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THE DESERTER.



There was an unusual scene at the matinee the following morning. When Capt. Ray relieved Capt. Gregg as officer of the day, and the two were visiting the guard house and turning over prisoners, they came upon the last name on the list—Clancy—and Gregg turned to his regimental comrade and said:

"No charges are preferred against Clancy, at least none as yet, Capt. Ray; but his company commander requests that he be held here until he can talk over his case with the colonel."

"What's he in for?" demanded Capt. Ray.

"Getting drunk and raising a row and beating his wife," answered Gregg, "whereas there was a tussle among the soldiers."

"I never struck a woman in me life, sir," said poor Clancy.

"Silence, Clancy," ordered the sergeant of the guard.

"No, I'm blessed if I believe that part of it, Clancy, drunk or no drunk," said the new officer of the day. "Take charge of him for the present, sergeant." And away they went to the office.

Capt. Rayner was in conversation with the commanding officer as they entered, and the colonel was saying:

"It is not the proper way to handle the case, captain. If he has been guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct he should be brought to trial at once."

"I admit that, sir; but the case is peculiar. It was Mrs. Clancy that made all the noise. I feel sure that after he is perfectly sober I can give him such a talking as will put a stop to this trouble."

"Very well, sir. I am willing to let company commander experiment at least once or twice on their theories, so you can try the scheme; but we of the — have had some years of experience with the Clancys, and were not a little amused when they turned up again in our midst as accredited members of your company."

"Then, as I understand you, colonel, Clancy is not to be brought to trial for this affair," suddenly spoke the post surgeon.

"Everybody looked up in surprise. 'Pills' was the last man, ordinarily, to take a hand in the 'shop talk' at the morning meetings."

"No, doctor. His captain thinks it unnecessary to prefer charges."

"So do I, sir; and, as I saw the man both before and after his confinement last night, I do not think it was necessary to confine him."

"The officer of the day says there was great disorder," said the colonel, in surprise.

"Ay, sir, so there was; and the thing reminds me of the stories they used to tell on the New York police. It looked to me as though all the row was raised by Mrs. Clancy, as Capt. Rayner says; but the man arrested. That being the case, I would ask the captain for specific offense he ordered Clancy to the guard house."

Rayner again was pale as death. He glared at the doctor in amazement and incredulity, while all the officers noted his agitation and were silent in surprise. It was the colonel that came to the rescue.

"Capt. Rayner had abundant reason, doctor. It was after taps, though only just after, and whether causing the trouble or not, the man is the responsible party, not the woman. The captain was right in causing his arrest."

Rayner looked up gratefully.

"I submit to your decision, sir," said the surgeon, "and I apologize for anything I may have asked that was beyond my province. Now I wish to ask a question for my own guidance."

"Go on, doctor."

"In case an enlisted man of this command desires to see an officer of his company—or any other officer, for that matter—is it a violation of any military regulation for him to go to his quarters for that purpose?"

Again was Rayner fearfully white and aged looking. His lips moved as though he would interrupt; but discipline prevailed.

"No, doctor, and yet we have certain customs of service to prevent the men going at all manner of hours and on frivolous errands. A soldier asks his first sergeant's permission first, and if denied by him, and he have what he considers good reason, he can report the whole case."

"But suppose a man is not on company duty, must he hunt up his first sergeant and ask permission to go and see some officer with whom he has business?"

"Well, hardly, in that case."

"That's all, sir." And the doctor subsided.

Among all the officers, as the meeting adjourned, the question was, "What do you suppose 'Pills' was driving at?"

There were two or three who knew. Capt. Rayner went first to his quarters, where he had a few moments hurried consultation with his wife; then they left the house together; he to have a

low toned and very stern talk to rather than with the abashed Clancy, who listened, cap in hand and with hanging head; she to visit the sick child of Mrs. Flanagan, of Company K, whose quarters adjoined those to which the Clancys had recently been assigned. When that Hibernian culprit returned to his room, he was surprised to find a kindly and sympathetic welcome from his captain's wife, who with her own hand had mixed him some comforting drink and was planning with Mrs. Clancy for their greater comfort. "If Clancy will only promise to quit entirely!" interjected the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Later that day, when the doctor had a little talk with Clancy, the ex-dragon declared he was going to reform for all he was worth. He was only a distasteful to everybody when he drank.

"All right, Clancy. And when you are perfectly yourself, you can come and see Lieut. Hayne as soon as you like."

"Look! Hayne is in, sir? Shure I'd be begin'nin' his pardon for the vexation I gave him last night."

"But you have something you wanted to speak with him about. You said so last night, Clancy," said the doctor, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Shure I was drunk, sir. I didn't mane it," he answered; but he shrank and cowered.

The doctor turned and left him.

"If it's only when he's drunk that conscience pricks him and the truth will out, then we must have him drunk again," quoth this unprincipled practitioner.

That same afternoon Miss Travers found that a headache was the result of confinement to an atmosphere somewhat heavily charged with electricity. Mrs. Rayner seemed to bristle every time she approached her sister. Possibly it was the heart, more than the head, that ached, but in either case she needed relief from the exposed position she had occupied ever since Kate's return from the Clancys in the morning. She had been too long under fire, and was wearied. Even the cheery visits of the garrison gallants had proved of little avail, for Mrs. Rayner was in very ill temper, and made snappish remarks to them which two of them resented and speedily took themselves off. Later Miss Travers went to her room and wrote a letter, and then the sunset gong shook the window, and twilight settled down upon the still frozen earth. She bathed her heated forehead and washed her cheeks, threw a clean cloak over her shoulders, and came slowly down the stairs. Mrs. Rayner met her at the parlor door.

"Kate, I am going for a walk and shall stop and see Mrs. Waldron."

"Quite an unnecessary piece of information. I saw him as well as you. He has just gone there."

Miss Travers flushed hot with indignation.

"I have seen no one; and if you mean that Mr. Hayne has gone to Maj. Waldron's, I shall not."

"No! I'll meet him on the walk; it would only be a trifle more public."

"You have no right to accuse me of the faintest expectation of meeting him anywhere. I repeat, I had not thought of such a thing."

"You must just sit well do it. You cannot make your antagonism to my husband much more pointed than you have already. And as for meeting Mr. Hayne, the only advice I presume to give you is that for your own sake you keep your blushes under better control than you did the last time you met—that I know of." And, with this triumphant insult as a parting shot, Mrs. Rayner wheeled and marched off through the parlor.

What was a girl to do? Nellie Travers was not of the crying kind, and was denied a vast amount of comfort in consequence. She stood a few moments quivering under the lash of injustice and inquiry to which she had been subjected. She longed for a breath of pure fresh air; but there would be no enjoyment in that in the now. She needed sympathy and help if ever a girl did, but where was she to find it? The women who most attracted her and who would have warmly welcomed her at any time—the women whom she would eagerly have gone to in her trouble—were practically denied to her. Mrs. Rayner in her quarrel had declared war against the cavalry, and Mrs. Stannard and Mrs. Ray, who had shown a disposition to welcome Nellie warmly, were no longer callers at the house. Mrs. Waldron, who was kind and motherly to the girl and loved to have her with her, was so embarrassed by Mrs. Rayner's determined snubs that she hardly knew how to treat the matter. She would no longer visit Mrs. Rayner informally, as had been her custom, yet she wanted the girl to come to her.

If she went, Miss Travers well knew that on her return to the house she would be received by a volley of sarcasms about her preference for the society of people who were the avowed enemies of her benefactors. If she remained in the house, it was to become in person the target for her sister's unmerciful sneers and censures. The situation was becoming simply unbearable. Twice she began and twice she tore fragments of the letter for which Mr. Van Antwerp was daily imploring, and this evening she once more turned and slowly sought her room, threw off her wraps, and took up her writing desk. It was not yet dark. There was still light enough for her purpose, as if she went close to the window. Every nerve was tingling with the sense of wrong and indignity; every throb of her heart but intensified the longing for relief from the thralldom of her position. She saw only one path to lead her from such crushing dependence. There was his last letter, received only that day, urging, imploring her to leave Warren forthwith. Mrs. Rayner had declared to him her readiness to bring her east provided the would fix an early date for the wedding. Was it not a future many a girl might envy? Was he not tender, faithful, patient, devoted as man could be? Had he not social position and competence? Was he not high bred, courteous, refined, a gentleman in all his acts and words? Why could she not love him and

be content.

There on the desk lay a little scrap of note paper; there lay her pen; a dozen words only were necessary. One moment she gazed longingly, wistfully, at the far away, darkening heights of the Rockies, watching the last rose tinted gleams on the snowy peaks; then with sudden impulse she seized her pen and drew the portfolio to the window seat. As she did so, a soldierly figure came briskly down the walk; a pale, clear cut face glanced up at her casement; a quick light of recognition and pleasure flashed in his eyes; the little forage cap was raised with courteous grace, though the step never slackened, and Miss Travers felt that her cheek, too, was flushing again, as Mr. Hayne strode rapidly by. She stood there another moment, and then—it had grown too dark to write.

When Mrs. Rayner, after calling twice from the bottom of the stairs, finally went up into her room and impatiently pushed open the door, all was darkness except the glimmer from the hearth:

"Nellie, where are you?"

"Here," answered Miss Travers, starting up from the sofa. "I think I must have been asleep."

"Your head is hot as fire," said her sister, laying her firm white hand upon the burning forehead. "I suppose you are going to be downright ill, by way of diversion. Just understand one thing, Nellie, that doctor does not come into my house."

"What doctor?—not that I want one," asked Miss Travers, wearily.

"Dr. Pease, the post surgeon, I mean. Of course you have heard how he is mixing himself in my husband's affairs and making trouble with various people."

"I have heard nothing, Kate."

"I don't wonder your friends are ashamed to tell you. Things have come to a pretty pass when officers are going around holding private meetings with enlisted men!"

"I hardly know the doctor at all, Kate, and can't imagine what affairs of your husband's he can interfere with."

"It was he that put up Clancy to making the disturbance at Hayne's last night and getting into the guard house, and tried to prove that he had a right to go there and that the captain had no right to arrest him."

"Was Clancy trying to see Mr. Hayne?" asked Miss Travers, quickly.

"How should I know?" said her sister, pettishly. "He was drunk, and probably didn't know what he was doing."

"And Capt. Rayner arrested him for trying to see Mr. Hayne?"

"Capt. Rayner arrested him for being drunk and creating a disturbance, as it was his duty to arrest any soldier under such circumstances," replied her sister, with majestic wrath, "and I will not tolerate it that you should criticize his conduct."

"I have made no criticism, Kate. I have simply made inquiry; but I have learned what no one else could have made me believe."

"Nellie Travers, be careful what you say, or what you insinuate. What do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that it is my belief that there is something at the bottom of those stories of Clancy's strange talk when in the hospital. I believe he thinks he knows something which would turn all suspicion from Mr. Hayne to a totally different man. I believe that, for reasons which I cannot fathom, you are determined Mr. Hayne shall not see him or hear of it. It was you that sent Capt. Rayner over there last night. Mrs. Clancy came here at tattoo, and from the time she left, you were at the front door or window. You were the first to hear her cries and came running in to tell the captain to go at once. Kate, why did you stand there listening from the time she left the kitchen unless you expected to hear just what happened over there behind the company barracks?"

Mrs. Rayner would give no answer. Anger, rage, retaliation, all in turn were pictured on her furious face, but died away before the calm and unconquerable gaze in her sister's eyes. For the first time in her life Kate Rayner realized that her "baby Nell" had the stronger will of the two. For one instant she contemplated vengeance. A torrent of invective leaped readily to her lips. "Outrage," "ingrate," "insult," were the first three distinguishable epithets applied to her sister or her sister's words; then, "See if Mr. Van Antwerp will tolerate such conduct. I'll write this very day," was the impetuous threat that followed; and finally, utterly defeated, thoroughly convinced that she was powerless against her sister's reckless love of "fair play at any price," she felt that her wrath was giving way to dismay, and turned and fled, lest Nellie should see the flag of surrender on her paling cheeks.

guard house, make brief and perfunctory inspection there, then go on down the hill to the creek valley and successively visit the sentries around the stables. If the night were wet or cold, he went back the same way, ignoring the sentries at the coal and store sheds along Prairie avenue. This was a shabby old night and very dark, but equally still. It was between 12 and 1 o'clock—nearer 1 than 12—as he climbed the hill on his homeward way, and, instead of taking the short cut, turned northward and struck for the gloomy mass of sheds dimly discernible some forty yards from the crest. He had heard other officers speak of the fact that Mr. Hayne's lights were burning until long after midnight, and that seated at his desk with a green shade over his eyes, studying by the aid of two student lamps; "boring to be a general, probably," was the comment of captains Buxton's caliber, who, having grown old in the service and in their own ignorance were fiercely intolerant of lieutenants who strove to improve in professional reading instead of spending their time making out the company muster rolls and clothing accounts, as they should do.

Buxton wanted to see for himself what the night lights meant, and was plunging heavily ahead through the darkness, when suddenly brought to a stand by the sharp challenge of the sentry at the coal shed. He whispered the mystic countersign over the leveled bayonet of the infantryman, swearing to himself at the regulation which puts an officer in such a "stand-and-deliver" attitude for the time being, and then, by way of getting square with the soldier for the sharply military way in which his duty as sentry had been performed, the captain proceeded to catechize him as to his orders. The soldier had been well taught, and knew all his "responses" by rote—far better than Buxton, for that matter, as the latter was anything but an exemplar of perfection in tactics or sentry duty; but this did not prevent Buxton's snappishly telling him he was wrong in several points and contemptuously inquiring where he had learned such trash. The soldier promptly but respectfully repeated that those were the exact instructions he had received at the adjutant's school, and Buxton knew from experience that he was getting on dangerous ground. He would have stuck to his point, however, in default of something else to find fault with, but that the crack of a whip, the crunching of hoof and a rattling of wheels out in the darkness quickly diverted his attention.

"What's that, sentry?" he sharply inquired.

"A carriage, sir. Leastwise, I think it must be."

"Why don't you know, sir? It must have been on your post."

"No, sir; it was 'way off my post. I drove up to Lieut. Hayne's about half an hour ago."

"Where'd it come from?" asked captain, eagerly.

"From town, sir, I suppose." And leaving the sentry to his own reflections which, on the whole, were not complimentary to his superior officer, Capt. Buxton strode rapidly through the darkness to Lieut. Hayne's quarters. Bright lights were still burning within, both on the ground floor and in a room above the sentry's. He reached the gate and halted, gazing inquisitively at the house front. Then he turned and listened to the rattle of wheels growing faint in the distance as the team drove away towards the prairie town. If Hayne had gone to town at that hour of the night it was a most unusual proceeding, and he had not the colonel's permission to absent himself from the post; of that officer of the day was certain. Then again, he would not have gone and left all his lights burning. No; that vehicle, whatever it was, had brought somebody out to see him—somebody who proposed to remain several hours; otherwise the carriage would not have driven away.

In confirmation of this theory he heard voices, as though translated, then ran and one of them made him prick up his ears. He heard the piano trickling trilling response to light, skiffish fingers. He longed for a peep within, and regretted that he had dropped Mr. Hayne from the list of his acquaintances. He recognized Hayne's shadow presently thrown by the lamp upon the curtained window, and asked the visitor would come similarly into view. He heard the clink of glasses and saw the shadow raise a wine glass to the lips, and Sam's Mongolian slant flitted across the screen, bearing a tray with similar suggestive objects. What meant this unheard-of conviviality on the part of the ascetic, the hermit, the midnight oil burner, the scholarly recluse of the garrison? Buxton stared with all his eyes as he listened at the keyhole, starting guiltily when he heard a martial fife-step coming quickly up the path, and fastened the intruder rather unsteadily. It was only the corporal of the guard, and he glanced at his superior, brought his fur gauntlet ed hand in salute to the rifle on his shoulder and passed on.

The next moment Buxton fairly gasped with amaze; he stared in instant at the window as though transfixed; then ran after the corporal, called to him in low, stealthy tone to come back noiselessly, drew him by the sleeve to the front of Hayne's quarters, and pointed to the parlor window. Two shadows were there now—one easily recognizable as that of the young officer in his snugly fitting dress uniform, the other slender, graceful, feminine.

"What do you make that other shadow to be, corporally?" he whispered, hoarsely and hurriedly. "Look!" And with that exclamation a shadowed arm seemed to encircle the slender form, the mustached image to bend low and mingle with the outlined luxuriance of tress that decked the other's head, and then, together, with clasping arms, the shadows moved from view.

"What was the other, corporally?" he repeated.

"Well, sir, I should say it was a young woman."

Buxton could hardly wait until morning to see Rayner. When he passed the latter's quarters half an hour later all

was darkness, though, had he but known it, Rayner was not asleep. He was at the house before guard mounting and had a confidential and evidently exciting talk with the captain; and when he went, just as the trumpets were sounding, these words were heard at the front door: "She never left until after daylight, when the same rig drove her back to town. There was a stranger with her then."

That morning both Rayner and Buxton looked hard at Mr. Hayne when he came to the matinee; but he was just as calm and quiet as ever, and having saluted the commanding officer took a seat in conversation with him. Not a word was said by the officer of the day about the mysterious visitor to the garrison the previous night. With Capt. Rayner, however, he was again in conversation much of the day, and to him, not to his successor as officer of the day, did he communicate all the details of the previous night's adventure and his theories thereabout.

Late that night, having occasion to step to his front door, convinced that he heard stealthy footsteps on his piazza, Mr. Hayne could see nobody in the darkness, but found his front gate open. He walked around his little house, but not a man was visible. His heart was full of a new and strange excitement that night, and, as before, he threw on his overcoat and furs and took a rapid walk around the garrison, gazing up into the starry heavens and drinking in great draughts of the pure, bracing air. Returning, he came down along the front of officers' row, and as he approached Rayner's quarters his eyes rested longingly upon the window he knew to be hers now; but all was darkness. As he rapidly neared the house, however, he became aware of two bulky figures at the gate, and, as he walked briskly past, recognized the overcoats as those of officers. One man was doubtless Rayner, the other he could not tell; for both, the instant they recognized his step, seemed to avert their heads. Once home again, he soon sought his room and pillow; but, long before he could sleep, again and again a sweet vision seemed to come to him: he could not shut out the thought of Nellie Travers—of how she looked and what she said that very afternoon.

He had gone to call at Mrs. Waldron's soon after dark. He was at the piano, playing for her, when he became conscious that another lady had entered the room, and, turning, saw Nellie Travers. He rose and bowed to her, extending his hand as he did so, and knowing that his heart was thumping and his color rising as he felt the soft, warm touch of her slender fingers in his grasp. She, too, had flushed—any one could see it, though the lamps were not turned high, nor was the firelight strong.

"Miss Travers has come to take tea very quietly with me, Mr. Hayne—she is so soon to return to the east—and now I will be here but the major; and we will have a lovely time with our music. You will, won't you?"

"So soon to return to the east!" How harsh, how strange and unwelcome the words sounded! How they seemed to oppress him and prevent his reply! He stood a moment dazed and vaguely wondering he should not explain it. He looked from Mrs. Waldron's kind face to the sweet, flushed, lovely features there so near him, and something told him that he could never let them go and find even hope or content in life again. How, why had she so strangely come into his lonely life, radiant, beautiful, bewildering as some suddenly blazing star in the darkest corner of the heavens? Whence had come this strange power that enthralled him? He gazed into her sweet face, with its downcast, troubled eyes, and then, in bewilderment, turned to Mrs. Waldron:

"I—I had no idea Miss Travers was going east again just now. It seems only a few days since she came."

"It is over a month; but all the same this is a sudden decision. I knew nothing of it until yesterday. You said Mrs. Rayner was better today, Nellie?"

"Yes, a little; but she is far from well. I think the captain will go, too, just as soon as he can arrange for leave of absence," was the low toned answer. He had released, or rather she had withdrawn, her hand, and he still stood there, fascinated. His eyes could not quit their gaze. She was going away—She? Oh, it could not be! What—what would life become without the sight of that radiant face, that slender, graceful, girlish form?

"Is not this very unexpected?" he struggled to say. "I thought—I heard you were to spend several months here."

"It was so intended, Mr. Hayne; but my sister's health requires speedy change. She has been growing worse ever since we came, and she will not get well here."

"And when do you go?" he asked, blankly.

"Just as soon as we can pack; though we may wait two or three days for a telegram."

There was a complete break in the conversation for a full quarter of a minute—not such a long time in itself, but unconventionally long under such circumstances. Then Mrs. Waldron suddenly and remarkably arose.

"I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Hayne a few moments, Nellie. I am the slave of my cook, and she knows nothing of Mr. Hayne's being here to tea with us; so I must tell her and avert disaster." And with this barefaced statement on her lips and conscience, where it rested with equal lightness, that exemplary lady quitted the room. In the sanctity of the comfortable chamber that evening, some hours later, she thus explained her action to her silent spouse:

"Right or wrong, I meant that those two young people should have a chance to know each other. I have been convinced for three weeks that she is being forced into this New York match, and for the last week that she is wretchedly unhappy. You say you believe him a wronged and injured man, only you can't prove it, and you have said that nothing could be forgiven for him in this life as a reward for all his bravery and fortitude under fearful trials. Then Nellie Travers isn't too good for him, sweet as she is, and I don't care who

calls me a matchmaker."

But with Mrs. Waldron walking the two appeared to have made but halting progress towards friendship. With all her outspoken pluck at school and at home, Miss Travers was strangely ill at ease and embarrassed now. Mr. Hayne was the first to gain self control and to endeavor to bring the conversation back to a natural channel. It was a struggle; but he had grown accustomed to struggles. He could not imagine that a girl whom he had met only once or twice should have for him anything more than the vaguest and most casual interest. He well knew by this time how deep and vehement was the interest she had aroused in his heart; but it would never do to betray himself so soon. He strove to interest her in reference to the music she would hear, and to learn from her where they were going. This she answered. They would go no further east than St. Louis or Chicago. They might go south as far as Nashville until mid-May. As for the manner it would depend on the captain and his leave of absence. It was all vague and unsettled. Mrs. Rayner was so wretched that her husband was convinced that she ought to leave for the states as soon as possible, and of course "she" must go with her. All the gladdens, brightness, vivacity he had seen and heard of as her marked characteristics seemed gone; and yet she wanted to speak with him—wanted to be with him. What could be wrong? he asked himself. It was not until Mrs. Waldron's step was heard going down the stairs that he suddenly, almost desperate effort. She started him with her vehemence:

"Mr. Hayne, there is something I must tell you before I go. If no opportunity occur, I'll write it."

And those were the words that had been haunting him all the evening, for they were not again alone, and he had no chance to ask a question. What could she mean? For years he had been living a life of stern self denial; but long before his promotion the last penny of the obligation that, justly or otherwise, had been laid upon his shoulders was paid with interest. He was a man free and self respecting, strong, resolute, and possessed of an independence that never would have been his had his life run on in the same easy, trusting, happy-go-lucky style in which he had spent the first two years of his army career. But in his isolation he had allowed himself no thought of anything that could for a moment distract him from the stern purpose to which he had devoted every energy. He would win back, command, compel the respect of his comrades—would bring to confusion those who had sought to pull him down; and until that stood accomplished he would know no other claim. In the exile of the mountain station he saw no women but the wives of his senior officers; and they merely bowed when they happened to meet him; some did not even do that. Now at last he had met and yielded to the first of two conquerors before whom even the bravest and the strongest go down in defeat—Love and Death.

Suddenly, but irresistibly, the sweet face and thrilling tones of that young girl had seized and filled his heart, to the utter exclusion of every other passion; and just in proportion to the emptiness and yearning of his life before their meeting was the intensity of the love and longing that possessed him now. It was useless to try and analyze the suddenness and subtlety of its approach, the power of love had overmastered him. He could only realize that it was here and he must obey. Late into the morning hours he lay there, his brain whirling with its varied and bewildering emotions. Win her he must, or the blackness and desolation of the past five years would be as nothing compared with the misery of the years to come. Woo her he would, and not without hope, if ever woman's eyes gave proof of sympathy and trust. But now at last he realized that the time had come when for her sake—not for his—must adopt a new course. Hitherto he had scorned and repelled all overtures that were not prefaced by an expression of belief in his utter innocence in the past. Hitherto he had chosen to live the life of an anchorite, and had adjured the society of women. Hitherto he had refused the half extended proffers of comrades who had sought to continue the investigation of a chain of circumstances that, complete, might have proved him a wronged and defrauded man.

The missing links were not beyond recovery in skillful hands; but in the shock and horror which he felt on realizing that it was not only possible but certain that a jury of his comrades officers could deem him guilty of a low crime, he hid his face and turned from all. Now the time had come to reopen the case. He well knew that a revulsion of feeling had set in which nothing but his own stubbornness held in check. He knew that he had friends and sympathizers among officers high in rank. He had only a few days before heard from Maj. Waldron's lips a strong intimation that it was his duty to "come out of his shell."

"He was generally very amiable, but sometimes his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lei taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped. This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with them on the floor." Mr. Wood says that with nothing but a bottle of lavender water he himself has become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress and a lioness in the menagerie.

The curious custom at Queen's college, Oxford, of presenting a needle and thread to each of the guests at a banquet is a pious memorial of the founder, Robert Eglesfield, on whose name "aiguille et fil," forms a kind of rebus. The story goes that Henry V. (whose son, afterwards Henry VI, was a somewhat riotous member of the institution), complained to the authorities of the expense and wastefulness of the college, whereupon the youthful prince made his next appearance before his royal father with needles hanging from the eyelids holes of his doublet, in order to bear testimony to his newly resolved thrift.

of his shell," as Waldron had said, and give people a chance to see what manner of man he was. God helping him, he would, and that without delay.

THE VERY BEGINNING.

Something About the Formation of This World as It "Whirled in Space."

In the burning mass that composed our earth at first, there existed copper, sulphur and all the other substances that are on and in our earth now, only all were in a gaseous state. The cold had not yet hardened them into solids. They tell us that this collection of burning material belonged originally to the sun, and was thrown off from it in consequence of a natural law, and sent "whirling in space." Do you understand what that word "space" means? This globe of ours is wrapped up in a huge cloak, some forty miles thick, called the atmosphere. Beyond this thick envelope stretches far away that unknown region called "space." What are its boundaries, no one can tell us. Whether it holds other worlds than ours we can only guess. But one thing is that it is very cold. Its temperature is about 200 degrees below zero, so that we need of our thick, warm atmosphere.

What effect did this intense cold have upon the mass of fiery gas, sent spinning out through its depths? Just the same effect that the cold mountain peaks have upon the vapor of water. It cooled the mass, and the outside hardened them, and in the course of time formed a thin crust. This was God's first day of creation, and some men think it was equal to thousands and thousands of our years—maybe millions—because this forming of the crust must have been a slow work. First, little patches of gas became solid. Then these floated together and perhaps succeeded in making one crust joined all over—and a hot, rumpled crust it was! Then the boiling, seething mass inside broke through, and the work had to be done all over again.

When the vapor of water was condensed, rain began to fall.

Then came another struggle. As quickly as the rain fell on the hot crust, it was changed into vapor again, and sent whirling to the sky to repeat its work. What a boiling, steaming, hot ball this world must have been!

During all this time there were terrific peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. Whenever any liquid is changing into a vapor, electricity is produced; and the water, the intensity of water was changing into steam, the intensity and frequency of the lightning must have been immeasurably beyond anything we can imagine. If only we could have been at a safe distance above this steaming world, we could have seen, and what deafening peals of thunder we should have heard!

Even though the rain was almost immediately changed into vapor, it must have cooled the earth's crust a little, cooling directly from the icy rays of the sun. And at last, on a day when the cold conquered the heat, and the crust became cool enough for the water to stay down. It filled up all the cracks and crannies, and there was so much of it that only a little bit of the earth's crust could peep above its surface. This was the beginning of a narrow strip of land, extending from what is now Nova Scotia to where the great lakes were to be, and thence westward to the region now called Alaska, remaining above the waters. In the place now occupied by Europe, there were vast watery patches, but no land so extensive as the strip in the western hemisphere.

Thick, dark vapors brooded over the earth and shut out the light of the sun. And these gloomy vapors, the little pieces of dry, hot crust were kept rising, boiling waters, were the beginning of our beautiful world, with its pure air, its blue sky and snowy clouds, its dense woods and fertile fields, its hills and valleys, its lakes and rivers.

There could have been no life in those days—neither plant life nor animal life. In the first place the crust was too hot; neither animal nor plant could live on it, nor in the waters that touched it. In the second place, animals and plants cannot live without sunlight; and, no sunlight could pierce those masses of heavy vapor.—Teresa C. Crofton in St. Nicholas.

A Tame Leopard.

Rev. J. W. Wood, the naturalist, in his book on animals, says: "An other fact almost as astonishing as this is that wild animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee in India who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was very tame, and would sit on the cat tribe area, and loved to stand on his hind legs and with his fore paws on the window sill look out at the passers by. When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that."

"He was generally very amiable, but sometimes his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lei taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped. This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with them on the floor." Mr. Wood says that with nothing but a bottle of lavender water he himself has become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress and a lioness in the menagerie.

A Curious Custom.

The curious custom at Queen's college, Oxford, of presenting a needle and thread to each of the guests at a banquet is a pious memorial of the founder, Robert Eglesfield, on whose name "aiguille et fil," forms a kind of rebus. The story goes that Henry V. (whose son, afterwards Henry VI, was a somewhat riotous member of the institution), complained to the authorities of the expense and wastefulness of the college, whereupon the youthful prince made his next appearance before his royal father with needles hanging from the eyelids holes of his doublet, in order to bear testimony to his newly resolved thrift.

CHAPTER XIII.



"Well, sir, I should say it was a young woman."

Two nights after this, as Capt. Buxton was sulkingly giving the rounds of the sentries, he made a discovery which greatly enlivened an otherwise uneventful tour as officer of the day. It had been his general custom on such occasions to take the shortest way across the parade to the

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. Subscribers failing to receive their paper will receive a favor by promptly notifying this office.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lincoln, N. M., as second-class mail matter.

RELIABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY SOLICITED.

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

FOR HEADQUARTERS of the Fifth Judicial District, if composed of the counties of Lincoln, Chaves, Eddy and Socorro: LINCOLN!

LINCOLN is one of the healthiest places in all the southwest. Its climate is just simply perfect. Lincoln is the proper place for headquarters of the 5th Judicial District.

THE INDEPENDENT hears the name of Hon. E. McB. Timoney, of White Oaks, prominently mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the Council. There are lots of people in Lincoln who would like to see him nominated.

LINCOLN has been taking a back seat all along, and helping other towns to get whatever they asked for. Now, in all fairness, they should turn about and help Lincoln to get the headquarters of the new judicial district.

LINCOLN is almost exactly the centre of the new Fifth District, to be composed of the counties of Lincoln, Chaves, Eddy and Socorro. Lincoln will be the most convenient point in the whole district for the headquarters of the court. Therefore, Lincoln should be made the headquarters.

Governor Nichols, of Louisiana, has vetoed the lottery bill.

Governor Ross has been elected president of the Agricultural and Mechanical college of Texas, at a salary of \$3,500 a year. He is expected to take the position when his term of office expires.

The town of Fargo, North Dakota, has been completely swept away by a cyclone.

The House considered the bill to restore to public domain all public lands, wherever situated, which have been granted in aid of the construction of railroads which have not been completed in the time specified. The bill will, if passed, restore 7,500,000 acres to the public domain.

One of the grandest affairs during the Territorial exposition at Albuquerque, will be the trade procession under the escort of the Flambeau club, with the most elaborate display of fire works ever had in the Territory of New Mexico.

When Idaho becomes a state the new commonwealth receives 630,000 acres of land for public schools and other educational purposes.

A Colorado Find

Denver, July 9.—The *Vece* special from Tin Cup, Colorado, gives an account of the most wonderful discovery of gold ever reported in the world. The find was six miles from Tin Cup, on Cross mountain, and is owned by McCormick & Lewis.

Between the two lines there was ten feet in thickness, the lower six feet being iron and manganese, the upper four gold bearing quartz carrying free gold. The lowest assay from this rock is \$440 per ton, and there are specimens which, when put through a common mortar, run \$20,000 to the ton. The two men are now taking out \$5,000 each, per day.

If this streak is only one yard in depth and extends the full length of the claim (1,500 feet) there is \$563,000 of gold in it. If the dip goes down 1,000 feet it is worth \$187,579,000. The average value is placed at \$1,000 per ton.

The excitement over the discovery is intense, and thousands of miners are rushing into the camp.

EDDY ECHOES.

Caught from the Argus, July 5.

The furniture for the new hotel is all of antique oak.

If we only had a town full of people like C. B. Eddy!

McLenethen & Campbell this week sold \$4,500 worth of lots to Denver parties.

Dr. Bearup, the White Oaks dentist, has located in Roswell. He will locate in Eddy later on.

Another lawyer has decided to locate in Eddy. However, he will not come until he can ride in a railroad coach.

The Pecos Valley Town company has declared its second semi-annual dividend of \$5 per share, payable July 1st, 1890.

Now that the dam is practically finished, even the most carping critic cheerfully concedes that it is a great success.

As soon as the bridge north of town is finished, F. G. Campbell will build a residence on a forty acre tract he has over there.

Dr. Jas. A. Tomlinson is a candidate for the office of probate judge. We understand that Jos. W. Neeley, of Lookout is also a candidate.

"If a certain man is elected next fall," said Deputy Sheriff Goodlett recently, "I intend to pull out without waiting for my washing."

The County Commissioners, in raising the assessments on town lots in Eddy, made a grave mistake. We believe they made it honestly, but they made it all the same. They assessed lots at figures which the property will not bring at private sale. Real estate should never be assessed at more than it would bring at sheriff's sale, or about one third its value. County Assessor Neatherlin seemed to realize the fact and he made very fair returns for this town. We think the Commissioners should have reflected that a year ago there was not a taxable lot in Eddy and accordingly have determined to let the town off as easy as possible. No Eddy citizen objects to paying a reasonable tax but he will not, without a protest, pay the tax which has been put upon him by the Commissioners. We believe the Commissioners have been wrongly informed as to the value of Eddy real estate. Surely they would not maliciously raise the assessments to the figures they did, had they been properly posted.

Plans for the new water works have been drawn by Fred Pointeksky. Water will be pumped from the splendid springs about a mile above town into a reservoir, and will be conducted to town in a great main which will terminate at the north end of Halaguana street. From there small mains will branch into every section of the town. The company intends to have the works in operation by the time the railroad reaches here.

An eastern lady wrote to McLenethen & Campbell recently, requesting them to purchase her some stock in the new bank. But they could not comply with the request. The stock had all been taken. As there is quite a demand for stock in this bank, it has been suggested that the stock should be increased.

The fact that toughs and fishorns hate Eddy and say mean things about it is good evidence that it is a good place for decent people to live in.

W. P. Bonbright intends to put up a three thousand dollar brick dwelling house at the corner of Shaw and Canal streets, and rent it to Dr. Van Norman.

The *Argus* man is indebted to E. G. Shields for a basket of peaches from the Lake View farm. The peaches were plucked from trees that were planted two years ago.

The Pecos Irrigating & Investment company and the Hagerman Irrigation & Land company are no more. On the first they went out of existence, and the Pecos Irrigation & Investment company took their place.

The *Argus* feels very proud. The chief called at the office a few days ago and stayed for twenty minutes. It was probably the longest call he has made at any place since he became manager of the Pecos Irrigation & Investment company.

Geo. Doty, who has been working for Carrett & Brent ever since they commenced business in Eddy, was arrested a few days ago by a deputy sheriff from Roswell, and taken to Lincoln. It is charged that while at Roswell recently he stole \$85 from a soiled woman, and it is believed the charge can be sustained.

S. F. Judy, general manager of the Pecos Valley railroad, was in town this week. He came up with Chief Engineer Cloud over the line of the road and had expressed himself pleased with it. He declares that after the road gets a good start, it will be rushed through at the rate of a mile a day. Mr. Judy has been in the railroad business for 20 years, and he understands it from the ground up. He commenced as a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Central, and when he was not engaged in braking he would go out and work on the section. He declares that he considers his experience on the section as of great value to him as it enables him to know good section work when he sees it.

Joe Nash and B. A. Oden, the cattlemen, were in town Thursday. They say that the grass on the plains is excellent. Mr. Nash is greatly disgusted with the raised assessments of the County Commissioners and he will doubtless kick vigorously. He says he believes that he has only about 15 bulls and he is assessed for 25. He furthermore says that his bulls are assessed at \$25 each when he will sell them for \$7. Indeed he declares that if anybody wants them real bad he will give them away. Every day it is becoming more and more evident that the County Commissioners in raising the assessments made a mistake which a higher court will have to rectify.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, live long and die happy. They all do it.

CATCHING THE HORNED STEER.

Wild Roping Contest at a Texas County Fair.

One of the most interesting things I saw in Texas was a roping contest at the Concho County Fair.

The winner of the first prize—a beautiful cowboy saddle—was to be the contestant who should rope and tie down a steer in the shortest time. The second prize was a gorgeous gold and silver trimmed sombrero, and was to be won by the contestant making the second best time.

Each man has but one trial, so that if a horse stumbles in a prairie dog hole, or the rider misses upon his first throw, or fails to get a quick start after the steer at the outset, he is gone, and it is very largely luck after all, and the very best man does not necessarily get the saddle—or even the sombrero.

They were a fine looking lot of fellows, nearly all of them. Business men, deputy sheriffs and marshals and some of our best looking and most popular young society men, for almost everybody has or has had cattle, and it is pretty nearly a part of a young man's collateral education to be able to ride like a Cossack and rope a steer in good shape. It is the intention to run up as close alongside or behind the steer as possible, and, while going about his own gait, throw the rope over his horns; then, by following along with the rope slack, it may be gotten clear under him as he runs, then, by taking a turn around the pommet, it is secured, the pony suddenly stopped, braced with all his strength, and the steer is thrown clean heels over head, literally.

By a dexterous jerk and good management a steer may be thrown when the rope has caught but one horn, but it will usually slip off in such cases.

If, when he has been roped and the rope made fast to the pommet, a steer suddenly bolts sideways, he is very apt to pull horse and rider over—especially if he be big and the pony little. When the steer has been thrown all right, the rider jumps off and runs to him, leaving the pony to hold him by keeping the line from the pommet taut. And this was, to me, the prettiest picture in the whole panorama. The sagacious little pony, standing with his nose toward the fallen adversary, straining at the line and watching the steer with bright, knowing eye. He realizes that he's in a bad fix if that steer gets up and he hasn't the least intention of letting him do so.

In the first place all the wild and vicious steers that can be found on the ranges and ranches about are gathered up and brought, fighting, bellowing and protesting, to the fair grounds and put in a pen there. This pen had a smaller one opening out of it by means of a couple of big bars, and at the further end also consisted of bars. When the announcement was made that the contest would now take place, a steer was run into this smaller pen. He, of course dashed furiously to the end, and finding it closed turned to rush back as he came. Here he met a mounted man with a club or whip, who fought him back while another finished putting up the bars. He plunges back and forth, and is haled about with sticks and clubs, yells and whoops until perfectly maddened, when the outer bars are suddenly withdrawn, and he leaps out into the opening. The contestant whose turn it is, is stationed close to one side, and waits like a shot.

The first steer was a big, lean, sorrel-colored one, with horns about four feet across at the points, and that ran like a deer. The cowboy was a fine, handsome, keen-looking fellow, and his pony one of the best cow ponies in the country—a little white fellow bearing the name of Possum, with his big, bright, black eyes, quick as a cat, a "regular trump." They got a fair start with the steer, the throw was made successfully, and then came the moment of suspense, when the pony was straining every nerve to keep up with the steer, while the rider watched every turn to catch and throw him by an endwise jerk. This he succeeded in doing, then leaped from the saddle to tie him down, leaving Possum to hold him. He had but touched the ground when the steer made a sudden, convulsive effort, and rose to his feet. But Possum's eye was on him; he instantly ran backward and jerked him flat. By this time the cowboy reached the steer, jumped on and tied his feet, and the business was completed.

Now recommenced the yelling and whooping, and a big white steer

tears into the pen and is half across the bars before he can be beaten back. He finally bursts through the bars before they can be taken down. This time it is the Deputy Sheriff, mounted on a little clay bank with silvery mane and a tail—Captain Scott, and a captain he proves himself.

He quickly overhauls the steer, the throw is made, the rope secured and then the big brute bolts sideways like lightning, horse and rider go over in horrible confusion.

Hurrah for the Captain! He's up and off! It's he and the steer for it. And now there were screams and roars of laughter and shouts of admiration as the plucky little pony ran and dodged and tacked and jerked the big animal about until attendants could come up and cut the rope and drive him into the outer regions. Again amid the beating of tom toms, howling of derisives and brandishing of sticks and clubs, a steer shoots forth with glaring, red eyes, and rigid horizontal tail. One of the "lean kind" he is, and runs accordant. It is only after some time and much hard running that he is roped; then with a furious plunge he breaks the rope, or the girths or saddle pommel give way, and the steer rolls over about four-teen times one way and horse and rider the other.

The fellow with the horns is up first. He stands unsteadily with head swaying from side to side, eyes vacant, tail drooping, literally knocked silly. Nobody is really hurt, but the poor little pony commands my sympathy, he looks so sheepish and ashamed. Here comes the next candidate for the rope. This time the roper is a handsome boy of 20 or 21, whose father owns a big ranch, of which the boy is manager. Off they go, the firey little pony fairly flying over the ground. The steer is roped, thrown—not without a struggle—and has only to be tied to complete the job. But the moment he feels the young fellows weight upon him he rises like a shot. Everybody is breathless—we hardly know whether to laugh or be terrified.

But the pony doesn't debate. He promptly hauls the would-be "ridin' hoss" down, with a backward plunge and keeps dragging him a little, as he struggles to rise, until his master has him safely tied—and all with such little snorts, such tossing of his pretty head and kicking out of his little slim heels, such sharp neighs and flirtings of his tail as are for all the world like articulate speech.

This was the very cutest pony of all, and when his master got on him after tying the steer down, he went off fairly dancing and swelling with pride and high spirits.

The next man missed his throw. The next roped his steer and attempted to throw him, but the animal was big, the pony light, and with a tremendous plunge ahead, it jerked pony and rider so that the man fell heavily from the saddle, striking on the top and back of his head. The pony and steer seemed to be all around and over him. He struggled to his feet only to sink back again. We all groaned with horror. Attendants galloped out as quickly as possible and brought him in when he was found only to have been stunned by the fall and untouched by the scuffle afterward.

We breathed easier, and about this time the pony, to our astonishment and no doubt to the steer's, succeeded in throwing the latter, and now in our relief from the recent strain, we laughed and applauded to our heart's content for the game little fellow—as though to make assurance double sure, and leave no room for unpleasant accidents after all his engineering and strategy—never let up dragging his struggling enemy until he was safely tied! All the time shaking his head and "jawing back" in the plainest kind of horse talk, just as the little black had done. After this there were one or two failures—one horse falling in a prairie dog hole, and one man missing the throw it had taken him long to get close enough to make.

And now came an unusually wild and ugly steer, and the funniest kind of a pair to run after him and catch him. The pony was a little ratty roan, and the man big, heavy, and awkward looking. Everybody laughed when they sailed in close on the heels of the vanishing buckskin colored steer. But that little beetle bug of a pony just caught up with the great long-legged creature, the big, clumsy looking man threw his rope like lubricated lightning over his horns, threw him endwise,

till I looked to hear his neck crack, then hopped out of his saddle like a little circus boy and tied him with neatness and dispatch.

Ho, out of all the fine, athletic looking men on fleet ponies, was the one to take the first prize, the saddle; and our handsome boy who was manager of his father's ranch, bore off the sombrero, which ought to look appropriate enough on his black curls and shading his brilliant black eyes.

Altogether it was all that fancy painted it, thrilling, inspiring, making your heart leap with excitement and standstill with suspense. Such a display of man's mastery of wild and frantic beasts is a Homeric spectacle, and one which appeals to the original savage which we are told sleeps in every nature.

Appropos, an old lady who sat behind me and saw all there was to see, and who "never whimpered," until it was all over, then arose and said in a rasping, severe voice: "Well, such a performance is a disgrace to our boasted civilization—it's no better than a Spanish bull fight," which sentiments as she had seen and presumably enjoyed all there was in it, did her, to my thinking, great credit, and sat her far above those who had ignorantly enjoyed it without having, like herself, the proper abhorrence for it.

Discussing Irrigation Plans.

Washington, July 9.—It is expected that the Senate will this week again go into the discussion with Major Powell of the geological survey for an immense system of irrigation. There have been two or three similar discussions already this season, and thus far the director of the survey has been able to carry off the honors and the confidence of the senate in spite of the strenuous opposition of Senator Stewart and a few others. Recently the senate has discovered that Major Powell has recommended for withdrawal about nine-tenths of the agricultural lands still unsettled. This action has not only brought down upon his head the wrath of every senator interested in the uninhabited west, but has induced Senator Plumb to report a bill intended to clip the wings of the courtly but ambitious chief of that important bureau.

It is this bill which will cause a full discussion of the methods of the survey, provided, of course, that it can be reached between the votes and speeches of the tariff bill, which has the right of way. Not only has Major Powell to contend with the opposition of nearly all the western senators, but a new antagonist has risen in the person of Secretary Rusk. The Secretary believes there is a much cheaper method of bringing the arid regions into a state of fertility than that proposed by the scientists of the geological survey.

In fact, the practical secretary of agriculture has taken steps to demonstrate the correctness of his theories, while Major Powell asks for authority to inaugurate a scheme which will cost millions of dollars, and which will require several decades before its practicability can be tested and which will prevent the settlement of an acre of public domain, during the experimental stage.

Secretary Rusk has proceeded to show that by his method ample supplies of water can be obtained for irrigating purposes from below the surface of the earth by the artesian well system. The secretary, with a comparatively small fund at his disposal, has endeavored to demonstrate that artesian wells will afford ample water supply for a vast area of the arid region at an expense scarcely of 1 per cent of the estimated amount to be required by the Powell scheme. There is no doubt that the reservoir system by the geological survey would in the end prove of inestimable benefit, but there is no guarantee that in the future congress will continue the appropriations inaugurated by the present congress, and as it is admitted that it will be a great many years before any practical benefits can be derived from the appropriations asked for, it is quite probable that the Rusk proposition before giving the survey the power and money asked for.

The population of Nevada is ascertained to be in the neighborhood of 62,000, a reduction of 17,000 in ten years. This is a very slim population for a state. It is a little more than one third of the population of the Territory of New Mexico.

Notice for Publication.

LAST OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M., June 14, 1890.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Las Cruces, N. M., on July 25, 1890, viz:
Nicolas Sais, of Tulare, N. M., who made H. L. application No. 214 for lots 2 & 3, Sec. 30, Tp. 14 S. of R. 10 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Victor Duran, Placido Gallegos, Juan Barrio, Rosario Lopez, all of Tulare, N. M.
SAMUEL P. McCLELL, Register.

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John Mahall, of Upper Pecos, N. M., who made Homestead application No. 157, for the NE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 & S 1/4 of NE 1/4, Sec. 23 Tp. 16 S. of R. 14 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Robert Moore, Andrew A. Lewis, Albert M. Coe, of Upper Pecos, N. M., and Thos. C. Tillotson, of Lower Pecos, N. M.
SAMUEL P. McCLELL, Register.

Estray Notice.

On the 1st day of February, 1890, the undersigned did take into his possession at his home, seven miles west of the town of Nogal, N. M., one stray chestnut sorrel horse, branded T71 on left hip. The owner of said horse can have him by proving property and paying charges in accordance with the provisions of the statute.
June 10, 1890. ANDREW MAVS, Jun20-01.

B. B. ADAMS, Contractor, Architect and Builder.

Plans and Specifications furnished for Buildings. All kinds of Mill Work, Mining Machinery, and Heavy Framing a specialty.
WHITE OAKS, N. M.

LINCOLN & ROSWELL STAGE LINE.

Runs Daily Each Way. Good Teams, Comfortable Hacks, Fast Time.
KIMBRELL & ROMERO, LINCOLN, N. M.

ROSENTHAL & CO.

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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.

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DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Lincoln, New Mexico.

M. C. NETTLETON,

THE ALBUQUERQUE JEWELER

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Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Solid Silverware, etc. Fine Watch Repairing and Diamond Setting. Work done by A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co.

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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

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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. WHELOCK, General Agent for New Mexico.

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

San Antonio AND Lincoln

STAGE LINE.

W. W. LANE, Prop.

Runs daily from San Antonio to White Oaks, Nogal, Ft. Stanton and Lincoln, in connection with railroad trains.

JAMES KIBBEE, Agent at Lincoln.

O. I. HOUGHTON

WHOLESALE

HARDWARE!

A COMPLETE LINE OF

STOVES, FIREARMS and

AMMUNITION.

Largest stock in New Mexico in the hardware line. Barb fence wire at manufacturers prices with freight added. Manufacturers of all kinds of TIN, COPPER AND SHEET IRON.

East Las Vegas, N. M.

We will be pleased to correspond with intending purchasers.

MANDELL BROS. & CO.

THE LEADING

HARDWARE HOUSE

Of the Southwest.

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GIANT POWDER.

Special attention given to Roofing and Galvanized Ironware. Full line of Agricultural Implements, Wagoning, Horsepower, etc. Write for prices.

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W. E. BAKER,

OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER,

3rd Judicial District,

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

Typewriter ribbons for all machines, paper, carbon etc. for sale.

The Independent.

THE LOCAL BUDGET

AGENTS FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

COUNTY ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce J. B. Matthews 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.

A meeting was held by the citizens of Lincoln at the court house last Saturday, to take active steps towards securing the new district court headquarters at Lincoln. Messrs. Geo. Curry, A. Crowin, Wm. Rosenthal, D. C. Nowlin, I. Friedrich and others addressed the meeting, and all were unanimously in favor of going to work in earnest to try to accomplish the end in view. A wide awake business committee was appointed, and a great amount of hard work has already been accomplished by them.

New Challies and Gingham at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Revs. Scoggins and Kilgore, according to appointment, preached at the Lincoln school house Saturday night and Sunday morning and night, to good audiences. Services were held in both English and Spanish.

Don't forget that Rosenthal & Co. always keep the largest and best stock of general merchandises.

Commissioner's court proceedings next week.

Special Sunday dinner at the Stanton House (Lincoln) every Sunday. If you like good things to eat "take it in."

Edward Fountain, a son of Col. A. J. Fountain, was shot and killed by a Mexican woman at Pinos Altos, last week. The remains were conveyed to Las Cruces for burial, and were followed to the grave by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

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

A load of freight for the new bank at Roswell passed through Lincoln yesterday.

When you go to Roswell, stop with Mrs. O'Neil, at the Stanton House, if you enjoy first-class fare.

Go and see Rosenthal's new goods.

Notice the announcement in another column of the dissolution of the firm of Kirby & Cree, of the V V ranch. Capt. Kirby retires from the firm, and James Edward Cree continues the business and settles all outstanding accounts.

Figure and checked and striped Swiss for Ladies' dresses at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

To the people of Roswell: Send us fellows up at Lincoln the first load of good watermelons you can spare, after you have filled yourselves up.

Twenty wagon loads of new goods now arriving at Rosenthal & Co's.

The Eddy Argus was mistaken in stating that Sheriff Nowlin discharged Sam Brown, the man who ordered the shooting of Coffelt. Sam is still enjoying the hospitality of the Hotel del Condado, and will continue to do so until the grand jury considers his case.

The latest news from the Pecos Valley R. R., is that the track is completed for ten miles, and grading is finished for 20 miles. Eddy will hear the engine's whistle in due time.

Agate Coffee Pots, Tea Kettles, Sauce Pans, etc., at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

The Pecos Valley road is being put through speedily. The grading camp is now about twenty miles from Pecos City junction, there are eleven miles of track laid and about seven miles more ready for the steel and cross-ties.—El Paso Herald (July 8)

New Goods! New Goods! New Goods! Coming in every day at Rosenthal & Co's.

Ladies' Russet Oxford Shoes at R. MICHAELIS & Co's.

Representative Perkins, of Kansas, introduced a bill establishing public schools in New Mexico, and creating an office of superintendent of public instruction for the Territory. Authority is given to hold elections to decide on the amount of school tax to be levied for the support of schools, and to issue bonds for the same purpose. The friends of education in both houses are expected to rally to the support of the bill, and there is not a doubt but that it will be passed by a handsome majority and at once become a law.

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.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Sheriff Nowlin left for the railroad Sunday morning.

Tommy Eubank and Andy Richardson were in the city Tuesday.

H. L. White left Monday for Las Cruces and La Mesa, to visit friends and relatives.

Messrs. Rowe and Trite, of Fort Stanton, stopped over Monday night, enroute to Roswell.

Will DeLany has returned to Stanton from his Roswell trip, looking much improved and well sun-burnt.

J. D. Lea is here from Roswell, to assist in the mechanical work of issuing THE INDEPENDENT'S Pecos Valley edition.

W. A. Church, of Nogal, and W. M. Lane, of White Oaks, visited Lincoln Wednesday on S. B.—which stands for stage business.

James Cree, Jr., from the V V ranch, was among the visitors to Lincoln last Saturday. He reports fine rains all over the V V range and splendid grass.

County Assessor Neatherlin has gone back home now, for sure. He had been a citizen of Lincoln for about a month past, fixing up his assessment business.

H. Crouch and family, of Ruidoso, were in town last week, on their way to Pecosco, and, possibly, Roswell. Mr. Crouch will have his treshar at work on Lincoln county's new oat crop in a few days.

Capt. W. W. Brazel and wife were in Lincoln on business last Saturday. They have lived a long time on their homestead on Eagle Creek, and now that the plat of that township has at last been filed, they are anxious to "prove up."

Our people are in earnest about securing the district court headquarters at Lincoln. Wednesday morning Messrs. Michaelis, Rosenthal, Geo. Curry, Jack Thornton, Judge Friedrich and Jose Montano left for Roswell to consult with the people down there in regard to the matter. It is to be hoped that the Roswellites will look at the matter in the proper spirit.

Senator Cline, the chief mogul of Pecosco, was in town again this week. He traed off his property down there to Mr. Whitman, of Roswell, and then traded back again. By the way, there are no flies on Cline, and he is a musical genius of marvelous attainments. He has recently composed a masterly air, which is bound to startle the musical world. "Found a Peanut."

Jno. P. Kelley, Esq., of New York and Colorado, was in Lincoln last Friday, enroute north, after a visit to Eddy. Mr. Kelley is an enthusiastic admirer of the Pecos Valley and the great schemes now under way there, and will return soon and locate permanently at Eddy. He will prove an important acquisition to that section, as he appears to be a business man of marked ability, and is certainly an educated gentleman, a pleasant companion and a rare conversationalist.

W. W. Brazel and wife, Eagle Creek Fort Stanton; Jno. T. Kelley, New York; W. E. DeLany, Stanton; L. B. Walters, ranch; Chas. Ballard and wife, ranch; A. Cline, Pecosco; Jas. Cree, Jr., V V ranch; H. Rowe, H. Trite, Stanton; J. T. Eubank, Andy Richardson, Block ranch; Walter Church, Nogal; Wm. Lane, White Oaks; H. L. White, Joe Lea, Roswell, and a whole lot of cowboys, names unknown, were among the guests at the Stanton House, during the past week.

WEDDING BELLS. LEA—WELLS.—At the residence of the bride's parents in Roswell, N. M., on the 14th inst., Miss Carrie Lea and Lee D. Wells were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Justice Morrison. Both parties are well known in Lincoln county, having resided here for several years, and start out in life with a host of friends who wish them all the happiness and prosperity there is to be had while living a life like ours. Miss Carrie is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. F. H. Lea, of Roswell, accomplished, pretty, and attractive, and has always been one of the leading society young ladies of that place. Mr. Wells is a well-to-do young man, formerly of Paris, Texas, and a brother-in-law of P. M. Chism, a very wealthy and influential citizen of that place. Both start out under the most favorable auspices, and may their verdant fields yield an abundant harvest all the days of their lives, is the wish of THE INDEPENDENT.

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

From my ranch, on Ruidoso, July 8, one brown mare, 3 years old, star in forehead, branded H on right hip. Any information leading to recovery will be suitably rewarded. J. N. COE.

Notice of Receipt of Plat. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, LAS CRUCES N. M., July 5, 1890. Notice is hereby given that the approved plat of township 17 S of range 14 East, has this day been received from the Surveyor-General and will be duly filed in this office on August 5, 1890, in accordance with instructions from the General Land Office, after which date filings will be received therefor. This township lies directly west of Weed, and contains the ranches of McDonald, Hancock, Fletcher, and others. SAMUEL P. McCREA, Register.

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

For Sale. A matched bay carriage team of horses, with Carriage and Harness. Also a saddle pony—all belonging to Captain Overlin. Apply to J. J. PERSHUIS, Fort Stanton, N. M.

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

ROSWELL RACKET.

Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. ROSWELL, N. M., July 16, 1890. Jno. W. Poe, who was kicked and severely injured by a horse several days ago, is now able to be out again.

Why is it that Fred Dice wears such a sublime smile now-a-days, anyhow? C. C. Fountain, of the firm of Barnett & Fountain, has sold his undivided half interest in the saloon and livery business to Jim Sutherland.

The brick front of the new livery stable of Barnett & Sutherland is nearly completed. The works are being done by Will Littell.

Owing to so much business Mr. Mark Howell has been compelled to abandon his ranch and move back to town.

The general round-up will begin this week.

Mr. Hamilton, late of Fort Stanton, is now keeping books for the firm of Poe, Lea & Cogrove.

W. H. Lumbley was down from his Captain ranch several days ago.

M. L. Pierce has returned from his Pecosco ranch, where he has been gathering steers for several weeks.

Jas. R. Brent returned to Eddy the latter part of last week.

Miss Annie Ballard is visiting with Mrs. Guise at the ranch on the Rio Rio.

We have been reliably informed that Jim Sutherland will resign his position as manager of the Bloom Cattle company, and move his family to Roswell in a short time. He is at present in Las Cruces on business.

A. H. Whetstone has just returned from the plains and says that the entire country looks like a green wheat field; that there is an abundance of water everywhere and that cattle were never in better fix.

Since last Tuesday there has been two weddings in Roswell. Who will be the next? We know, but won't give it away just yet.

A. B. Allen has leased Dick Barnett's 100-acre farm on the Berrendo for a period of four years. He will put in 30 acres of alfalfa.

L. N. Pills is having an office erected, and will in the near future be one of Roswell's legal lights. We wish him success.

Mrs. G. M. Davidson and her daughter, Mrs. Laura Cook, have gone to Tulareosa on a visit.

Chas. H. Schutz, of Albuquerque, will open a first-class restaurant in the Wilkerson building this week.

Plenty of watermelons in another week.

Raised by the Register, July 10.

Fred Higgins has been on the sick list for several days.

The Declaration of Independence was not even read in Roswell on the 4th.

Work on Fountain & Barnett's livery stable has been resumed and it will be completed as soon as possible.

We understand that the Elly club is making preparations to accept us in next month. Hump yourselves, boys.

Mrs. Scott Truiston and Mrs. Rallsback, who have been spending several weeks at Fort Stanton for the benefit of their health, returned home to Roswell last week.

Some enterprising farmer from the mountains could make quite a sum of money by making a trip to Roswell. Potatoes, butter and eggs would find a ready sale, and that at good prices.

We are glad to be able to state, that, thanks to the excellent medical attention and nursing that he has received, Col. H. Milne is now on the rapid road to recovery, and unless something unexpected turns up, will soon be among his friends again.

The K. of P. Lodge which was instituted here some two weeks ago is now in a flourishing condition. The following are the officers of the lodge: E. H. Skipwith, C. C.; J. A. Erwin, V. C.; W. S. Cobean, P. C.; Chas. Wilson, M. of E.; J. A. Hill, M. of P.; W. J. Scott, K. of R and S. S. S. Mendenhall, P. C. C. Fountain, M. of A.; S. Joyner, I. G.; E. M. Caffin, O. G.

W. E. DeLany, of Las Cruces, who is here on a visit for his health has improved so greatly that he will return to his family at Fort Stanton the last of the week. Mr. DeLany is a resident of the famous Mesilla Valley, where he has a fine farm adjoining the Agricultural College, and he says the folks down there will have to hump themselves if they wish to maintain their boast of having the garden spot of New Mexico. And correct he is!

Mr. Benjamin P. Daniel and Miss Pinky Camp were married at the residence of James A. Manning, Rev. Maulo officiating.

Dr. Bearup informs us that as soon as the new hotel is completed he will secure a room and will fit up a dental parlor here. He will make a trip to White Oaks occasionally, but his headquarters will be here.

We regret exceedingly that we are unable to print a communication from our special correspondent at White Oaks on account of our inability to decipher his hieroglyphics. The editor, assistant editor, and all the attaches of the office, together with the U. S. Land Department located in the same building, have had a try at it, but have retired from the ring completely knocked out. We have run up against some tough copy in our days, but this is a world beater and a cause for gray hairs. Come again, but not so hard. Dictionaries cost money and printers are hard to get.

The following is the residences and names of the girls and boys drawing prizes offered by Jaffa, Prager & Co. for the best letters written by boys and girls from 6 to 12 years of age; also list of prizes:

7 years. Edgar Watson, Nogal. Solid gold cuff buttons.
8 years. John Gallacher, White Oaks. Gold pen and holder.
9 years. Robbie H. Lane, White Oaks. Solid gold cuff buttons.
10 years. Henry Jerigan, Lookout. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
11 years. James Lerch Klöber, Lincoln. Toilet case.
12 years. Bert E. Bryan, Lower Pecosco. Webster's U. D.

GIRLS. 6 years. Pearl Gallatin, Nogal. Solid gold earrings.
7 years. Mary Virginia Levens, Nogal. Solid gold lace pin.
8 years. Edna Johnston, Eddy. Toilet case.
9 years. Ella Lea, Roswell. Gold pen and holder.
10 years. Nellie E. Howe, Eddy. Writing desk.
11 years. Cora Perill, Seven Rivers. Photograph album.
12 years. Ula Gilmore, Fort Stanton. Photograph album.

MESCALERO MATTERS. Special Correspondence LINCOLN INDEPENDENT. MESCALERO AGENCY, June 14, 1890. Dr. Blazer is in El Paso, accompanied by Miss Lillie Anderson.

Our new 75-foot flag staff has been hoisted, and the stars and stripes now float proudly over the Agency buildings.

A large number of grasshoppers are in this canon. They are doing great damage and have entirely destroyed Dr. Blazer's alfalfa crop.

Col. Bennett and Billy Shields were in Fort Stanton recently on business.

A large amount of forest timber has been destroyed this summer by mountain fires all over the reservation.

Little Johnny Bennett, the Agent's youngest, has been very ill, but is now convalescent.

We are having plenty of rain, and the crops are consequently looking up. It rained just after the wheat and alfalfa crops had been sown in the lawn, so that it is now beautiful and green.

An Indian brought into the Agency the other day a very large and beautiful mountain lion skin, which he was offering for sale.

One of the Indians recently killed an old bear and two cubs while going through the mountains.

Everything is quiet at the Agency—the Fourth is a thing of the past.

Col. Bennett will soon leave for the east on a visit to his father, who was 91 years of age on the 12th inst.

Col. John C. DeLany, accompanied by two accomplished young ladies from Fort Stanton, Miss Richardson and Miss Robertson, arrived at the Agency on the 3rd, spent the 4th and departed on the 5th. They were the guests of Col. Bennett.

A party from Las Cruces, consisting of Mrs. DeMier and family, Jack and Thomas Fountain and Geo. Williams went upon a fishing and pleasure trip to the Ruidoso, accompanied by Joe, Lola and Rosa Bennett, and your correspondent, who spent quite an enjoyable time, with some excitement. Some man attempted to get away with the horses, but was caught before he could accomplish his purpose. Upon being told to surrender he would not, but broke into a run. The boys fired at him, but missed. The man still ran and was closely followed by the boys. Several shots were exchanged but none took effect. He finally was lost sight of and made his escape. They returned to the Agency and left the ladies while the boys went on to Elk Springs. While there two of their horses were taken sick and one died upon the road. The other horse died a couple of days after the party left. Col. Bennett sent a team as far as Tularosa with them, where they got a team and proceeded to Las Cruces.

We spent quite an enjoyable time on the Fourth. The day was very pleasant and cool. A good many people were present. In the morning at sunrise a salute was fired that awoke everybody and loudly informed them that the glorious Fourth had arrived. Very patriotic orations were made by Mr. Allie Anderson and Dr. Banta, which were worthy of a large audience. After the orations a young couple of our school pupils were joined in wedlock. Father Loquet of Tularosa performed the ceremony on the lawn in front of the Agency buildings. The happy bride and groom were Miss Alta Reaney and Mr. Max Frost, with Mr. C. O. Bennett and Miss Mary Armstrong as best gentleman and lady. Quite a number of camp and school children were baptised and given

Christian names. Col. DeLany and the young ladies who were present enjoyed themselves greatly.

Messrs. Riley and Llewellyn, accompanied by some wealthy Nebraskan and Kansas cattlemen, were at the Agency recently. Two very large herds of cattle passed through after they left, which will be shipped to Nebraska and Kansas.

Mr. Crouse, our new school Superintendent and teacher, has arrived in company with his wife. They are both greatly pleased with this country.

James Malone has arrived from Fort Stanton, after undergoing a very delicate but successful operation upon his eye. Great credit is due Dr. Bannister, the Post surgeon, and as Mr. Malone puts it—"I owe my life to Jesus Christ, Dr. Bannister and Col. Bennett." Upon being asked how that was, he said: "Jesus Christ put it into Col. Bennett's head to see and speak to the Doctor, and Christ put it into the Doctor, to do the operation successfully." He was accompanied on the trip by his son-in-law, Steve Utter, our Chief of police.

WM. OF LADINS. NOGAL NOISE. Made by the Liberty Banner, July 10.

Mr. Ray of the American mine, is preparing to leave. We understand he goes to Kansas City.

Plenty of rain everywhere heard from and grass growing rapidly. Farmers and stockmen are happy, or, at least, they ought to be.

R. T. Russell was here from Parsons. He says Patterson & Warner have started the Parsons mill and mine and appear in earnest.

We are informed that Mrs. Jno. Holder, of Ruidoso, had her hand and fingers badly damaged by a dynamite cap which exploded while she was holding it, she having caused the explosion by picking into it with a pebble.

WHITE OAKS WHISPERS. Whisped to us by the Interpreter, July 11.

The general round up on this range is about to commence—all will be in full force by the 15th.

J. O. Nabors is home again, from a 400 mile ride the past few days. While on the trip Mr. Nabors purchased about 1,000 steers.

The South Homestead mill is pounding away regularly. The result of the last clean-up, we are informed, was very encouraging.

This week Frank and Joseph Tatti purchased from Messrs. Young & Talaro 200 head of goats, price \$1.50 per head, selected from a flock of 800.

The Tatti boys take balance of flock on shares. They are now preparing their ranch in the Tucson mountain, to receive the animals next Monday.

Work on the North Homestead mine is progressing satisfactorily—about ten men are employed sinking shaft and drifting.

Fourth of July passed off very quietly at White Oaks. Base ball in the afternoon and a dance in the evening were the principal attractions.

U. Ozanne contemplates a trip to the Pecos Valley, with a view to utilizing some of the old Stage Co. stock.

E. W. Parker mourns the loss of one of his favorite horses, that passed in its checks last week.

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

For Sale Cheap. One first-rate Racine Carriage; four springs; canopy top.

JOHN H. CANNING, Fort Stanton, N. M.

When you come to Lincoln and want a good, substantial meal of victuals, or want to rest your weary bones in a clean, comfortable bed, go to the Stanton House.

New Goods! New Goods! New Goods! Coming in every day at Rosenthal & Co's.

Estray Notice. Taken up by A. J. Ballard, Roswell, N. M., and posted before Wm. M. Adkinson, a J. P. Precinct No. 7, Lincoln Co., N. M., on the 14th day of May, 1890; one light brown mare mule about 15 years old, gentle to work, branded D.J. on right shoulder and O on left shoulder.

FOR SALE.—Captain Overton's handsome and gentle bay team and White Oaks built wagon. Splendid turnout. Also a pretty riding pony. Address, Lieut. Pershing, Fort Stanton.

Estray Notice. Taken up by the undersigned, a resident of Lincoln county, New Mexico, and posted before T. B. McCourt, J. P., precinct No. 8, Lincoln Co., New Mexico, according to law, one bay mare, five years old, branded OMC (connected) on the right hip, untamed, and one black colt, 10 months old, branded OMC (connected) on right hip.

D. B. HIGTOWER, White Oaks, N. M. May 27, 1890.

If you Want To advertise your brands in a paper that every cattle man and cowboy in the country reads every week, put them in The Lincoln Independent.

CRUCES CLATTER.

Mr. E. G. Shields, agriculturist of the town of Eddy, arrived on the 3rd inst, and remained several days. Mr. Shields is a yearling pioneer of Eddy, and to pronounce him an enthusiastic would be like ascribing a homopathic dose through a straw. And yet to call a cultured gentleman a "boonar" might be considered vulgar by some; therefore, I shall simply say that, if I was the proud possessor of a promising village whose phenomenal growth and gigantic possibilities I desired to bring forcibly to the notice of a lethargic public, I would put myself in communication with Mr. Shields. Mr. Shields has many warm friends here, who, on his account, if for no other reason, are gratified to know of the development of the section he so ably represents.

Edward J. Fountain, son of Col. A. J. Fountain, of this place, was shot and killed at Pinos Altos, by a Mexican woman named Luciana Shaw on last Sunday morning (8th) at about 2 o'clock. It seems that young Fountain and several others were boating with the woman at whose house a dance was in progress. Some matter of controversy arose, epithets were exchanged and the woman invited the young man to step outside, which he did, she following closely. No sooner had they left the house, it is said, than the woman drew a 33 calibre revolver and fired at close range, the ball penetrating the victim's left groin. The wounded boy lingered for several hours, but expired before his friends could reach his bedside. Colonel Fountain brought the remains to Las Cruces on Monday evening's train, and on Tuesday afternoon they were interred with military honors.

The Shaw woman, it is reported, has heretofore borne a very good reputation, albeit her three successive husbands met violent deaths. As to the deceased, I hear only good words. He is said to have been a quiet and industrious young man.

Does a sheep that is sheared take on fat more readily than one that is not? asks a correspondent. Yes.

One of the best posted men in this country on the subject of feeding affirms that it is a noteworthy fact, and one that has been confirmed by numerous experiments, that fattening sheep after being shorn increase in live weight much more rapidly than immediately before shearing.

It has been observed, moreover, in some cases, that while before shearing the most nitrogenous ration produced a decidedly greater effect than one poorer in protein, the difference between the two almost disappeared after shearing, so far as the increase in live weight was affected.

The ratio of illiteracy in Albuquerque is less than that of any ward in the city of Boston.

Notice of Dissolution. To all whom it may concern: The co-partnership heretofore existing between Brandon Kirby and James Edward Cree, under the firm name and style of Kirby & Cree, is hereby dissolved, by mutual consent, the said Brandon Kirby retiring from the said firm.

From and after this date the business heretofore carried on by the said firm of Kirby & Cree will be conducted solely by James Edward Cree, the remaining partner. All debts owing by the said firm of Kirby & Cree are hereby assumed by the said James Edward Cree, and will be paid upon application to him, when due.

All persons indebted to the said firm of Kirby & Cree will make payment to James Edward Cree, who is hereby appointed to wind up the affairs of said firm of Kirby & Cree.

BRANDON KIRBY, JAMES EDWARD CREE. Dated at Argus V V Ranch, Fort Stanton, N. M., this fifteenth day of July, 1890.

Notice of Publication. LAND OFFICE at ROSWELL, N. M., July 10, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-mentioned settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that the proof will be made before Register and the collector at Roswell, N. M., on Thursday, Sept. 4, 1890, viz:

Damian Gutierrez, His application No. 69 (L. C. S.) for the NW 1/4, & lots 3 & 4, Sec. 21, Tp. 16 south, Range 17 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Juan Luvoso, Pietro Trullio, Francisco Gutierrez, Jose Manuel Gutierrez, all of Lincoln, N. M.

Publication of notice by order of Commissioner letter "C," dated May 18, 1890. WINFIELD S. COLEMAN, Register.

Notice is hereby given that the following-mentioned settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that the proof will be made before Register and the collector at Roswell, N. M., on Thursday, Sept. 4, 1890, viz:

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Publication of notice by order of Commissioner letter "C," dated May

ADAGIO.

Since and bread and the dark—
Over a vision of the day
Come, shadows, crawling, like a funeral
train.

OTHERS MAY PREACH

—ABOUT—
Low Prices and Square Dealing

WE PRACTICE

A fair article of Gun Powder Tea at
35c a pound.
A 3-pound can of Tomatoes 50c.
Boston Baked Beans 25c a can.

YONUC & TALLAFERRO

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.



THE FINEST
WOODWORK
THE BEST
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE
CHICAGO, 28 UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO,
AT LANTA, GA.
ST. LOUIS, MO. FOR SALE BY DALLAS, TEX.

FRIEDRICH & NEEDHAM,

—DEALERS IN—
CHOICE LIQUORS, CIGARS

Lincoln, New Mexico.

E. G. MURPHEY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY and
TOILET GOODS.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

A. CORTESY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

SOCORRO, N. M.

CARIZO HOTEL.

White Oaks, New Mexico.

WM. GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CHARGES REASONABLE

MARTIN BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS.

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

REASONABLE PRICES.

We will be pleased to answer mail orders and
quote prices.

MARLIN
REPEATING RIFLES

MODEL '81 REPEATERS
MODEL '89 REPEATERS.

THE LATEST MODEL 1889.
MARLIN
SAFETY REPEATING
RIFLE

using the 24, 28, and 44 Winchester
cartridges, having a
SOLID TOP RECEIVER,
'81 REPEATERS
40-40 and 45-70
LOADING AND EJECTING
FROM THE SIDE OF THE
FACE OF THE SHOOTER.
WEIGHTING
6 1/2 POUNDS.
THE
BALLARD
MARLIN'S
DOUBLE ACTION
AUTOMATIC EJECTING
REVOLVER
is workmanship, finish and
accuracy of shooting, second
to none.

LYMAN'S PAT. RIFLE SIGHTS

Are Unequaled both for Hunting and Target
Shooting.



Send for Catalogue A, showing Sight and
Rifle of latest design.

WM. LYMAN, Middlefield, Ct.

IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS

FOR ALL
RIFLES, Pistols
and Shot Guns.



VICKS' FIBRAL GUIDE 1890.

This is the most complete and accurate
guide for the farmer, stock raiser,
and all who are interested in the
care of their stock. It contains
valuable information on the
diseases of all the common
domestic animals, and is
illustrated with numerous
pictures of the various
diseases and their
symptoms.

100 Good Reasons
WHY
YOU SHOULD TAKE
THE LINCOLN
INDEPENDENT.

Because
It is published at the county seat of the
largest county in the world, and is the
only paper published at said county seat.

Because
It is the official paper of the county, and
to keep posted on everything pertaining
to county matters you must take it.

Because
It is the largest paper in the county, and
publishes more genuine news matter than
any other two papers in the
county combined.

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

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
It is a wide-awake, progressive, inde-
pendent 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 inter-
ests 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 \$2 a year.

ACORN
POULTRY
YARDS.

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

PLAZA HOTEL.

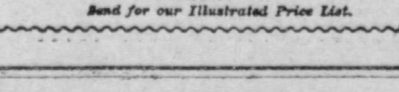
Geo. H. Miles, Proprietor.
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RATE REASONABLE.
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Will guarantee the "HOTEL" WASHER to do better work
and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in
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Store-keepers of America, we appeal to your intelligent
eye and comprehensive judgment to carry our
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manufacturer. If the reader is not a merchant, please ask
your dealer for garments bearing this well known label.



Yours, anxious to please
Ed. L. Huntley.

The Best
WASHER

Will guarantee the "HOTEL" 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.

AGENTS WANTED

Will guarantee the "HOTEL" 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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ALL MAKES OF

Pianos and Organs
SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS.
Choice Holiday Goods

For young and old. Be sure and call before buying elsewhere. Orders by mail for anything promptly
attended to. School Supplies and Gymnasium Goods. Importers and dealers in all
kinds of Musical Merchandise. Stationery and Spanish and English Books
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Special Attention paid to Mail Orders and Prices Cheerfully Furnished.

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CHICAGO STOCK CAR CO.
PALACE LIVE STOCK CAR.

A PERFECT CAR FOR FEEDING, RESTING AND WATERING LIVE
STOCK WHILE IN TRANSIT.
SAVES SHRINKAGE.

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SIXTH STREET, EAST LAS VEGAS,
FOR LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS,
AND MATERIAL FOR FANCY WORK.
A Full Line of Sporting Goods.

Balls, Bats, Hammocks, Croquet, Fishing Tackle, Etc. Toys, Dolls, Baby Carriages, and Batten
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WHOLESALE
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HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL LINE OF
CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
El Paso, Texas.

100 Good Reasons
WHY
YOU SHOULD TAKE
THE LINCOLN
INDEPENDENT.

Because
It is published at the county seat of the
largest county in the world, and is the
only paper published at said county seat.

Because
It is the official paper of the county, and
to keep posted on everything pertaining
to county matters you must take it.

Because
It is the largest paper in the county, and
publishes more genuine news matter than
any other two papers in the
county combined.

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

Because
It is the only paper in which will be
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for \$2 a year.

LANDS

Report on Entries, Contests, Titles of Land,
Scrip Locations, Townsites, &c. \$2.00.

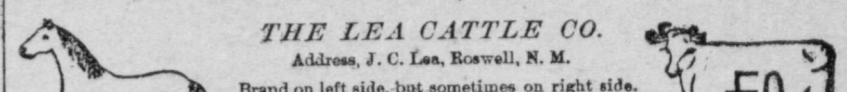
Preparing Land Patents, Filing Arguments, and
Obtaining Certificates on Modern Terms.

HENRY N. COPP, Attorney
WASHINGTON, D. C.

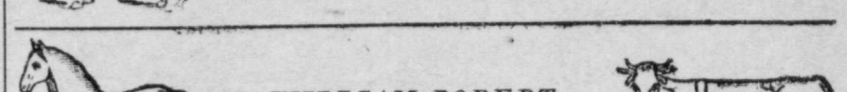
Every Settler should have COPP'S SETTLER'S
GUIDE, 124 pp.; price only 25c. (postage stamps)

THE ANGUS VV RANCH.

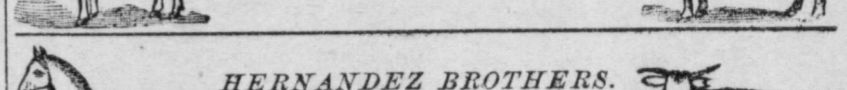
Postoffice, Fort Stanton, N. M. Range, Salado, Rio Bonito, Little Creek, Eagle Creek, Rio Ruidoso
HY on either side.
LL on right side.
M left side.
Horse branded V on left
shoulder or W on left hip



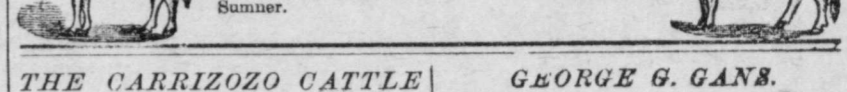
THE LEA CATTLE CO.
Address, J. C. Lea, Roswell, N. M.
Brand on left side, but sometimes on right side.
Ear marks sometimes reversed. E side and also
some on side and hip. W side, JB on hip or join.
L. E. A. Crows on side or hip. Cattle branded with
various other ear marks and old brands. Horse
branded sometimes without A on hip.



WILLIAM ROBERT.
Postoffice, Roswell, N. M.



HERNANDEZ BROTHERS.
Postoffice, Fort Sumner, N. M. Range, east
side of Pecos river, thirty-five miles below Fort
Sumner.



THE CARRIZO CATTLE
COMPANY (Limited).
Address, J. A. Alcock, White Oaks, N. M.



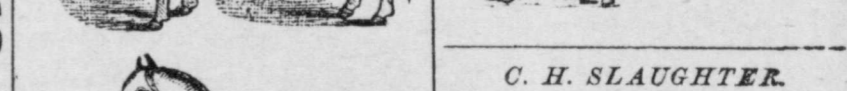
GEORGE G. GANS.
Postoffice, Mesalero, N. M. Range, Pleasant
Valley, nine miles north of Upper Pecosco.
Also cattle branded G on both sides. Horse
branded the same on the left shoulder.



L. W. NEATHERLIN.
Postoffice, Lower
Pecosco. Range, two
miles south of Lower
Pecosco.
Cattle branded L W
on left side. Ear mark,
crop and nostrils in
both ears. Horse brand
same as ear.



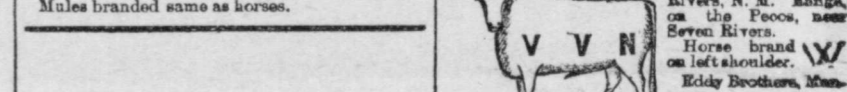
C. H. SLAUGHTER.
Postoffice, Leech-
out, N. M. Range,
head of Black riv-
er. Brand, HIL on
left side.



EDDY-BISSEL CATTLE CO.
Postoffice, Seven
Rivers, N. M. Range,
near Seven Rivers.
Horse brand
on left shoulder.
Eddy Brothers, Man-
agers.



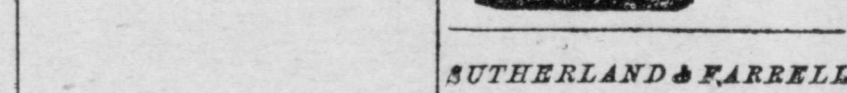
SARAH S. KEEN.
Postoffice, Upper
Pecosco, N. M.
Range, Upper Pecos-
co.



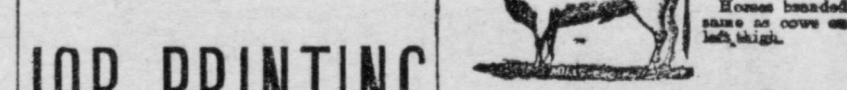
RUTHERLAND & FARRELL
Postoffice, Lin-
coln, N. M.
Range, Rio Hon-
o.
Horse branded
same as cow on
left thigh.



JOSE MONTANO.
Postoffice, Lincoln,
N. M.
Horse branded same
as cow.



T. C. TILLOTSON.
Postoffice and
range, Lower Pecos-
co, N. M.
Brand, TOM on
left side and T on
left hip, oval-
lowfork ear ear.
Horse brand, T on
left shoulder.



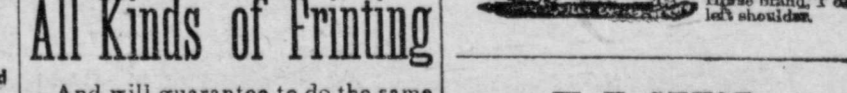
W. H. GUYSE.
Postoffice, Lin-
coln, N. M.
Range, Agua
Azul.
Horse brand
on left shoulder
or thigh.



SAMUEL WELLS.
Postoffice, White
Oaks, N. M.
Horse brand, S.



FLORENCIO GONZALES.
Postoffice, Lincoln,
N. M.



Acorn Poultry Yards.
Perry Gall, Proprietor.
San Marcial, N. M.
Breeds Silver Laced Wyandottes.
They are very attractive in appearance
and the best of egg producers.
They are the favorite of the Farmers,
the Farmers, the Ranchmen and the
Market-Poultrymen.
Eggs \$3.00 per setting of 13 eggs.
Please mention THE INDEPENDENT.

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NEW MATERIAL
To the already well equipped job
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All Kinds of Printing
And will guarantee to do the same
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style and material and at
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We solicit a trial from merchants
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