

The Daily New Mexican

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MONDAY, AUGUST 8.

The mints of India must be opened to the free coinage of silver at once. Senator Teller, of Colorado, says so, and that settles it.

It has been suggested that at the next meeting of the National Bottlers' Association, the members elect Commodore Schley to an honorary membership. As a bottler the commodore is able to give the professionals pointers.

Since the passage of the anti-profanity ordinance in the City of New York, the people write out their favorite cuss words and leave off the final n. By that trick exasperated feelings are relieved and the ordinance is not violated.

Three hundred years ago war revenue was raised by fining every man a shilling for absenting himself from church on Sunday. Had congress adopted that measure to raise money to carry on the present war with Spain, it would not have been necessary to pass any other revenue act.

At the conclusion of peace negotiations Uncle Sam will have on hand a choice collection of Morro castles for exhibition to tourists. With the ruined cliff dwellings in New Mexico and ruined castles in Cuba and Puerto Rico there will be no need of making pilgrimages to the Rhine to visit has-beens.

Lieutenant Hobson is in danger of letting his modesty throw him entirely into the background. For a man to make any headway in the navy, judging from some of the reports that have been sent to the Navy department from the vicinity of Santiago, it is absolutely necessary to use the pronoun of the first person quite frequently and emphatically.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has his prediction mill at work and the machine is grinding out doleful prophecies of hard times unless free silver is successful in the coming election. Senator Stewart's hobby is based upon business depression, and the old gentleman is very much worried for fear his pet theory will be buried forever under the wave of prosperity that has come to stay.

A citizen of Connecticut paid a visit to Kentucky recently and under the influence of the prevailing drink of the land of colonels, experienced a complete change of opinion regarding government, and says: "The trend of civilization is against Democracy. Men from the most primitive times as they progressed in mental, moral and social status, have desired a king." A few drinks from the Connecticut river will restore his reason, and his friends are needlessly worried about him.

The Business Men's Association, of Pueblo, is arranging for an excursion to New Mexico in the early part of September. The object in view is the forming of closer business relations between the Centennial state and the great territory which lies to the south, and the extension of Pueblo's wholesale trade. It is thought that 25 of the most prominent citizens of Pueblo will visit the different cities and towns, the trip being made in a special train, thus allowing stops at all business points. The Pueblo business men will be royally welcomed and entertained when they make their contemplated visit and they will all return home fully determined to become residents of New Mexico at the earliest opportunity. Colorado is a pretty nice state to visit in for a short time, but when a permanent residence is desired New Mexico is the only country.

The Horticultural Fair. The fruit growers and vegetable raisers of New Mexico ought by this time to realize the benefits to be derived from making displays of the products of their orchards and gardens at the Territorial Horticultural fair held in Santa Fe.

The first annual exhibition was held last year, and nothing in the line of a display ever attracted the attention, both in the territory and abroad, that the fruits shown at that time did. It was a revelation to residents and visitors alike. So successful was the effort that the society at once began preparations for the second annual exhibition, which will be held in this city on September 7, 8 and 9. The premiums offered have been increased in order to provide for displays of flowers, vegetables, and preserved and dried fruits, in addition to fresh fruits, and all indications now point to a magnificent display of the products of the orchards, vineyards and gardens in every section of the territory.

One of the pleasant features of last year's fair was the social part. The citizens of Santa Fe vied with one another in furnishing entertainment for the numerous visitors, and the success of their efforts in that particular added to the enjoyment of the three days in which the display was open. It is the intention to exceed last year's fair in every way. Nothing will be left undone by the management and the citizens of the city, that will add to the comfort and pleasure of visitors, and no other gathering in the territory will offer as many attractions to those who wish to take a pleasure trip.

Unfair Methods of Germany.

Consul Warner, at Leipzig, has written to the State department at Washington, giving in detail the methods adopted by the Germans to create prejudice against American pork. Inspection fees and duties are so heavy that the dealers find it difficult to handle hog products imported from the United States, and the business is hedged around with such restrictions that the consumer is made to believe that an inferior American pork is getting an unfair article of food, dangerous to both health and life. These measures are adopted under the guise of protecting the consumer from disease, but the real reason is to protect the German farmers from the competition of cheaper pork brought from this country.

The free trade papers in the United States from this incident, are pointing a moral to protectionists of the injurious effects upon American trade in foreign lands resulting from a protective tariff, which is rather far fetched. In place of arguing against protection, the attitude of Germany in regard to American meats and fruits emphasizes the necessity of protecting American industries. By reason of cheaper lands and more prolific crops, the American farmer is able to produce and market farm products, including meats, cheaper than the German agriculturist, and in order to protect her own people from outside and cheap competition, restrictions are placed on those products from this country. By reason of cheaper labor, the English, German and French manufacturers are enabled to place in the American markets manufactured articles at less prices than the people of the United States can make the same article.

Without a protective tariff the American markets would be supplied with foreign made goods to the exclusion of home products. Protection is a benefit, not only to America, but all other countries which have adopted the principle. Germany is doing this country an injustice, not in protecting her own people against competition which they can not meet, but in the manner in which it is done.

Germany, in her endeavor to retain the home markets for home products, is not content with levying a tariff for that purpose, but seeks to impress the purchaser with the idea that American food products are not fit for human consumption. A manner of dealing with both seller and purchaser which is dishonest and calculated to prejudice other countries against American products. There is where the injustice comes in. If Germany does not desire to have American pork and fruit sold in her markets she has a right to place a tariff on them so high that it would make it impossible for either the importer or exporter to ship to Germany, or if that fails to accomplish the purpose, forbid their importation entirely, giving the true reason for so doing.

Americans have no reason for feeling aggrieved at Germany for protecting her own people, but the manner in which it is done is what calls for a protest.

Election of a Delegate.

As the time approaches for the opening of the campaign, the papers of the territory are paying more and more attention to the selection of the territorial delegate to congress. The subject is being discussed thoroughly and the consensus of opinion seems to be that the best interests of New Mexico demand that a Republican be elected to that position this fall. The San Marcial Bee, in discussing the subject, presents reasons for sending a Republican to Washington as a delegate, in the following sensible way:

No one can doubt the advisability of sending a Republican to the next congress. It will be again Republican, the senate will be Republican, and with McKinley as president, how much show will a Democrat have of doing anything for the territory? His intentions may be ever so good, but the "powers that be" are against him, and his hands are tied. Both parties in the past have at times made the mistake of sending representatives to congress who were not in sympathy with the administration, and the result has invariably been seen in the failures they have made to procure the legislation asked for by the constituents. The territory has been clamoring for statehood for the past quarter of a century, and it will clamor for another quarter if it continues to send men to congress who represent principles antagonistic to the administration in power. It may be said that Mr. Ferguson succeeded in passing some measures through congress, but show us one of any political significance that he passed, and we will take back our statement. He promised to procure for us statehood, and introduced a bill for that purpose on the first day of the session, but it has not been heard of from that day to this. So long as Tom Reed and William McKinley occupy their present respective positions, it will be folly to send a Democratic representative to congress from this territory.

Probable Reason for Fault Finding.

It must be that because Governor Otero failed to authorize the enlistment of an Irish-American regiment by Editor Mullaney, of the Eddy Current, the latter takes occasion to do a good deal of fault-finding with our war governor. We believe that if St. Patrick was to appear in the flesh, and displayed a disposition to favor Republican principles, Mr. Mullaney would not hesitate to say that he was a traitor to his country, and that the abolishing of snakes from Ire-

land was a Republican scheme to catch votes.

Results of New Mexican Irrigation.

(Omaha Bee.)
When visitors to the exposition visit the Mines building and gaze upon the mineral display made by New Mexico, some of them have an idea that the territory is showing nothing but ores and precious stones. This is where they are mistaken, for over in the Agricultural building New Mexico has one of the finest agricultural exhibits that is to be found. While the space is not so great as that occupied by some of the states, it is filled with exhibits that attract a great deal of notice. Most of the products displayed come from the Pecos valley. New Mexico does not depend upon rain for crop raising, but instead irrigates from the numerous rivers and streams. This gives them the advantage of having water just when they need it to mature their crops.

The New Mexican exhibit contains specimens of all the small and coarse grains, grasses and feed plants, together with vegetables of all kinds and fruits of all varieties. In appearance the fruit, which is in cans, is equal to that of California, while the grain and vegetables are superior to those raised in many of the northern states.

One feature of the exhibit from New Mexico is a pair of cacti that are in pots. These huge plants stand three feet high and measure 18 inches across.

Resisted Officers of the Law.

(Lordsburg Liberal.)
Oliver Lee has written a letter to the Independent Democrat of Las Cruces, telling all about his little trouble with Sheriff Pat Garrett, which difficulty resulted in the murder of Deputy Sheriff Kearney. Lee claims that the sheriff's posse commenced shooting and then told him to throw up his hands. Lee had just awakened from a sleep when this occurred, and it may be that he was told to throw up his hands before the shooting commenced. Whether it was true or not that the shooting commenced before the call to surrender was made is not of much importance. It was in this way that Sheriff Garrett arrested Lee's son, and he has always been commended for the way he acted in doing so, and there is no very good reason why he should have done so, except that he did not want to be arrested.

Wm. McNew, who was arrested as Lee's accomplice in the killing of Colonel Fountain and his son, attempted to get liberty on a writ of habeas corpus. The case was heard by Judge Leland at Santa Fe, and he refused to admit him to bail, but remanded him to the custody of the sheriff of Dona Ana county, to await the action of the next grand jury.

Notaries Records.

The New Mexican Printing company has on sale blank records for the use of notaries public, with the chapter of the Compiled laws governing notaries, printed in the front. Will be delivered at any postoffice or express office on receipt of \$1.25.

SANTA CLARA FEAST.

Round Trip Tickets from Santa Fe \$1—Five Hours at the Pueblo.

The annual Indian Feast of the Pueblo of Santa Clara occurs on Friday, August 12. For this occasion the D. & R. G. R. R. has decided to make a very low rate, viz: One dollar for the round trip. Tickets will be good between Santa Fe and Espanola on that date. Children under 12 years, 50 cents. Extra equipment will be attached to the regular train leaving Santa Fe at 10:10 a. m., arriving at Espanola about noon. Returns, regular train will leave Espanola at 4:35 p. m., and will stop at Santa Clara to pick up passengers, and will arrive at Santa Fe at 6:15 p. m. to visit the Pueblo and Indian festivities.

This is positively the last excursion for the season. For further particulars address the undersigned.

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FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

I saw a sweet young mother with Her frisson at her breast. "And what's the baby's name?" I asked Of her so richly blessed. She looked at me with pity as She proudly poised her head. "What's his name, Dewey, sir, of course," In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl Who led a kitten by a string, And as I stroked her head I asked, "What do you call the pretty thing?" She looked at me with wide blue eyes, "And as she went her way, "I call my kitten Dewey, sir," I heard her sweetly say.

I met an early headed boy Who had a brindle pup, "And what's your doggy's name?" I asked As I held the creature up. He gazed at me in wonder, and He proudly cocked his head. "I call him Dewey, sir, of course!" He piteously said.

I stopped beside a rustic stile And heard a milkmaid sing a song. "And what's your bosy's name?" I asked The lassie as she came along. She looked at me in mild surprise, "And as she strode away, "Why, Dewey is her name, of course!" I heard the maiden say.

—Cleveland Leader.

Didn't Want to Be Left.

"I understand that just before Walter Brown left for the war you promised to marry him."

"That's true," admitted the beautiful girl.

"And that the following day when Tom Smith was starting with the naval militia you also became engaged to him."

"Quite right," admitted the beautiful girl.

"And that you accepted an engagement ring from Harry Jones just before he left in answer to the second call for troops."

"That is correct."

"I'd like to know how you reconcile such actions with your conscience."

"My conscience," exclaimed the beautiful girl, "is my own conscience that drove me to it. Any girl who wouldn't do what she could to make the defenders of her country happy isn't a patriot, and besides—"

No Pedagogue.

The mountaineers who form the two cavalry companies at Camp Bradley are the source of a great deal of fun for the Legion boys. When one of them was being examined, a physician jokingly asked if he could read.

"No, he couldn't, I can't," he replied, "but I didn't come up yere to teach skule. I come to fight."

It is needless to say that he passed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Heredity.

"How much George resembles his father?" exclaimed the caller, looking at the framed portrait of the young soldier hanging on the wall.

"Very much," replied Mrs. Strong-Mynde in a deep voice. "He can't take on of himself at all. He's written to me six times for money since he went to the war."—Chicago Tribune.

A Diagnosis.

Mentally he was a pitiful wretch. "Here is a black bass I bought of a boy on the road," he gibbered. "It weighs one pound."

It made us weep, almost, to hear him go on thus, for we knew that he had caught the bass himself and that it weighed five pounds.—Detroit Journal.

Society Warriors.

"First Tin Soldier—I ordered you to move your regiment half an hour ago."

"Second Tin Soldier—It's all right, major. We're waiting for the captain of Company X to get his uniform pressed."—New York World.

For Practice.

Aspiring Poet—I'll set the Thames on fire yet.

His Wife—I do hope you will dear. Would you mind making a fire in the kitchen grate, just as a matter of practice, you know?—Comic Outs.

Taking No Chances.

He—Why doesn't that English girl come on deck and be wooed by the breeze too?

She—Her mother won't let her. She hears the captain say this was a trade wind.—Harlem Life.

A Great City.

"They say that the medical examiners will not accept a man for the army who makes a practice of humping himself in the typical scorcher attitude."

"Say, that's too bad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Something Ought to Be Done.

"My dog is almost as intelligent as I am," remarked Squigly.

"Are you going to have him shot or will you try to give him away?" asked McWilliam, a Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The Great Drawback.

"What a modest girl she is, George. Whenever you speak, she drops her eyes."

"Yes, I wouldn't mind that so much, but she drops her h's too."—Ally Sloper.

RECORD AND BRIEF WORK.

Transcript, record and brief work for attorneys at the New Mexican printing office for the approaching session of the Territorial Supreme court, printed at the lowest possible figures and in the neatest, best and most acceptable style. Patronize the New Mexican Printing Co., and you will get first-class work, besides supporting an institution that is at work daily for this city, this county and the entire territory of New Mexico.

A BACKSLIDER.

"Dakin" Smith, his wife and his seven children were on their way to the camp meeting at Mount Gilead. The Georgia sun beat fiercely down upon the red clay road, and in its brilliant glare the smooth black faces and bare limbs of the deacon's children shone like polished ebony.

The deacon's better half, seated beside him on the seat of the creaking old wagon, was attired in a ravishing toilet of black alpaca, her woolly head was surmounted by a gorgeous turban, and her spiny feet were incased in painfully new shoes of ample width and adorned with yellow calash strings. Above the deacon's venerable head she held a cotton umbrella, once black, but which the sun had bleached to a dingy brown. "Miss Smif," observed the deacon, blinking at the sun, "is yuh tek notice of de time of day? Dat mebbe he gadder hump hisself, else we gwine be late foh de preachin. Cum up dah, yuh Sam!"

"Miss Smif" at this moment, however, made a wild clutch at one of her children. "Yuh, lawd," she cackled nervously, "don't yuh han' yuh foot onto de back of de kowarin, heah me? Yuh's a-dix foh tuh fall out an git dem new cloze apillet!"

"Tawm" submissively drew his offending feet in and crouched painfully in the wagon bed with his restless brothers and sisters.

"Sam," being a wise mule and realizing that it does not pay to hury through life, decreased his gait to a slouching walk, to the deacon's great disgust.

"Now, jes' look at dat mewell!" he exclaimed. "Yuh, Sam, whiffo yuh ask dat a-way? Ain' yuh go no 'tigion. Yuh's a-gwine tuh de house o' de Lawd!"

"Lemme git dat mewell uh cut wit de whip," suggested "Miss Smif," reaching for the hickory switch.

The deacon regarded her reprovingly over his "spec." "Miss Smif," he observed, "hit 'peah lak yuh dum disemembah dat weoze a-gwine tuh de house o' de Lawd on de Lawd's day."

"Miss Smif" meekly subsided, and her husband again turned his attention to the mule.

"Cum up heah!" he exclaimed, slapping the animal's prominent backbone with the rope lines.

Sam promptly stopped short and apparently became absorbed in deep thought. The deacon clambered heavily from the vehicle and seized the bit. He pulled to the right and to the left, but Sam's elastic neck was the only portiorf of his anatomy which yielded to the deacon's efforts. The deacon removed his hat and coat, which he placed carefully in the wagon and began again, but with no better result.

"Miss Smif," he observed, mopping his damp forehead with his red bandanna, "I reckon de Lawd gwine fohgib dis heah nigguh of de hee Samm dat mewell wunat. Gimme dat whip!"

The deacon planted himself before Sam and shook the whip under his nose.

"Yuh see dis heah whip?" he demanded. Sam spread his hoofs wider apart, dropped his head and calmly awaited the blow.

"Git along dah!" exclaimed the deacon. "Swish! Down came the whip and down came Sam also—to an easy position in the dust, where he prepared to endure what might come with resignation befitting his age.

Just at this interesting juncture appeared "Pawson" Tolbert, the religious leader of the community.

Dismounting from his lame sorrel horse, he approached the scene of his parishioner's labors.

"Whiffo yuh watin'?" he inquired. "Hit's mos' time foh preachin. Remember de parrrubel o' de wise an' de foolish!"

"This was the last straw."

"Go 'long an' 'ten tuh yuh bizness, nigguh!" exclaimed the deacon angrily.

"'Pawson" was somewhat surprised. "Be'er Smif," he responded solemnly, "yuh's a-tawkin tuh de 'sciple o' de Lawd."

"Hit don' mek no diffence who I'm a-tawkin tuh!" shouted the deacon. "Jes' yuh git on yuh horse an' hump de ten tuh de sahn o' souls an' don' yuh mix up no whin' air yuh bizness!"

The children giggled and scrubbed their bare feet ostentatiously across the splinters of the wagon bottom.

"Who-o-osh!" snarled the deacon, blowing out a mouthful of muddy creek water. "Pawson, hit 'peah tuh me lak de debbel dun riz outen de mewel an' 'scended 'pon de subvants o' de Lawd!"

"Hit sho' do, be'er Smif," agreed the "pawson" shamefacedly, wringing the water from his coatails. "Jes' yuh git up ahine me on mah hoss, an' we'll go tuh de meetin an' praise de Lawd foh libberin de subvants outen de han' o' sateen!"

"A-men!" said the deacon devoutly.—H. S. Marriner in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Time Illuminations. "Lightning of every description," said the middle aged man, "is brighter, more brilliant and more striking now than ever before, but there was in yore, say, 50 years ago, a method of illumination for purposes of celebration that it seems to me was more picturesque than any one of the methods that have supplanted it. I refer to the illumination of houses by placing candles in the windows.

"Windows in those days were not made as they are commonly nowadays, with one or two lights, but they were made with six or nine lights of glass to a sash, so a window had usually 12 or 18 panes of glass. Candles were placed at the windows, one at each pane, in holders specially made for the use, a little triangular piece of tin with a short socket soldered upon it. This holder was held in place simply by crowding the sharp corner of it into the sash below the glass. The candles were not lighted until the approach of the procession.

"A house front with a light twinkling at every pane of every window was a picturesque sight indeed, and a whole street of houses thus illuminated made a fairly spectacle."—New York Sun.

Code of Civil Procedure.

Every practicing attorney in the territory should have a copy of the New Mexico Code of Civil Procedure, bound in separate form with alternate blank pages for annotations. The New Mexican Printing company has such an edition on sale at the following prices: Leatherette binding, \$1.25; full law sheep, \$2; flexible morocco, \$2.50.

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