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Being a concern wherein the wants of those desiring printing are promptly and carefully attended to.

We do all kinds of Commercial and Legal Printing. Our type and machinery are of the best. Our workmen are men of experience and specialists in their line. When in need of work in our line we would be pleased to have you give us a trial. We guarantee satisfaction.

All Work Delivered Promptly.

OUR MOTTO:—
The Best Possible Work at All Times.

"WHAT AN EASTERN MAN THINKS"

OF THE

Pecos Valley

The famous newspaper correspondent, Henry Hall, made a trip through the Pecos Valley last spring and the "Pecos Valley Lines" Passenger Department has reprinted what he had to say in a neat little folder suitable for mailing. Send us a list of names and we will take pleasure in giving your friends in the east an opportunity to read what Mr. Hall says.

Don A. Sweet,
Traffic Manager.

AMARILLO, TEXAS.



FANCY SUGGESTS

some low, swampy plot of land surrounded by broken down fence to many people when they see the words

UNIMPROVED LOTS.

There are many like this we admit.

BUT THERE ARE OTHERS. WE HAVE THEM.

High, dry and healthful. Desirable spots on which to build a home. Good as an investment, too, as the value is rapidly rising.

1.—One southeast front lot in the west part of town, near Alameda street for \$75.00

2.—We can sell you an excellent east front lot on the north Hill, fine location, \$150.00

3.—Three lots in South Roswell, north front facing the city for \$300.

4.—Three lots in Military Heights, east front facing Institute and near new school. Good dwellings all around, \$125.00 each.

5.—Three lots, splendid location in Riverside Heights overlooking Roswell and the farms. This is one of the best properties in this growing addition, price for the three, \$300.00

6.—Four lots south of Military Institute on the North Hill, good property. These lots are choice and will go together for \$600.

7.—We have some of the choicest lots in Alameda Heights at very low prices, everything considered. These properties are splendidly located as to drainage, have good water supply, excellent soil and in one of the very best residence parts of the city.

SUBURBAN.

In suburban acre property we have two choice five and ten acre lots in South Roswell which we can sell you right.

We have twenty acres northeast of Roswell with artesian well, which we can sell you for a very short time at \$100 per acre.

If you do not find anything in this list that suits you, phone 262, or better still, call at our office. We will be glad to show you and will treat you right.

W. P. TURNER & CO.

Phone 262.

To See that Every Transaction is Completed in an Entirely Satisfactory Manner.

That is My Motto. To eliminate Errors to the Fullest Possible Extent; and in Handling Real Estate I use Every Precaution to Please my Customer and CLOSE A DEAL SATISFACTORY. HERE IS WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR?

560-acre ranch with artesian wells and reservoir, stone houses, 50 acres under cultivation, well located and good land; price, \$25 per acre. This is worth looking at. Terms part cash, part on time.

Good business opening well established. For particulars see Kellahin.

640 acres of land 4 miles east of Roswell. For a money-making investment this can't be beat. For particulars call on or write to Kellahin, the Real Estate Agent.

5-acre, 10-acre or 20-acre lots on North and South hills, at reasonable prices, and easy terms.

Very fine building location on Riverside Heights, in block 9, facing south. Owner is anxious to sell.

A very neat 5-room cottage on Kentucky avenue, nice yard and trees, water in house. \$2500. Two-thirds cash, balance on time.

Two story 7-room house near school house. Two lots, water connection, \$3700.

Good judgement in listing property, always brings good results. If your property is not listed with Kellahin, list it at once and save yourself time, money and labor.

Seven-room two story frame house, four 25 foot lots, barn, well and windmill and tank, front and back veranda, good yard, fruit trees, all well fenced. Fine location fronting East. Price \$2,650. Cash preferred

Five-room frame house, 3-25 foot lots, good surface well, fine water, trees, barn and corral. South Roswell. Price \$1,250—a bargain on easy term payments.

Six room adobe house, 160 acres good land, good surrounding range or stock, situated 70 miles from Roswell, 57 foot well and wind mill, good stock ranch. Price \$3,500.

A handsome 5-room dwelling in the best located residence portion of the town, all modern improvements, 30 bearing fruit trees in the back yard, plenty of shade and a most desirable home. Price \$3,500.

Six-room two story brick house, good barn and hen house, bath room, front and back porch, cistern, well, wind mill and reservoir, fine lawn and yard, shade trees, flowers, etc., 20 acres of good land, 2 1-2 in bearing orchard—28 apple trees, 20 peach, 20 plum and 6 cherry trees—2 1-2 acres in alfalfa, situated only one mile from town. Price \$5,000.

224 acres fine land 13 miles from Roswell. All under fence. Good artesian well with flow of 1000 gallons. \$20 per acre. For further particulars see Kellahin.

Two room house and lot in good location, permanent water right, house in good condition. Price \$850, terms to suit purchaser.

Three-room frame house with 2 1/2 acres of land. Good surface well. Title clear; \$800. South Roswell.

Five-room with bath and water adobe house, 3 acres, 2 in orchard and 1-2 in alfalfa; 190 fruit trees. One mile from town. \$2,700.

One of the best 60-acre farms in the Pecos Valley. Two miles from Roswell; 11 acres in orchard, 10 acres in alfalfa. Fine artesian well and a good dwelling. See Kellahin.

Five-room frame house, 3 5/8 foot lots, good surface well and windmill; in Military Heights. Price \$1,700.

Any one wanting a \$1,600 dwelling in the best residence portion of Roswell, call and see Kellahin and have him show you this bargain.

KELLAHIN

If I can't sell you Real Estate, I CAN insure your home and business against FIRE with several of the strongest Companies in the world. SEEING IS BELIEVING. Call at my office in rear of First Nat'l Bank and have me show you

Change in Time Table.

The south bound train from Denver to Ft. Worth now leaves Amarillo at 7:25 p. m. As the P. V. from the south gets into Amarillo at 7 p. m., most excellent connections are made for Ft. Worth and intermediate points. The train from Amarillo to Denver leaves Amarillo at 11:12 p. m.

For Sale—At a bargain, 200 feet of shelving. See J. Elmer Richey.

A QUICK REVERSE

(Original.)

"Corporal," said the general, "there's a Confederate loose somewhere in our rear that I want you to take. He met an artillery sergeant on the Lebanon pike this morning and got the drop on him, taking his horse and his uniform. That means a tour of inspection either of our camps, our rear or a burned railroad bridge, cutting our supplies. It's no use sending a lot of men after him. Try him alone. The sergeant says that the last he saw of him he was winding along up the road over Cedar hill."

I had been the general's private scout for months and knew the country well. I struck the road over Cedar hill five miles in our rear and questioned all I met if they had noticed a mounted artillery sergeant. The people were all Confederate and would give me no satisfaction. I was feeling somewhat discouraged, for night was coming on, when I noticed a horse tied in front of a tavern. I dismounted and entered the tavern. There sat a sergeant of artillery with the landlord at a table eating a supper that had been set out for him.

"Got any whisky, landlord?" I said. "If so, trot it out. How are you, sergeant?"

"Well enough. Sit down and drink your liquor here. I'll join you."

His accent was a pure southern and was a dead giveaway. From the moment of his speaking I knew I had struck my man. His nerve was of perfect. His manner was that of one pleased at having a comrade to drink with. Nevertheless I noticed that under pretense of removing his revolver to a position more comfortable for him he slipped the holster around on his belt toward his front.

"Out here on duty?" I asked.

"Yes, are you?"

"Looking for forage. The commissary says he's running short, and I've got to find some."

"That's my job. Our battery is down to a barrel of oats."

"We might hunt together."

"So we might, only we'd have half the chance together we'd have separate. Suppose we meet here, say, tomorrow noon and report and find that's more than either needs."

I had hoped that he would think it best to fall in with my plan for awhile in order to gain my confidence, in which case I might run him into a trap, but his argument was too sound to refute, and I gave up that plan. The landlord brought some bad whisky, and the sergeant and I drank together. Then I proposed that we remain where we were all night and make a search the next day.

"All right," said the sergeant. "Uncle Sam doesn't pay me enough to hunt for forage at night. Got rooms for us, landlord?"

"Reckon."

"Well, I'll go out and stable my horse," said the spy.

By this time certain scrutinizing looks I had given the man, an occasional trace of incredulity in my face or something of the kind, had caused him to know his critical position. It's a singular task and a singular feeling to be chatting familiarly with an armed man whom you are planning to catch off his guard. At any moment one or the other may have a bullet hole in him, and it is very uncertain which will be the man. In this case, over one dangled a halter.

"Take my horse in, too," I said, stretching myself lazily in my chair and lighting my pipe.

"I'll do it."

He went out into the hall. I jumped up the moment he reached it and followed him, expecting to take him from the rear with his tack turned to me. The moment he was out of my sight he must have gone like lightning, for when I saw him he was half way to his horse.

"Hands up!" I yelled. With two leaps he was at his horse's side and with another on him and away. I firing three shots, then mounting myself and following him. It was a clear race over Cedar hill, and our horses kept a gallop on the way up. Then came a breakneck pace down the other side. Suddenly the man's horse stumbled and hurled him a dozen yards ahead. When I reached him, he was unconscious, and I took his pistol, then went to a rivulet beside the road, filled my canteen and dashed water in his face. That brought him to himself.

"Say, Johnny Reb," I said, "you're the coolest chap I ever met and the bravest. I'd give \$100 if you weren't a spy carrying information, for you'll hang, and it prevents my letting you go back to Dixie."

He pretended to be badly hurt, and I was very lenient with him, permitting him to sit beside the road till better able to mount. He took out a white handkerchief and made a great display of it, wiping the blood from his face. It was not long after this that, following his glance down the road, I saw a troop of Confederate cavalry coming like the wind. In a second I was on my horse and away, but he was wind-d. I was caught and taken back.

"Yank," said my sergeant, "I can't go back on the uniform. I'm so delighted at escaping the gallows and so grateful for your kindly sympathy that I'm going to let you go back to camp. Give my regards to your general and tell him that if it hadn't been for you Captain Beverly of the —th Confederate cavalry would have burned the big bridge in your rear tonight, and he'd have been a month rebuilding it."

He grasped my hand warmly; then his men helped him on his horse, and they rode away. They had been on the watch for him, and his handkerchief had been a signal for them.

MONTGOMERY MOORE.

A BRIEF BUT STIRRING COURTSHIP

(Original.)

Elise Marcel was a Louisiana creole. Her father and mother were pious people and insisted on Elise maintaining the same rigorous notions that governed them. She was not permitted to dance, and she must keep all the fast days and do penance for the slightest infraction of church rules.

Henry Souard, the son of a neighboring planter, met Elise one evening at a party and was captivated by her oval face, olive complexion, black eyes and the long cable of hair reaching nearly to her heels. He was a manly young fellow, without anything mean or selfish about him. He asked Elise to dance, but she declined, explaining that her parents forbade dancing and if she did so and they heard of it she would have to suffer. Henry looked disappointed, but declared that he would not bring trouble upon her for a world. Whereupon Elise was seized with a desire to suffer for his pleasure and insisted on dancing with him. When he found it impossible to dissuade her, he consented, and they danced together often during the rest of the evening. When Elise went home, she told her mother what she had done. Instead of making her do the usual penances Mme. Marcel simply forbade her ever again to speak a word with Henry Souard.

The next time Henry saw Elise he was on horseback and Elise was ahead of him driving her pony. A man was riding beside her, talking to her, and it was plain that Elise was offended, for she answered never a word. When Henry drew near, he saw that the offender was Jean Gaspard, a young man who had lately inherited a plantation, on which he lived a by no means exemplary life. As soon as Henry came up Elise, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, told him she desired that M. Gaspard would ride on and leave her alone. Henry rode up to her tormentor and cut him with his riding whip, then cutting Gaspard's horse, a high mettled beast, it shot on, carrying the rider far away.

That afternoon a friend of Gaspard's waited on Henry bearing a challenge. In that day dueling was common in the south, and Henry could not have declined to fight without meeting consequences as serious as fighting. The next morning the two men met with sharp pointed foils. Though Henry was the better fencer he was so indignant with his antagonist that he was under-cautious. He received a flesh wound in the side. This ended the combat.

The meeting soon became common talk in the neighborhood, but as the people were not averse to dueling there were no arrests. M. and Mme. Marcel not only heard of the affair, but of its cause. Elise, learning that Henry had been wounded, took her pony cart and drove to her father's plantation. She found him lying on a wicker couch on the veranda. Though they had seen each other but twice before, the episode in which Henry had defended her and afterward risked his life and was wounded on her account was quite enough to draw them to a climax. Not a word was spoken before Henry had clasped her and she had wound her arms about his neck. When they separated, they were betrothed.

It was a great shock to Mme. Marcel when Elise drove home and told her that she was engaged to the man with whom she had danced and who had fought a duel for her.

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the mother—"that I should have a child to love one who has tried to kill another! Our protecting saints surely will leave us a prey to the devil. Go to your room, wicked child, and if you ever again meet or speak to this would be murderer you must leave this house and your poor father and me that you may not jeopardize our immortal souls."

Elise's love and respect for her mother forbade her disobeying, and she went to her room, where her meals were sent to her for three days. Then she was told to go to confession. She promised her mother that she would speak to no one but the priest. The promise was sacredly kept, and when she returned she went at once to her room. For a week she remained day and night there, seeing no one, her meals brought to her. Then one morning she was called down into the great hall which served as a living room. There stood Father De Bleek, the parish priest, and there sat her mother on the old mahogany and haircloth sofa.

"Embrace your daughter," said the old man kindly.

"Are you sure, father, that there will be no contamination?"

"There is no sin to contamination. Whatever of sin there may be, if any, would pertain to the young man. But there is no sin in defense. Has not our church found her defender in all generations since she was planted on earth? Are you not presumptuous to set up your interpretations of our doctrines?"

"Forgive me, father."

Elise stood over her mother and at this point bent down and the two were clasped in each other's arms. When they looked up the priest had withdrawn.

Elise in a flutter of excitement and joy wrote the words, "Come when you are able," and sent them to Henry. He had been forbidden by his surgeon to walk or drive for another week, but he had no sooner read Elise's note than he ordered a horse and wagon to be got ready and in ten minutes was on his way to the Marcel plantation. Elise met him at the gate and supported him to the house, where M. and Mme. Marcel received him, though the latter could not refrain from crossing herself before she permitted him to touch her hand.

ALICE CHEEVER.

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Dance Music
SEE
Jack Fletcher.

T. V. HAYS
ARCHITECT.

Plans and specifications promptly and neatly executed.
ROOM 4 SANSOM BL'K.

V. R. KENNEY, C. E.
COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Prompt attention given to all work entrusted to me. Office in the court house.

A. L. SCHNEIDER
General Transfer Business.

TELEPHONE 73

Headquarters at Rothenberg and Schloss Cigar Store

G. W. Jones & J. N. Faison
have bought out
The Stacy Did It Company.
and have moved to
118 South Main.

where they will be glad to see their friends. Parties needing wall paper or painting of any kind will do well to see them before letting their contract.

POSITION WANTED.—A woman desires a position to do housework. Call at Record office.

CHRISTMAS TREES.—Leave order for a Christmas tree with the Roswell Produce & Seed Co. 22716

Nice residence tract with artesian water and orchard at edge of city.—Faulkner and Allison, if

\$3,000 cash will buy 20 acres of young apple orchard with artesian water—three-fourths of a mile of Roswell. Apply at once.—S. Totzek.