Helen Rae and Grover Cleveland being the most valuable. They also own most of the placer ground in Dry Gulch, which they work with water brought over the divide from Nogal canon. They have done no development work the past two years.

Mrs. Schronz, with her two youngest children and little nephew, arrived Tuesday morning, after an absence of several months in Michigan. She is cordially welcomed back by her many friends.

M. Whiteman and family arrived in town from Roswell on Monday evening by private conveyance. Mrs. Whiteman and little children will remain in White Oaks during the heat of the summer months.

To Col. Heman, M. Murphy and other fat men in and around White Oaks:

Gentlemen, you are hereby challenged by the lean men of White Oaks to play them a match game of base ball on the White Oaks base ball ground, at such time as may be mutually agreed upon.

T. W. COREY, In behalf of the Leans.

NOGAL NUBBINS.

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

Our town is full of strangers today.

Nogal is still on deck, with colors flying high.

Col. Nat Moore has been quite sick the past few days.

P. G. Peters is planting several acres in onions in Nogal.

W. L. Breece is ill at present writing; also one of his children.

Mrs. Tinnin, of White Oaks, is staying awhile with her parents here in town.

Geo. C. Davis will open a meat shop in Nogal in a few days, and supply a long felt want.

Geo. Sligh and Mrs. Shannon-house are staying with friends in Nogal a few days.

Mrs. Brown, of the Placer hotel, is at Fort Stanton, under the care of the Post Surgeon.

We are having a few showers and the grass and weeds are getting up so stock can begin to live and thrive.

James A. Alcock drove into Nogal on Saturday last in great haste, as though he was dry, but he wasn't.

Mrs. P. G. Peters went on Saturday last to El Paso, Texas, with others, after her daughter, who has been going to school there.

A Mr. Aaron, from Leavenworth Kansas, has been doing some work on Bonito, but quit on Saturday last for good and took the stage at Nogal on Tuesday for home, to stay.

Dr. ... has abandoned the Silver King and Parsons for a while and gone to El Paso; he will go to his home in Fort Worth, Tex., then to Laredo, Texas, where he will likely invest in real estate.

Our J. P. was called home from Stanton last week to issue some search warrant papers and remained until Saturday, when he returned to Stanton. He will hold court on the 14th at Nogal; all those wishing to marry should be on hand, as the court will probably adjourn sine die.

The stamp mill is running on full time, with one battery of five stamps; five or ten more will start this week. A little time of work makes a great change in one of those narrow gulches in a short time; we hardly knew the place on our visit to the American. We don't see why Ray & Gaylord don't assort the gold from the rock before they run it through the mill; it can be done with a pitchfork if it's all like what we saw.

NOGAL.

LAS CRUCES LOCALS.

From the Republican, May 5.

Lynch Bros., of Hatch station, last week drove a large herd of cattle to Lake Valley.

Frank Reinhart has returned, after an absence of several months. He expects to go into business here.

The Santa Fe has notified its army of station agents that they will probably be required to wear a uniform, and that they must be prepared to don them on short notice.

W. E. DeLany has failed in health for the past two months, and will shortly go to his father's home at Fort Stanton to recuperate.

Prof. Blount has signified his intention of accepting the position of professor of horticulture and agriculture, tendered him by the Board of Regents of the Agricultural College. He comes highly recommended.

The brick contract was let to H. S. Lyter, of El Paso. He burns 300,000 brick at \$4.50 per thousand. The clay near the college grounds is said to be superior to any found in the neighborhood of Las Cruces.

It is now a decided fact that the new Presbyterian church will be erected this summer. It will have seating capacity to accommodate 400 persons; built of brick and ornamented with marble from the quarries in the Organ mountains. The brick work of the tower will be 32 feet high, with a spire 70 feet in height.

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T. W. COREY, In behalf of the Leans.

MESCALERO MATTERS.

The Independent. OTHERS MAY PREACH

The two most exciting questions among the Western farmers at present are, first, the recent extraordinary decision of the supreme court with reference to the granger interests, which upsets all the rail way legislation and the right of the Western States to control railroad rates; and second, the widespread agricultural depression which is threatening tens of thousands of thrifty farmers with bankruptcy and worse. These two subjects are likely to have considerable effect, politically; but the politicians have not yet taken alarm. The Eastern money lenders are considering these questions closely; they want a steady government, but are not particularly anxious which side is on top, so that their investments are safe, and their interest promptly paid. The questions coming up behind these two main ones are tariff reform, monetary reform, governmental control over trusts, over railroads, over banks and over all forms of monopoly or threatened monopoly. The politicians will have their hands full in a short time. The complaint for years past has been that no great issues divided the parties; there will be enough of them before long. The farmers of the West, despite the depression, are preparing to cultivate additional acreage, a fact which is foretold by the heavy demand for agricultural machinery, and all the tools and implements used in farming. The money market is in good condition throughout the East. During the first week of April \$37,000,000 in dividends were distributed in New York. Speculation is on the decline; capitalists are scarcely able to sleep at night on account of their anxiety to place their money where it will pay big rates. The low prices realized for farm products is making money scarce, and is unfavorable to trade in the Western States. The Western railroad presidents think they have fixed things up satisfactorily with regard to rates, and the distribution of traffic. They are satisfied with the decision of the supreme court which leaves them free, lifting them virtually above the State Legislatures, Governors, State Railway Commissions, and all control of that kind; but it remains to be seen whether things will stay in this shape. There is no higher power than the supreme court in the United States—excepting public opinion; the people generally manage to have things their own way in the long run. The decision can not be set aside, perhaps, but the people will find some way to protect their interests, if they prove to be in danger.

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HARDWARE HOUSE
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GIANT POWDER.

Special attention given to Roofing and Galvanized Ironwork. Full line of Agricultural Implements, Windmills, Horsepower, etc. Write for prices.
21, 23 and 25 Front Street, Albuquerque New Mexico.

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 arrears on subscription and one year in advance from date, so from October 25th 1889, to 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 man her ideas can be obtained that will be worth three the subscription price to you or members of your household, yet you get it FREE. Call and see sample copy.

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A fair article of Gun Powder Tea at 30c a pound.
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Call on us and satisfy yourself.

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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.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLES
MODEL 81 REPEATERS
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THE LATEST, MODEL 1889.
MARLIN SAFETY REPEATING RIFLE
using the .32, .38, and .44 Winchester cartridge, having a **SOLID TOP RECEIVER**, exclusive of first or most, are from the lock.
LOADING & EJECTING from the side, away from the face of the shooter.
Weighing but **6 1/2 POUNDS**.
and a model of accuracy and identity. It looks with **ACCURACY** than any other. Don't you see the **MARLIN SAFETY RIFLE**, MODEL, 1889.
THE BALLARD still remains the best repeating rifle in the world.
MARLIN'S DOUBLE ACTION AUTOMATIC REVOLVER in workmanship, finish and accuracy of shooting; second to none.
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ASK YOUR DEALER to show you our rifles. For a complete description of the best Repeating Rifles in the world, write for Illustrated Catalogue D, to the
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DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, that is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, or the money paid for it will be refunded.
DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY CURES ALL HUMORS,
from a common blotch, or eruption, to the worst form of skin disease, or "Fever-sores," or "Rough Skin," in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this medicine. It purifies, and invigorates the system. Great Eruptions rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing, Gout, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Swellings, Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.
"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.
CONSUMPTION,
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For Weak Lungs, Spitting of blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
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AGENTS WANTED can show proof that agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Profits make \$200 to \$300 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only \$5. Sample in those having an agency \$2. Also the Celebrated **KENTON** WHEAT FLOUR at manufacturers' lowest prices. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.
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A PERFECT CAR FOR FEEDING, RESTING AND WATERING LIVE STOCK WHILE IN TRANSIT.
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If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.
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