

White Oaks Eagle

Published in the Center of the Stock Growing and Mining Country of the Southwest.

Volume 11 No 16.

WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, APRIL, 3rd, 1902.

Subscription, \$1.50 a Year.

Correspondence From Over The County.

ANGUS HAPPENINGS

[Bonito Valley Items.]
Regular Correspondence.

The Bird workinks on the South Fork is progressing steadily in a business like way. The tunnel is in some seventy feet and it is estimated that they will have to drift in as much further. It now looks as if this company would install the first permanent plant for continuous work. Our boys, one and all are diligently at work in field and mine. The prospectors are loaded up to the muzzle with excellent claims, some of which will prove to be good mines, they are waiting the advent of investors.

The range is all eaten out and most of the cattle have been removed and it looks as if leaves were about all they would find for picking here this summer.

There was a township or so of timber burned in the mountains at the head of South Fork during the summer of 1893, since then the snows have been lessening, and what did fall melted earlier in the season, and the result has been that the available water for irrigation has been diminishing steadily each season, till now it looks like we would have the driest year in a decade.

We must pay more attention to forestry, and clotheing the mesas with grass if we want to maintain agricultural and horticultural conditions, and escape desert plight and blight.

Our hamlet is not bounded by the aurora borealis and the tropics but is gradually assimilating some of the 20th century airs.

We have a cemetery, all fenced in so that no tenant but a ghost can escape, a reservoir water works that are run on the gravity principal, invented by Sir Isaac Newton, a park with a setting of trees of the Stiff horticultural order, arranged in a geometrical square, on the same lines as William Penn layed out Philadelphia, a temple of knowlrdge, (so called by Noah Webster, in his spelling book when your correspondent was a barefoot lad,) surrounded by a group of conifers, a department store and post office where one can buy a money order, an excellent hotel, sweet and clean, a hospital for disrupted wagons and disabled agricultural implements, presided over by a

Tubal Cain who is an artist. The laundry is located in a shady bower on the banks of the Bonito. Our maidens do not hang their harps on the willows as did the virgins of ancient Egypt. A family club house, where liquid refreshments are dispensed, is also at hand. Our main boulevard is paved with rock of the primary and volcanic period, so drop in and enjoy the scenic beauties we have in store for you.

White Oaks Turquoise.

Chris Yeager made a discovery of Turquoise on the Greater New York claim near White Oaks. Mr. Yeager is greatly elated over his new discovery. He has some nice specimens from the surface. This adds another, and altogether new proposition in a mining way, to the many promising discoveries recently made in the camp.

Building Boom On.

Aside from the buildings that are completed and under construction at Santa Rosa are the following, Moise Stearn Co., wholesale house; Gross Richards & Co. wholesale house; Browne Manzanares Co. wholesale house; Continental Oil Co. warehouse; Guadalupe County Bank. G. P. Popp, of Santa Fe, will erect a large store building, C. H. Stearnes a large store building and office, G. A. Smith a store building, and the Santa Rosa Star Publishing Co. has let the contract for a large stone building twenty four feet wide and sixty feet long, work on same to begin April 1st. —A. News.

Richard Wetherell of the Hyde exploring expedition, homesteaded lands containing seventeen ancient ruins in San Juan county, and the entry was canceled on the grounds that it was not made for homestead purposes, but to obtain relics.

A good flow of artesian water was struck recently 21 miles south of Roswell, and a 500 gallon well in town. Thus do gushers come in regularly in the Pecos valley. Roswell is destined to be quite a city.

Scarcity of Engineers.

There is a scarcity of engineers for switch engines west of Albuquerque and an oportunity has been given to some of the division points in Kansas for those

who wish to go west to do so. By such a transfer they forfeit all rights in the road service on the Kansas part of the system. —El Paso News.

Musgrave, the outlaw captured at Alamogordo, has turned out to be the other fellow. False alarm, as it were.

Charles Woodward, who was convicted for the murder of sheriff Ricker at Caspar, Wyoming, was taken from jail and hung by a mob. The Governor of Wyoming had commuted his sentence for thirty days and the delay of the execution was resented by the people. The law's delay has much to do with perpetuating mob rule.

The Turkish government refuses to refund to this government the money paid for Miss Stone's ransom. We see where they are right. If they did, they would not be ahead on the transaction, besides losing the keep of Miss Stone and her companion for months.

John Woodward a negro who murdered a white planter, was lynched at Vidalia, La., and about the same time the people of La Junta, Colo., lynched W. H. Wallace, a negro pullman porter, for criminally assaulting an old lady, passenger on his train. The result is about the same whether the crime is committed in the South or elsewhere.

John R. Guyer, an ex-member of the New Mexico legislature and post master at Clayton, shot and killed Wm. E. Searles, a dentist at that place on Wednesday of last week. He gave bond in the sum of \$1,000 and skipped out to avoid being lynched. Guyer had circulated a pamphlet reflecting on Mrs. Searls and Searl's attempt to chastise him caused the shooting. Guyer is a quarrelsome fellow, but evidently thought flight preferable to a rope in the hands of angry citizens.

Prof. Harroun has been doing some more figuring on the possibilities of irigation along the Rio Grande river. He finds that water enough is lost by spreading out on each side of the river in the porous soils that abound along its course in the southern half of New Mexico, to irrigate 150,000 acres of land. Now how to catch this water before it spreads out and is lost, is the question the solution of which is

desired. In the course of events this will be done, but it may be far in the future.

An ice factory and electric light plant is being built at Deming. The building is to be a two story brick.

Richard Hendy threw himself in front of a moving train at Deming and was instantly killed. He had been on a spree.

Delegate Rodey has named Wm. Glassford of Las Vegas as a cadet to the naval academy at Annapolis.

FINAL CENSUS REPORT.

The final report of the twelfth census gives the population of the United States and insular possessions as 84,233,069. A margin of one million is allowed for errors in the Philippines count.

The land area owned is 3,690,922 square miles.

China, the British Empire and Russia exceed the United States in population.

Awful Murder Committed.

Placido Salazar, constable of the Barelans precinct, out from Albuquerque, who was carved up by a band of toughs early Monday morning died from the effects of the wounds at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and the men, now in county jail, and the one (Juan Armijo) who has so far escaped capture, are now charged with the awful crime of murder.—El Paso News.

WILL LEAVE CUBA MAY 20.

Washington.—The evacuation of Cuba and the transfer of government from American to Cuban control will take place May 20, under the direction of General Wood, who will on that day turn over to President Palma the complete sovereignty of the island.

The date was agreed upon by Secretary Root, General Wood, President-elect Palma, Senor Tamayo, the present secretary of state of Cuba, and Senor Quesada.

So complete will be the transfer of government that General Wood will remain no longer after the 20th of May than is necessary to turn over the official documents of the government. He will not get a consignment in this country immediately upon being relieved of duty in Cuba, but will have a sufficient leave of absence to permit him to recuperate after his long sojourn in the island.

TERRITORIAL AND

OTHER NEWS.

Sheriff Baca of Deming, had a lively fight with some soldiers returning from the Philippines a few days ago. One of the soldiers assaulted a citizen, knocking him down. Baca arrested the soldier and his companions then assaulted Baca to rescue the prisoner, the sheriff knocked one of the soldiers down with his pistol and then stood them off by threatening to shoot, but the prisoner got on the car as the train pulled out and escaped.

The American Lumber Co. of Michigan, has purchased 300,000 acres of timber lands in McKinley and Valencia counties. They estimate that the tract contains 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The company is capitalized at \$8,000,000.

W. F. Russel, with 20 fine cows, has established a dairy at Deming. He comes from an eastern state, moving cows and dairy outfit with him. There are many more openings for such as Mr. Russel in New Mexico.

The New Mexico Railway and Coal Co. are preparing to expend \$5,000 in building a canal between Alamogordo and the mountains to carry off the flood waters, which will be utilized for irrigation purposes.

It is claimed the Rock Island people will put their principal repair shops at Santa Rosa, making it the principal town between El Paso and Delhart. If it beats Alamogordo it will have to whoop things along pretty lively.

We predict that there will be more prospecting for minerals, oil etc., in Lincoln county this summer than in any other county in New Mexico. Mark this prediction.

Nogal district, so long a sufferer from non-resident ownership of its mining properties, has arisen from its ashes, so to speak, and is showing signs of renewed activity.

Sutherland and Farrell sold their ranch, 480 acres and 300 head of cattle, on the Penasco to Boyd Williams and H. Hollingsworth for \$12,000.

The El Paso-Rock Island Co. will boom Alamogordo as a winter resort and Cloudcroft as a summer resort.

The Masons and Odd Fellows will jointly erect a fine lodge building at Aztex, San Juan county.

Bruce Marsh sold his farm on the Penasco for \$2,000 and will move to Roswell.

The Mormons are to build a fine stone church at Olio in San Juan county.

More Bandits Captured.

Marshal Reno and deputy sheriff Green of Solomonville, Ariz., arrived in Albuquerque with Geo. Cook and Pat Murphy two of the robbers who looted a store at Fort Sumner and killed a Mexican boy only a few weeks ago. Whit Neal another one of the gang is still in jail in Arizona in default of a \$10,000 bond. This makes four of them that are in jail awaiting trial.

A Big Cattle Deal

R. L. Faulkner and Spencer Kirtly have purchased the cattle and ranch of H. R. Kerr, in the eastern end of the county, at what is known as the old Mason ranch. They will take possession as soon as the cattle are rounded up and counted. The price paid for the cattle was \$16 per head and includes the ranch.—Rio Grande Republican.

Dr. Jas. Tomlinson has resigned the position of post master at Tularosa and will move to Santa Rosa or Tucumcari. The doctor never allows a good thing to get away. He was once Probate Judge of this county, then residing at White Oaks.

Geo. Carl, the ice man at Alamogordo, has bought a ranch on Fresnal canon and is now stocking it with goats. Mr. Carl is a successful business man and knows an opportunity when he sees it.

A Las Vegas firm has bought 1,500,000 pounds of wool in the northwestern part of the territory. The wool will be scoured at Las Vegas.

Childers, who murdered Attorney Hefflin, has been granted a change of venue to Dona Ana county. The case is to be heard there at the April term.

The Madrid coal mine at Cerillos which was abandoned for some time on account of fire, is again in operation.

A Grant County stockman sold last week 5,000 head of 1s, 2s and 3s at \$15 to \$21 per head to a Denyer buyer.

About 4,000 head of steers, 1s to 3s, were sold at Odesa Texas, last week to northern buyers at \$15 to \$23 per head.

There is more than one hundred cases of diphtheria in the Indian Schools at Albuquerque.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the great divine, has been seriously sick of pneumonia.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, is visiting Havana Cuba.

Wall paper to close out during this month at cost. Remnants below cost.

M. H. Koch. 2t

Oil At Gallup

It is reported from Gallup that oil has been struck at a depth of 200 feet. Gallup will evidently soon be running pretty smooth.

President Roosevelt is now talking about having a congress on his hands. Other executives have had such troubles. He has postponed his anticipated western trip for a year.

The Albuquerque Citizen says New Mexico will be a republican state. Well, brother, the minute you can make the United States senate believe as you do the statehood fight is won. Assure the senate of two republican senators, and the bill will pass. The question as to New Mexico's fitness for statehood is not up for consideration, although it should be. Politics govern this case.—Current.

If some of the dear boys of our fair land would read the following carefully they might see themselves as others see them. An exchange says: "Boys with hats on back of their heads and long hair hanging down over their foreheads, and cigarettes and smutty words in their mouths, are cheaper than old worn out shoes. Nobody wants them at any price. Men will not employ them, girls will not marry them. They are not worth their keeping to anyone. If anyone happens to read this description, let him take a good look at himself and then do what his conscience tells him to do."—A. News.

Guessers are putting the end of the Boer war off for two years now. That's a long time for the British to hold out, and the Missouri mule is getting scarcer every year.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

The Most Widely Read Newspaper In America.

Time has demonstrated that the Thrice-a-Week World stands alone in its class. Other papers have imitated its form but not its success. This is because it tells all the news all the time and tells it impartially, whether that news be political or otherwise. It is in fact almost a daily at the price of a weekly and you cannot afford to be without it.

Republican and Democrat alike can read the Thrice-a-Week World with absolute confidence in its truth.

In addition to news, it publishes first-class serial stories and other features suited to the home and fireside.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and WHITE OAKS EAGLE together one year for \$2.00.

Whiskey Habit

The "Keely cure" has now been succeeded by the "oil cure," and Beaumont oil is the article. This is evidently the work of the El Paso-Beaumont oil companies. El Paso has accomplished great things in the way of mid-winter carnivals, etc., but should she float a cure for the whiskey habit the churches of that city will have to go out of business and Mrs. Nation will be compelled to go away back and fall down. Then see the demand they have created for Beaumont oil. Rockefeller couldn't control the enterprise then, even if it were confined to Texas alone.

Jesse Williams of Las Vegas, holds the blooming branch. He is the one and only, the peach of them all. The other day he walked into the secondhand store of one Onion, and stole a watch. It was a silver watch, of the turnip style. Half an hour later Jesse the resourceful, wandered back to Mr. Onion's store and sold him the watch for four dollars. Jesse has now gone to Santa Rosa, where the people are awake.—A. News.

Horses For South Africa.

A contract has been let at St. Joseph, Mo., for 12,000 head of horses to be delivered 500 each month for twenty-four months. It is understood that they are for service in South Africa.

Marconi has organized a wireless telegraph company capitalized at \$10,000,000. Good start, to say the least.

The English government has 300,000 men in the South African service. There are less than 10,000 Boers, yet they slap the Britishers around promiscuously.

Andrew Carnegie is about to thrust honors upon the city of Roswell, in the way of a \$5,000 library.

The Prince has gone home. "Yep" Next.

"The Best is the Cheapest."

Not how cheap, but how good, is the question.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK REPUBLIC is not as cheap as are some so-called newspapers. But it is as cheap as it is possible to sell a first-class newspaper. It prints all the news that is worth printing. If you read it all the year round, you are posted on all the important and interesting affairs of the world. It is the best and most reliable newspaper that money and brains can produce—and those should be the distinguishing traits of the newspaper that is designed to be read by all members of the family.

Subscription price, \$1 a year. Any newsdealer, newspaper or postmaster will receive your subscription, or you may mail it direct to THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

Radical South-Haters in Evidence.

The St. Louis Republic says: "Resurrection of the old-time radical hatred of the South is contemplated by the advocates of the Crumpacker resolution. It calls for an 'investigation' of Southern election laws, which can furnish the pretext for a new Federal law on the force-bill basis. The scheme will prove exceedingly expensive to the republican party in these days.

"The spirit is certain to be aroused by so high-handed an attempt to wrong the Southern states and is already in evidence. Democratic leaders have been quick to sound the call for a rallying of the party to prevent this sin against one section of the union whose offense is that its people insist on home government. Republicans could not pursue such a course more certain to solidify the democratic party, and to swell its ranks with new recruits.

"This feeling of indignation under a threatened outrage is not confined to Southerners and democrats. Conservative republicans have been similarly provoked to condemn the Crumpacker resolution and to protest against the crafty movement to revive force-bill tactics. They plainly perceive that their party has blundered grievously; that the American people will not for a moment countenance a return to the old-time republican hatred of the South and venomous determination to make aliens of such American citizens as chance to live in the Southern states and to cherish democratic convictions. The chronic South-haters are leading the republican party of the present day straight toward disaster."

A Bill For Protection Of Presidents.

The provisions of the bill for the protection of presidents and those on whom his duties may devolve are as follows:

"That any person within the United States who shall willfully and maliciously kill the President, or any officer on whom the duties of President may devolve, or any sovereign of a foreign country, or shall attempt to kill any of the persons named, shall suffer death; that any person who shall aid, abet, advise or counsel the killing of any of the persons named, or shall conspire to accomplish their death, shall be imprisoned not exceeding twenty years; that any person who shall threaten to kill or advise or counsel another to kill the President, or any official on whom the duties of President may devolve, shall be imprisoned not exceeding ten years; that any person who shall willfully aid in the escape of any person guilty of any of the offenses mentioned shall be deemed an accomplice, and shall be punished as a principal. The Secretary of War is directed to detail from the regular army a guard of officers and men to protect the President, 'without any unnecessary display,' and the Secretary is authorized to make regulations as to the dress, arms and equipment of such guard."

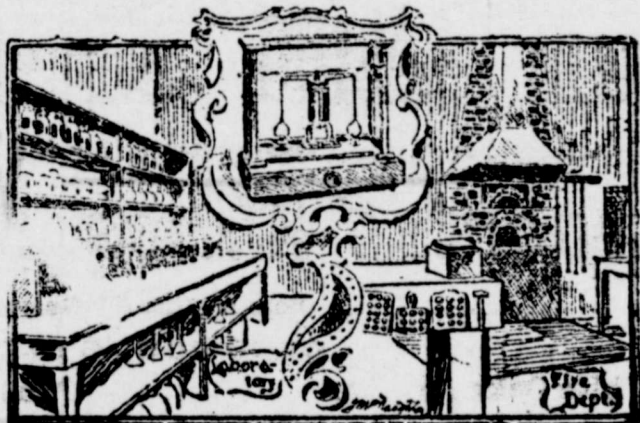
Altgeld's Monument

Altgeld, patriot and statesman, prominent in Illinois politics, who died at the close of an eloquent appeal for the South African republic, is to have a monument erected to his memory in Chicago. Charles A. Towne, Duluth, Iowa, wired \$250.00 and Pettigrew, of South Dakota, \$500, as soon as the intention to thus honor the dead statesman was announced.

It has been suggested that the memorial should be placed in Lincoln Park, and that the design should be "a group of Boer veterans, showing a child to the man whose last breath was given for their cause".

International Stock Food. The great stock remedy. For sale by M. G. Paden, White Oaks, N. M.—tf

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EL PASO, TEXAS.



We act as Agents for Shippers to Smelter Control and Empire. Work a Specialty. We are prepared to handle ores from a hand sample to five-ton lots, as we have the LARGEST crushing power plant of any assay office in the Southwest.



STOPS PAIN

Athens, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1901. Ever since the first appearance of my menses they were very irregular and I suffered with great pain in my hips, back, stomach and legs, with terrible bearing down pains in the abdomen. During the past month I have been taking Wine of Cardui and Theodor's Black-Draught, and I passed the monthly period without pain for the first time in years. NANNIE DAVIS.

What is life worth to a woman suffering like Nannie Davis suffered? Yet there are women in thousands of homes to-day who are bearing these terrible menstrual pains in silence. If you are one of these we want to say that this same

WINE OF CARDUI

will bring you permanent relief. Console yourself with the knowledge that 1,000,000 women have been completely cured by Wine of Cardui. These women suffered from leucorrhoea, irregular menses, headache, backache, and bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui will stop all these aches and pains for you. Purchase a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui to-day and take it in the privacy of your home.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

J. E. Wharton, Attorney-at Law, S. M. Wharton, Editor and Prop. Eagle.
WHARTON BROS.,

Mines and Mineral Lands for sale. Also Farms and Ranches. If you have anything to sell, list it with us. If you want to buy a Mine, Mining Prospect, a Farm or Ranch we can accommodate you. Titles investigated and patents obtained. Assessments for non-residents.
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Lime and Cement.

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Gold.....\$.50 Gold and Silver.....\$.75
Lead.....\$.50 Gold, Silver, Copper 1 .50
Samples by Mail receive prompt Attention.
Gold and Silver, Refined and Bought.

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EL PASO, TEXAS.

European Plan...
..... Buffet and
..... Restaurant.

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Livery, Feed and
Sale Stable.
Good Stock and Rigs.
White Oaks Avenue.

Notice of Suit.

In the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the Territory of New Mexico, within and for the County of Lincoln.

HATTIE BATEMAN Plaintiff No. 1321
Vs.
JAMES F. BATEMAN, Defendant Divorce.

The above named defendant, James F. Bateman, is hereby notified that a suit has been commenced against him in the above named court, by said Hattie Bateman, Plaintiff, in which she asks for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of abandonment, failure to support, abuse and the excessive use of intoxicating liquors by defendant; for the custody of the infant child of plaintiff and defendant, Charles O. Bateman; and for such other relief as to the court shall seem meet.

That unless the said defendant enters his appearance in said cause on or before the 24th day of April, A. D. 1902, plaintiff will ask for the relief demanded in the Complaint and a decree will be entered against defendant by default.

Plaintiff's attorney is J. E. Wharton, of White Oaks, New Mexico.

JOHN E. GRIFFITH,
Clerk of said District Court.

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S. M. PARKER,

Notary Public
Fire and Life Insurance
Real Estate
Continental Oil Company

W. H. Slaughter
Mutual Life Insurance Co.

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.

ANIMAL BOUNTY LAW.

Be it enacted by the legislative assembly of the Territory of New Mexico:

Section 1. Section 1 of act 33d legislative assembly of the Territory of New Mexico, approved March 15th, 1899, entitled An Act to provide means for paying bounties for the killing of wild animals is hereby amended to read as follows:

The several boards of county commissioners are hereby authorized to levy annually a special tax on horses, bovine cattle, sheep and goats in their respective counties to any amount not exceeding two mills on the assessed value thereof for the purpose of raising money with which to pay bounties for the killing of wild animals. Such special tax shall be collected in the manner provided by law for the collection of other county taxes, and paid into the county treasury as a "Wild Animal Bounty Fund," to be used exclusively for the payment of bounties for the killing of wild animals at the following rates: For each coyote or wild cat, two dollars; for each lynx, two dollars, for each gray wolf, lobo, panther or mountain lion, twenty dollars; for each bear, ten-dollars. That no bounty certificates shall be issued in payment of scalps under the provisions of this act unless there are funds in the "Wild Animal Bounty Fund" to pay the same.

Sec. 2. All acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

They Initiated Him.

An official of the Gila river forest reserve who visited the Adobe ranch of the V cross Q company near Grafton last week, is now a full fledged knight of mountain and plain. He was initiated by the cow men of the Adobe in most approved style. The ceremony was interesting. The officer posed with a pipe in his mouth, that the boys might shoot out the fire. He danced to the accompaniment of half a dozen revolvers in action around his ears. He was the subject of an amateur lynching and was taught how to dodge a Winchester. The official, however, was game and came through the ordeal with flying colors.—Alamogordo News.

South Haters.

Representative Bellomy of North Carolina was correct when he said that "the people of this country hotly resent the Crum-packer resolution. They will demand that their representatives in National Congress put an end to the folly which now essays to

so grievously wrong the voters of the Southern States. The venomous tribe of South-haters, who were scalawags and carpetbaggers in reconstruction days, are now vastly in the minority. They cannot carry through their conspiracy to disfranchise the South. They lag superfluous on the stage. The country has outlived the passion of which they were the spawn, and has no use for their trickery and no patience with their undying hatred of the South."

THE COMMONER.

[Mr. Bryan's Paper.]

The Commoner has attained within six months from date of the first issue a circulation of 100,000 copies, a record probably never equaled in the history of American periodical literature. The unparalleled growth of this paper demonstrates that there is room in the newspaper field for a national paper devoted to the discussion of political, economic, and social problems. To the columns of The Commoner Mr. Bryan contributes his best efforts; and his reviews of political events as they arise from time to time can not fail to interest those who study public questions.

The Commoner's regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year. We have arranged with Mr. Bryan whereby we can furnish his paper and WHITE OAKS EAGLE together for one year for \$2.00. The regular subscriptions price of the two papers when subscribed for separately is \$2.50.

Reduced One Way Colonist Rates To California Points.

During the month of April, 1902, the Pecos System will sell Second Class Single trip tickets to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Diego, Cal., and intermediate points in California at greatly reduced rates.

For rates and particulars call on or write to any agent of the company.

DON A. SWEET,
Traffic Manager.

HOMESEEEKERS EXCURSIONS TO CALIFORNIA.

On April 1st and 15th and May 6th and 20th, 1902 (Four dates only) the Pecos System will sell Second Class round trip tickets to California points at rate of One Fare Plus \$2. Stopovers within 15 days allowed on going trip in homeseekers territory. Final limit for return Twenty-One days from date of sale. Tickets to be executed at destination for return trip, but not earlier than ten days from date of sale.

See any agent of the company for rates and particulars.

DON A. SWEET,
Traffic Manager.

Bargains In Shoes

We Have Some Broken Sizes of Mens, Womens And Misses' Shoes, That We Are Closing Out at Cost. If We Have Your Size, They Will Save You Money.

Taliaferro M. & T. Co.

Little Casino Saloon

Headquarters for the Best and Purest

Imported Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Sole Agents for Green River Whiskey

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Next Door East of EXCHANGE BANK.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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Regular trips daily to the railroad Good Rigs and Careful Drivers.

Passengers carried to White Oaks and any part of the country.

PAUL MAYER, PROP'R., WHITE OAKS, N. M.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

Good-by, bright leaves! Poor, pretty, use-
less things!
Your scarlet robes are soiled and tram-
pled now;
Awhile—ah, such a little while—you
laughed
And danced, upheld by yonder sturdy
bough
And then—he tired of you, and let you go;
You clung and pleaded, but you fell at
last,
Shivering and shrinking from the unknown
fate.
With never a hand to help you as you
passed.
Ah, mystic world! Not yours the fault,
poor leaves,
That you had neither flower, nor fruit,
nor seed,
Nor even restraining rootlet, still to hold
For you a place, in winter time of need.
I hear your wailing voices, as you float
To your dark rest: "Have I not done my
part?"
I kept the fierce, hot rays from tender lives
Of those who do not heed my breaking
heart!
"And even in my misery and death
In some strange way I feel, but know not
how,
To other years some richness I shall give,
Some essence of the bloom on vine and
bough."
But now the scornful world has blown you
on,
And heaven's bright tears fall from the
household eaves
Upon you, and your little life is o'er—
The fate of all the lost and fallen leaves.
—Fannie Barber Knapp, in Chicago Inter
Ocean.

Story of a Worth-
less Fellow

By JOHN M. RAFFERTY.

IF THERE are any sufficient reasons why a married man should go into the army, Louis Tappan had them. His five years of married life had been a cumulative failure and he knew it. What was more important, however, his young wife knew and charged the whole score of their mutual disappointment to him. Their one child, now a teething baby, had not healed their chafed spirits nor brought together their wandering hearts. Mrs. Tappan was a good little woman, so good that she neither sympathized with nor understood Louis' puerile ways, his passions for excitement, his slavery to habits that were neither necessary to her happiness nor warranted by his slender means, even in the days when he earned a good salary as bookkeeper for the Buena Vista bank.

Her father owned the little town where they lived, but he was one of those stern men who, having made their own way in the world, would discourage and resent the idea that they should give aid to others in the fight for independence or wealth. When Louis married Lucy Harding he admitted to himself that the old bank president was "a grouch," but in those days his self-confidence was not shaken by the prospect of working out a way for himself and Lucy. For a year he carried out his good resolutions, and even won a measure of Mr. Harding's crabbed regard. During that year the young people were fairly happy. The entering wedge of misery came when it dawned on Lucy that Louis didn't have any religion and couldn't "get" any. When he heard that she "had him prayed for" he lost his temper and they had their first quarrel.

After that his descent was rapid. They drifted further and further apart. The boy (he was only 23) lost his grip on good resolves and slid along the smooth and winsome current of his old, free habits. The row with Harding didn't come till the second year, but after that Louis' place in his father-in-law's bank became precarious. The old man warned, threatened and even persecuted him in the mistaken belief that he could scare the young husband back into the narrow path. But Louis didn't scare worth a cent. Long before the baby came he was in debt, neck and crop. His wife was pining in prison and quarrels and his creditors were beginning to talk

about "going to the old man." Even that didn't move the rascal. He began to think that he was the martyr of an unhappy marriage, that Lucy didn't understand him and that her father was determined to break up a union that he had never approved. When a man gets to coddling himself with such assurances he's in a bad way. And Louis was in a bad way even before the grocer, who was a deacon in Harding's church, made what Louis called "a holler" about his bill.

That settled the young man with Papa Harding. A month's notice, a threat of starvation and a mumbled imprecation were what the bookkeeper got with his next pay envelope. After he was out of his position he made a few feeble efforts to find work; he made a trip to Chicago, and in a weak way determined to take his wife and make a home for himself elsewhere. But somehow the world seemed to have suddenly grown very narrow and selfish. His comrades of dissipated days and nights couldn't help him further than to "hope the old man will come round all right," and buy another drink. Harding didn't come round. He ignored his son-in-law when they met on the street, and only when the child was born did he insist on taking charge of Lucy. After she was taken to the Harding home Louis' heart began to fail him. He discovered that he was fond and apt to grow fonder of the child—a boy. Broken in spirit and pocket, he swore he'd mend his ways and find work. But there was none. He went to Chicago, met an old companion, forgot his troubles for a night and a day and came to his dreary senses in the blue, ill-fitting uniform of a "rookie."

He had a vague idea that he would "win his way" as a soldier in the war which had just begun; visions of coming home a stern and famous officer—captain at least—crowded his boyish mind, and with his hopes there mingled, stinging sweet, the sense that at last he might have brought home to Lucy and her people a realization of the fact that he was not all bad. He even imagined the old "grouch" pitying him, and in the thought was the grim satisfaction that now at least he had martyred himself. He swore softly to himself that he would never drink nor gamble again, and when he left for Chickamauga with his regiment he had not fallen from grace.

A scribbled note on a postal card telling Lucy that he was "gone into the army" was all they heard about him at Buena Vista for three years after that. The Hardings read all the war news with eager curiosity at first, hoping to get some news of Louis, but their interest waned again and again, to be faintly renewed with the actual beginning of the fight. But there was not a word about Louis, not even his name among the wounded, sick or dead, much less notice of his gallantry or promotion. Not until the Cuban and earlier Philippine campaigns had dwindled down into intermittent skirmishes in far parts of the islands did there come a hint that he was yet on earth. Then just a line in the list of "dead from disease."

"Tappan, private company K, Twenty-third infantry; dysentery."

And there ended the career of Louis Tappan, the worthless young man of Buena Vista. * * *

The station agent at Culver, ten miles below Buena Vista on the Louisville & Nashville, saw the last train "hesitate" at his door, and was getting out his key to lock up when a well-dressed, swarthy young man with a small bag dropped off the rear coach and approached him.

"This is Culver, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Louis Tappan, lives?"

"Don't live here, leastways not in town. I know 'em all. No Tappans and nothing like that name round here. I'm pretty sure."

"Moved here from Buena Vista," suggested the stranger, wistfully; "moved up about a year ago."

"Oh, hold on! Tappan—oh, her name ain't Tappan no more. She's married

to Bill Chesebrough. They was married at Buena Vista a year ago, and come up here to live. Sure I—"

The stranger coughed a few times, looked up and down the tracks, and then:

"Her first husband, Patten, let-fen—"

"Tappan," murmured the uneasy visitor.

"Tappan, he died in the Philippines. He was a no-good bum and deserted her and the kid, so she ups and marries Bill Chesebrough. Bill is rich, owns all them quarries over to Hopeton. I'll show you where they live; take you right past the door."

"No-oo," mused the visitor, half aloud, and fumbling in his pocket, "I guess I won't go up; I—what did you say her first name was, Lucy?"

"Yes, that's her. She was Miss Lucy Harding, daughter of old 'Skinflint' Harding, down to Buena Vista, richer'n hell and meaner still. He—"

"Yes, I know," was the interruption, "but you're going past the house, her house?"

"Yep."

"Would you mind stepping in with this?" handing over a photograph. "It's a picture of Tappan for the boy, his boy. You see, we, Tappan and I, were in the same regiment, and when he got sick, he asked me to—for the boy, you know; his daddy's picture. I promised to give it to him."

"Oh, the Tappan kid; the one by her first husband, he—"

"Yes, that's the one. How is he? Does he look like—"

"Oh, that one died the first week they come here, diphtheria got him. He just—"

But the newcomer was out of earshot before the station agent could finish. Down the tracks he went toward the east, walking like a fury, with his head down and his little bag swinging in the dim light of the yard lamps till the night swallowed him.

The station agent whistled a note of wonder, looked at the photograph he yet held in his hand, saw it was of a young soldier standing bravely at salute, and turned it over. On the back was written:

"For Louis Tappan's little boy."

The station agent shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

"I'll bet that chap was a bug," he mused, as he walked toward Chesebrough's house. "but I guess I'd better give the picture to Mrs. Chesb—, No-o-oo, come to think of it, I guess I'd better not. Tappan is dead, the kid is dead and old Bill Chesebrough is jealous as an old maid."

He tore the photograph into small bits after another look and flicked the pieces into the air as he walked homewards.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crabs and Poached Eggs.

Toast rather thin slices of bread a nice brown; butter slightly and cover with half an inch of crab meat; place in the oven and heat thoroughly. Have some eggs nicely poached in rings, one for each slice. Lift from the water onto the crab meat and serve very hot.—Washington Star.

A Matrimonial Suggestion.

London newspaper men are afraid that American women journalists are going to crowd them out of business. Why, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, don't they execute a coup by marrying the lady journalists?

The Testing of a Man

By WILLIAM BLOSS.

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LONG ago, some person more or less wise—they are woefully tire-some, these sawmakers—declared that when a woman will she will. That's all very well, and perhaps it is, for the better part, true; but there are slips between lips and cups, pitchers often are broken by making steady company of the well curb, and, in fact, one can't always safely bet on a sure tip. I have

little doubt that a woman will when she will, if she can—but there's the rub, as Shakespeare wrote, and was most uncommonly abused by Critic Goldsmith for being so disagreeably vulgar, thereby proving that a poet is without honor in his own generation.

If she can. One must reckon with this essential "if she can." It was because of this lack of reckoning that Medora Folsom—something very dear to woman, her pride, entered into the shackles of matrimony with a rude and husky male person who had big feet and coarse hands, which is quite contrary to all the conventions of maidenly expectancy, when maidenly expectancy is delightfully dwelling upon the prospect of marriage. All properly constituted maidenly expectancies do that, and Medora Folsom was altogether a most properly constituted girl, and had been well taught, having a good mother. In itself this last is a full marriage portion for any young woman who is not looking for coronets.

Medora lived on the North side, up near Lincoln park, in one of those pretty by streets running lakeward, which are by no means aristocratic and by no means plebeian, but just good, comfortable, respectable, well-to-do American—which is fine enough for anybody, even a crown prince or the rajah of Singapore.

And Medora, who was 20 years old and as sweet a girl as ever bloomed in the countless myriad of girl gardens this old world has looked on since Osiris was only a man and had not thought of becoming a deity, had given her the rare happiness of being wooed by two ardent lovers "at one and the same time," as the ringmaster would say. It had looked for quite awhile as if John Brown would carry away this winsome prize and bear it to his tent triumphant. He had the first innings—which always counts, and Medora really liked him—which helps—and her mother favored his suit—which may or may not have been an advantage. Upon this latter point one may be pardoned a tolerant degree of skepticism. The basic quality of glorious woman is contrariness. If you want her to, she likes to make you believe she would rather not; if you urge her, she shies; if you coerce her, she backs; if you command her, she bolts. My opinion is that it was largely because of her dear mamma that Medora refused John Brown, the first time he asked her.

She didn't send him away peremptorily, flatly, about his business—that would have thrown the poor fellow at the feet of some other girl—the bold, saucy, thing—and have outraged all of Medora's finer feelings, but she pleaded that she didn't really love him yet enough to want to marry him, forever and forever (this was in Chicago, but Medora was a good Episcopalian), and that, for the time being, there was no hope. Besides that, Folsom is a prettier name than Brown, don't you think? It's a matter of taste. I know a woman whose name was once Miss Angela Beatrice Montgomery, yet now her calling cards bear the title, Mrs. Adam Potts. And she is proud of it.

So John, poor John, lingered, and used to make long calls on Sunday evening after service, when all the family was in the parlor, and talk about the weather, the new vested choir and what a sympathetic voice the rector possessed. It was rather slow for Medora. I think she rather resented this uncomplaining adoration, which accepted its fate and kept its mantle sheet. I think that at times she half wished she were a Sabine maiden and John was a Roman swashbuckler with no twentieth century foolishness about so pliant a willow as a mere girl.

And, resenting, when Aylmer Hastings came along, gay, self-centered, tall, dark, with white hands—so different from John's, who was an engineer and sometimes conveyed a fragrance of oiled rags—she seemed to yield to his impetuous suit and to poor John grew very haughty, disdainful and coldly polite. Soon she let it be quietly understood that she and Hastings were engaged. There was no formal announcement, and no wedding

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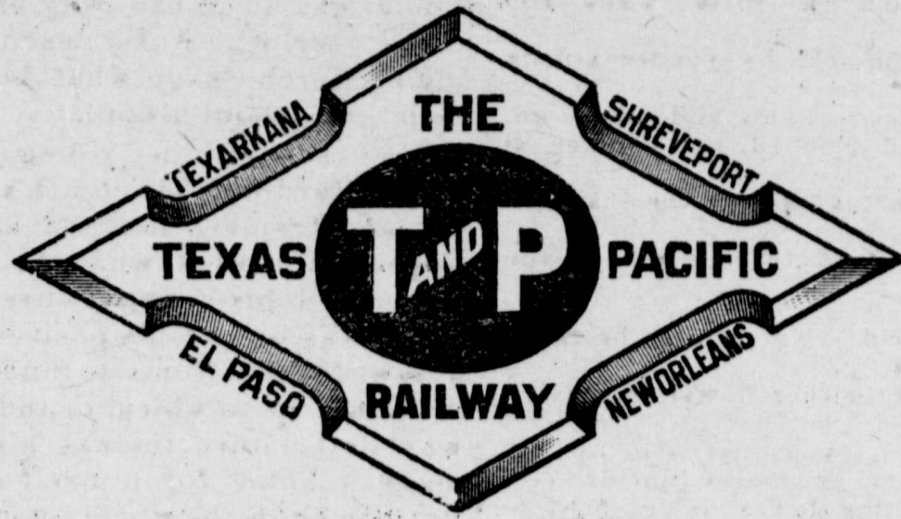
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