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FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1895.

The death of Frank M. Pixley will naturally disturb the Argonaut, as without Pixley the publication he made famous loses its individuality.

J. G. Willett our well known fruit grower, and president of the "Fruit Growers Association" of San Juan county, N. M., left for Denver today, authorized by the leading fruit growers of this district to negotiate with the railway company for a lower express rate to Denver.

CHARGES AGAINST T. B. CATRON AND OTHERS.

In the territorial supreme court this morning something of a sensation was developed when District Attorney J. H. Crist presented a mass of papers, affidavits, etc., charging T. B. Catron and Chas. A. Spiess with violation of their duties as attorneys and obligations as officers of the court growing out of their conduct of the case of the territory against the Borrego gang, assassins of ex Sheriff Frank Chavez.

The action taken in this matter by Mr. Crist is in the performance of his official duty. We may go further and state that it is in the honorable discharge of a moral duty, a duty arising not only from the exigencies of his office, which place him in the light of the assailant of wrong and illegality, but also from the position he occupies as a citizen.

HIS LAST DRAFT.

The heat of the day was intense. The alkali water in the old lard tin had more flavor about it than usual; as a thirst quencher it was useless. The coal oil bottle had come in contact with the iron corner of the press and the atmosphere was redolent with the savory perfume of oil and putrid paste.

The editor's eye wandered over his surroundings. It surveyed the "Armstrong" press. The man who worked that press when they got out the last issue was in bed sick. The editor recollected his strivings as he pulled the mighty lever; no wonder his friend was prostrate. He rose from his chair and walked toward the "Hell" box.

"Well," he soliloquized, as he felt in his pocket in the forlorn hope of finding a chew of tobacco, "this is Thursday. No chance of getting the paper down now. The draft for \$17.73 and the patent sheet must go to the devil together; and after all why should I work from week to week for nothing, striving to boom a town, and please a people who want the one doing for nothing, and daily show the impossibility of the other?"

The heat increased. A hot wind rattled the casements. The editor drew forth a red lead pencil and slowly wrote "17.73" on the sheet before him. He laughed; something uncanny in that laugh.

"Now, sir; if your price isn't too high, I'll buy the land. \$75 an acre with water right, good price for bare land a mile from town. Well, I'll take it. Ten acres, pay a deposit; all right, good paper that man here gets out. The copy he sent us in Kansas brought me down; must look him up; guess you pay him well for getting out that paper; the way to bring people in, and boom your town. I'll just step across and see him."

The man who stood with the stranger, looked at him with a queer look; that morning he refused fifty cents to the editor toward a draft; last issue, too; he'd go in now and pay him; he'd even give him two dollars toward his paper.

Together they went up to the door of the paper office. It was shut. The townsman opened it. A man stood in the room facing the wall. He had one foot in the Hell box. In his left hand he flourished a galley. In his right he waved a red lead pencil. All over the wall were figures in red lead: \$17.73-17.-17.73-73,17-71.37-

The two spectators gazed at each other in horror. The face of the local land owner was white—and he'd sold that ten acres, too, through the paper issued two weeks ago by the editor who still wrote on the wall the amount of the draft he couldn't meet, the draft that would have released that patent sheet for the next issue of the paper that had stopped—the draft for "\$17.73."

Fruitland.

Special Correspondence. FRUITLAND, Aug. 28.—Of course all were grieved at Mr. Brimhall's sad accident, and everybody did all they could to alleviate his pain. Mr. Kennedy rode one of his horses from Fruitland to Farmington, at least 16 miles, in one hour. Dr. Roseuthal soon came. He immediately put Mr. Brimhall under the influence of chloroform an amputated the hand, taking it off half way between the wrist and elbow. Messrs. F. Coolidge, English, N. Webster, E. Cheney and Mrs. A. H. Stevens witnessed the operation. It was thought best to not have Mrs. Brimhall present, but she came a few minutes after the operation had been performed. She was almost distracted with grief. The blow was so sudden. He had left her but a few hours before in the prime of life and strength—now she saw him maimed for life. However she soon collected himself and stood forth a brave woman—an angel to comfort and bless. The first night after the amputation, Mr. Brimhall remained at Mr. English's where he was hurt. They were unceasing in their efforts to help him as all the many friends were. Yesterday he was moved in a carriage to his home. He seemed to stand the ride well. Of course he had considerable pain, but with his temperate habits and good constitution, we believe he will pull through all right.

A gentleman working here in the mining interest, recently sent specimens of a "find" to Durango. The assayer's returns show both gold and silver. We may hear more about it in the near future.

Geo. Lewis and Elom Cheney, newcomers and poor men, each lost a good work horse this week. Horses are cheap, yet when a man loses one of the only two that he owns, he feels it keenly.

Mr. Palmer's machine is rattling away and he will soon have all the farmers of this burg "threshed." Crops are generally turning out well.

Southern Utes.

The commissioners for allotment lands to the Southern Utes began operations Saturday. Three hundred and fifty-nine of the Mocoche and Capote tribes have expressed preference for allotment, and each Indian will receive 180 acres. It is expected the allotment will be completed by November 1, 1895, when the unallotted lands will be open to the public, with a charge of 50 cents per acre upon filing and 75 cents an acre upon final proof.

Allotments are being made in the Pine, Piedra, Florida, San Juan and La Plata rivers. Judge Julius Schultze, chairman of the allotment commission, is a gentleman of fine legal ability, has been a resident of Texas forty years, is editor and proprietor of the Texas Vorwarts, one of the leading German papers of the south. Meredith H. Kidd is a resident of Wabash, Ind., and was formerly a member of the Dawes commission to treat with the five civilized tribes. Commissioner and Agent Day has been exonerated by the special investigating committee from all recently brought charges against his administration as Indian agent.

Good News of Prosperity in the West.

Omaha, Neb., August 16.—Nebraska is richer today than this time last year by at least \$39,000,000. At the most conservative estimates three of its grain crops are worth that figure. Two of them have already been gathered and the third is practically beyond danger. Of oats 30,000,000 bushels are about ready to be marketed. They are selling in Nebraska at 15 cents per bushel, so that the crop is worth to that state \$4,500,000. Of wheat 15,000,000 bushels have been harvested. The wheat crop at 50 cents per bushel is worth \$7,500,000.

The corn crop is practically made. It is past the reach of harm by hot winds. Only severe frosts can now injure it. There is now 80,000,000 bushels in sight. At 15 cents per bushel this would be worth \$12,000,000. The people of Nebraska count on receiving 25 cents per bushel for it delivered at the railway tracks. There are many who think they are over-sanguine, and so 10 cents per bushel is taken from their estimate of its value. Should they be correct the value of the state's corn crop to the people of Nebraska would be \$45,000,000, increasing the aggregate of the three crops named to \$57,000,000.

Comrades, Attention.

A meeting of Lincoln Post, No. 13, Department of New Mexico, will be held at the Fair grounds Farmington Wednesday, Oct. 2, in the afternoon for transaction of regular business of the post. By order of C. H. McHENRY, P. C. WALTER WESTON, Adjt.

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