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Western Liberal, 04-18-1913

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Western Liberal.

VOL. XXVI. NO. 22

LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO, APRIL 18, 1913.

Subscription \$3 Per Year
Single Copies 10 cents

WESTERN LIBERAL.
Lordsburg, New Mexico.
PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.
Entered at the Post Office at Lordsburg as Second Class Mail Matter.
By DON H. KEDZIE.
Subscription Prices.
Three Months.....\$1.00
Six Months.....1.75
One Year.....3.00
Subscription Always Payable in Advance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE
Wm. C. McFarland, Governor
E. C. de Haas, Lieutenant Governor
Antonio Lucero, Secretary of State
F. W. Gandy, Attorney-General
W. U. Sargent, Auditor
Howell Ernest, Travelling Auditor
O. N. Maroon, Treasurer
R. P. Ervin, Commissioner Public Lands
Allan N. White, Supt. Public Instruction
H. R. Williams, Corporation Commissioner
M. S. Groves, " "
O. L. Owen, " "
Clarence J. Roberts, Chief Justice Sup. Court
Richard H. Hanna, " "
Frank W. Parker, " "
J. D. Sons, Clerk " "

COUNTY.
Van T. Manville, Commissioner 1st District
E. S. Edwards, " 2nd "
B. R. Ownby, " 3rd "
H. J. McGrath, Sheriff
M. F. Dwyer, Treasurer
James A. Shipley, Assessor
Hym-n Abraham, Probate Jd. c.
E. H. Venable, County Clerk
Isabella Eckles, Superintendent of Schools
F. L. Cox, Surveyor

FEDERAL.
George Curry, Member Congress
H. B. Ferguson, " "
W. H. Hope, Judge District Court
Harry Lee, Clerk " "
E. B. Davis, United States Attorney
C. M. Forsaker, U. S. Marshal
John W. March, Surveyor-General
Henry P. Bardshar, Internal Rev. Collector

PRECINCT.
M. W. McGrath, Justice of the Peace
O. Allen, Constable
School Directors—B. W. Randall, J. H. McClure, J. R. Gentry.

Southern Pacific R. R.

Lordsburg Time Table.
WESTBOUND.
A. M. A. M. P. M.
Passenger..... 8:58 10:57 11:55 8:04
EASTBOUND.
A. M. A. M. P. M.
Passenger..... 1:47 3:12 1:00 8:15
Trains run on Mountain Time.
E. B. CALVIN, H. V. PLATT, General Managers, General Superintendent.
G. F. RICHARDSON, Supt. of Transp.
J. H. DYER, G. L. HICKEY, Superintendent, Asst. Superintendent.

Arizona & New Mexico Railway

NORTHBOUND P. M.
Hachita..... 11:30
Lordsburg..... 1:28
Duncan..... 2:26
Chilton..... 3:24
SOUTHBOUND A. M.
Chilton..... 8:26
Duncan..... 8:18
Lordsburg..... 9:20
Hachita..... 10:45
Trains run daily. Mountain time.

M. M. CROCKER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.
District Surgeon Southern Pacific and Arizona & New Mexico Railroads, Surgeon to American Consolidated Copper Co.
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO.

TOM TONG & CO.

THE NEW
BRICK RESTAURANT
Table supplied with the best in the Market. Everything neat and clean.

Wilson & Walton

Attorneys at Law
SILVER CITY, NEW MEX.
Will make regular visits to Lordsburg, N. M.

D. H. KEDZIE

BONDS
Probate, Judicial, Surety, Employes, Official
U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co.
Buy your bonds instead of calling on friends who may not want to sign a bond.

ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.

Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.
In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1833. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee.
"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Harrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Harringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.
"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Harrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore' was heard, and then all was still.
"The Harringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.
"What's the matter—what's the matter? asked Sir Jonah. Is any one dead? 'Oh, sir,' answered the man, 'Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead.'"
"What's the matter—what's the matter? asked Sir Jonah. Is any one dead? 'Oh, sir,' answered the man, 'Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead.'"

MUMMY TRAINS OF BAGDAD.

Bearing the Dried and Salted Dead to Sacred Soil For Burial.
Finding myself not long ago at Bagdad (old home of Sindbad the Sailor), I decided to see for myself just what Eden looks like today, notes a writer in the Christian Herald, and to get acquainted with the people who now inhabit the old traditional homeland of Adam and Eve. I wanted to see Babylon, too, and the excavated palace of King Nebuchadnezzar—where the handwriting appeared on the wall—and I wanted to get a picture of the tower of Babel, which still lifts its battered head above the flat, empty plain of Mesopotamia.
So I crossed the odd pontoon bridge that spans the yellow Tigris at Bagdad, slipped through the massive west gate, passed the supposed tomb of Zobeida and mingled with the pilgrim hordes on the great Shia caravan trail that stretches down from Turkestan and Persia, crosses Chaldea and enters the golden domed mosques at Kerbelah and Nedjef. Millions have passed this way in the centuries, bringing with them the salted and dried bodies of their dead for burial in the sacred soil outside the walls of their holy Shia cities. Two hundred thousand mummified human bodies have passed through Bagdad in a single year, borne by these Shia devotees.
For miles along this strange highway our "arababah," drawn by four galloping mules, passed these weird death caravans, silent and mysterious. The bodies of departed relatives were carried in oblong bundles, lashed to the backs of pack animals. Velled women rode in queer, cage-like boxes, slung one on each side of a mule or a camel. The men, clad in the round, hard caps and padded clothes peculiar to Persians, marched behind, prodding any lagging donkey or camel.

LOST IN THE LAST LAP.

He Quered Things Just as the Winning Post Was in Sight.
There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was falling in the conduct of his road.
There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you \$3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."
Three thousand dollars more a year appended to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you \$1,500."
The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.
Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "This is where you lose \$3,000." And it was.—Saturday Evening Post.

TWO REASONS FOR NOT REPORTING.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough, but was expected back that day. The dispatch read: "Sorry, but cannot report today, as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."
The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back: "Report at once, or give reasons."
Back came the answer from a hospital: "Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

DIARIEL'S MARRIAGE DOCTRINE.

Diariel's doctrine of marriage was admirably simple: "All my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."—Contemporary Review.
Squaring Himself.
She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream
BAKING POWDER
Pure, Healthful, Dependable
Its active principle solely grape acid and baking soda. It makes the food more delicious and wholesome.
The low priced, low grade powders put alum or lime phosphates in the food.
Ask Your Doctor About That

THE HEAVIEST AMERICAN BRAIN.

Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, the brain specialist, credits the late Edward H. Knight with having the heaviest American brain on record. Mr. Knight was well known in Washington and was a patent attorney of note. At the time of his death his brain weighed 1,814 grams. General Benjamin F. Butler had a brain which weighed 1,758 grams, the next heaviest recorded, according to Dr. Spitzka. The heaviest brain on record anywhere in the world is given as that of the Russian poet and novelist, Turgenev, which tipped the scales of 2,012 grams.

WAS HE WISE LATE.

"What made you so late?"
"I met Smithson."
"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."
"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."
"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"
"Sure, that is what he needs." Sold by The Eagle Drug Merc. Co.—Adv.

VIGOR AT SEVENTY.

Great Works Performed by Men Even Beyond That Ripe Age.
Who talks of fifty years as the culminating point in man's career? Were all the great work performed by men even beyond seventy erased from history the human race would be bereft of some very proud achievements.
Jefferson founded a university by his own activity after he had passed three-score years and ten. John Quincy Adams, although he had been president of the United States and five times a foreign minister, wrought as a congressman by far his greatest deeds after he was sixty-five. His robust father sat in a constitutional convention when he was almost a nonagenarian. Franklin did valiant service in helping to frame the constitution of the United States after he had turned a serene and contented eighty.
Seventy saw Gladstone so vigorous that he was still good for the greatest battle of his political life and a premiership.
Germany's first emperor, the venerable William, saw Waterloo as a soldier, but fifty-five years later was directing armies at Sedan and welding an empire after the fall of Paris. John Bigelow at fourscore was mentally as virile as a boy, and his powers as an author were not dimmed.
Frederick Fraley was an active business man, president of a bank and the national board of trade since the Spanish-American war, and yet he was prominent enough in 1844 to serve on a committee that welcomed to Philadelphia Daniel Webster.
Science is making lives longer than they were in the days of our grandfathers and also far more comfortable. The same agency that prolongs bodily vigor will surely lengthen the age of man's most virile mental labor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

YOU WILL LOOK A GOOD WHILE BEFORE YOU FIND A BETTER MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS THAN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

You will look a good while before you find a better medicine for coughs and colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It not only gives relief—it cures. Try it when you have a cough or cold, and you are certain to be pleased with the prompt cure which it will effect. For sale by The Eagle Drug Merc. Co.—Adv.
At a meeting held at Las Vegas the Santa Fe railway men decided to have club rooms of their own.
Don't be surprised if you have an attack of rheumatism this spring. Just rub the affected parts freely with Chamberlain's Liniment and it will soon disappear. Sold by The Eagle Drug Merc. Co.—Adv.

IT IS REPORTED THAT A MOVEMENT HAS BEEN LAUNCHED IN CHICAGO LOOKING TO THE FOUNDING OF A NATIONAL HOME FOR TUBERCULAR CHILDREN IN ALAMOGORDO.

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," writes Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Australia. This remedy is for sale by The Eagle Drug Merc. Co.—Adv.
March rains are very uncommon in the Pecos valley and the blains and mountains adjacent. In fact no other March in eight years has rain fallen to compare with March, 1913.
For rheumatism you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. Try it and see how quickly it gives relief. For sale by The Eagle Drug Merc. Co.

BRIGHTEN UP
We have just received a shipment of
916 Cans of Guaranteed Inspected
Floor, Household and Carriage Paints,
JAP-A-LAC and VARNISHES,
TURPENTINE & OILS.
Anything from a half pint to 10 Gallon cans.—Also see the 16 artistic suggestions on how to paint Your Home.
THE
Roberts & Leahy Mercantile Co.
(INCORPORATED)
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO

JOSHUA S. RAYNOLDS, President.
JAS. GRAHAM McNARY, Vice-President,
W. L. TOOLEY, Vice-President.
EDGAR W. KAYSER, Cashier,
WALTER M. BUTLER, Asst. Cashier,
G. T. MOORE, Asst. Cashier.
THE
First National Bank
EL PASO, TEXAS
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....\$ 800,000
DEPOSITS.....4,600,000
United States Depository
4 per cent. interest paid on Savings Accounts.
Correspondence is invited from those who contemplate opening initial or additional accounts in El Paso.
Assets.....\$6,000,000
Deposits made by mail are promptly acknowledged.

Rainy Days
come to everybody. Life has more ups than downs. Right now while you are making, you ought to be saving
For the Rainy Day.
Where is the money you have been earning all these years? Some one else has deposited it in the bank. Why don't you put your own money in the bank?—Why let the other fellow save what you earn?
Start Today, Open a Bank Account With
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of Lordsburg, N. M.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
EAGLE DRUG MERCANTILE CO.
MINE AND RANCH SUPPLIES

Mining Blanks
AT THE
LIBERAL OFFICE

WESTERN LIBERAL.

Lordsburg New Mexico

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

Entered at the Post Office at Lordsburg as Second Class Mail Matter.

By DON H. KEDZIE.

Subscription Prices.

Three Months.....\$1.00
Six Months.....1.75
One Year.....3.00
Subscription Always Payable in Advance.



Last week the Connecticut legislature approved of the amendment to the national constitution, providing that senators shall be elected by popular vote, instead of being elected by the legislatures. This will restore to public use room 44 of the Palace hotel at Santa Fe, which heretofore has been reserved for caucuses on the senatorial questions, and it finally disposes of one of the perquisites of legislators in all the states.

While not much of an admirer of Kings as Kings, yet the LIBERAL has always had an admiration for Alfonso, King of Spain, as a good fellow and a hot sport. This admiration was not lessened by the nerve way he took care of himself Sunday. While traveling the streets that day, on horseback, a man rushed out from the curb, grabbed the horse's reins with one hand, pulled a revolver with the other, evidently ready to shoot. Alfonso saw it was up to him to take care of himself. He jabbed his spurs into the horse, who jumped, pulled away from the man holding him, and reared. Just then the gun went off, and instead of the bullet hitting the King it caught the horse, and horse knocked the man down. The police jumped in and captured the man, who fired a couple of harmless shots before he was disarmed.

The LIBERAL is in receipt of a copy of a publication entitled Arizona Good Roads Association Illustrated Road Map and Tour Book. It is a road map of the traveled roads in Arizona, so arranged that a man can by its use travel anywhere in the state. At the first pages is a map of the state, with the roads marked out on it, and each road is marked with a number, which indicates the page of the book that contains a detailed map of that particular road. By referring to the detailed map a driver can follow any road without trouble. The map shows just how the road runs, indicates every crossing or other object that makes a good landmark, and its distance from both ends of the route, and draws attention to bad places in the road. It is a most complete thing and needed by any one who may have occasion to travel Arizona roads. It took about 10,000 miles of travel to compile the data for these maps. It is abundantly illustrated with pictures of important buildings and natural objects of interest to be seen. It is printed on a good quality of paper, bound with buckram, and will stand a lot of hard usage in automobile travel. It was compiled and published Harry Locke, and is for sale by the Arizona Good Roads Association with headquarters at Prescott, and will be sent, postpaid, for two dollars.

Most of the people of New Mexico take more or less interest in politics, but in Las Cruces interest increases until politics is a business for many, and religion for some. There was a near riot there over the school election. In most well regulated communities politics are kept out of the school as much as possible, but in Las Cruces even the Agricultural college and its officers and employees are amenable to local politics. Recently an effort was made by some of the better citizens to divorce the schools from politics. Taking advantage of the newly acquired right of the women to vote at school election, and the necessity of electing a full board, a public meeting was called to nominate a ticket for the school board. The leaders of neither political party were consulted. The meeting nominated a very good ticket, composed of both sexes. When the news of this meeting became public the politicians woke up to the possibilities of the proposition. They saw that if this was allowed to go unrebuked the people might acquire the information that matters of public nature might be attended to without the consent of the leaders of the political parties.

This would be ruin. After studying the matter the conclusion was reached that if both parties put up a ticket for the school board the ticket nominated would be elected. This spelled ruin. So the leaders of the two parties got together and nominated a ticket, and then they went to work. They told the managers of the popular ticket that if the politicians could name two members for that ticket, so as to make it regular, the politicians' ticket would be withdrawn. This could not be accepted and the fight was on. Election day found democratic and republican leaders working side by side for the politicians' ticket. By hard work it was pulled through, the people who dared to nominate a ticket without the consent of the politicians were rebuked, and Las Cruces once more was regular.

The State board of equalization has fixed a value to be placed on live stock, for assessment purposes for the ensuing year. The maximum value that the stock may be assessed at was not fixed, that was left to the assessor, but the minimum value was fixed as follows:

Common range cattle,	\$ 27.00
Graded cattle on open range,	30 00
Graded cattle in pasture,	33 00
Thoroughbreds,	50 00
Common dairy cattle,	50 00
Improved dairy cattle,	75 00
Condemed cow ponies,	20 00
Improved cow ponies,	50 00
Work horses,	50 00
Stock horses,	20 00
Stallions,	100 00
Mules,	50 00
Thoroughbred Jacks,	500 00
Burros,	6 00
Hogs,	7 50
Common sheep,	3 30
Improved sheep,	4 05
Thoroughbred sheep,	5 25
Common goats,	1 50
Angora goats,	4 50

Of course the assessment is to be at one-third of these figures, which does not differ materially from the assessments of previous years, taking into consideration the advance price of cattle.

The trouble down at Naco was finished up last Sunday with one of the hottest fights that has been pulled off in Mexico. The state troops attacked the federals at about 3:30 in the morning with heavier cannon than the federals had. The federal's ammunition was getting low, and they could not make as vigorous a defense as they had been making. The state troops kept getting the best of it, and about ten o'clock Gen. Ojeda with his few remaining troops crossed the line and surrendered to the American troops, and the state troops were in possession of the town. The Sunday morning train brought in a car load of ammunition, as express, which was shipped in bond from Mexico, but Ojeda could not get it in time. If he had got it the outcome of the day's fighting might have been different. The state troops now have control of all of Sonora except Guaymas, and the men who have been fighting at Naco were shipped south to take a hand in the capture of Guaymas. As soon as Naco was captured two train loads of fuel oil and coke were hurried to Cananea to keep the engines and smelters going. Other supplies have been sent in during the week, and the camp is now in condition to keep up its production of copper.

Jack Rutland was in town this week for the first time in several years.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT LAS CRUCES, N. M.
April 14, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary S. Jones, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on November 22, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 05890, for NW 1/4 of Lots 1 and 2, E 1/4 NW 1/4, Section 7, Township 28 S., Range 21 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner, at Rodeo, New Mexico, on the 20th day of May, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
H. L. Hoyt, of Rodeo, N. M.
R. E. Doughty, Jr., of Rodeo, N. M.
J. D. Arnold, of Rodeo, N. M.
Lloyd H. Jones, of Rodeo, N. M.
JOSE GONZALES, Register

First insertion, April 14, 1913

NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Las Cruces, New Mexico,
April 10, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that James D. Wiley, of Rodeo, New Mexico, who, on November 25, 1912, made Homestead Entry, No. 07781, for SW 1/4 NE 1/4; NW 1/4 SE 1/4; SW 1/4 NE 1/4, of Section 12, Township 28 S., Range 22 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner at Rodeo, N. M., on the 22nd day of May 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:
R. L. Avery, of Rodeo, N. M.
J. D. Arnold, of Rodeo, N. M.
R. S. Bonham, of Rodeo, N. M.
R. A. Wiley, of Rodeo, N. M.
JOSE GONZALES, Register.

First publication April 12, 1913

NOTICE OF SUIT

In the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, within and for the County of Grant.

Leotis Williamson, an infant by Isabel Paige her next friend,
PLAINTIFF, No. 4563 Divorce
vs.
Robert D. Williamson,
DEFENDANT.

The above defendant, Robert D. Williamson, is hereby notified that a suit has been commenced against him in the above named District Court by said plaintiff, for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, for the custody of their minor child, Jeanette Williamson, and for other and further relief, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint filed in this cause.

And that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the twentieth day of May, 1913, judgment will be rendered against you in said case by default.

The name of plaintiff's attorney is A. W. Pollard, and his post-office address is Deming, New Mexico.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and Seal of said Court at Silver City, New Mexico, this fifteenth day of March, 1913.

E. B. VENABLE,
Clerk of the above entitled Court
By J. A. SHIPLEY,
Deputy.

First pub. March 21.

G. E. MARTEENY

ATTORNEY BEFORE U. S. LAND OFFICE

PLATS PREPARED—SCRIP FOR SALE
Las Cruces, New Mexico

TO TRAPPERS.

Ship your wild animal skins to A. H. Hilton Mercantile Co., San Antonio, New Mexico. Over forty years experience in the business, with European manufacturers for outlet. Highest prices guaranteed. 11-22-12

COPPER

The New Edition of the COPPER HANDBOOK, just published, is Volume X, for the years 1910-1911, and required nearly eighteen months in preparation.

It Has 1902 Pages.

containing nearly one and a half million words, or as twice as much matter as the Bible. There are 25 chapters, and the book covers the

Copper Industry of the World.

The book covers Copper History, Geology, Geography, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mining, Milling, Leaching, Smelting, Refining, Brands, Grades, Impurities, Alloy, Uses, Substitutes, Terminology, Deposits by Districts, States, Countries and Continents; Mines in Detail, Statistics of Production, Consumption, Imports, Exports, Finance, Dividends, etc.

8,130 Mines and Companies

these descriptions ranging from 2 or 3 lines, in the case of a dead company, in which case reference is made to a preceding entry giving a full description, up to 21 pages in the case of the Anaconda, which produces one-eighth of the copper supply of the world. The chapter giving mine descriptions, which lists the largest number of mines and companies ever given in any work of reference on mines or mining investments, has been

Fully Revised.

The new edition of the Copper Handbook is a dozen books in one, covering all phases of the copper industry of the entire world. It is used as the

World's Standard Reference Book on Copper.

by the managers of the mines that make ninety-odd per cent. of the world's output of copper, and is used in every civilized country of the globe. It is filled with FACTS of vital importance to

THE INVESTOR
THE SPECULATOR,
THE MINER,
THE CONSUMER
THE METALLURGIST.

PRICE is \$5 in buckram with gilt top, or \$7.50 in genuine full library morocco.
TERMS: are the most liberal. Send no money, but order the book sent you, all carriage charges prepaid on one week's approval, to be returned if unsatisfactory, or paid for if it suits. Can you afford not to see the book and judge for yourself of its value to you?

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M. W. PORTERFIELD, President.
J. W. BERLE, Vice-President.
C. B. HICKMAN, Secretary.

GRANT COUNTY ABSTRACT CO.

Abstracts of Title to All Property in the County.

100 Texas Street
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO
P. O. Box 333.

Arizona & New Mexico Railway Co.

6:55 am—Lv.	Clifton,	Ar.—8:00 pm
7:34 am—Lv.	Guthrie,	Lv.—8:15 pm
8:18 am—Lv.	Duncan,	Lv.—8:26 pm
9:28 am—Lv.	Lordsburg,	Lv.—1:00 pm
10:40 am—Ar.	Hachita,	Lv.—11:20 am

South bound train connects with Southern Pacific west bound train No. 1, leaving Lordsburg 10:57 a. m. Mountain time.

South bound train connects with El Paso & Southwestern east bound train for El Paso, leaving Hachita at 11:50 p. m. Mountain time, and with west bound train for Douglas and Bisbee, leaving Hachita at 10:50 a. m. Mountain time.

E. K. MINSON,
General Passenger Agent, Clifton, Arizona.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe

THE QUICKEST WAY TO

All Colorado Points

THROUGH PULLMAN ACCOMMODATIONS

SPECIAL LOW RATES TO ALL POINTS

"TALK ABOUT GOOD MEALS!"

They are served along the "Santa Fe" by Mr. Fred Harvey, the noted Caterer of America. His meals have no equal in the world.

"The High Way" and Scenic Road

To Colorado and to all points

NORTH AND EAST

TIME? What difference does a few hours in time make when you can enjoy every minute of your trip?

For further particulars address

W. R. Brown
Division Passenger Agent,
EL PASO, TEXAS

J. M. Connell

General Passenger Agent,
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Petal of the Rose's Lost Locket

Romance That Ended Happily by the Japan Sea.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Hayden's sketching tour of Japan had been something of a failure from the artist's point of view. True, much of it had happened as he had planned when he set sail from San Francisco after his misunderstanding with Evelyn Grant.

There had been days of serene contentment when he was borne swiftly over mountain passes and among quiet valleys by his faithful Jurikida men. He had sketched huge bowlders and cragging, cedar topped crags; he had caught the spirit of Fuji San's snow peaked, sacred head as a native artist might have done; he had transferred to his sketch book the paddy fields where coolies worked knee deep in the waving rice, the clumps of feathery bamboo, the picturesque bridges, decaying Shinto temples and wayside tea houses. The city streets had offered him a kaleidoscopic mass of shifting color, and the flower festivals rioted among his pages. Yet, as is the manner of wayward lovers, his heart was sick within him, and he thought far more of a bonny, dark curled head and a pair of brown eyes than all the mystic beauty of this new land.

The night after he arrived at Kobe he bought a ticket for the smallest town on the railroad that bordered the inland sea, and because the state of the town chafed his restless spirit he was whisked as if by magic to a tiny village on the edge of the sea. The quaint houses straggled up from the silver sand, terrace on terrace, embowered in cedars and chestnuts until they lost outline against the towering slopes.

He was made very comfortable in the little inn. He felt soothed by the gentle welcome accorded him and by the delicate cleanliness of his room, cool and bare of superfluous furniture. There followed a bath in very hot water, a supper partaking of strange dishes and a stroll down to the sea. John Hayden had the silver sands to himself. He flung his great length down in the shadow of a brown rock and watched the changing color on the most beautiful sheet of water in the eastern world.

The sun, just setting, tinged the placid sea with a hundred tints of rose and gold. Above was the pale turquoise sky set with a few fleecy clouds. The towering hills were reflected mysteriously dark and green in the water near the shore, and here and there a clumsy junk broke the surface into ripples of running fire. Small boats darted like dragon flies, and occasionally a sound softened by distance broke the silence. For the first time since his arrival in the land of the chrysanthemum Hayden regretted his coming. The very beauty of the scene preyed upon his unhappiness and awoke his dormant memory. A short year ago he had planned with Evelyn that their honeymoon should be spent on the shores of this inland sea. This month was the identical one which would have found



THE LIVING IMAGE OF EVELYN GRANT STOOD BEFORE HIM.

them together, blissfully happy on the silver sands, instead of being separated by more than 3,500 miles of land and water and by an eternity of misunderstanding.

He closed his eyes and out of the purple and gold of the sunset tried to evolve the form of his love. A little rattle of pebbles opened his eyes wide, and he sprang to his feet, uncertain whether the vision before him was a chimera of his brain or whether his unuttered prayer to a neglected God had been answered. The living image of Evelyn Grant stood before him—the sweetest, fairest little Japanese maiden imaginable, whose glossy black hair was thrust with golden pins and whose dark eyes surveyed him half joyfully, half fearful of what the strange foreign gentleman might say.

Her rose leaf lips were parted, showing milky white teeth, and her olive cheeks were tinted with the faintest flush of embarrassment. She wore the most wonderful of kimonos, a rich blue brocaded silk shot with crimson and gold, and high under her arms was tied a broad obi of golden tissue.

As Hayden stared at her she dropped a graceful obeisance and spoke in English with a delicious little foreign accent, which deprived Hayden of his atom of hope that this flower-like maiden might by some magic of the workaday world be transformed into his lost love.

"If the honorable foreigner will pardon my intrusion," she said softly, "I would explain that I have lost a treasured keepsake on the sands—if I might be permitted to search around the rocks?" Her lashes fluttered upward as she glanced at him.

"Certainly," he said, with an awkward sense of his own perturbation at the sudden interruption of his solitude. "Perhaps I may be able to assist you. It is growing late, and the sun will soon drop behind the hills."

"I thank you, but I shall perhaps find it alone," she said in rather a frightened tone. And she swept past him with the little teetering gait of Japanese ladies, whose feet are accustomed to wearing clogs. She did not wear those wooden monstrosities, but now and then there peeped out the toe of a little blue brocaded slipper, all too fragile and delicate for any seashore save the fairy sands of the inland sea.

She hurried along, looking hither and thither, now bending to scan the pebbles drifted in the lee of brown rocks, now standing with one slim hand arched above her troubled eyes while she scanned the silver shore for her lost trinket. At last she shook her head sadly and drifted toward him against the gorgeous background of the setting sun.

"You couldn't find it?" queried Hayden.

She shook her head.

"If you will tell me what it was, mademoiselle, perhaps I may be more successful," he suggested, with an eagerness that surprised himself. By all rights he should have been too ill natured to assist this little Japanese sister of his lost sweetheart. "Shall I search for it?" he added.

She hesitated as if loath to tell him what it was she had lost; then she said, with some agitation: "It is a chain—a gold chain carrying a locket. But it has doubtless been found by some of the fishermen. I will not trouble the honorable foreigner if he will accept my thanks for his kindness." She bowed once more and backed away from her newly made acquaintance as if filled with sudden fear of him.

Hayden looked down at her with eloquent eyes. If only the magic which had evoked her out of the sunset would transmute her into the being of Evelyn Grant it would be more than mortal could ask. He drew a sharp breath and took himself to task for expecting Providence to turn the world upside down to rectify his amiable mistakes.

"Good night," she called softly from the gathering twilight.

"You are not going now—you couldn't wait a little while? Perhaps I may find the chain for you," he stammered eagerly.

"Oh, I must go, thank you," she said in a shocked tone.

"Suppose I find the chain—what shall I do with it?" He smiled at his own cleverness.

There was a puzzled silence while she stood there as if on the very outskirts of the gathering dusk. He could see the dimness of her dark robe, and the last flicker of the dropping sun caught the gold of her sash and held her prisoner to his sight.

"What shall I do with the chain if I find it?" he persisted.

"You might bring it to my home, or you may leave it with Kashimura, the inn keeper, but I shall find it myself perhaps tomorrow."

"I will find it," declared Hayden recklessly. "Tell me where you live so that I may return it to you."

Again there was a silence while the little toy villages on the hillside were slowly effaced by the coming night, later to be revealed in the white light of the full moon, now throwing a great rim above the eastern heights.

"There is a little path that leads up among the cedars—my home is there." The girl's breath came in little frightened gasps as if the darkness had taken away her courage.

"You are not afraid to go up there alone now?" asked Hayden curiously.

"Oh, no! I was educated in the United States. I am quite American," she said proudly. "I have no fear of the dark."

"I will bring the chain to you in the morning, O Cho San. Is that your name?" he asked half humorously.

"Oh, no!" she said, her voice changing to sudden laughter, with a note of tenderness in its lower tones. "I am not Madama Butterfly nor Miss Chrysanthemum. I have been called Petal of the Rose."

Hayden stood in stunned silence while she faded from his sight. He heard the patter of her slippers feet as she hastened away from him. Pebbles rattled down from the black cedar faced hillside as she wound up some hidden path. Far up there hung a faint pink light, and somehow he knew that it was her home. When a black shadow had effaced the light for an instant and was gone he turned back to stare at the rising moon with a face as white as that of the ascending disk.

Petal of the Rose! So that was what she was called. Verily this maiden must be the spirit of his lost love, for had he not called Evelyn that to loving jest? Perhaps this apparition was a warning that Evelyn was dead. If that was so he resolved that he would

spend the remainder of his days beside the inland sea in the hope of seeing her sweet spirit walk the sands again.

He flung himself prone upon the sand, and his hand fell upon something smooth to the touch. It was not a pebble, for there was the pressure of a fine chain coiled against his skin. He held it for a moment, not daring to look at what he had found. Then he raised himself to a sitting posture and held the locket and chain to the brilliant moonlight.

The gold locket, shaped like a heart and holding a large sapphire that burned in his eyes with a familiar blue flame, shook in his trembling fingers. All at once he plucked at the opening, and it sprang apart, showing his own pictured face in one side and the face of Evelyn's father in the other.

Without a word he crammed the locket into his pocket and dashed toward the dark group of cedars where she had disappeared. The moon filtered through the twisted branches and disclosed a path which wound upward toward the pink light. Hayden did not stop to question the motive that sent him onward. His heart was beating wildly, riotously, and he only knew that the bungalow on the hillside held



JOHN HAYDEN WAS CRUSHING PETAL OF THE ROSE TO HIS BREAST.

something for him, either the ghost of his dead sweetheart or he did not dare clothe the idea with thought.

All at once he stumbled upon the bungalow, a tiny affair half hidden under tall bamboos. A shaded light burned on a reading table, and as he passed the windows Hayden saw the handsome head of Mrs. Smithers Grant bent above a book.

In the tiny veranda a little figure fluttered to meet him. Now the Japanese dress and the stiffly arranged hair were no longer deceiving. His delusion would always be a subject for tender rallery between them.

He paused at the foot of the steps. "I have found the locket and chain, Petal of the Rose," he said excitedly.

"Yes?" she breathed holding out her hands.

"Wait—tell me, do you love the man whose picture is within the locket?" he asked.

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "I am pledged to marry him, and because we disagreed and he went away, why—why—I came to the land where we were to spend our honeymoon, and the second day I was here I went down to the inland sea and found him grieving there; so I slipped up to the bungalow and got into this blue kimono and made myself into a Japanese maiden just to see if you would know me—and you were so stupid, John!"

"I did know you, Evelyn. I must have known you, for I hated to let you go away from me. But the locket and chain—how came you to lose them, dear?"

The silver radiance of the moon caught and held her dark beauty as her eyes sought his. Her lips trembled with laughter. "I—I didn't lose it, John, but you were so stupid about recognizing me that I positively had to fling it on the sand at your feet and run away. Your face told me that you were unhappy and—"

But John Hayden was crushing Petal of the Rose close to his heart and telling her that after all there would be a honeymoon beside the inland sea.

Mrs. Partington and the Ocean.

I would not be disrespectful, but the attempt of the house of lords to stop the progress of reforms reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town.

The tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and patten, trundling her mop, squashing out the sea water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean!

The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up likewise, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentleness, be at your ease. Be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.—Sydney Smith.

The Ruby Necklace

"She Paid the Price"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

On the night of Edith Palmer's birthday ball her husband came home early and sought his wife in her own rooms. His handsome face was aglow with love and admiration as he took the lovely form in his arms and kissed her eager, red lips.

"Darling, you are more beautiful every time I see you," he murmured.

"And you grow more blind," she chided him playfully. "I have been waiting for you to come and tell me what jewels I shall wear tonight." She turned to the dressing table and threw back the lid of a jewel box and removed the trays. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds blazed in the light.

"Wear your rubies, Edith," said Dick Palmer, with a mysterious smile.

"Rubies? Don't tease, Dick. Those are the only stones I really want and do not possess. Shall it be diamonds?"

"Rubies tonight," insisted Dick, and from an inner pocket of his coat he drew forth a flat leather case and placed it in her hands.

"Dick Palmer, you darling!" cried Edith, and she showered kisses upon him before she opened the box. When she finally threw back the lid she was awed by the beauty of the stones her husband had selected for her birthday gift.

On a bed of white velvet was coiled a magnificent necklace of flawless rubies, perfect in color and each stone the size of a very large pea.

Dick lifted the necklace and clasped it around his wife's neck; then he stood back to admire the rich red circle of fire against the whiteness of her skin.

"You dear, extravagant boy!" murmured Edith as she turned to the mirror to feast her eyes on the jewel. "I suppose you paid an enormous price for it."

"I paid a pretty stiff price, but I guess it's worth it. I didn't buy it in Buffalo. It isn't a brand new necklace; neither is it reconstructed from an old one. It's a genuine antique said to have belonged to an Asiatic ruler."

"Where did you find it, Dick?"

"In Langquith's on Fourth avenue. I've had it a month now, and Buffalo was cleaning it up for me. Well, I must run away and dress." Dick kissed his wife again and left the room.

Edith stood long before the mirror watching the liquid flame of the ruby necklace as she slowly turned her neck. At last she unclasped it and replaced it within its case.

"I'll not wear it down to dinner. It will be a surprise for all of them when the ball begins," she said to herself and looked around for a place in which to secret the case. The large jewel box would just fit into the tiny steel safe-sunk in the wall near the chimney.

Before the inconspicuous door there was hung a heavily framed square painting, which could be moved aside only by pressing a knob on the other side of the room.

Now Edith selected a diamond bracelet—a dazzling serpent with ruby eyes—and slipped it on her arm. Then she closed and locked the large jewel box, pressed the knob that moved aside the square picture and placed the box in the little safe. There was room after all for the new jewel case containing the ruby necklace, and after another glimpse of the beautiful jewel Edith tucked that in the safe, closed the steel door, replaced the picture and went down to dinner just as the gong sounded.

The rooms were bowers of loveliness. A separate color scheme had been selected for each one, and the whole harmonized in one glorious arrangement of flowers and palms.

There were several people staying at the Palmers', and most of them were gathered in the drawing room when Edith entered—the Maxfields, husband and wife; Eugenia Card, an old school friend of Edith's, and Dick's father, Henry Palmer. The fifth guest, Mme. Geulot had not yet joined them.

Just as the last strokes of the ball clock died away there was a rustle of silk that hesitated outside the door, and then Mme. Geulot came swiftly in, her bright coloring enhanced by two vivid crimson poinsettias at her breast. Her rich blue-black hair was coiled in a soft knot at the back of her shapely head, and above her low, thoughtful brow was placed a coronet of diamonds. Mme. Geulot was a very beautiful woman.

"A thousand pardons, cherie," she cried penitently. "That so stupid Marie of mine has made what you call a muddle of my toilet." She threw out her hands with a graceful gesture of despair, and her long dark eyes darted from one smiling face to another.

Mrs. Palmer shook her charming head and looked at the vision in amber satin and diamonds. "Dear Mme. Geulot," she said sweetly, "if you want to part with Marie I shall be delighted to relieve you of your stupid treasure!"

"No, no!" And they all laughed at Madame's dismay.

In spite of the forthcoming ball the dinner was as perfect as it always had been since Pierre Caron had ruled in the Palmer kitchen. When the meal was concluded Edith went upstairs to complete her toilet, leaving her guests

scattered about the flower decked rooms.

As she went up the stairway to the next floor two faces peered at her from a curtained alcove—two dark faces with cunning eyes—but so contrasting were their conditions in life that had you coupled their names the world would have laughed at you.

After dismissing her maid Edith locked the door of her room and hastened to open the wall safe, where her jewels were secreted. She started back with a little cry of dismay, for the box containing the ruby necklace had disappeared.

She recovered herself almost instantly. "Of course Dick had taken it out to show his father, but how did he know it was there? He guessed it, as I did not wear it at dinner," she said as she closed the safe, picked up her gloves and fan and went down to the drawing room, outwardly composed. Her brain was a chaos of doubt and perplexity. She dreaded to ask her husband about the necklace. She was afraid to hear his answer.

Dick met her at the door of the drawing room. "Where is the necklace?" he asked quickly.

She paled to the lips. "Then you did not take it from the safe?" she gasped.

"No, of course not. I didn't know it was there."

"Then it has been stolen!" And she related the circumstances.

He frowned. "Where is Jeanne?"

"She was in my room when I returned to it after dinner. I dismissed her then."

"It happened at dinner," he said convincingly. "I'll ring up a detective. He can come as a guest. Don't mention the matter to any one."

"No," said Edith, and went to receive the first arrivals.

In spite of the loss of the ruby necklace the birthday ball was a distinct success. No one would have surmised from the sweet composure of the hostess that she had suffered a great loss. Many complimented her on the loveliness of her appearance, and others added that she needed no jewels to enhance her beauty.

Dick Palmer introduced a slim, dark haired man in correct evening attire as the detective, Mr. Bleek, and in a few crisp questions he drew from Edith all the facts surrounding the theft of the ruby necklace.

"Bleek suggests a guest in the house," said Dick later to his wife as they stood alone together.

"Impossible!" said Edith. "The Maxfields are above suspicion. Eugenia could buy forty ruby necklaces. Your father—absurd! It must have been one of the extra servants."

"Jeanne?" asked her husband quietly.

"Oh, Jeanne is too much of a coward to attempt anything big like that. She might purloin a collar—in fact, she has a passion for collars and handkerchiefs, but not jewels."

"You have not mentioned our other guest, Edith," said Dick quietly.

She made a gesture of dismay and searched the room with her eyes.

"Mme. Geulot! Oh, Dick! I know you have warned me against my intimacy with her, when my acquaintance with her is so slight. But her letters from Paris were genuine, and she is so delightful! I wonder where she is. I have not seen her since dinner."

"I will search for her," said Dick quietly and was gone.

When he made his reappearance the last of the guests were taking departure, and when they were alone he placed his arm around his wife's slender form.

"Dear," he said, "be prepared for an unpleasant shock. The ruby necklace has been traced to Mme. Geulot. Detective Bleek found the jewel case on the person of our cook, Pierre Caron, who has confessed that the robbery was one of many that he and his wife, Celeste Geulot—none other, my dear—had planned. It seems she saw you trying on the necklace after I had left you, watched you hide it away and when you had left the room slipped in, secured the rubies, concealed them in her room and went down late to dinner."

"After dinner Pierre, her husband, went to her and demanded the necklace. She refused to give it to him then, and he took the empty case and went below, furious at her. She is now in her room or has escaped with the necklace. Will you go to her room and see if she is there? I want to avoid the servants knowing of the affair if possible."

Edith went to the door of Mme. Geulot's room and tapped lightly. There was no response to her summons or to louder knocking. Then Bleek set his shoulder to the door, and the lock gave way. He peered inside and then sprang within. The Palmers followed, gravely apprehensive.

Mme. Geulot was there. She was sitting before a cheval glass in all the regal splendor of her amber satin ball gown. About her throat was clasped the ruby necklace.

She was dead.

Bleek stepped forward and unclasped the necklace and examined it closely. "That's the way with many of these Asiatic baubles," he said thoughtfully. "I happen to have heard of this one before. There is a large reward out for it. There is a legend that if it is honestly bought or sold or presented as a gift it is quite harmless. If it is stolen the wearer pays the price, as Mme. Geulot has done, poor soul!"

He pointed to the throat of the dead woman, where a heavy black mark encircled the whiteness of her neck.

"It grew tighter and finally strangled her," he explained as they went away and closed the door behind them. "That's an Asiatic trick, too," he said.

But Edith and her husband were not listening. Edith was weeping bitterly. She was grieving for the friend who had proved false and who had paid the price.

PAINTING A HORSE.

The Scheme That Delighted Details Upset Meissonier.

In other days, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Edouard Detaille and Meissonier, his master, lived in adjoining houses. Their workshops almost touched each other. It happened that Detaille was painting some cavalrymen furiously charging the enemy. He found it necessary to excite the horse posing as a model to give the appearance of a frenzied gallop. But it was in vain that the jockey, who held the bridle, smacked his tongue; the animal drowsed.

Detaille then ordered another domestic to strike upon a Chinese gong. For fully five minutes the horse was terribly frightened, and the painter was delighted. But the animal soon became accustomed to the tomtom and drowsed again. To draw the valiant steed from his torpor it was necessary to strike the bronze disk with greater force. This was done. It was as if a cannon was being fired.

On the other side of the wall Meissonier was painting, quite gently, Napoleon I. mounted upon a white horse. In repose, observing in the distance the catastrophes of an immense battle. He had mounted a horseman in a grey redingote upon the best that served as a model. As the blows were struck on the gong in the atelier of Detaille the imperial mount shook and snorted in a fiery way, which was far from pleasing to Meissonier.

So he visited his pupil, and an arrangement was effected. Detaille was to paint his galloping horse in the morning and Meissonier his unmoving steed in the afternoon. It was in this way that Napoleon I. was enabled to keep a firm seat in the saddle.—Cris de Paris.

Advertising Overlooked.

It was shortly before the funeral of a well known person, and a certain manager had just placed a wreath in as conspicuous a position as possible. But he didn't like the look of the very small card attached thereto, and so he fastened on one considerably larger, with "From the — theater" on it.

"How does that look now?" he said to one of his company who stood near. "Oh, it's all right," responded the actor, whose sense of humor is just as great as his unquestioned dramatic ability, "but why not add, 'Every evening at 8?'"—Pelican.

A Mighty Nimrod.

An Arkansas hunter fired one shot at a flock of ducks and brought down three. They fell in the river. He ran downstream to where there was a log and, holding to it, caught the ducks as they floated down. As he stood in the water his wedged into the legs of his trousers so tightly that as he waded ashore a button flew off and killed a rabbit that was sitting on the bank.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No, He Wasn't Full.

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said the quietly.

"Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he storied.

"Not at all, but that isn't a cup of lather you brought in from the kitchen just now. That's a charlotte russe."—Washington Herald.

In Different Divisions.

"The man who runs that store has got the right idea, all right."

"How so?"

"He advertises 'Bagpipes and musical instruments.'"—Houston Post.

One Kind of a Compliment.

She—I envy Miss Payne. She plays so well that one forgets how she looks. He—But you look so well that one forgets how you play.—London Opinion.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.

Serial No. 08201.

Department of the Interior.

United States Land Office.

Las Cruces, New Mexico.

March, 19, 1913

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the State of New Mexico, under and by virtue of the act of Congress approved June 20, 1910, has made application for the following described unappropriated, unreserved, and non-mineral public lands, for the benefit of the University:

All of Section 11, T. 25 S., R. 15 W.

The purpose of this notice is to allow all persons claiming the land adversely, or desiring to show it to be mineral in character, an opportunity to file objection to such location or selection with the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and to establish their interests therein, or the mineral character thereof.

JOSE GONZALES, Register

First pub. April 11, 1913.

NOTICE

Department of the Interior,

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Las Cruces, N. M. March 24, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mrs. Eliza Everett, of Rodeo, N. M., who, on Jan. 17, 1910 made Homestead Entry, No. 6306, for E 1/4 Sec. 1; NE 1/4 Sec. 6; and NW 1/4 Sec. 5 Township 27 S., Range 21 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner, at Rodeo, N. M., on the 15th day of May 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Henry Clark, of Rodeo, N. M.
W. O. Shougart, of Rodeo, N. M.
J. D. Jordan, of Rodeo, N. M.
W. S. Everett, of Rodeo, N. M.

JOSE GONZALES, Register

First pub. Mar. 25