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DENTIST. DEN, Room 1, Sheridan Building, Entrance from Broadway, SILVER CITY, N. M.

Societies. I. O. O. F., Silver City Chapter, No. 3, at Masonic Hall, Regular convocations on 4th Wednesday evening of each month.

Churches. M. E. CHURCH, Services at the church, Broadway, near the Court House, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Held in the Episcopal Mission room. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

Miscellaneous. JAMES COBURN, Real Estate, Mining, Loan and Collection Agent, Office on Broadway, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

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No More Cobblers. There is no sense in calling a shoemaker of modern times a cobbler. The nearest thing to a cobbler today is the custom made man who confines his attention exclusively to that one branch.

Machinery for making shoes in great quantities and in sections is of comparatively recent date, and prior to its adoption the shoemaker, or cobbler, did the entire business, from taking the measure to collecting the money.

In many towns and villages he literally performed the entire process himself, having insufficient trade to justify the employment of an assistant, and in larger cities he superintended the work from beginning to end himself.

The labor saving wonders of the time have practically swept this man out of the field, and there are very few members of the trade who are really cobblers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

On the Sabbath. In Scotland once a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runny dog on Sunday. "Tannus," said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition. But while for my dog. He is running away." Tannus regarded the speaker with gravity and said: "Whistle! I may drink whisky, but I'll no whistle for my dog on the Lord's day."—Philadelphia Record.

Near to Death. The way the thing happened was this: Our section was fighting it alone in a peach orchard until the other members of the battery joined us, when we moved forward and had quite a brisk engagement with the enemy.

The fighting was going on all around us, and stray bullets were coming along past us every now and then. I don't believe I was ever so tired in my life as I was after that engagement. It was absolutely necessary for me to take a rest, and perceiving a huge tree near by I concluded to plant myself along side of it.

So I leaned against it with my back to the trunk, stretched out my feet and was having a splendid rest when a 12-pound shot came bounding along and struck the tree plumb on the opposite side from me and at a point just behind my head.

Well, sir, I didn't know what struck me. The shot was tremendous. Great Jerusalem! But didn't I run from under that tree, looking sideways up and expecting momentarily to see the whole enormous mass of wood and leaves come crashing down on me. I didn't know what had happened till I saw some of the boys dancing around in high delight, clapping their hands and yelling at me. I felt for a week as if I had been struck on the back of the head with a sledge hammer.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Haviour of English Servants. I got on charmingly with the English nobility and sufficiently well with the gentry, but the upper servants strike terror to my soul. There is something awe inspiring to me about an English butler, particularly one in imposing livery. When I call upon Lady de Wolfe, I say to myself impressively as I go up the steps: "You are as good as a butler, as well born and well bred as a butler, even more intelligent than a butler. Now, simply because he has an unapproachable haughtiness of demeanor, which you can respectfully admire, but can never hope to imitate, do not cover beneath the polar light of his eye; assert yourself; be a woman; be an American citizen!" All in vain.

The moment the door opens I ask for Lady de Wolfe in so timid a tone that I know Parker thinks me the parlor maid's sister, who has rung the visitors' bell by mistake. If my lady is within, I follow Parker to the drawing room, my knees shaking under me at the prospect of committing some selection in his sight. Lady de Wolfe's husband has been noble only four months, and Parker of course knows it and perhaps affects even greater hauteur to divert the attention of the vulgar katter from the newness of the title.—Kate D. Wiggin in Atlantic Monthly.

The Arrangement of Leaves. The general arrangement of the leaves on limbs and stalks of trees and plants secures between each sufficient space to prevent one leaf from interfering with another. And not only are leaves so arranged as to exist independently of each other, but in a general way they have taken upon themselves the forms best adapted to secure the maximum of sunlight as it is showered upon them in different latitudes. At the equator, where the sun's rays are vertical, we find large leaves, the leaves of the banana, the plantain and the various species of the cactus.

Farther north, where sunlight strikes at an angle, small leaves and pine "needles" are found. Then, again, note the peculiarity of the Australian gum tree—instead of exposing their broad faces to the sun the edges only are so turned. Were it otherwise the sun would rob them of all their moisture, it being a well known fact that the gum tree grows in the driest region on earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Nature's Revenge. "You have been walking about this great city for six weeks and haven't found work?" said the kind woman feelingly.

"Yes," replied the seedy man in the kitchen, his mouth closing over a wedge of pie. "That's right."

"Will you be willing to work, I dare say?" "Willin, mum? I'd work my lungs off if I could get a chance. Jest a leetle more cream in the cawfy. Thanky."

"And you would do any kind of honorable work, I presume?" "Yes, anything that's in my line. I'll live in every man stickin to his profession."

"May I ask what your profession is?" "I'm a inventor, mum."

"An inventor?" "Yes," said the seedy man, reaching for a doughnut, "inventor of a new process for curin sunstrokes."—Chicago Tribune.

The Shipman's Tale. Listen, my masters. I speak naught but truth. From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on. Not knowing whether or to what dark end. Now the north, from then, now the hot south they came.

Some called to God and found great comfort so. Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed. An empty laughter seeing that they lived. Day after day the same relentless sun. Night after night the same unyielding stars.

At intervals fierce lightnings tore the clouds. Showers of sleet or rain or hail would come. Blessed, and the torrents of the sky were loosed. From time to time a hand relaxed its grip. And some pale wretch slid down into the dark. With stifled moan, and transient horror said: The rest who waited, knowing what must be. At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched.

The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then slid back again into that blackness whence they came. Ah, hapless folk, to be so tost and torn. So racked by hunger, fever, fire and war, And swept at last into the nameless void!—Frank G. Strong in New York Times.

My masters, not a soul Oh, shipman, woe! woe! woe! is thy tale. Oh, hear! hear! hear! and thy eyes are dimmed. What ship is this that suffers such ill fate? What ship, my masters? Know ye not—the World.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's. A business man in this city who is up to his ears in the work necessary to gather capital to float an enterprise, and at the same time to keep information of the nature of it away from busy rivals, found it last week to say: "Did you ever think that a patent does not patent in this country? Well, it's a fact. All that the patent office does is to give you a paper with some writing on it, but if another man steals your idea and goes to manufacturing your invention the patent office will not lift a finger to protect you or to stand in its own decision. The fact that you've got a patent in a point in your favor, but you've got to hire lawyers and fight the trial in the courts, and if he can stand it that settles your case, and you might as well make him a present of your invention. There are lots of men in the country who are getting rich on the discoveries of other people. All they had to do was to take 'em and fight the real discoverers into poverty. The patent office, to be respected and to be of any use, ought to have the power to cause the stealer of a patent to be sent to prison."—New York Sun.

Scotch Relevance. A Scotch laborer was dying. He had four little children. After lying silent for awhile he said he would like to see them, and the poor wife brought them to the bedside. All he did was to take each of the three older children by the hand and to say, "Gude day."

Then he said to the youngest, a wee thing 2 years old, "Will ye gie me a bit kiss?" The mother, lifting up the wondering child, said, "Say ta-ta to your father."

"The little boy in a loud cheerful voice, and then ran out of the cottage to play. The poor father closed his eyes; the tears ran down his cheeks, but he said no more. The abundance of his heart choked his utterance. He was weary, too, and so gude day was his only word of parting."—Twenty-five Years of St. Andrew's.

About Talking Cattle. You know the superstition which claims that cattle have the gift of speech at midnight Christmas eve. A Schleswig story warns us to take such assertions with faith rather than crave for knowledge by sight. An unbelieving farmer once hid himself in his barn and heard one of his horses say to the other, "Dit Jaer waet wy noch unser Duer los" (We shall be rid of our master this year). The prophecy so frightened the man that he fell ill and died, and the soothing horse drew him to his grave.—Harper's Bazar.

One speaker, referring to the prevalent ignorance about common things, said that he once saw a laborer digging flints in the chalk and asked him if he thought they grew.

"No," was the reply. "I don't think about it; I know it do."

"Then place a flint on your chimney piece and see how much it grows in a twelvemonth."

"All right, sir, and do you do the same with a tater and see how much that grows."—Youth's Companion.

English gunpowder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpeter, ten of sulphur and fifteen of carbon. Proportions are often slightly varied.

General William T. Sherman was familiarly called "Uncle Billy" by his soldiers, and also "Old Tecumseh."

At the 17th St. works in West Lynn a few days ago a locomotive was coupled to a mammoth electric motor, and power was applied to them in opposite directions. Neither one gained a particle for quite awhile, but finally with the aid of sand thrown on the track the locomotive came off victorious.—Boston Record.

A pistol ball was recently removed from the right thigh of a man which had been there since 1864. The ball, it is said, had gravitated about a foot and a half through the flesh in the last 29 years.

The consul of the Argentine Republic at Bangor, Me., was called upon recently for the first time in 20 years to affix his seal and signature to a document.

Electric Heating. Electricity generated for heating or for any other purpose must be produced at the cost of the expenditure of some other form of energy, such as the burning of coal or the force of falling water.

As the latter form of power is hardly available for use in New York, it follows that if electric heating is to become a commercial phase of life in that city, current will be supplied to consumers from central stations in which coal is burned under the boilers, precisely similar to existing plants for the supply of light and power.

The conversion and transmission of heat by this process is not economical, and current from coal burning stations in sufficient quantities for heating could only be used by the wealthy, to whom its convenience and cleanliness would commend itself.

It is apparent, however, that the "coal barons" would have nearly as much to say about the supply of fuel to such stations as to individual consumers at present, although it is probable that the mere cost of coal and labor would be proportionately reduced by the use of cheaper grades of fuel and by centralization. Doubtless electric heating has a great future, but at present it seems to be principally available in localities where water power can be utilized in the prime movers.—Chicago Western Electrician.

The Rate-making Power. This is what Aldous F. Walker, chairman of the joint committee of the Bank Line and Central Traffic associations says about railroad rates in The Railway Age and Northwestern Railroader: "The fact is—and it is so often overlooked that it must be stated strongly—the rate-making power of a railway company is its highest corporate function. It is a charter power. Its control rests ultimately in the hands of directors—the highest seat of corporate authority. It should have been treated with seriousness and as representing the most important duty of the several corporations. In fact, this country has been treated to a carnival of rates—rates. Hundreds of thousands of tariffs have been filed in Washington during the last five years. The directors of every corporation have practically abdicated this most important duty and have left it to the hands of unscrupulous, who have patiently developed a most ingenious confusion through which they alone are competent to pick their way."

The Color of the Waistcoat. Life learns from private sources that when a gentleman goes to an entertainment to which he has received an engraved invitation he should wear a white waistcoat. If the invitation is written, he simply wears the usual black waistcoat. It is perhaps unnecessary to inform our readers that the man who ignores this rule is no gentleman. Still we hardly like to advise a hostess to eject from her home every man whose waistcoat is not in perfect harmony with his invitation.

It is not to be expected, however, that his welcome will be as warm as if his waistcoat were what it ought to be. Should he be, for instance, a distinguished author, a high church dignitary or an eminent scientist, the hostess might allow him to sit in the kitchen rather than have him ejected from the premises.—Life.

A Lake That Cannot Freeze. In the vicinity of Chesterdown there is a picturesque lake which, because of the fact that it has never been known to be ruffled or disturbed by the most violent storms, is called "The Lake that Cannot Freeze." It has never been known to have even a skin of ice on its surface, and during the recent intense cold weather was not frozen, but was a favorite resort for waterfowl.—Cor. Baltimore Sun.

Theodore Hook's Indigent Daughter. "By a curious coincidence," says an English journal, "attention has been called to the existence, in very poor circumstances, of an aged daughter of Theodore Hook, just at a time when a proposal is on foot to commemorate the brilliant humorist by a stained glass window in the porch of Fulham church, in the pretty 'God's acre' of which he lies buried. Hook's only surviving child has, alas! fallen on evil days, and at upward of 70 years of age finds herself in sorely straitened circumstances.

"It is not, happily, our custom to allow the children of those who have won fame to suffer unaided the penalties of unavoidable misfortune, and it may be taken for granted that the same spirit of respect for a distinguished name which has led to the collection of funds for the memorial window and for the restoration of the famous writer's tomb will secure material help to his daughter in her poverty and old age. So far as Theodore Hook himself is concerned, we may be quite sure that no posthumous honor that could be offered to him would compare—could he but know of it—with the timely aid which is asked for his indigent and almost friendless daughter."

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report. Royal Baking Powder Co., 100 Wall St., N. Y.

SIR RICHARD OWEN'S GHOST STORY. It Was Fearfully Real to the Man Who Saw the Severed Head Rolling In.

The late Sir Richard Owen used to relate a remarkable ghost story. In his early days, when he held the post of surgeon to the prison at Lancaster, a negro died in jail, and a postmortem was well as an inquest was necessary. After the inquest the young surgeon saw the body put in the coffin and the lid screwed down, to be ready for the funeral next day. Owen had at the time been already attracted to the study of comparative anatomy, and negro's heads were not plentiful, so he made up his mind that this one should not be lost to the cause of science. In the evening he returned to the prison with a black bag containing a brick—from his official position he had no difficulty in getting admittance to the mortuary, where the coffin lid was unscrewed and screwed down again. During this process the brick and the negro's head changed places.

The ground outside the principal entrance to the jail has a considerable descent, and the time being winter, with snow and frost, Owen had no doubt when he slipped and fell all his length—the bag went from his hand, and the head tumbled out and rolled down the paved way. He got up, caught the bag, and following the head clutched it just as it finished its career in a small shop where tobacco was sold. Pushing it into the bag again, he vanished out of the shop with all the speed he was capable of.

Next morning, when Owen was going to his usual duties at the prison, he was called in by the woman at the shop where the accident had occurred on the previous evening. She wished him to see her husband, who was very ill. He had had, she said, a fright the night before that caused him to look wild and dazed. The man, it turned out, was a retired sea captain who had been in many adventures among the West India islands when many deeds were done that did not at that time require to be accounted for. Among these "did" been the killing of a negro in which he had a hand, and the transaction had left a touch of trouble on his conscience. After giving these details the old captain told of the horrible event that took place the night before.

He was sitting in his shop. All was quiet, and it so chanced that he had been thinking of the negro, whose name he saw his very head roll into the shop in front of the counter, and it was followed by the devil all in black, with a black bag in his hand. The devil snatched up the head, and both disappeared through the earth like a flash of lightning. The description was perhaps not quite complimentary to the young anatomist, but it was satisfactory so far that it showed that his identity had not been recognized.—London News.

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