TERRITORIAL SNAP SHOTS.

Albuquerque has organized a company of cadets.

The enrollment of the public schools of Silver City is 290.

A new barber shop is about to be opened at White Oaks.

The total assessed valuation of property at Silver City is $927,040.

The Mexican residents of Capitan celebrated the national holiday on the 15th and 16th.

There were 73 cadets at the military institute, at Roswell last Friday, and 20 more were expected shortly.

Wild burros are becoming so thick in the vicinity of Fort Selden that the ranchmen are shooting them to get rid of them.

Thomas Hart, of Taos, has several fighting cocks, and has issued a challenge to all comers for the 1st and 2d of October.

The ice plant at Deming was wholly destroyed by fire. The value was $12,000, with insurance of $8,000. The company will rebuild.

The eleventh year of the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Mesilla Park has opened under most favorable conditions and with excellent prospects.

At Las Cruces the public school opened with a rather small attendance. The Presbyterian mission school, on the other hand, shows a decided increase of attendance.

As soon as possible Sheriff Blair will remove the remains of Deputy W. D. Johnson, who was recently murdered on the upper Gila river, to Silver City for reinterment.

The territorial board of pharmacy will meet in Albuquerque on October 18th and 19th. It is learned that there will be several applications for examinations to secure diplomas.

The recent strike on the "Compromise" mine at White Oaks, is said to be a bonanza, as further development is bringing to light a great amount of the all important yellow stuff.

The people of White Oaks are having the streets of the town thoroughly repaired and put in order. The sidewalks have been graded and the appearance of the town much improved.

White Oaks people say that the "North Homestake" mine will probably resume operations shortly. N. B. Putnam, of Boston, superintendent of the company, is now in White Oaks.

The Las Cruces ball club was recently organized and will give regular monthly dances. The officers are: W. H. H. Llewellyn, president; J. H. May, vice president; Dr. L. C. Koger, secretary and treasurer.

[illegible]nker, of Lincoln is making a [illegible] of raising prunes. He has [illegible]

[illegible] dently been [illegible] well worn. The leather [illegible] pliable as though it had laid out [illegible] short time.

Last week Charles Adams, indicted for unlawfully drawing, flourishing and discharging a pistol at a dance in the Redrock school house, Grant county, some time ago, plead guilty and was fined $250 and costs. Immediately after his escapade Adams fled to Arizona and was only recently arrested at Wilcox and brought back.

Last week the seven months old baby of Editor A. J. Papen, of the Rio Grande Republican of Las Cruces, swallowed an open safety pin. Mr. Papen was out of town at the time and Mrs. Papen had some difficulty in securing medical assistance promptly. The pin remained in the child's throat for over an hour and its escape from death was most remarkable.

Oil fields near Gallup are attracting considerable attention at present, and several miles of territory have been located by three different parties. Several parties from Winslow are interested and samples of rock and ore have been examined by California and Pennsylvania experts, who have favorably reported upon them. The oil, however, has not yet been found in paying quantities but it is thought that if parties with sufficient capital to carry on the work of prospecting take hold it can be found in larger quantities.

A FRAGMENT.

[illegible] as the dawn, splendid as the south,
[illegible] hearted with speech Boccaccio's golden mouth!
[illegible] thrilled and filled its utterance full with song,
[illegible] scorn smiled on doom that wrought no wrong.
A [illegible] better of bodlier music rose
Beyond the sundering bar of seas and snows
When Chaucer's thought took life and light from [illegible]
[illegible]
And England's crown was one with Italy's.
Lo[illegible], and last, by grace of Shakespeare's ward,
Arose above their quiring spheres a third,
Arose and flashed and faltered, song's deep sky
Saw Shakespeare pass in light, in music die.
No light like his, no music, man might give
To bid the darkened sphere, left songless, live.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

A CLEVER MAKE UP.

Story of a Fancy Dress Ball.

Henry Apps of Hoxton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," says Mr. Apps, "saves nine."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort it caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the girl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and mopped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I'm jiggered! If they 'aven't been and left the key in it for me. I might have saved myself a lot of trouble if I'd a knowed."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music down stairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving, as Mr. Apps very well knew, a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the continent after her term of widowhood.

"I'll just see first of all," he said, "that the coast is absolutely clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched, with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket, a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a girlish figure turned the corner.

"Bless my 'art!" cried Mr. Apps.

"Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward. She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "This is really delightful. Do you know, I recognized you in spite of the costume?"

She held the hand of Mr. Apps for a moment, causing that gentleman to gasp for breath, and called one of the maids.

"Just bring me a pencil and a card," she said, "I must arrange for a carriage to take Captain Norman back to his hotel in the morning. I wasn't sure that he would come."

"[illegible] Mr. Apps, [illegible]ssion.

"When shall we [illegible] time," said Mr. [illegible] airs again alone, [illegible] I want to."

"[illegible]er?"

"[illegible]e maid hand[illegible]d at once.

"[illegible]t before me," [illegible]xcusingly. He [illegible]ing on the lawn [illegible]ive an inopportu[illegible] the safe was still [illegible]nds were waiting [illegible]iced with satisfac[illegible]lehurst was wear[illegible]

"[illegible]s an active man, [illegible] something," agreed [illegible] isn't one thing, it's an[illegible] his head reflectively. [illegible] I don't write a book [illegible]

"[illegible]eve you will know any[illegible]ptain Norman," she said, [illegible]ked down stairs, "but I [illegible] sending you a card, see[illegible]ndly we were on the Pe[illegible] you remember those even[illegible]k in the Red sea?"

"[illegible] really a very fine young wo[illegible] in her costume she looked [illegible] well.

"[illegible] not?" said Mr. Apps, with [illegible]ervor. "Shall I ever forget [illegible]

"[illegible] then the journey from Brindisi, [illegible]ow, and that funny little Ger[illegible] you remember him?"

"[illegible] was a knockout, that German [illegible]

"[illegible]nd the girl who played the banjo, [illegible]"—

"[illegible]t was great," agreed Mr. Apps—[illegible]eat."

The large ballroom was very full. A small covey of brightly dressed young people flew toward the young hostess to complain of her temporary absence from the room, and a broad shouldered gondolier shook hands with her and took up her card with something of an air of proprietorship.

"I thought I had left the key in the—excuse me." The young hostess took back her card from the gondolier. "I am engaged to Captain Norman. You don't know him? Allow me."

"Pleased to meet you," said Henry Apps. "'Ow's the world using you?"

"That's an original costume of yours, Captain Norman," remarked the gondolier. "I don't know that I've ever seen anything so daringly neat before."

"Well, wot of it?" demanded Mr. Apps, with sudden aggressiveness. "Wot's the odds to you wot I like to wear? You needn't think you're"—

"Captain Norman," interposed the young hostess laughingly, "you must not overdo the part. Look here, I've put your name down for this waltz, but if you like we'll sit it out—that is, if you promise to keep up that diverting east end talk. I like it. Do you think you can manage to do so?"

"Rather," said Apps.

"And it is a capital make up, Captain Norman," she went on. "Do you know that at first, just for one moment, I thought you were a real burglar."

"Fancy that now!" said Apps. He was relieved at seeing an obvious way out of his difficulty. "There's nothing like doing the thing in a proper, strite-forward w'y."

"And," said Lady Staplehurst, with her fan on his arm as they walked across the room, "you have got the east end accent capitally."

"'Tain't so dusty, is it?"

She beckoned to the gondolier.

"Captain Norman and I are great friends," she said in an explanatory way. "He has not been long home from abroad, and he knows scarcely any one."

"Not a blessed soul," echoed Mr. Apps.

"Isn't it capital?" asked Lady Staplehurst of the gondolier delightedly. "How much more interesting it would be if every one would only talk to me in their character!"

"Well, blow me," said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent—"blow me if this ain't a fair take—I mean like dah!" she laughed. "It's no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps. "That's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard of"—

She pointed in the direction of the gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly. "And is that a jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is indeed realism. You don't know how it works, I suppose?"

"Well, I've got a kind of hidea," said Mr. Apps. "Look 'ere. You put this end in, and"—

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanations that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the gondolier gazing at him.

"He don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Wot are you going up to?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh," with relief, "I don't mind that!"

While Lady Staplehurst was making the gondolier resume his ordinary expression Mr. Apps thought and thought. The couple promenading after the waltz looked curiously at him.

"You are in the worst fix you were ever in, 'Enery," said Mr. Apps. "You're 'aving 'em on toast, you are, but you'll be glad to get up stairs agen. You want them diamonds, that's what you want. Time means money to you, 'Enery."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amazement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploits, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again!" exclaimed the man.

"Yus," said the burglar discontentedly. "Yus, it is Apps agine, Mr. Walker. And vurry glad you are to see him, I've no daht."

"A[illegible]s a pleasure to meet a gentleman li[illegible] you," said Mr. Walker cheerfully, as he conducted him to the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest," said the gondolier confidently to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar too."

"A real"—

"Yes, yes. Don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—Columbian.

A Taking Little Garment.

A characteristic and distinguished garment of the season is shown in the Eton jacket of black glace silk covered with coarse net, with an applied design of black velvet and jet. The fetching hat worn with it is of pale blue straw with a huge bow and lace trimming and violets under the brim.

BLACK GLACE ETON, ETC.

What's In a Name?

Sandy Pikes—Yep; he offended our lodge.

Pellucid Pete—How so?

Sandy Pikes—Why, he voted for a man called "Bathhouse John."—Chicago News.

Family Æsthetics.

"Amelia, this coffee is no account."

"Don't say a word, Arthur. I have to get it because it comes in such lovely enameled tin cans."—Indianapolis Journal.

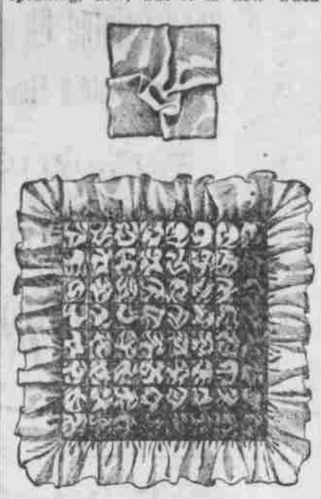
THE NEW CUSHIONS.

ONE OF THE SUMMER'S NECESSITIES AND LUXURIES.

A Plentiful Supply Is Correct and Comfortable — One Which Looks Like a Great Rose—A Natty Affair In Gingham and Cotton Work.

A stack of cushions forms part of the fashionable furnishing of every room in the house, unless it may be the kitchen, for every room nowadays has its lounging place or cozy corner, and at no time is a full and fresh supply of these comfortable accessories more imperative than in the season just dawning upon us. Some useful details about the new cushions are therefore reproduced from The Designer.

The puff cushion is not, strictly speaking, new, but it is new when

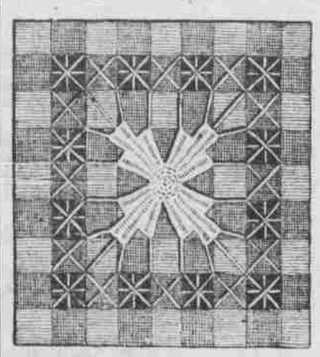


A PUFF CUSHION.

made as in the illustration—that is to say, the outer row of puffs is made of deep cerise china silk, the next row toward the center of a little lighter cerise, the next of deep pink and the center of quite light pink. This makes the cushion, when completed, look like a great rose. The outer ruffle is made of a deep cerise silk. Narrow cerise velvet ribbon is carried between each row of puffs, concealing the joining of one to the other. Each puff is made separately on a square of thin muslin or cheesecloth. The mode of making the puffs is shown in the small detail. A tiny plait is taken in the center of each side, all plaits turning in the same direction. These are held by tacking stitches, then the puff square is basted on the muslin square, the edges of both being neatly turned in and a row of machine stitching holding both together. Afterward the small squares are basted on a square the size of the cushion top and the velvet ribbon run between.

The ruffle that finishes the edge is made of the china silk doubled. The size of the puff squares depends upon the size the cushion is to be. For a cushion 18 inches square, not including ruffle, the puff squares should be 2¼ inches square when finished. Cut the pieces to be puffed about 2½ inches, the extra quarter inch allowing for the fullness.

An excellent hammock or porch pillow is one made of gingham, plaided red and white or blue and white goods being selected. The cushion may be made of one large square of the gingham or several small squares joined together. The cut shows almost without the need of description just how each little square is worked. The center is the only portion that is at all complicated. To work this carry the threads from one side across to the other, making a darning stitch where



A SQUARE FOR GINGHAM CUSHION.

they cross at the center. After all the long stitches are taken with the thread weave in and out each arm of the cross, being careful to secure the thread firmly at the end. Wash silk or heavy cotton is used for the working. If the squares are joined together, the joining is concealed by featherstitching.

Plain blue or red linen is used for the ruffle that edges the cushion. This cover can be laundered without injuring it in the least if care is taken to always iron it on the wrong side, so as to raise the darned work.

Seasickness and How to Avoid It.

One of the queries that the amateur traveler demands to have answered by the experienced voyager is "How shall I avoid that hideous sickness of the sea?" No one knows, alas! There is no remedy, unless it be this: Eat regularly and healthily for a week beforehand and try not to be too tired when you go abroad. The main point is to be able to face the sea in the best condition possible, with a careful preparation by way of putting the digestive organ in excellent health, and after that forgetting that there is any likelihood of being ill.

However, even after most careful dietary preparation one does suffer from a queerness of the stomach, and my best advice is to stay in your berth, says a writer in The Household.

A Comforting Spectacle.

"It did your cold good to go and see the doctor? I knew it would."

"Yes. He's got a worse cold than I have."—Chicago Record.

The Country Band.

"What kind of instruments have you in the new band?"

"Mostly greenhorns."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Definition.

"What is a financier?"

"Usually a man who makes money without earning it."—Chicago Post.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

A little girl of 5 or 6 years, with big blue eyes that were full of tears, came to Bellevue hospital the other day. She carried a cat in her arms. The cat had been wounded by a street car, and one leg was badly mangled.

At the gate the girl told Tom, the big policeman, that the cat was hurt.

"I want a doctor to he'p it," she said.

Tom took her to the receiving ward, where there was a doctor who had nothing else to do.

"Here's a case, doc," said the policeman.

"I ain't a"— the doctor began. Then he saw the girl's eyes. "Let me see," he continued.

"Pretty bad," was the doctor's comment. Then he got some knives, a little bottle of chloroform and some bandages. "You must help me," he said to the girl.

She aided bravely, though it made her very pale to see the sharp knives amputating the leg. In a few minutes it was all over, and the cat was partly recovering from the anæsthetic.

"Now you can take your kitty home with you," said the doctor.

"It ain't mine," the girl said. "I des found it. Now oo take care of it. Doodby." The policeman and doctor made faces at each other, then sent the cat to the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—Leslie's Weekly.

Not Encouraging.

Jack—Have you had the nerve yet to speak to Miss Goldbond's father?

Tom—Not in so many words. I remarked to him yesterday that I thought of going to the Alaska goldfields.

Jack—What did he say?

Tom—He said: "Good idea, young man! Go north and freeze up with the country!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Cause.

"I wonder what makes a man's hair fall out so fast when once it starts?"

"Worry," answered the man who always has an explanation ready. "Nothing tends to make a man bald so much as worry, and nothing worries a man so much as the idea that he is becoming bald."—Washington Star.

Somewhat Different.

McJigger—He wanted to borrow $5, but I wouldn't let him have it.

Thingumbob—Why not? He's honest. I'd trust him with my life.

McJigger—That's all right. I don't suppose your life is insured in his favor. But would you trust him with $5?—Philadelphia Press.

Very Likely.

Jake—Wot is dere in dis, do ye t'ink, Bill?

Bill—'Bout ten years by de looks.—New York Evening Journal.

Happy Surprise For John.

"John never will go out with me, so I gave his dress suit to the rummage sale."

"What of it?"

"Oh, he found it out and made a big fuss, so I bought it in and am going to give it to him for a birthday present."—Chicago Record.

The Sort of Wheel.

"Are you wheeling much this season?" asked Poindexter of Clingstone.

"No."

"You have a bicycle, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a wheel is it?"

"Rideless wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wonderful West.

"Is this a healthy town?" inquired the man who was in search of a balmy climate.

"Healthy?" echoed the land agent. "Why, man, the only undertaker in town had to blow out the gas to give himself a job."—Chicago News.

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