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FRIDAY, AUGUST 19.

In one respect the Philippine question has been settled. If General Merritt wants more troops to keep matters in shape over there he can have them.

One city in Colorado has learned that the sum and substance of existence is not bound up in free silver. Pueblo proposes to clean up and avert any and all possible epidemic of disease that may be headed that way. Denver would rather have the smallpox than to forget the crime of '73.

The drift of trade conditions in the United States is shown by the fact that for the fiscal year closing on June 30, the exports of manufactures of iron and steel were five times as great as those of 1880, and the imports were only one-sixth those of the same year. Protection seems to be no draw-back to capturing the "markets of the world" after all.

Senator Elkins says that the United States must hold the Philippines, and makes the assertion that it will be more difficult to let go of the islands than it will be to govern the whole group. Before the war broke out the senator wanted peace above all things, and his positive assertions on the duty of this country to the people of the Philippines are a fair indication of the sentiments that are sweeping from one end of the country to the other.

The New York Daily Financial News says that "peace, after all that has been gained by the war in territory, prestige and waking up of the people of the United States, means unprecedented expansion in trade. Mark it down. The big boom in American history is at hand." The Review is not in any sense a political paper, and its prediction is based upon the fact that since the protocol was signed business of every kind has shown a very marked gain in strength and volume.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says that ex-Governor Stone, of Missouri, is "preparing his plumes and preparing his pinions to secure the Democratic nomination for president." The ex-governor is wearing his feathers out in a hopeless endeavor to fly above his level. If he were to secure the nomination on the Democratic ticket he would be the worst defeated man who ever ran for the office of president. The people of the country know his size too well.

Papa Lottor is having a hard time of it these days. Son Joe lost several millions in a wheat deal for the old man and now the daughter, who has been made vice empress of India, is calling for a stake to start in business in her new home on the other side of the world. The old gentleman is coming up to the requirements of an indulgent parent, but the amount of money he is compelled to expend for revenue stamps to place on real estate mortgages makes him groan.

The fruit growers and people generally should remember that the most successful fair that will be held in New Mexico this year will be the Horticultural fair which opens in this city on September 7. The displays that will be made at that show will surpass the most enthusiastic New Mexico boomer, and there will be a large attendance of visitors for the purpose of looking at the luscious fruit raised in the territory. The proper thing to do this year will be to attend the Horticultural fair, and those who fail to be present will miss the prettiest sight on record and the social treat of the season.

The Americans have the reputation among other nations for being money grubbers, and yet the bloodiest wars that have been fought by this country have been for the upholding of principles which were thought to be right. The war with Spain, while not as disastrous to life as those of earlier days, was no exception to the rule, and more than that, it was fought to free fellowmen from oppression and starvation. Perhaps as the world grows older the European countries will realize that while the average American has a fondness for money, he also is filled with a spirit of fairness and compassion that even exceeds the passion for amassing a fortune.

Germany's several unasked for explanations of the August incident may be sufficient to prove that no overt act was intended when the Spanish commander was spirited away from Manila to Hongkong. Just the same, the people of the United States will always believe that Admiral Diederichs has gone just as far in aiding the Spanish in the Philippines as he dared and yet not give

cause for the United States firing on his vessels. Whether or not he was acting with the knowledge and sanction of the emperor is a matter which does not make much difference, although the actions of the German admiral have not been such as to inspire Admiral Dewey with much confidence. So far as the escape of August is concerned no one cares a cent. The United States has already a job lot of Spanish prisoners on hand that can not be gotten rid of.

Fun and Fight.

It has been stated numberless times that the "Rough Riders" are the most picturesque body of armed men ever organized for service in war. They have proved themselves fearless in battle, capable of offering themselves, and equal to any emergency in the field. The world has rung with their praises, and for all those things they have not gotten that American disease known as "the big head."

Stories of the many peculiarities of the men are filling the columns of the newspapers, and judging from the tenor of many of these "Teddy's Terrors" have demonstrated that they were able to care for themselves under any and all circumstances. The creed of the regiment seems to have been to steal everything in sight, so long as it belonged to a comrade of the regiment, and the men who could not supply his needs by this means was not a true "Rough Rider." Their depredations were never allowed to extend beyond the borders of their own company—unless some other command had something particularly choice, and even then a very plausible excuse has always been found for the appropriation of the good thing. These stories may be base calumnies, but the public evidently enjoys them, and since the people have paid for all the articles thus seized upon, and they have been used while fighting the country's battles, there has not been any loss in the end. It has been a "rustling among themselves" carried on good naturedly and no one cares for the apparent infraction of the teachings of one of the commandments. It is a fact that General Wheeler said to one of the troopers of the "Rough Riders": "So you are one of the 'Rough Riders'?" Well, you may be good fighters—in fact you have shown yourselves to be good fighters—but for down right thievery you are the worst I have ever known. Why, your camp is known all over the army as a den of thieves. It is a wonder that some of you ever managed to get out here unharmed." The cause of this little recommendation for the regiment was that some enterprising cowboy had stolen the general's favorite saddle horse, and the general had failed to make his claim good. Colonel Roosevelt was of course not a party to the theft of the horse, but—well, he saw to it that the animal remained in the camp of the boys who stormed San Juan hill. The truth of the story is not vouched for, but some of the New Mexico boys may be able to tell all about it when they return home.

In the regiment are a number of young men who are counted among the millionaires of the country, but they have performed the duties of private soldiers as faithfully and unflinchingly as the poorest westerner in the ranks, and seem to have accepted conditions as readily and joyously as the worst scabber brain among them. They have dug trenches, carried horses and carried wounded companions from the battlefield as if they never expected to do any thing else. No matter from what part of the country a "Rough Rider" came his only ambition has been to fight, make a reputation for the command and incidentally get as much fun out of the war as possible. The uppermost idea has been patriotic, but the men evidently believed that "all work and no play" makes Jack a dull boy, and have conducted themselves accordingly.

There is no doubt that this characteristic has had much to do in enabling the boys to stand the hardships they have, do the fighting and retain their health, or rather prevented the giving way to the enervating effects of a tropical climate. They are entitled to all the fun they may have had since they left Tampa, and no regiment ever received a warmer welcome than they have since landing in New York.

The stories now being told of the fighting, fussing and stealing done by the "Rough Riders" will become a part of the history of one of the most remarkable regiments in the war, and the country at large will boast of the first, joke about the second and laugh heartily over the third, and point with pride to the achievements of the New York dudes and the western cowboys, while stationed in Cuba.

All Did Their Duty.

(Raton Range.) Lieutenant D. J. Leahy, of the "Rough Riders," who is carrying a healing wound of the fight at Santiago says that Captain Max Luna did his duty manfully as did all the other officers on that bloody battle field.

Bids Fair to Rival Cripple Creek. (Council Bluffs, Nonpareil.) "One of the most interesting exhibits in the mining building at the exposition is made by the Cochiti district of New Mexico, which has just recently risen into prominence, and bids fair to rival Cripple Creek, and by mining men is regarded as more certain than Klondike, and the climate is infinitely preferable."

"Rough Riders" Guests of Honor. (Brooklyn Standard Union.) The "Rough Rider," Troop I, 1st U. S. volunteer cavalry, (Lieutenant Weinger's troop) are still in Jersey City. It is likely that they will remain for several days. They are quartered in the 4th regiment armory, and are in more comfortable circumstances than at any time since they went into camp at Tampa. The men are being treated royally by the people of Jersey City, who are anxious to do all in their power to make the men comfortable. Government rations have gone begging since early yesterday morning, when it became gen-

erally known that the "Rough Riders" were in town. The men appreciate the hospitality which has been shown them. "We have been better received in Jersey City," said one private, "than in any other city we have been in since our organization."

"From Tampa to North Carolina we got nothing but sullen greetings and black looks wherever we happened to stop. The people did not want us with them. They seemed afraid of us. We would probably have been paid in Tampa if the mayor of the city hadn't used his influence to prevent it, declaring that we would wreck the town if we had money to spend. He wouldn't have feared. The "Rough Riders" are gentlemen and know how to behave themselves."

There has not been a single instance in this city of a trooper causing any kind of a disturbance. They have been by far the best behaved soldiers that have entered the city, in spite of the fact that they have been given almost unlimited liberty. No arrests have been made since the men arrived. The only prisoners with the troops are those who were brought from the south, where they were guilty of slight breaches of discipline.

Very few of the men ate their supper in the armory last night. There were more invitations to supper than there were men to fill them. Some living near the armory took as many as 12 troopers and left orders that they were not to go anywhere else while in town. C. F. Ackerman, a baker of Vroom street and Bergen avenue, has been particularly good to the troopers. He has refused to accept any pay from those who have gone to his store to buy food and has fed 12 of them at his own table.

Mr. Decker, of Storm avenue and Howard place, whose husband was a soldier, has made provision for a dozen men, and so has Mrs. Dusenberry, of Glenwood and Bergen avenue. Mrs. Dusenberry last night sent over 75 sandwiches for the men in the armory who were out and could not get out to their supper.

A Belligerent Initiator. "John Ingram, what do you mean by coming home in this condition and at this time of night?" "Mos' natural thing in world, my love. It's all part of pre-preparations for war. Everything is being put in readiness. B-wat-fiships is steamed up an loaded; torpedo boats is steamed up an loaded. He really has no notion of singing, that gardener. So he told Billy tales in broad Gloucestershire instead, and Billy trotted after him, assisting in all his horticultural operations, and they loved each other."

Needed in Their Business. "Is it true," asked the man who had been out on the state, "that reading or writing of romances is forbidden by the Koran?" "It is," said the man who had bought Connecticut made rugs in Constantinople. "They need all the lies they can get in their business."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jumping at a Conclusion. "Did you hear Miss Filmer say that she had a speaking acquaintance with that millionaire?" asked Maud scornfully. "Yes," replied Maud with equal scorn. "It's the first time I know that she ever worked in a telephone exchange."—Washington Star.

Precautionary Thoughtfulness. "Can you come down awhile this evening?" asked the lady at one of the telephone lines.

"Just wait a moment till I ask the cook," came promptly from the lady at the other end.—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted Opportunity. She—How dare you kiss me, sir? He—Because I love you. She—How long have you loved me? He—Months. She—Oh, George, what a lot of time we've lost!—Town Topics.

It Would. Sibley—My mother-in-law has been spending the winter in Florida. Privote—Has the climate agreed with her? Sibley—If it knows its business, it has.—New York Journal.

Full of Respect. Susan—Lor, Miss Ella, I wonder you've left to play, and you just in your mourning for your poor uncle! Miss Ella—Don't be silly, Susan! Can't you see I'm only playing on the black notes!—St. Paul's.

How It Originated. "What started the fight at the vegetable party?" "Somebody wanted to know if the Ham and brothers came as bests?"—Cleveland Leader.

Overwhelming Evidence. "I see," said Judge Bloomer to the coroner, "that you have returned a verdict of murder in the case of the man who was found dead this morning. How can you do that when he left a letter confessing suicide?" "Yes, but the circumstances showed that it was a plain case of cold blooded murder."

"What circumstances?" "Why, he had two bottles cock full o' apple brandy in his coat pockets. No man with any judgment would suicide with such a fine stock o' spirits as that on hand."—Atlanta Journal.

Pressed For Funds. She—The idea of that western widow suing a man for \$1,000 damages for hugging her! He—Probably she was hard pressed for money.—New York Press.

Benefit For Them. "Are you interested in this don't worry movement?" "Yes, I wish I could get all my creditors into it."—Chicago Record.

The Error of Bridget. Rev. Early Call—What induced you to leave the church? Mrs. Deally—Londer, doctor; I didn't hear you. Bridget (speaking up)—He said what in the deuce did you leave the church for.—Comic Out.

The Great O'Higgins. If we had the great O'Higgins, Spain would have to leave the digpin's (So mind me when I tell you of this) With her min an gunn amazin It's the devil she'd be raisin For she's Irish in the name of her, she is!

If we had the great O'Higgins, she'd be ruler of the digpin's! An her influence would wake up stiff an dead. For the name av her betrays her, An it's a fight that'll please her, For she's Irish from her heels, sorr, to her head!—Atlanta Constitution.

BILLY'S FRIENDS.

They did not know that Billy had so many friends until he lay a-dying. Then they knew.

"I want some ice for Master Billy's head," said the parlor maid. "He's that feverish, doctor says, it's to be kept on all the time."

Mr. Stallion, the fishmonger, looked grave. "Haven't a bit of ice on the premises. It's ordered, but it won't be here till tomorrow. Dear! Dear! And to think as the little gentleman's so bad!"

Mr. Stallion was a stout, snarling looking man, with a short brown beard. He shook his head, but looked really sorry. "Whatever shall we do?" cried the parlor maid. "Whatever shall we do?"

"Do!" echoed Mr. Stallion. "Do! Why, get some, to be sure. I'll go to Farnham for it myself. Tell your lady she shall have it in an hour."

Mr. Stallion was one of Billy's friends. The earl was another. The earl is young, fresh colored and chubby, and somewhat lacking in dignity. He is an M. F. H. for all that, and Billy was wont to go with him to the kennels, and knew all the old hounds by name.

The earl and Billy held long conversations on the subject of poachers. Billy's sympathies were apt to go with the poachers, but that was the fault of the radical curate.

As for the curate, he and Billy were dear friends. He would spend long sunny afternoons bowling stows and twisters and overhands to Billy, and he could sing such charming songs!

One of Billy's peculiarities was that he exacted song from all his friends. Then he learned them himself and sang them in his turn. The curate's favorite song was "For It's My Delight on a Shiny Night." It was this song that caused Billy's predilection for poachers.

The earl could sing too. Of his repertory the favorite was "The Girl Who Went and Got Married, that 'ard 'earted girl. And it was not to a wicent, and it was not to a heart."

Here Billy always interrupted, exclaiming delightfully, "That's you, you know!" and demanded the verse again.

There was one friend from whom Billy exacted no songs. This was old Williams, the gardener. He was a very good gardener, but deaf. Billy was the only person who could stand up to him. He really had no notion of singing, that gardener. So he told Billy tales in broad Gloucestershire instead, and Billy trotted after him, assisting in all his horticultural operations, and they loved each other.

But the fever had got a hold upon Billy. It was such a hot July.

At last a Sunday came when those who loved him best feared that he could not last through the day. At morning service the curate gave it out that "the prayers of the congregation are desired for William Wyrington Ingram." Then he paused, and with a ring of supplication in his voice which startled the listening people said, "Little Billy Ingram, whom we love—who lies grievously sick."

"William Wyrington Ingram" had fallen instantly on his back, but the familiar name struck home, and the congregation prayed.

In the pause which followed the words "especially those for whom our prayers are desired," the deaf gardener's voice was heard to say, "Amen." But no one smiled at him that Sunday.

The earl had no surplus to take off, so he reached Billy's house first. But the curate caught him at the drive gate, for the curate ran.

There was no sound in the house but the rattle of Billy's mother slinging to him over and over again the same old nursery rhyme. His father came down to the earl and the curate, and silently they followed him up into the darkened nursery. Billy smiled when he saw them. He could not see them, but he heard them.

"Ob, do not come to Billy's house!" the mother's voice went on. Then she sang more softly, and suddenly there was silence.

Billy had gone to sleep. The drive gate clicked and a quick step sounded on the gravel outside. It was the doctor. He came hastily into the room and, stopping softly on Billy's pillow, he lifted her up and set her in a chair. He took her place, laying a hand on the child's pulse and on his forehead. Then he said in a whisper: "He'll do. He's gone to sleep."

The three men rose from their knees as Billy's mother fell on hers, with the first tears she had shed in all that weary week. They followed the doctor out of the room and crept down stairs into the hall. The doctor pushed Billy's father into the dining room, saying: "You must give me some of your luncheon. See the little chap again in 30 minutes or so. What the deuce was the matter with you all? Did you think he was dead?"

"I did," said the earl in an awestruck whisper. "Go away!" said the doctor testily. "Go away, you long faced lunatics, and leave us in peace!"

The two young men turned and went into the drive, where they found Williams waiting for news. The earl went up to speak his thanks to the doctor, and to thank him for his luncheon. He said, saying loudly and with pauses between words, "He is better—he is asleep—the doctor—says—he'll do."

FOUR BACHELORS CALL.

Accept Peggy's invitation, but she falls to remember their names.

When Charlie called, Peggy proposed that they call on the Weston girls. Accordingly a few minutes later Charlie touched the bell at the pretty little apartment in which the Westons had their cozy home, but repeated ringing brought no response.

"They're out again," wailed Peggy. "It's funny, though, that the maid doesn't answer. Have you some cards?"

Charlie finally drew out one dilapidated past-board, bearing the words, "Miss Margaret Haskins, 9999 Pleasant boulevard."

"Let's write something on it, just for fun," suggested Peggy.

So her attendant cavalier scrawled, "and Charlie," after the formal cognomen of Miss Peggy, adding: "Why can't you stay home one night at least? We're not coming again till you've been up to see us." This edifying epistle was tucked under the door, and the disappointed callers stroled out into the soft spring air.

Three evenings later Peggy was trying to pass the time in patience, for Charlie was out of town, when the maid appeared with four immaculate cards announcing Mr. Chester Grayson, Mr. Thomas Todd Smith, Mr. John J. Carpenter and Mr. Grant A. Holden.

"I don't know them," said Peggy. "They must be friends of Sister Ellen."

"No, ma'am," insisted the maid. "They asked for Miss Margaret Haskins." Peggy knew her tendency to forget names, so a moment later she confronted four grave young men in irreproachable evening dress, all bowing with beautiful grace and smiling with beautiful effect. Peggy scowled her pretty forehead in a tangle, but couldn't save her life place her guests.

"It's a beautiful spring evening," began Mr. Chester Grayson.

"You are looking charmingly well," cooed Mr. Thomas Todd Smith.

"We feared we should not find you at home," ventured Mr. John J. Carpenter.

"Where is Charlie?" he asked. "Where is Charlie?" put in Mr. Grant A. Holden.

All this time Peggy was going through a series of inward qualms, but the question about Charlie set her at ease, and she plunged into a chummy little confession of how innocently she had been devoted swain out of town. A half hour later she found herself begging the quartet to come again, after which she went up stairs to puzzle out where she had met those men before.

The following afternoon as Peggy was about to board a down town car Fannie Weston ran up to her and exclaimed: "You'll get our new at home cards tomorrow. We're in Kenwood—been out there over two weeks."

Peggy's head reeled as she hung frantically over the back platform and pleaded: "Who has your old flat?"

And as the conductor rang the signal to go ahead Fannie called innocently from the curbstone: "Don't know their names—four men—bachelor quarters."—Chicago News.

A Fine Point. "Say, Easy, here's a nut for you. You know about dis yer new stamp tax that obliges a man to put a stamp on each one of his bank checks? Yes, Well, s'posin a man makes out a check dat's no good an don't put no stamp on it, an checks it in de bank—wot's de penalty?"

"That's a fine point, Weary. Wot's your idea about it?" "Well, I'm a-goin to test it an find out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cure For Insomnia. "Jags—What's good for insomnia, doctor?" "Doctor—How long have you been troubled with it?"

"Jags—Oh, I haven't got it at all, but my wife has. Sometimes she doesn't get to sleep until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning."

"Doctor—Well, I'd advise you to try going home earlier."—Chicago News.

Hoping For the Best. "You know, dear," said Miss Doyler frankly to her accepted suitor, "you know we get none of papa's money while he lives."

"I quite understand that, my precious pet," replied the young man, with the light of love in his eyes. "We will invite him to live with us, put a folding bed in his room and hope for the best."—Odds and Ends.

Not Desirable. "I wish this Cuban trouble was settled," remarked the poet.

"Why?" asked his friend. "Because 'fore' and 'aft' are the only words that rhyme with 'war,' and they do not sound well at the end of a line."—Vim.

An Artistic Game. "Dawdle has a good head. Two years ago he borrowed \$10 of me and returned it inside of a week."

"Well?" "Then he borrowed \$100, and I haven't seen him since."—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Pride. "The bank check stamp tax will be paid willingly enough."

"What makes you think so?" "Because no man would want to have it understood that his check wasn't worth 3 cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misunderstood. Miss Gush—Oh, come see this beautiful sunset! Gruffly—Stuff! I can't waste my time gazing at a lot of young army officers squawking around—Philadelphia North American.

Woman's Way. "An allowance is something like a bicycle."

"How so?" "A man can put his wife on it, but he can't make her stay on it."—Comic Out.

Reason of It. "Well, I see our folks out the last Cuban cable again yesterday."

"Yes, I guess the cable cutters must be getting paid on the piece work plan."—Cleveland Leader.

And This Is Friendship. May—I said something to Jack last night which he declared made him the happiest man in the world.

Facula—So you refused him after all.—New York World.

Deceptive. Jasper—A woman is no older than she looks. Junppuppe—That's true, but she is invariably an awful lot wiser.—Facts.

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Chemp Rate to Indian Pueblo. At any time a party of five or more desires to visit the San Hildebrando Indian pueblo, a rate of one fare for the round trip will be made to the Rio Grande station. Tickets limited to date of sale and one ticket to cover entire party. T. J. HELM, General Agent, R. G. & S. F. F. R. Colorado Tourist Rates. Commencing June 1st, 1898, the Santa Fe Route will place sale tickets to Denver and return at rate of \$28.50, Colorado Springs, \$33.85, Pueblo, \$31.05, these tickets will be on sale daily until October 31st, 1898, for particulars call on any agent of the Santa Fe Route. H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. W. J. Black, G. P. A., Topeka, Kas. Pecos Valley Railway. Time card in effect January 31, 1897. (Central Time) Leave Pecos, Tex.,