THE EDDY ARGUS.

VOLUME 1. EDDY, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890. NUMBER 28

There is considerable talk about Eddy lots in El Paso, but the mossbacks there have not energy enough to come up here and see the country and invest. A few energetic spirits from there, however, are with us.

The Pecos valley, Eddy and her mammoth canals are known and talked of in almost every section of the United States. This is no more than might be expected of a gigantic enterprise—with so much energy and ability behind it, and—pardon us—the ARGUS to make its merits known.

If any one doubts that the lower Pecos valley will in the near future be the great fruit garden of the southwest, they should visit the Hagerman farm about 18 miles down the river and see the remarkable growth of the fruit trees there, or the Williams farm on the Black river, or many other farms where fruit is cultivated. In a few years Eddy will need a large cannery to save the fruit she cannot export.

The English walnut crop of California amounts to 1,500,000 pounds annually, and it is increasing very rapidly. This crop represents a total income to the growers of about $150,000. The ARGUS has repeatedly urged upon its subscribers who are setting out orchards to plant a few English walnuts. They will thrive better in this country than English dudes, and will prove ever so much more profitable.

The dairy business has one advantage—the man who makes first-class butter of first quality can do business about as economically on a small scale, if not too small, as can be done on a large scale. And the man that starts a small dairy here will be richer in six months than the fellow who owns fourteen town lots, and buys his milk and butter.

In every direction the house of the settler may be seen. These are not merely shells built to enable their owners to prove up on land, but they are the nucleus of happy, prosperous homes. Those who settle in this country will not be like the Kansas farmer who burns his corn because it is cheaper than coal. Here they can raise their hogs on alfalfa, fatten them on corn and ship them north, east, south or west, as railroads from all points are centering towards Eddy. We are getting the kind of people here now that we want—thrifty, energetic, enterprising people—and our future is so promising that it cannot be easily calculated.

If some of the slow-moving, slumbering old farmers in the east, or the careless makeshifts in the west and some parts of Texas, could only take a look at the Riverside nursery farm, almost within a stone's throw of the ARGUS office, they would simply be paralyzed with amazement. If they could see the thousands of fine imported grape cuttings budding, and the hundreds and hundreds of selected fruit and ornamental trees growing green, and the thrifty appearance of the smaller fruits such as berries, etc., they would open their eyes and, throwing up their hands, cry out, "What sort of a country is this, and what manner of men are they who, within a few months, make the fruit tree supplant the mesquite, the grape take the place of the cactus, fields of waving alfalfa supercede native grasses, while every breeze seems to sing a song of prosperity. What a country; what a people." To them the ARGUS says, "come and see and be convinced, and then you will stay and be one of us."

The ARGUS has had a lot to say about the cultivation of sugar beets, for the reason that it firmly believes this valley can, if our people wish, raise enough beets to justify the erection of a sugar factory. There is an abundance of water, and a soil that produces sorghum as this does will surely raise the finest quality of sugar beets. This is not a one fruit or one grain country. It will be diversified in its products; but the soil must be cultivated with industry and intelligence. But to return to our subject. A Kansas exchange, in discussing the same, says: "The persistent agitation for the culture of sugar beets and the manufature of sugar from them on a large scale in this country is bearing fruit. The United States Department of Agriculture is completing an exhaustive investigation of all that has been done, from the time the first experiments in beet-sugar culture were made at the Massachusetts Agricultural College down to this year's experience in the two large beet-sugar factories in California. The United States Senate has directed its Committee on Agriculture to report a bill for the promotion of the industry and Senator Manderson has already introduced a bill providing that a bounty shall be paid for every ton of sugar beets raised in the United States, delivered to a factory and manufactured into sugar, and also providing a bounty of 85 cents per 100 pounds of sugar so produced, to be paid to the manufacturer. The operation of the proposed law is left to the Secretaries of Agriculture and the Treasury. Mr. Manderson also introduced a bill making an appropriation for the importation of sugar-beet seed by the Secretary of Agriculture, and also machinery for its culture and for the manufacture of beet-sugar, all to be admitted free of duty." The ARGUS promised some months ago that when the farmers and settlers began to cultivate their land that it would furnish them enough beet sugar seed to experiment with. This it will certainly do.

Alfalfa Seed.

Anderson & Sutherland, the famous Alfalfa seed growers of Colorado, have five carloads of alfalfa seed now ready for the market. Address,
ANDERSON & SUTHERLAND,
Rocky Ford, Colorado.

Notice.

All packages coming by the daily stage will be left at Lindsey's store on Canal street, near Greene. Those desiring to forward packages will leave them at the same place, with full directions.
P. J. GESSLER,
Proprietor Stage Line.

Announcements.

I announce myself as a candidate for county clerk at the November election, 1890.
THOS. FENNESSEY.

Having been solicited by some of the most prominent men in the county, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for county assessor of Eddy county at the November election of 1890. I respectfully ask the support of the voters.
J. D. WALKER

I respectfully announce myself as a candidate for county clerk of Eddy county at the November election. I would like to have the support of the majority of the citizens.
W. G. CASS.

JERSEYS, HOLSTEINS,
AND MILCH DURHAMS.
ALSO
Driving and Saddle Horses.
Orders left at this office.
Correspondence solicited.
Guither and Brown,
El Paso, Texas.

Alfalfa Seed,
MUSCAT GRAPE CUTTINGS,
The Genuine Muscat Grape of Alexandria,
Raisin Grape,
PALM AND ASH TREES
In quantities to suit. Correspondence solicited.
Fowler Bros.,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Pennebaker, Joyce & Co.,
Merchants and Exchange Bankers
Eddy, New Mexico.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND GRAIN,
HARDWARE, FURNITURE, DRY GOODS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, QUEENSWARE, ETC.
A COMPLETE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

LIFE INSURANCE AT ABOUT HALF THE USUAL COST.
Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,
OF NEW YORK.
$2,300,000.00
CASH SURPLUS RESERVE and EMERGENCY FUNDS
$200,000.00 — Deposited with Insurance Department of New York.
$150,000.00 — Deposited with Ins. Dept. of Canada and the Bank of England.
TOTAL DEATH CLAIMS PAID OVER
$7,300,000.00 OF DOLLARS.
Easy Payments, with a Maximum Limit.
S. H. BROWN, - - General Agent,
Room 64 Sheldon Building, EL PASO, TEXAS.

Trees! Trees! Trees!
The Riverside Nursery Co
Will be ready to fill all orders for
Fruit Trees,
Grape Vines,
And all classes of
Trees for Timber Culture,
For fall and spring planting. All stock first-class. Catalogue will be ready by November 20, 1889. Send orders to
Riverside Nursery Company,
Eddy, Eddy County, New Mexico.

F. V. PIONTKOWSKY,
Late Chief Clerk U. S. Land Office at Las Cruces, New Mexico.
Real Estate Agent,
Land Attorney and Notary Public.
Has Complete Abstract of all Lands in Eddy County and the Pecos Valley.
Office in P. I. & I. Building,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

E. KRAUSE,
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
TERMS:—Preliminaries, 1 per cent.; plans and specifications, 3½ per cent.; supervision (including plans and specifications) 5 per cent.
Office with McLenathen & Campbell,
EDDY, N. M.

C. A. RICHARDSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.
Will practice in all the courts of the territory and in the United States Land Office.

W. A. HAWKINS,
Attorney at Law,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Fred H. Peitz,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Abstract of all Lands in Eddy County.
LOOKOUT, EDDY CO., N. M.

Witt Brothers,
Contractors and Builders
Public buildings a specialty.
Estimates given on short notice.
EDDY, - - - - NEW MEXICO.

Caples & Hammer,
Contractors and Builders,
El Paso, Texas, and Eddy, N. M.

B. A. NYMEYER,
Surveyor of the P. I. & I. Co.,
Notary Public AND Land Agent
Reliable information given regarding valley land.
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

THE
Mutual Life Insurance Co
OF NEW YORK.
Assets, $126,082,153.56.
Old, strong, reliable.
For insurance that INSURES, apply to
McLENATHEN & CAMPBELL, Agents,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

Dr. H. C. Van Norman,
Physician and Surgeon,
EDDY, NEW MEXICO.
Office in McLenathen Block.

I. THURSTON,
Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines,
Stationery, Toilet Articles, &c.,
EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

MILLER & CO.,
House and Sign Painting.
Paper Hanging and Decorating a Specialty.
EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
The Grand Central.
Leading Hotel of El Paso, Texas.
SAM ECKER, Proprietor.

EDGAR B. BRONSON, President. CHAS. B. EDDY, Vice-President. WM. H. AUSTIN Cashier.
El Paso National Bank,
No. 3608.
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.
Capital, Surplus and Profits.....$200,000
Collections promptly made and remitted. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold.
SPECIAL FACILITIES OFFERED ON MEXICAN BUSINESS
Customers are offered the convenience of our Herring's Safety Boxes in fire and burglar-proof vault.

B. P. LINDSEY,
General Merchant,
Dealer in Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Grain, Etc.

Parlor Restaurant and Bakery,
EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.
$6 PER WEEK,
35 CTS. A MEAL.
$25 A MONTH.

WATER IS KING!
The Pecos Irrigation and Investment Company is now engaged in the most GIGANTIC IRRIGATION ENTERPRISES in the West.
Its canals will reclaim more than 200,000 acres of wonderfully fertile land.
Limestone Soil, Plenty of Water, Abundant Sunshine,
A combination of elements that never fail to reward the farmer for his labor.
Water Rights are now selling for $7.50 per acre, payable in seven annual installments. Only $1 per acre annual water rent. These terms are more advantageous to the farmer than can be obtained in any irrigation country IN THE WEST.
FOR CIRCULARS OR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS
THE PECOS IRRIGATION AND INVESTMENT CO., EDDY, NEW MEXICO.

EDDY ARGUS.

ARGUS PUBLISHING CO., Props.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

PROF. HUXLEY is becoming deaf. He has seen and heard as much of the wonders of science as any other man living and he had the literary style to make scientific literature enticing.

PROFESSOR DUNSMORE, who has attempted to make the young ladies of the Detroit Art School quit chewing gum, has himself bitten off more than he can chew. Wiser men than he have failed in their efforts to put a quietus on the female jaw.

A MAN's estate generally dwindles after he dies. But not so with Samuel J. Tilden's. When he died his property was supposed to be worth 5 million dollars. Now it is thought to be near 15 million dollars. He was a financial as well as a political genius.

THE great "Century Dictionary," with its 200,000 words, many of them new and nobby adjectives that Noah Webster never heard of, didn't get here a day too soon. The flood and funeral reporters used up the last of Noah's adjectives. Another flood without another dictionary would have been disastrous.

THE Windham county, Conn., court house is owned by a Chicago man, who inherited the building and site. His ancestors bequeathed the property to the town of Brooklyn on conditions that have not been lived up to. But the Chicagoan doesn't propose to be mean and take the building away from the town of which he was a native.

THE scheme for sending out an Antarctic expedition under Prof. Nordenskjold, will, it is said, be carried out in the summer of 1891. The expedition will be undertaken at the joint expense of Baron Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, the Antarctic Exploration Committee of the Royal Society of Victoria, and the Royal Geographical Society of Australia.

TO SERVE eighteen years in prison and pay a fine of $126,422. Such is the penalty which ex-Auditor Al Graham of Warren county, Ohio, must pay for embezzling $63,211 of the county's funds. Graham hoped to escape with a light punishment by pleading guilty and implicating the county treasurer, but his hope is wrecked on the rocks of justice.

A FRENCH court has just refused to recognize the American citizenship of a young man who, at the age of twenty-one, had taken out his naturalization papers in this country and then returned to France to reside. He has been arrested, and will be tried by a military court for breaking the law which requires every Frenchman to serve so many years under the flag.

THE great Bear River Canal, in Utah, for the construction of which $2,000,000 has been provided, is expected to be one of the most extensive irrigation works in this country. It will irrigate 200,000 acres in Salt Lake Valley and 6,000,000 on Bear River, increasing the value of the land to $50 an acre. Bear Lake is in eastern Idaho. The reservoir for the canal covers 150 square miles.

A NEW piece of fiction by Jules Verne will shortly be published. It contains a satire on modern mining speculators. The author makes his hero purchase mining rights at the north pole, in a country so much frozen that it cannot be developed. The company is formed to turn the world around, bringing the north pole into the region of the tropics and turning the universe upside down.

MOBS are cowardly and Mayor Henneman of Spartansburg, S. C., proved it by holding at bay and finally dispersing a band of lynchers who were determined to forestall the law and hang a murderer. When they fled the mayor spiked a cannon which they left behind them. If every city in the country had a Henneman at the head of its affairs—but the vision is too utopian to even dream of it.

A CHICAGO man's wife, according to his sworn statement, compounded pies from eggs which had lost their original bloom and were fast hastening to decay. These pies she made him the said plaintiff did then and there eat, masticate, ingurgitate, swallow and digest to his, the said affiant's, great bodily and mental anguish and distress, thereby him the said deponent providing, as he claims, a sufficient ground for a divorce under that article of the constitution forbidding cruel and unusual punishments.

GREAT dismay exists over the disallowance by the dominion government of the act passed by the Manitoba legislature to confirm tax sales. The effect is to upset hundreds of titles and throw them into a state of hopeless confusion. The clause which appears to have been objectionable to the minister of justice was one taking away from courts the power to set aside tax sales on the ground that interest was charged, leaving all other objections open to complainants. Unless the difficulty can be arranged endless litigation will ensue.

A WONDERFUL MINE.

WORK OF AN ENGLISH COMPANY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Burrowing 2,000 Feet Through the Solid Rock to Get Gold.

South America, from the earliest journeys of the Spanish adventurers, has been pictured as a land of wonderful wealth, and the history of its settlement is scarlet with the blood of those who died because they could not or would not reveal the whereabouts of mines or of hidden treasures. Frank Vincent in his entertaining book, "Around and About South America," gives this interesting description of the greatest gold mine on the southern continent, and of the most remarkable in the world:

Passing through Congonhas, you ascend a sharp ridge, and find just beyond it the village and mine of Morro Velho.

A very remarkable and interesting experience was my descent into the mine. At one of the neighboring offices some miners' clothes were given to me. Especially useful as a shield against falling stones was a hat made of very stout felt. To the front of this a candle stuck into a small lump of clay. Two iron cages, or cars, were run with wire ropes by water power, and filled a vertical shaft, bored, after the first hundred feet or so, in the solid rock, to a depth of 1,450 feet.

In reaching the bottom we descended innumerable ladders of interminable length. The roofs and the sides of the mine were everywhere supported by the hardest woods of Brazil. Two feet square was the average thickness of these timbers, though I occasionally saw them as much as three feet square. At the bottom, such of the roof as I could see seemed to be supported by great wooden columns, between which was a solid backing of heavy planking.

All through the mine the visitor is startled and alarmed by a variety of continuous rumblings and reverberations. The calls of the men to each other and the commands of the bosses have also an ominous sound. These goblin noises, penetrating through the murky darkness, combine with the miners' lights, which dart about like so many vicious Jack o' Lanterns, to surround one with a pandemonium. The air, however, is everywhere remarkably pure, a pleasantly disillusionary fact, rather unusual, as no fresh air is forced from above.

While watching the men and standing on the next higher platform, noises like distant but heavy thunder would occasionally be heard. These, they told me, were blasts in remote and smaller galleries. Dynamite is used for these blasts, seventy-five pounds a day being required. The men at the end of our gallery next fired seventeen charges, as we all stood under what is regarded as the strongest wall, for fear of horrible stone flakes falling, though the drifts are blasted and cleared so effectually that there is but very little danger. The various reports of the exploding charges were appalling. The successive waves of air struck us with powerful force. After the sharp crash, as of the heaviest artillery, the ground would shake violently beneath our feet, while the whole mine appeared to be rocking and tumbling for some seconds. The reverberating echoes were especially sonorous.

The clatter of the mills is heard night and day, Sundays and holidays, week in and week out. The mining works were all shown me by the obliging superintendent, Mr. Chalmers. A general view of the place brings into prominence a huge water course and iron siphon coming down a hill to the extreme left or west. The driving power is water, introduced in flumes, and this one is seven miles in length. Then you see, at the north, the quarter where the married slaves reside, and, some distance above it on the hillside, the abode of the bachelor miners, appropriately styled "Timbuctoo." The stamping mills, with their rock-crushers and the strakes, are in the centre, tucked into a little valley; nearer are the huge mill wheels, sixty feet in diameter, one of which furnishes power for working the pumps. The great store-house of the company covers the hill-side to the south of the *casa grande*. Here are collections of everything likely to be needed in the works or mine, from candles to machinery.

By the by, eight gross of candles are every day used in the mine. The upper story of the storehouse is filled with corn and beans for the consumption of the miners. The mine keeps busy five great stamping mills, one of them being like those I have seen in California. The others are huge, clumsy affairs, though answering their purpose very well. I followed all the various processes of the works, from where the rough ore leaves the shaft's mouth, until I saw the gold bars ready for transport to Rio and shipment to England. Employed in excavating and handling the mineral and timbering the mine are some 400 men, the nationalities embracing English, Brazilians, Portuguese, Italians, Germans, Austrians, Spanish and Chinese. In the works are employed sixty Chinese, seventy-five English and nearly 1,000 natives.

Many native women are occupied with the lighter work, as at the strakes and in the amalgamation rooms. Six times a year what is termed the "gold troop" carries the bars of gold in one of the ordinary country carts, attended by only two or three natives, down to the Dom Pedro II. Railway, whence the precious freight is quickly carried to Rio. It is a remarkable fact that no escort is deemed necessary with this shipment. The bars weigh, on an average, about eight pounds troy, and contain about one-half per cent. silver. They have to be remelted in England, for purification, before being marketable, and are then worth about $3,000. The present company, which has been working the mine for nearly sixty years, have taken out as much as 3,000 pounds troy in what they term a "good year."

Inedible Furniture.

E. H. Strykle, a business man of Queensland, was at the Leland Hotel yesterday. He has just returned from England.

"I went to England," he said, "to try to make arrangements for the manufacture of a large quantity of metal furniture, and I stopped in New York for the same purpose. The company I represent wishes to get chairs, tables, lounges and other articles of furniture made of some metal which will not need to be painted, and can be sold at reasonable prices. It is a hard matter to get any metal furniture light enough to ship long distances, cheap enough to sell in a frontier country and strong enough to be durable. But there is a great demand in Northern Australia for that sort of goods, and undoubtedly some manufacturer will meet it.

"Most of Queensland, all of northern Australia, and a large part of west Australia, are within the tropics. The three countries are infested with those terrible pests, the white ants. A person who has never lived in tropical Australia cannot imagine what that means. White ants eat wood, and nothing but wood. They gnaw out the inside of a block of wood without once piercing the outside; consequently there is no way to tell where they are at work. I have known them to destroy a log twenty feet long and two feet thick in a single night. They go everywhere, and nothing made of wood can be kept from them.

"The first thing the householder knows his door tumbles down or he discovers that his roof rafters are merely shells. The white ants eat up wood furniture as they do houses. The people of Queensland have tried all sorts of schemes, but have never found anything ant-proof except metal. They cover their houses with sheet iron, and their chairs and tables with tin. I believe that if light metal furniture can be made there will be a tremendous sale for it all over the Northern half of the Australian continent."

Mr. Strykle left for St. Louis, where he is to confer with some manufacturers of granite ironware, to see if it will be practicable to make lounges and tables out of the material they use for pots and kettles.—Chicago Herald.

Railroad Jack.

"Railroad Jack" is the most famous dog in all Saratoga. He lives in and about depots and railroad trains and is a great traveller. Nobody owns him, but it is safe to say that every railroad man and express agent and station hand is his friend and he always finds cordial welcome and good care wherever he goes. The most common range of Jack's travels is from Montreal to Poughkeepsie, though he takes an occasional trip to the East on the Fitchburg and to the West on the Central.

A short time ago, after staying a day in Saratoga, he boarded a south bound train and took a trip to Rhinebeck. While Mr. Randolph, the baggage master at that station, was attending the evening train due from the north the train baggage master said to him:

"Railroad Jack came down from Albany and got off here. Look out for him."

As the train drew away from the station Jack jumped on the station baggage car and took a seat among the trunks. Mr. Randolph said:

"Have you got any baggage, and where are you going?"

Jack wagged his stumpy tail, and opened his intelligent jaws, as much as to say, "I'm all right." As they came to the crossing where the baggage is transferred to a wagon for Rondout and Kingston, Jack waited until the wagon was backed up against the car, and then leaped into the wagon. Saul Keldar, the driver, said:

"Well, Jack, if you are going to Kingston, jump up on the seat and out of the way."

The dog did as was requested, went across the river, and spent the night at the Ulster and Delaware round house. The next morning Jack was at the ferry, went on board the boat, and as soon as she landed on the Rhinebeck side he went to the depot and remained there until the 7:07 a. m. train for Albany came along. When the train stopped Mr. Randolph said: "Jack, that is the Albany train." The dog gave a low whine, and in an instant was on the platform of the baggage car, scratching at the door, which was opened by the baggage master, and Jack was all right on his return trip to Albany.

Secretary Tracy's Misfortune.

It is not generally known that Secretary Tracy has the use of only one eye. Even his intimate friends are surprised to learn that the sight of his left optic was destroyed years ago. Tracy taught school one winter in his youth at Cawanna, a portion of the Village of Owego, N. Y. It was a rough crowd over which he presided, made up of the sons of farmers and lumbermen. One day Tracy gave a youngster a whipping, which the big boys thought was too severe. Ink-bottles, books, bricks and other missiles were hurled at the teacher, who pluckily stood his ground. A boy named Wesley Tappin threw a slate in such a way that a corner of the frame penetrated Tracy's eye. This ended the fight. Tracy was so badly injured that the school was adjourned and he never returned to it.—New York World.

But Wagner has gone a step further. Failing to get immediate recognition from a laggard Congress he plunged into the Virginia wilderness, and there, in an obscure county town, he has brought suit, filed a bond and asked for a judgment against the Adams Express Company in the sum of $1,537,000! The bond purports to bear the signature of Mr. Dinsmore, the late deceased president of that company. Hearing of the transaction, Wagner has been arrested in Washington by the company for forgery and awaits trial.

Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Island No. 10, and Forts Donelson and Henry—these battles have been pre-empted by their inventors, who, curiously enough, all happen to be civilians; but the battles of Atlanta, Nashville, Lookout Mountain, the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, and the surrender under the Appomattox apple tree—the ladies and gentlemen who first suggested these occurrences still modestly remain in the background. Will they please to step forward?

Another plan proposed contemplates lending the surplus now in the National Treasury to farmers, mechanics and others "at a nominal rate of interest," taking their solemn word of honor as collateral. This is far less complicated than the preceding, which makes it necessary for people to actually work and raise crops before getting the money therefor—certainly a cruel provision.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, has introduced (by request) a bill to lengthen the wings of Cupid and strengthen the legs of Hymen. It runs thus:

A bill for the relief of ex-soldiers in certain cases.

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that a soldier that has lost both eyes, or one arm, or one leg, or both arms, or both legs, or one arm and one leg, be entitled to get married at any time during his life to some one to take care of him, and at his death the soldier's widow shall be entitled to $12 per month as long as she remains his widow. If the said soldier's wife refuses to live with him and care for him, after her absence of six months the said soldier can, with two witnesses, go before any county court within the United States and prove that his wife has left him and refused to live with him and care for him, and the said county court shall issue the soldier a divorce for $5 and costs.

Whether the poor crippled patriot can marry a wife "to take care of him" in case he already has a wife who does not take care of him, is left in doubt. But it is obvious that, if the bill passes, any such force as is described can get a divorce for $5 if the nurse refuses to earn her money, and that he can, "at any time during his life" thereafter,—say one day thereafter—marry some one else to take care of him.

The question arises, If this bill passes how long will these widows be upon the pension roll? Will there not be some on the roll in the blessed year 2000? Some of the present pensioners will live till 1930, and they will marry young girls then. The Revolutionary war had its last battle 109 years ago, but there are thirty-two Revolutionary widows on our pension rolls to-day! The youngest is only 68, so she may live a quarter of a century yet. She must have married when she was 15 a veteran of 75 who was 18 when the Revolutionary war closed. Who will guess at the list of war widows still alive in 1930? This sort of avarice needs no legislative encouragement.

W. A. CURTIS.

OUR SISTER REPUBLICS.

A Plea for Reciprocal Free Trade.

[Special Washington Letter.]

The long congress of American republics at the capital draws to an end. Much good feeling has been generated, some questions of continental importance have been initiated, notably the Backbone railroad, to run straight down our Rockies, lengthwise of the isthmus of Panama, and the whole length of South America to Patagonia. This scheme was devised and outlined ten years ago by the bold and original thinker and a queer genius, for whose head a bounty was offered some thirty years ago—Hinton Rowan Helper. After Seward announced "The Irrepressible Conflict," Helper, a native North Carolinian, wrote "The Impending Crisis," a resounding prophecy, which compelled him to flee from his home until after the war.

This week the Pan-American Conference considered the obstacles to trade, and our tropical sisters did not hesitate to designate as the chief of them the present tariff. Mr. Saenz Pena, of the Argentine Republic, spoke for an hour or more in favor of free trade between the American nations, stating that the tariff levied by the Congress of the United States stood in the way of extending commerce between this country and the South American States. In answer to this Mr. C. R. Flint, one of the delegates from the United States, presented official figures by which it appears that of the total amount of produce purchased by the merchants of the United States from the countries of Central and South America, 87½ per cent. was admitted free of duty. The details of these figures for 1889 are as follows:

	Total U. S. Imports.	Dutiable.
Hayti	$3,757,441	$5,774
Nicaragua	1,747,249	250
Peru	314,032	8,271
Guatemala	2,346,631	49,539
Uruguay	2,236,061	630,001
Colombia	4,251,519	57,010
Argentine Republic	5,434,018	1,320,219
Costa Rica	1,442,315	619
Brazil	60,403,801	4,895,323
Honduras	1,215,561	4,938
Mexico	21,253,601	7,438,372
Bolivia	2,126	21
Venezuela	10,592,383	4,800
Chili	2,632,627	78,801
Salvador	1,601,167	28,066
Ecuador	633,061	817
Total	$123,590,383	$14,738,187

In exchange for these imports from the countries mentioned we export to them goods only to the annual amount of $50,694,000, and there is a small import duty on the most of it.

The delegates from Buenos Ayres, Mexico, and Nicaragua rejoined, insisting that the duties exacted by their countries were trifling in comparison with ours, and urging the United States would sell four times as much yearly to those nations if the tax on the return cargoes were repealed. The matter will be further considered before final adjournment.

It is timely to add that the delegates of the sixteen American republics present manifest the liveliest admiration for Chicago and interest in the world's fair, and they all promise a splendid exhibit from South America.

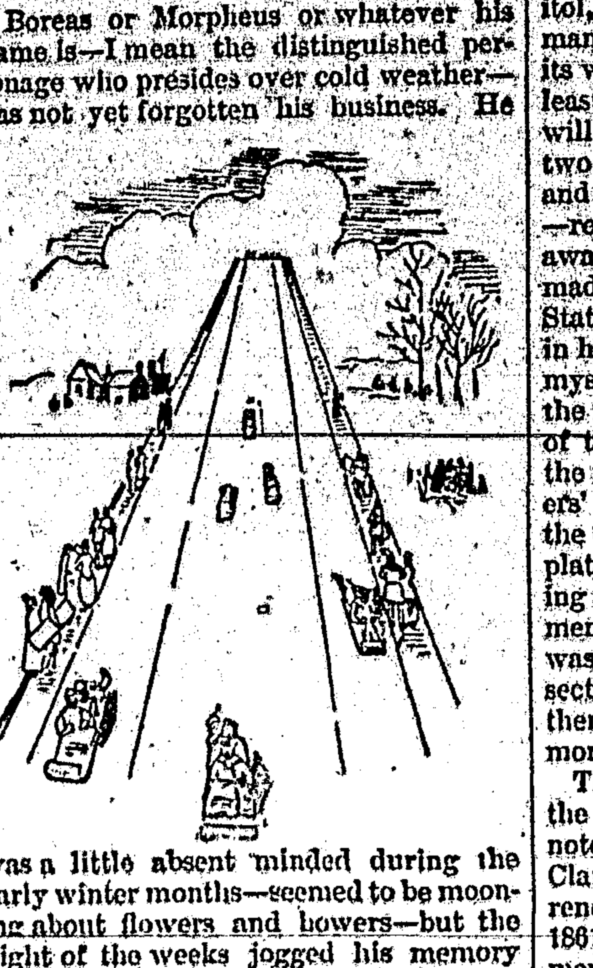
TOWNSEND.

FUN IN QUEBEC.

The Usual Amount of Tobogganing in the Northern Metropolis.

[Our Quebec Letter.]

Boreas or Morpheus or whatever his name is—I mean the distinguished personage who presides over cold weather—has not yet forgotten his business. He



was a little absent minded during the early winter months—seemed to be mooning about flowers and bowers—but the flight of the weeks jogged his memory and he came up to the scratch beautifully. And just because he was a little delinquent did he emphasize his presence at last. Ice seems to be thicker than usual and snow colder and slipperier. When transportation facilities multiply so that we can market all our surplus ice in New York and Chicago and St. Louis and the other metropoli further south we shall have a reserve to bank on.

Tobogganing is now in order. Every toboggan in this old fortress is in use every night, and hand-sleds, tin-pans and even barrel-staves are not despised by small boys. I saw a wee tot last evening taking a rash far-away slide down Jockerty street in an earthen pie platter! Ever since she went past me in a glimmering vision of yells and red flannel I have been wondering if she slid off the bastion to land upon the St. Lawrence far below. I infer that she did not, for, as I look out of the rimy window into the crisp air, I don't see as there are any fewer children to-day than there were yesterday.

I can not describe tobogganing. It is indescribable. There are some pleasures more eloquent than eloquence itself. They elude the pen. Who ever yet described a sunrise? Even the painter and the poet are afraid to tackle it. I send some pen sketches that will convey a fair idea of the way a live toboggan looks when it is doing business, but to know anything of it you must regard it in silent transport from the stand-point—or, rather, the slide-point—of the tobogganer.

Off! Flung away as if shot from the kick of a catapult! Down we fly as if dropped towards a new star.

Hold your breath! Jacque steers the thing with unerring heel. Whish——sh—a firm, gentle, lightning-like glide into a most hospitable abyss. Then the long, comfortable, gossipy walk in the moonlight. You people of the south, who know nothing of tobogganing and next to nothing of sleighing at its best, miss a good deal of the joys of winter. There has been a great improvement in toboggans lately, so that they are very light and luxurious. Some are to be made for next season with runners of aluminum—as light as pine and as strong and glib as steel.

Sleighing on the river is now superb. Horse races are on the frozen carpet at this time, and small hucksters have everywhere set up their booths, decked with colors and lending to the great expanse a picturesque aspect. An immense sleighing party will to-morrow start for the Viero and gloomy Laquenay—150 miles down towards the sea.

FLORA MACDONALD.

Rosa Bonheur is 67. She says she still has work enough in her mind to fill two lifetimes. She sold her latest picture for more than $10,000.

Miss Rebecca E. Roberts has been admitted to practice in the orphans' court of Philadelphia. She is the second woman lawyer admitted to the bar of that city.

William Dean Howells is at the Laurel house, Lakewood, N. J., building up his system and incubating a new novel.

THE NATIONAL PICTURE GALLERY.

Millions Upon Millions of Pictures Distributed Annually.

The visitor to the rotunda of the capitol, on coming face to face with the mammoth historical scenes depicted on its walls, will be perplexed, to say the least, at their familiarity. He will be willing to make affidavit that he has seen two of them—the Landing of Columbus and De Soto Discovering the Mississippi—repeatedly, and at the same time he is aware that this is the first trip he has made outside the borders of his native State. Should he be able to put his hand in his pocket and pull out a banknote, the mystery is at once solved; for there on the reverse of the bill, is an exact copy of the original before him, executed in the most approved style of the engravers' art. Demonstrating the fidelity of the execution is the statement that the plate from which is printed the note bearing the picture of Columbus at the moment of the discovery of the new world was divided into no less than twenty-two sections, or "takes," as printers define them, and that it required about eighteen months to complete its artistic beauty.

The idea of adopting the pictures in the capitol as the designs for the banknotes was born in the brain of S. M. Clark, chief clerk of the national currency bureau, Treasury Department, in 1861. His plan was submitted to leading members of Congress, and eminent bankers and financiers, assuming definite shape in a letter addressed to Hon. S. P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, under date of March 28, 1863, in which he says:

"I respectfully suggest as a design for a national currency the engraving of national historic pictures of the full size of the note to be issued, and submit, as a model of illustrative drawing, a $3 note, made up of a copy of Weir's painting of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," with a suitable reverse. I claim that this style of note possesses greater security against counterfeiting and alteration than any device yet in use.

"First. If the note be engraved in the highest style of art, its different portions, such as etching, portraits, lettering, drapery, executed by those who have made these portions respective specialties, it would present an amount of artistic labor to be accomplished by the brain which would appall and stagger counterfeiters in the outset, even if they possessed the requisite talent and skill to counterfeit it. As there is a peculiarity in the engraving of every proficient of high art (as easily detected by an expert as different styles of handwriting) such a note, properly executed, could not be counterfeited so as not to be readily detected by the skillful. The notes now in use, made of separate dies, actually afford facilities for counterfeiting, from their patchwork composition, while a note made from a single die, of its whole size, and not repeated in parts, presents difficulties of counterfeiting almost in geometric ratio to its increased size from a mere vignette.

"To make a note's genuineness apparent to the unskilled, additional methods are suggested. To counterfeit it by photography, which is the readiest way to deceive the masses, non-photographic material should be introduced into and be inseparable from the paper, so that a photograph or phototype should present a defaced or mottled appearance, easily distinguished by all.

"Second. I claim that my suggestion would, if carried into effect, be a complete protection against alterations. Alterations, as the secretary is aware, are the most numerous as well as the most dangerous of frauds, far exceeding in number and danger all counterfeits; and in the multiform issues which now fill the channels of circulation, comparatively no protection is given except to those skilled in the art, and make their detection a study. But if a two-dollar bill is always the picture of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" and a ten-dollar bill is always the picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware," the public, even those who cannot read, as well as those who do not understand our language, or who cannot distinguish by numerals, will soon educate themselves to these facts in handling the money, so they could never be deceived in taking one denomination for another, though the figures or letters denoting the denomination of the note were ever so cleverly altered. The skilful can protect themselves, but the unskilled require something plain and potent to the senses.

"Third. A lesser but not unimportant advantage of such currency would be that a series properly selected, with their subject titles imprinted on the notes, would tend to teach the masses the prominent periods in our country's history. The laboring man, who should receive every Saturday night a copy of the "Surrender of Burgoyne" for his weekly wages would inquire who General Burgoyne was and to whom he surrendered. His curiosity would be aroused, and he would learn the facts from a fellow laborer or from his employer. The same would be true of other national pictures, and in time many would be taught leading incidents in our country's history; so that they would soon be familiar to those who would never read them in books, teaching them history, and imbuing them with a national feeling. Thus a series of pictures of full note size might be selected; beginning with the earliest scenes of savage life and terminating in the advanced stages of civilization, which would be an illustrated history of the country's progress; or a series beginning at bow and arrow warfare, and terminating in a perfected ironclad; or a series beginning at the earliest modes of journeying in the birch-bark canoe, and terminating in the present perfection of steam craft; or a series illustrating methods of payment, beginning at exchange of values by shells and wampum in the uncivilized tribes, and terminating in coupons and registered bonds and Treasury notes."

It may be added that this was not the only valuable suggestion emanating from Mr. Clark. The transfer of the printing of securities from private to Government control was accomplished through his efforts, and he may, with propriety, be called the founder of that vast institution known to-day as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

H. B. [illegible]

Composite Affliction.

Speak, O lovely Ann Eliza, with a terrible coryza,
And a wheezy respiration full of sighs and husky moans;
With a constant lachrymation, and a nasal intonation,
From catarrhal inflammation o'er the turbinated bones!

Why, thou young and happy maiden, in thy conversation laden
With a copious addition of shortive b's and d's?
And from whence did you derive a red and swollen conjunctiva,
And a frequent inclination to incontinently sneeze?

Is this malady outrageous which you suffer with contagious?
Epidemic, or endemic? Tell me whence the thing arose,
Where its place of incubation, what its future destination!
Spake the lovely Ann Eliza, smiling sweetly, "No on a nose."
—Rhoboth Sunday Herald.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS.

CHARACTER IN OCCUPANTS OF PEWS AS THE PLATE IS PASSED.

The Man Who Drops in a Piece That Rings with a Thud—The Threepenny Piece the Popular One in England.

Among some of the curious characteristic actions by which people may betray their peculiarities to the close observer is the manner which many have of contributing to a collection, and the experiences of some who have long officiated in the capacity of collector are often amusing. Divers and strange also

are the different forms of receptacles adopted by church authorities for the necessary and charitable purpose. They vary from the metal plate, beloved of Nonconformity, and which, we are told, stands unrivaled as an incentive to deposit a large coin, for obvious reasons, to the more accommodating velvet bag of varied shape and size.

As usual, in places where no change is given, people as a rule go prepared to give a coin of a certain value. The individuals who give half-sovereigns, and they are rare, usually hold the coin carefully between the finger and thumb, probably to convince those round about

SELF-SATISFIED DROP OF THE HALF-CROWN.

that it is not a sixpence. Those who contribute half-crowns, and this is far from being a popular coin, generally drop it into the bag, where it falls with a heavy thud. They have a self-complacent look, as much as to say they have done their share, and are not ashamed of it. The shilling is a popular collection coin, especially with men. It is a useful medium contribution, is not much missed, and is dropped in without temerity. The sixpence is even more popular still, and a great favorite with the fair sex. Its small size renders it convenient for concealing between the tips of the fingers, and the sound as

SEARCHING FOR THE LAST NICKEL.

it falls can never be mistaken for a copper. More than once in the hurried search for a small coin, when the bag approaches, a half sovereign has been dropped in by mistake for sixpence, which is afterwards discovered to the dismay and chagrin of the giver, and the collection for the worn-out "curates' fund" increased by an involuntary nine and sixpence.

But, above all, the threepenny piece stands pre-eminent as a collection coin, and it is open to doubt whether collections generally would benefit or suffer by the abolition of this diminutive but useful coin. It is said to form part of fully half the average collection, and might have been specially designed for that purpose, so easily may it be hidden between the finger and thumb of the giver, and gently deposited in the bag or box. One drawback is the fact that it rarely makes any sound in dropping into the bag, which causes the contributor to be somewhat doubtful at times if it has gone in at all. But far be it from the collector to despise the "nimble threepenny bit."

Then we come to the bronze. It would be a matter of astonishment to some to know the large number of pence and halfpence that are given to collections. They are heavy, and take up much room. Even farthings are sometimes found in the collection bags of so-called fashionable churches. A well-known divine of a West-End church, which is usually crowded, some time ago informed his congregation that their weekly offering did not average a farthing each person, and begged them to make it a penny. The well dressed individuals who contribute coppers have often a peculiar habit of dipping their hand

NONE ARE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE.

well in the bag. Now, a penny makes a good thumping sound in falling, and it may probably be on this account the humble copper is so carefully concealed by the fingers, and with a gentle, gliding motion is deposited in the receptacle. Among other curiosities of the collection bag three-halfpenny pieces, foreign coins and brass buttons are not unknown, and occasionally articles of jewelry have been found after an exceptionally exciting exhortation. Finally, we come to those people who do not give anything, and sometimes puzzle the collector. They are ever deeply absorbed in some distant object in the opposite direction, or engaged in a careful examination of the roof of the building, or may be singing vigorously, and apparently utterly oblivious of the fact that the bag waits under their nose. Others shrink up into a corner of the pew, and from a gentle depreciating glance or shake of the head the collector knows to pass on. The nervous man is always in a flurry, and begins to get his coin ready early. He first places it in his waistcoat pocket as a convenient

A CHECK: THE GENTLEMAN WHO LETS HIS RIGHT HAND KNOW.

situation; then he'll presently feel to make sure it is there, and eventually, thinking he might perchance be unable to find it in time, holds it consciously in one hand, his hook in the other, and probably with the laudable intention of carrying out the scriptural precept of "Letting not his right hand know what his left hand doeth," blindly dives about for the entrance to the bag. The ostentatious and vulgar person first rattles his money in his pocket, or takes out his purse, and carefully placing the coin between finger and thumb, drops it in from a lofty attitude. To study some eccentricities of collection-making, a visit should be made to some Nonconformist chapel in a small town on the occasion of a great anniversary. As a rule large flat metal plates are brought out, specially for the occasion, so that the meanest may be ashamed of giving copper. The individual to whom the plate is intrusted has agreed to give a certain amount, perhaps a bank-note, which is laid out on the plate to start with. Then the stout gentleman in the next pew, responding to nudges from his much-bedecked spouse, not to be outdone by his neighbor, deposits six

STUDY OF A COLLECTOR, WAITING WHILE HIS PLATE IS PASSED UP.

greasy sovereigns on the note, which causes quite a flutter of excitement; and so on, till at the close the reverend gentleman is enabled to announce a gratifying increase to the funds. Such are a few of the peculiarities of collection contributors, which may not be infrequently noticed by any careful student of human nature.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An Apt Illustration.

Every one knows the answer of the school-boy, who was told to "give an example of expansion by heat and contraction by cold," and who replied, "Days are longer in summer and shorter in winter." A new example of the readiness of some minds to apply illustrations to phenomena came recently under the writer's notice. An Irish servant-girl, newly admitted to service in a lady's house, was told by her mistress that the current day was the shortest of the year. Bridget replied: "Is it, indade, mum? Sure, and now of come to think of it, of had no sooner taken down the dhinner than it was tolme to bring up the tay."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Beaver Falls man says he caught a rat by placing an apple-core with a string tied to it near the rodent's hole. Then he waited and watched until the rat came out and swallowed the core, string and all. The man then pulled on the string and killed the rat.

Suppressing the Government.

The "town" itself consisted of a general store, two dwellings, a blacksmith shop, and a railroad depot, and the Post Office was in the back end of the store. Three or four of us had ordered our mail directed there, supposing it to be a place of some importance. Therefore, after the train had departed, we went over to the store to make inquiry. The Postmaster sat on his counter smoking a clay pipe, and nothing indicated that he was in a hurry.

"After mail, eh?" as he looked us over.

"Yes."

"Did any of you ever think what a responsible position a Postmaster occupies?"

None of us replied, and he crossed his legs, looked into vacancy, and continued:

"He is a part of the Government. He represents the Government. He is, to a certain extent, the Government. As the Government, he should command respect. Gentlemen, remove your hats."

"Who to?" demanded the wire-fence man.

"To me, sir—to the Government."

"Not by a blanked sight! If you are the Postmaster of this jack-rabbit Post Office, then you hump yourself and hand out our mail!"

"Gentlemen, is them your sentiments, also?" queried the old man as he turned to us.

"They are."

"Then you don't git a cussed letter out of this Post Office! You have assumed the attitude of treasonists toward this Government, and you git no favors from it."

"See here, you old lop-shouldered, gander-shanked idiot, do you mean to say you won't pass out our mail?" exclaimed the fence man as his hair began to stand up like the barbs in his product.

"That's jist what I mean to say. This Government don't bluff."

"Well, if you won't, then I will!" He started for the back room, but the Postmaster hopped off the counter and obstructed him and said:

"This is high treason for sure. This Government warns you not to enter that room."

"Will you get our mail?"

"No, sir."

"Then stand aside."

The fence man pushed ahead, and the Postmaster took hold of him. Then there came a biff-bang! and the Government was knocked over among a pile of rope and axe handles. The Chicago man got him by the leg, drew him outdoors, stood him up, and "lifted" him, and as the old man started up the road on a run we went back to the Post Office and wire fence looked over the box of letters and passed out half a dozen. We were reading them in the shade of the depot building when the Postmaster returned. One eye was nearly shut, and he had his jaw in a sling.

"Get your mail?" he asked, as he came sliding up.

"Yes."

"Want anything more?"

"No."

"Gents, I want to explain my conduct. I got my commission as P. M. only three days ago. It didn't swell my head at all until the old woman began to say as how we now stood at the head of society here, and that the State of Nebraska and most of the Union rested on my shoulders, and she put it so strong that I got rattled and made an ass of myself. Gentlemen, the swelling has disappeared. Come over and take suthin' out of my bottle."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Region of Perpetual Frost.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan (Cal.) is 2,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldspatic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which in some places is nearly perpendicular.

In descending into the mine nothing unusual occurs until a depth of eighty or ninety feet is reached, when the frozen territory begins and continues for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw summer or winter.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick and drill in the usual way, found that the only way to mine in this peculiar lode was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt some ten or fifteen years since. The tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this there are many other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In that case the mine is an ice-house, whose stores have remained unthawed for at least 80,000 years.

The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air currents must be referred to imbedded icebergs of the glacial period.—*Baltimore American.*

A Bad Hand.

The widow had just said no.

"Life is a game," said Mr. Upson Downes, reflectively. "I thought it was drawn, and I drew for a queen, but it seems to be cocker for me."

"In that case," said the lady, consolingly, "you will have to go it alone."

"Yes, and what's worse," said Mr. Downes, "I can't take my partner's best card."

"I always knew you were a horrid mercenary thing," remarked the widow, as she cut out of the room and left Mr. Downes to shuffle sadly on his lonesome way.—*Puck.*

For the first time in its history the British navy has to hunt for stokers. They have established a regular recruiting party similar to that used for the army.

JACK AND BILL CATCH IT.

They Try to Break Up a Circus and Become Wiser and Better Men.

Lafayette is a straggling little town of about 800 inhabitants, situated twenty miles from the nearest railroad. It is important to the country around because a circus stops here every year. These circuses are not of the Barnum kind, but small affairs, travelling through the back districts on wagons, and keeping away from the railroads. Nevertheless the arrival of one of them is a great event at Lafayette, and several thousand people always collect to see the sights, some of them walking thirty miles.

Bill and Jack Johnson have long been the terrors of this region. Every backwoods district in the Southwest has its bully, and the Johnson boys for years possessed that undisputed distinction within a region embraced by a radius of ten miles. Bill, the elder of the brothers, was tall and heavy, Jack was small and light, but fully as dangerous as his brother. Neither had ever killed a man, but they had wounded innumerable persons, and averaged four or five fights apiece each week. They frequently stampeded the small towns, riding through the streets at full speed, firing right and left.

A few weeks ago a circus tempted by the warm weather, came up from the South, and made a trip through the southern part of this State, and Lafayette was one of the towns visited. The novelty of a circus in winter was all the more acceptable to the people, and the crowd in attendance at the performances was unusually large.

During the afternoon the show was in full blast, when Bill and Jack Johnson arrived. They galloped into town, and there was a scattering of women and children, and of men, too. Both were well loaded with whisky, and after rubbing their pistols across the noses of half a dozen men they went to the circus. After looking at the animals and the gymnastic performances they wandered into the side show. For a while they contented themselves with gazing at the Circassian girl, the fat woman, the sword swallower, and the armless man who fired a repeating rifle with his toes, but they soon grew tired of such tame sport. Bill and Jack wanted a fight. None of the spectators would fight them. An idea then occurred to Jack. They would clean out the side show.

"Let's break up the darned thing," he said to Bill, "and have some fun. You take the fellow who swallows the knife, and I'll sail into the one who shoots the gun with his toes."

Bill at once agreed to the proposition, and leaping over the ropes which separated the spectators from the performers, they rushed upon their victims. The crowd raised the cry of fight and made for the door, but the circus performers were perfectly composed. The sword swallower tossed his sword to one side, picked up one of the heavy pins to which the tent ropes are fastened, and saluted Bill with a blow which nearly broke his skull. The man with the repeating rifle, who was supposed to have no limbs but the lower ones, pulled two arms from beneath his vest, reversed his gun and clubbed Jack over the head.

Then the side show people sailed in. The fat woman kicked Bill in the side, while the sword swallower pummelled him about the head. The Circassian girl tore out whole handfuls of Jack's hair, while the armless man rapidly beat his countenance out of shape. In five minutes all was quiet in the tent. The people timidly ventured back. The circus performers were smoothing their disordered attire. Bill and Jack were lying senseless on the ground. They were taken out, and it was found that Bill's leg was broken. So was his nose. Both eyes were closed, and his head and body were covered with gashes. Jack had both arms broken, and his bruises were not less numerous than Bill's.

That night the attendance at both circuses was the largest ever known. The applause was tremendous. No attempt was made to arrest anybody.

Recently Jack, whose broken arms healed rapidly, joined the Baptist Church. Bill will do likewise as soon as his fractured leg is mended. Both are scarred for life and announce their determination to live as good citizens and Christians.—*Lafayette Ky. Letter.*

SELLERS OF SHEET MUSIC.

Salesmen Who Have Many Petty Trials and Diverting Incidents.

"The petty trials and tribulations of the salesman who retails sheet music behind a counter are a vexation to the spirit and a weariness to the flesh." The speaker, says the Boston *Herald*, was a well-known publisher of music and the senior partner in a West street firm. "I served a tedious apprenticeship to that sort of thing myself," he continued, "and so I know whereof I speak. It is notorious that the musical world is peopled perhaps more largely than any other profession with cranks. I suppose that when a man is thoroughly absorbed in the theory and practice of harmony he is prone to be jarred by the discords of everyday life and is disagreeably conscious of being out of tune with the universe. But, however we account for it, the fact remains that music-buyers are, as a class, the most exciting and teehy of customers. Half the time they haven't the faintest idea as to what they want, and they will frequently own to this frankly, relying on the clerk to make selections for them.

"But the life of a music clerk has its compensations. The grotesque and picturesque incidents that come under his eyes are numberless. You see that pale young man with the saffron whiskers over there. Well, only yesterday a beautiful, languorous-eyed young lady tripped in here, and gliding to the counter in front of that guileless youth lisped dreadfully: 'Will you give me your hand in mine?' The clerk happened to be as bashful as he looks, and he was taken completely aback. He flushed a vivid scarlet, stammered 'Why certainly,' made as if to extend his hand, and then, bethinking himself in time, climbed to yonder shelf and brought down the song 'Your Hand in Mine,' for which the artless damsel had inquired in such a bewildering fashion. And the young lady, who was evidently not without a sense of the humor of the situation, dropped her languorous eyes and smiled serenely.

"The man who gives the most trouble is, perhaps, the funniest of all the bores that drift into the music store. He is the individual who wants the music to an air which he does not know by name. With the assurance of a Mozart he says to the tired clerk who waits on him: 'What I want goes something like this: "Tra-la-la, tra-la-lee, tra-la-loo." Don't you remember it? Oh! you must know it. Tra-la-la, tra-la-lee. If you'll run over the names of songs that sound like that I may recall the title. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-loo.'" There's only one thing to do with this particular crank, and that is to tell him bluntly that you have no ear for music, and that consequently you have no idea of the tune he is trying to hit. After that he is reasonably sure to pass his discordant trilling and take his leave.

"One day last week a stalwart son of Erin came in, accompanied by a buxom young woman, whose brilliant costume and affectionate manner stamped her as a newly wedded bride. In a timid tone, enriched by a delightful brogue, the young woman asked one of the clerks if he had the song 'Let Me Fold Thee Close, Acushla.'

"'We have "Let Me Fold Thee Close, Mavourneen,"' replied the clerk.

"'Sure, it's all one, me boy,' broke in the happy groom. 'Acushla or Mavourneen, it comes to the same thing.'

"The smiling clerk busied himself with wrapping up the music, while the blue-eyed bride slyly whispered to her spouse: 'Arrah, Teddy, be aisy now. How cud yer expect the young gintleman to have any Gaelic.'

"All in all, there are some very diverting incidents to be met with in an establishment of this sort, and you might pick up a much worse place for the study of the funny side of human nature."

Ingersoll On Crime.

Before the ninth annual convention of the State Bar association Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered an address upon the subject of "Crimes Against Criminals," in which at the outset he demonstrated that punishment by torture and death had failed to abate crime. The following were among Mr. Ingersoll's utterances:

"Degradation has been thoroughly tried, with its maimings and brandings, and the result was that those who inflicted the punishment became as degraded as their victims. It is safe to say that governments have committed far more crimes than they have prevented. I am perfectly satisfied that there are millions of others incapable of practicing certain virtues. There is no reformation in degradation. Whoever is degraded by society becomes its enemy. A punishment that degrades the punished will degrade the government that procures the infliction. Is there any remedy? Can anything be done for the reformation of the criminal? He should be treated with kindness. Every right should be given him consistent with the safety of society. He should neither be degraded nor robbed. Why should these men after having been imprisoned for years be turned out without the means of support? Would it not be far better to lay aside his earning so that when the convict is released after five years of imprisonment he will have several hundred dollars of his own, enough to keep the wolf of crime from the door of his heart? If we are to change the conduct of men we must change their conditions. Extreme poverty and crime go hand in hand. Ignorance, filth, and poverty are the missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest effort—as long as society bows and cringes before the great thieves—there will be little ones enough to fill the jails."

The "Swamp Fox" of Georgia.

Turning over a page of his private memorandum-book, "Bill" Jones, the detective, said to an Atlanta *Constitution* man:

"Here's the case that gave me my title as Swamp Fox of Georgia."

"What is it?"

"In '68 a safe was blown open in Macon and about $11,000 was taken out. The case was put in my hands and I followed the man into the swamps near where Limber City now is. I found him there working at the mill, and got work, too. In a short time he and I were quite friends, and were sleeping together. He had a habit of leaving the bed about daybreak every morning, and I began to follow him. It was slow work and required several weeks. One morning I'd go a certain distance, and then back, and the next morning a little further. Finally I went to the end of his rope. I followed him into the heart of the swamp and saw him take a package from a stump. He handled it awhile and then put it back. I guessed what it was, and I guessed well. That night I went to the stump and pulled out the package, and found over $10,000 in it. That night we went to bed together, but about midnight I got up, and, securing an officer for whom I sent, went to that stump. The next morning he came at the usual hour, and as he stooped to reach for the package we sprang upon him and he was ours."

"What became of him?"

"He got twenty years, and I got $2,500."

On the Verge of a Panic.

Jackson (whose financial credit is gone): "I tell you, Witherbee, we are on the verge of a financial panic."

Witherbee: "Pshaw! What makes you think that?" (Confidentially): "Well, sir, Bagley and Roberts used to lend me small sums a year ago, but when I go to them nowadays for a five or a ten they tell me frankly that they haven't got it. Bagley and Roberts are two of our best business men, too. I tell you, sir, we're going to have a panic."

Whales.

The "right whale" is the most vicious of all the whalebone whales and at times fights desperately for its life. The finbacks were rarely captured before the invention of the bomb-lance, as they ran so fast boats could not stand the strain.

ONE GIRL'S ROMANCE.

She Fell in Love With a Man on Trial for Murder, and What Came of It.

A pretty romance which began in a court room in 1888 will come to a realistic end this morning as it commenced—in a court room.

In October of that year Gustave Rogge, a German, was on trial in Judge Collins's court on a charge of murdering Michael Horbster at 149 West Jackson street the June previous. One of the constant visitors at the trial was Miss Emma Dodd, and she was fascinated by the man charged with murder. She sent him flowers, notes, and in other ways showed her admiration for the prisoner.

Oct. 8 the jury brought in its verdict. Rogge was found guilty of manslaughter and sent to the penitentiary for two years. After the sentence Miss Dodd expressed a desire to be married to the condemned man, and Judge Collins accommodated the couple. The husband left for the prison, and the wife began an untiring effort to have her spouse released. She enlisted the sympathies of Judge Collins, and through his effort, she says, secured a year's commutation of her husband's sentence. Oct. 18 he was released, and the wedded pair began a brief honeymoon, afterward taking apartments at 3351 State street, where Mrs. Roggo is matron of the kindergarten connected with Dr. Lorimer's church, and where she is also in charge of a branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Last night Mrs. Roggo had her husband arrested on a charge of making threats to kill her. He was locked up at the Harrison street station. She says that during her four months of married life her husband has made a dozen attempts to kill her. She says that he has driven her out of the house at the point of a knife, and that he made an effort to asphyxiate her by turning on the gas in her room. She could stand his threats no longer, she says, and therefore had him locked up.—Chicago Tribune.

A 90-Year-Old Veteran.

A pleasant-faced old man arrived in the Fitchburg depot, Saratoga, and remained there after the other passengers had left. He walked up and down in the room, and was finally accosted by a policeman, who, noticing that the aged stranger wore a Grand Army badge, inquired if he could be of any service to him.

"Yes," replied the old man, "if you can get me a pass to Troy, Pa., it will be a great favor."

Upon proper application a ticket was obtained that would carry him to Utica.

The name of the old man is E. D. Higley. His father, Dudley Higley, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, was with Ethan Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga, and served under Washington until the close of the war. He and two of his brothers were in the battle of Plattsburg. He died at the age of 113 years. E. D. Higley was born in Richmond, Chittenden county, Vt., March 14, 1800.

"Are you sure you are that old?" he was asked when he stated his age.

"Yes, sir, it is so recorded in my father's Bible, and that tells the truth from title page to cover. I have the precious book yet, and its truths are a source of great comfort to me. I hope to get home in time to celebrate my ninetieth birthday. I have been to take my farewell leave of the friends and scenes of my boyhood, but everything was changed, and I found but few persons living who could remember anything about the families I was acquainted with when a boy. All who were living there seventy-eight years ago are dead. I have not been to Richmond before in seventy-eight years."

At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion E. D. Higley was living in Galesburg, Ill. He was a practising physician, and in very prosperous circumstances. He received from Gov. Yates authority to raise a company of volunteers for the war. His was the first name put down on the roll of the company. When the regiment was mustered in Dr. Higley accepted a commission as assistant surgeon, and served in that capacity until the close of the war. He was 61 years old when he entered the army, and was four years and four months in the service. The regiment was called the "Old Abe Scouts." He was taken prisoner by Gen. Sterling Price at Lexington, Mo. He has a carefully preserved parole signed by Gen. Price, which permitted Dr. Higley to go home.

Meaning of the Word Nee.

The misuse of the "nee" is a source of perpetual tribulation to copy editors, provincial "society reporters" being especially prone to a mournful disregard of its real meaning. They have a hazy but nevertheless strong impression that it is equivalent to the expression "whose former name was," and they rarely fail to use the full name in all its artistic completeness. Now, the fact is that "nee" is simply French for "born," and although the charming Mrs. De Lancey Jones may have been "born" an Edwards, she certainly was not born "Miss Jemima Edwards." It might be really too plebeian for the provincial "society reporter" to refer to "Mrs. Jones, nee Edwards," but he might try. And he certainly should avoid the error of a rural contemporary, which recently praised the diamonds of "Mrs. De Lancey Jones, nee Mrs. William Smith." How poor Mrs. Jones ever came to be born to a state of widowhood the reporter neglects to explain.—Albany Press.

Some ballroom toilets of transparent cloth are made over accordion plaited silk skirts.

THE EDDY ARGUS

Entered at the postoffice at Eddy, New Mexico, as second-class matter, January 15, 1890.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Copy, one year..... $2.50
One Copy, six months..... $1.25

Andy Laird will not come back to Eddy.

Capt. Garrett was in town several days this week.

The prettiest land outside of paradise lies between Eddy and Lookout.

We all have our likes and dislikes. Louis Ross hates to be called Governor.

B. P. Lindsey starts into business with an energy that insures him success.

E. Krause, the architect, has commenced work on his building on Canon street.

We feared it. Bill Witt's sickness got him out of the notion of marrying until July.

Bill Miller and Geo. Tracey occupy the shack in the rear of the Miller & Co. paint palace.

The lumber yard of Wm. A. Finlay would be a credit to a town three times the size of Eddy.

Burt Ingersoll occasionally comes down from Rock Dam camp to see how the town looks.

As soon as Captain Clark got to El Paso he telegraphed to Mr. Luckey: "Here's too you."

Geo. Pennebaker, greatly to the distress of Eddy citizens, still persists in wearing that hat.

The trees in front of Pierce's store were brought from Mr. Pierce's old place in Seven Rivers.

There will be several good towns in the Pecos Valley, but there will be only one city, to-wit: Eddy.

For the benefit of the Penasco people, Cab Conway is about to introduce Arkansas change in Eddy.

John Joyce has become so reckless as to his personal appearance that he has quit wearing a vest.

There is another candidate for probate judge in the field, but for goodness sake don't say we told you.

There has not been a row in Eddy since last Christmas. Can any other frontier town say the same?

Dr. Van Norman started for Roswell Tuesday in company with Ash Hawkins. He will return Monday.

Wm. A. Goodlett, the deputy sheriff, has about the easiest job of any man in this town, and everybody is glad of it.

Tom Gray this week took up a subscription for Harry Sommerlot, the carpenter who is very low with consumption.

If the Pecos City baseball club beats the Eddy boys, the latter, in sheer mortification, will fall upon their clubs and expire.

Kemp & Gray, of Wolftown, have just received a big supply of F. O. C. Taylor whisky for medicinal and other purposes.

Mr. Welden, Sr., fell from a scaffolding in Thos. Fennessey's business house Wednesday and barked his arm in an ugly manner.

The only difference between good whisky and bad is that you naturally drink more of the former and have a bigger bust head.

It is better to have been a hero in the Confederate army than to have been no hero at all. Every stay-at-home recognizes that fact now.

E. Krause, the superintendent of the new hotel, made his regular monthly visit from El Paso this week, and pronounced everything all right.

G. W. Williams came out to stay a month or two, but on Monday he received a message that decided him to return to Kansas immediately.

A. Luckey has contracted for the grubbing of his desert claim, preparatory to putting it under cultivation as soon as water from the big canal can be placed on it.

There is an old bacheler in this town who threatens to get a fast stepper and fine buggy and make it exceedingly lonesome for a lot of young fellows who ride horseback.

Several young ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into an organization to be known as the Eddy Riding club. We understand a charter has been applied for.

"There are," said a citizen to an Argus man to day, "three Eddy men who call me Jimmy, but to save my life from perdition I do not know them from the side of sole-leather."

The man who has faith in Eddy, and shows his faith by his works, will in a few years be able to make a tour of Europe attended by a valet and a thousand dollar guide.

The building fronting on the alley in the rear of B. P. Lindsey's store has been bought by the town company, and is for sale to any one who will remove it. It would, if properly partitioned, make a good lodging house.

The ladies of "The Women's Guild" would respectfully announce to the people of Eddy and vicinity that they are prepared to do all kinds of plain sewing and mending, with dispatch, in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable prices. Children's clothing a specialty. Orders to be left at the house of Mrs. K. S. Mann, one door above McLenathen & Campbell's real estate office. MRS. K. S. MANN, Secretary.

The new bank and company building will be much finer than many people suppose. It will be 50x80, two stories high, and practically fire proof. It will be located on the corner of Canon and Fox streets, about a block from the hotel, and will front east. The company department will be 22x80, with all modern conveniences, and will be sufficiently roomy for years to come. The bank and bank offices will be 25x55. In the rear of the bank there will be a store room 25x25. The company offices and bank will each be supplied with fire-proof vaults with automatic time locks. Up stairs there will be twelve rooms which can either be used as offices or sleeping apartments. The building will have an iron-and-plate-glass front, with towers and flag poles. It will be a much handsomer building than any bank in El Paso with the exception of that of Wells, Fargo & Co. Caples & Hammer have the contract for building it, and they already have the foundation dug. They declare that it will ready for occupancy by the first of August. And what they say goes.

If your watch needs repairing send it to Hickox & Hixson, Shelton Block, El Paso, Texas.

Window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

A refreshing rain (yes, a rain, and not a sprinkle) visited Eddy last Tuesday night about one o'clock, and hundreds of people are mad because they were not awake to hear it. There is no use talking: Nature will assert itself. Rain is not needed in this country. We can get along splendidly without it. With water from immense canals we can make things blossom as the rose. But at the same time we—that is, all people from rainy countries—like to hear the patter of rain drops on the roof And we like to see it. And we even like to get out in it—in New Mexico. When we lived in the east we hated it, because it was of such frequent occurrence.

Trees for timber culture can be supplied by the Riverside Nursery of Eddy.

Wall paper and window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

On the 9th, last Wednesday, five car loads of grading outfit with a large number of animals and quite a crew of men started presumably for the Pecos valley to begin operations on the railroad from near Pecos City to Eddy. The men behind this enterprise are workers and will push work ahead without any delay until the work is completed and in operation. El Paso must keep her eyes open as the trade from that section will be simply immense, and it naturally belongs to this section. Get your men in the field and steer the trade this way.—El Paso Herald.

The International Pharmacy, of 115 San Antonio street, El Paso, is the headquarters for all kinds of fresh drugs and patent medicines. All postal orders will receive prompt attention.

For the finest watches, clocks, jewelry and precious stones go to Hickox & Hixson's, Shelton Block, El Paso.

It is said that the eggs of the modern improved breeds of fowls have gained one-third weight, as compared with eggs formerly laid. Charley Greene, also asserts the same thing, and says that any one who purchases eggs of him will be convinced of the fact. One egg from his finest bred hen gave intense satisfaction to seven men. (The first one stole it from Charley and the other six in turn stole it from one another, and each thought he had a big thing. Finally Captain Clark bought it from a Mexican and he pronounced it immense.)

Leave orders for fruit trees, trees for timber culture, grape vines, etc., with the Riverside Nursery of Eddy.

Paints, oils and window glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

The Albuquerque Democrat has been misrepresented. We had been told that it would never condescend to exchange with a country sheet, and when we started the Argus we did not put it on our list. But last week it commenced coming regularly, and it is very welcome: It publishes the associated press dispatches, and it makes closer connections with the mails than any other morning paper that comes to this office. The Democrat is off color in politics, and is charged by some papers with being a blackmailing sheet, but the manner in which it keeps to the front shows that it is popular with a large number of patrons.

If you want trees for spring planting now is the time to order of the Riverside Nursery, of Eddy.

Standard and colored glass at W. H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

The Eddy Baseball club was organized Tuesday night. C. C. Blodgett was elected captain, Alonzo Luckey treasurer and Thomas Blackmore secretary. The club is composed of our most stalwart young men, nearly all of whom have had experience. The boys will have a practice game every evening on the court house square, and it is believed that in a few weeks they will be able to scoop the Roswell club. After they got away with Roswell they will accept a challenge from the Pecos City club. Caps and shirts have been ordered, and E. G. Shields will donate a lot of balls and bats.

The Pecos and Seven Rivers Stage Line leaves Pecos City every morning, Sunday excepted, at 8 o'clock, and goes through to Seven Rivers without delay. For particulars inquire or write to P. J. Gessler, Pecos City, Texas.

Write for wall paper samples at W H. Tuttle's, El Paso.

Jess Rascoe has had only about two jobs since he was elected canstable. He has not made much money, but the county has saved a heap, and that speaks volumes for this law abiding community.

W. A. Hawkins left for Roswell Tuesday, where he will stay three or four weeks on legal business. During his absence Eddy will be without a lawyer, greatly to the consternation of the people.

The subscription for the baseball club was generously signed. Louis Ross started out Thursday morning, and by noon he secured eighty iron dollars. Eddy can always be depended upon to come to the front.

There is what is supposed to be an incorrigible bacheler in town who receives letters almost daily from a sweetheart in the east. We would like to give his name, but a solemn promise prevents us from doing so.

Lost—Between Holt's ranch and Eddy, a Snow & Lewis nickel plated automatic dental mallet, encased in a wooden box about eight inches long; cork in one end of box. Finder will please leave at Pierce's store.

L. A. Amirault and Louis Hammer have a theory that the quickest way to finish a contract is to hire men and put them to work. That's the reason why they will complete the hotel on time, and also the new bank building.

A coyote wandered into town a few nights ago, and two or three dogs pounced upon it. A fight ensued, which attracted all the other dogs in town, and the din that was kept up for a few minutes was simply terrible.

Mr. J. D. Titus left Tuesday for Chicago, where he will take a position in the Burlington general office. It is hoped that when the Burlington extends its road to Eddy that Mr. Titus will be given an important position here.

It is expected that the contract for the new railroad will be let by May 15th, and, if so, we will have a completed railroad by January 1st. This will give a new impetus to our country, and the coming summer and winter may be expected to be a lively one.

We regret to announce that the ice manufacturing company is still hesitating. The first thing the company knows summer will be here, ice will be worth five cents a pound, and then the company will retire to some secluded spot and indulge in gloomy retrospection.

Cost considered, the best implement for pulverizing the soil is a plank drag. To do the best work the drag must be used on fresh-plowed land. But as lumber is pretty high here, one of Joyce's old shoes might answer the purpose fully as well as a plank. If it should prove too heavy knock off the heel.

The Fisher Bros., who have pre-emptions about seven miles south of town, are making good money by breaking neighboring timber cultures. By-the-way, the boys were this week joined by two stalwart brothers from Indiana who propose to take up claims and become citizens of the finest country God ever made.

Hotel notes: The painting of the roof will be finished this week. The plastering of the second story will be completed next week. The grand stairway is going up, and ladies will be welcome to ascend to the second floor by the middle of next week. Altogether the hotel is getting along in fine shape, and Hammer and Amirault, who boss the job, deserve a public testimonial.

W. T. Casenberry, brother of our E. T. Casenberry, and J. O. Cameron, of Coleman, Texas, came in Wednesday, and started Thursday for Roswell. They come here to "look around," and everybody knows what that means. They will conclude to invest and stay with us. Mr. Cameron is a young lawyer, and is looking for a place where he can grow up with the country.

We found the following invocation under our door this morning: "Dust! dust! air-filling dust, pulverization of the earth's crust; dust omnipresent, dust ever ready, spread o'er the land thy impalpable bloom, from the crest of the dam to the foot of flume, but spare in thy mercy the good town of Eddy.—By the author of Oh! Niagerer, Niagerer, thou art indeed a staggerer.

Lindsey & Daniels have dissolved partnership, Mr. Daniels retiring. Mr. Lindsey will conduct the business at the old place. He informs us that he is daily expecting a couple of brothers—F. B. Lindsey, of Sweetwater, and J. H. Lindsey, of Brownwood, Texas—who will invest money with him in enlarging the business. They will bring a first-class stock of saddles and harness, and the present building will necessarily have to be greatly enlarged.

John S. Mosby is managing the lottery at Juarez. By-the way, if you desire to bring on talk, refer to Mosby as a "guerrilla" in the presence of J. R. Brent. Mr. Brent served with Mosby during the war, and he declares that there was nothing of the guerrilla about the distinguished chieftain. He says no other officer on either side was more humane toward pritoners, or more kind and considerate toward his men.

W. S. Prager, manager of the Roswell Baseball club, sends a formal challenge to the Eddy club. According to the challenge, the game must take place at Roswell sometime during the latter part of May or the earlier part of June for $100 a side. The challenge is rather unusual, inasmuch as the challengers insist on the time and place for meeting, but the Eddy club will seriously consider it.

Rev. Jackson B. Cox had appointments for both morning and evening last Sunday, but not only courteously waived them in favor of Bishop Kendrick, but was an attentive and interested listener at both the bishop's services. This is as it should be. Let there be unity and co-operation among our religious teachers as well as among our business men.

Ground has been broken for the foundation of the new bank and office building, corner of Canal and Fox streets. The contract calls for the completion of the building by August 1st. Every exertion is to be made to have the lower floor finished by July 1st so that the company offices can be moved there and the bank opened for business.

T. G. Hawkins, a merchant from Hillsboro, Texas, was in town Thursday. He is looking up a new location where he can have the benefit of a dry climate. He expressed himself as greatly surprised at our rapid development, and was especially pleased with the "no saloon" feature of the town.

The work at the dam is progressing swiftly under the direction of Manager Captain Mann. If he has no bad luck the captain will turn the tremendous work over to the company by the first of June.

The commencement of the new bank building settles another question that so many croakers have claimed would never come to pass. This building will cost $10,000 more than was at first anticipated.

Dr. A. A. Bearup, the White Oaks dentist, was in town this week. He did considerable work, notwithstanding he came unannounced. He is so well pleased with Eddy that he thinks seriously of locating here.

There was a fine rain out on the plains east and north of us on Wednesday last. The rain will be a blessing to the ranchmen as the weather has been very dry for the past six months.

The Sunday school and public school children of Eddy will be given a picnic about the first of May at Day's ranch, seven miles from town, where there is splendid water and lots of shade.

Rev. J. M. Stevenson, presiding elder of this district, is in town for the purpose of conducting the quarterly conference.

Every preparation is now being made to open the new hotel by June first, as it is expected the contractors will complete it by May 15th or 20th.

Blevens & Vincent have finished Tom Fennessey's stone residence, and will immediately commence a similar residence for R. H. Pierce.

The Fennessey meat market will probably be in operation in less than two weeks.

E. Krause expects to complete his brick store room by July 1st. It will be one of the neatest stores in the town.

Captain Garrett's business in the lower Pecos Valley this week was to round up a lot of horses.

The headgate for the great canal will be completed this week.

Dr. Bearup bought some lots before he left for White Oaks.

The Episcopal Church.

The first Episcopal service ever held in Eddy occurred last Sunday. The occasion was one of especial importance to our town. The Right Rev. John Mills Kendrick, D. D., bishop of New Mexico, assisted by Rev. Henry Forrester, dean of the district, conducted the service. Their visit to the valley was made in response to a request by some of our people, and was for the purpose of considering the advisability of establishing a church here. On Saturday they looked about town, visiting the various objects of interest, and investigating generally our plans and prospects. Sunday morning the bishop preached an intensely practical sermon, after which the sacrament of holy communion was celebrated. In the evening Dean Forrester delivered an eloquent discourse, which was received with marked attention by a large audience. Special music had been prepared for the occasion. The duet by Mr. Shields and Mrs. Church was especially well rendered. On Monday evening baptismal and confirmation services were held, after which Bishop Kendrick gave an exposition of what an Episcopalian was expected to believe.

It was decided to organize, secure a minister and erect a church immediately. The bishop appointed a Mission and Building committee as follows: Chas. B. Eddy, E. G. Shields, H. S. Church, C. H. McLenathen. Subscriptions can be sent to any member of the committee and all letters of inquiry will be cheerfully answered by the secretary, Mr. McLenathen. The work of raising funds for the church building has already been commenced by some of our enterprising ladies. At present they have $1,500 on their subscription list. The erection of a stone church on the northwest corner of Alameda and Fox streets will be commenced as soon as the committee decide on the plan.

MAIN STREET

Meat Market.

SMITH, HEATHERLIN & CO., Proprietors.

EDDY, N. M.

New Store,

NEW GOODS,

NEW PRICES.

Exorbitant Frontier Prices Done Away With. A Fair Profit Only Desired. Give me a call, I can save you money on

Dry Goods, Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A GENERAL MERCHANDISE STORE.

R. H. Pierce

Jaffa, Prager & Co.,

THE LARGEST

Mercantile House

IN THE PECOS VALLEY.

Manufacturers of Harness and Saddles.
A General Banking Business Transacted.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

ROSWELL, N. M.

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

CARRETT & BRENT, Proprietors.

The Largest and Best Stable in the Territory.

EDDY, - - - NEW MEXICO.

WM. A. FINLAY,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

Shingles, Sash, Doors, Nails, Barbed Wire, Fence Posts, Etc.,

EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO.

The Eddy House,

B. A. NYMEYER, Proprietor.

Accommodations First Class in Every Respect.

Connected with the hotel are stables where stock will be cared for.

EDDY, - - NEW MEXICO

BERLA & COMPANY,

Plumbers and Gas-Fitters.

Leave orders with McLenathen & Campbell, EDDY, N. M.

BLEVENS & VINCENT,

FIRST-CLASS

Stone-Cutters and Masons.

Estimates on all kinds of work cheerfully furnished.

Laird & Welden,

Contractors,

Eddy, New Mexico.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

Eddy the Coming Railroad Center

OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Central Location! Delightful Climate! Fertile Soil! Oceans of Water! Homes for the Homeless!

Wealth for the enterprising! It may be for your personal interest to learn something more of the Valley of the Rio Pecos, the most fertile on earth. Write to us.

McLenathen & Campbell, Real Estate and Insurance Agents

EDDY NEW MEXICO.