

(Homestead Entry No. 7288.)  
Notice For Publication.  
Department of the Interior,  
Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.,  
October 21, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Francisco Sandoval, of Pecos, N. M., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim viz: Homestead entry No. 7288, made October 21, 1902, for the NW 1-4, Section 33, Township 17N., Range 12E., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on November 29, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Dionicio Sandoval, Felix Sandoval, Bonifacio Sandoval and Antonio Urban, all of Pecos, N. M.

MANUEL R. OTERO,  
Register.

The Postmaster of Gosconado, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says: "I cannot say too much for your Kidney and Bladder Pills I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by The Ireland Pharmacy.

Herewith are some bargains offered by the New Mexican Printing Company: Code of Civil Procedure of the Territory of New Mexico, 1907, sheep bound, \$1; paper bound, 75c; Missouri Pleading forms, \$5; Missouri Code Pleadings, \$6; the two for \$10; Adapted to New Mexico Code, Laws of New Mexico, 1899, 1901, and 1903, English and Spanish pamphlet, \$2.25; full leather, \$3; Sheriff's Flexible Cover Pocket Docket, single, \$1.25; two or more books, \$1 each; New Mexico Supreme Courts Reports, Nos. 3 to 10, inclusive \$3.50 each; Compilation Corporation Laws 75c; Compilation Mining Laws, 50c; Money's Digest of New Mexico Reports, full sheep, \$6.50; full list set of blanks.

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Jose Ortiz y Baca, living on Alto street, Santa Fe, New Mexico, says: "From a short use of Doan's Kidney Pills I derived benefit which gives me just cause to vouch for the efficiency of this medicine. At intervals for three years I was more or less troubled with pain in my back and seeing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended for this complaint I procured a box at Ireland's Pharmacy and after taking them as directed I was relieved in a short time and in every sense of the word the result was satisfactory.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The New Mexican Printing Company is prepared to furnish cards de visite for ladies and for gentlemen on short notice in first class style at reasonable prices, either engraved or printed. Call on the New Mexican Printing Company.

KODOL is offered on a guaranteed plan for the relief of heartburn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea and all stomach troubles. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by The Ireland Pharmacy.

A TOURIST ON THE TRAIL.

(A Trip to the Cliff Dwellings Described by Mrs. Lucia M. Harvey.)

Omar Kayham's conception of a model outing party was expressed thus: "A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine and Thou." But Brother Kayham probably never had an opportunity of going to the Pajarito Cliff Dwellings with a company of six "just right people," as did the writer recently.

An extended vocabulary in ten languages would be inadequate to picture the joy of it. It was something to which words do not readily adjust themselves.

Over hills of myrrh and valleys of rosemary we went, leading the eye up to the splendid heights of snow-crowned peaks in the blue distance, sweeping the horizon in a long line of majesty.

An equipment of steamer rugs, Indian blankets, field glasses, cameras, guns and the all-important lunch boxes made our start from the hotel Claire rather a "Kansas or Bust" expedition.

The point of view is always the pivot of recollection; and the joy of the morning bubbled over in song and story and laughter as we swung up the mountain trail.

Up, up, until one felt like a fly on a bald man's head, looking down on the little hills that might, like their scriptural sisters, "skip for joy."

We crossed the Rio Grande at Buckman and the famous stream gave us a big surprise at this point, having heretofore seen it but a foot deep in its most impressive pools. Here, it rushed by in noisy fashion as if it had a tremendous amount of business to attend to.

The weird canon El Diablo came into view just as the setting sun sent its rays aslant the northern cliffs, making a moment of opportunity for our camera lady.

The dignified commander of the expedition introduced us with punctilious politeness to each famous mountain peak as it came into view. For the life of me I cannot remember but one, Old Baldy. When I make my bow to them again, I'll have to say, "Pardon me, dear mountains, your faces look familiar but I cannot recall your names."

It was quite dark when we reached the lumber camp where we spent the night. The odor of pines, the bright lights twinkling from the many tents and the cheerful prospect of a hot camp supper filled the mortal part of us with material content.

Mrs. R. G. McDougal, the hospitable hostess of the camp, gave us a warm welcome, as well as clean comfortable beds and had arranged for a delicious supper for us at the cook house.

A lumber camp dance was on the program in the evening and we had the joy of learning how to dance a Spanish quadrille. There was some uncertainty as to whether we were qualified in certain details of costume for the function, but our hosts were too polite to embarrass us in the matter. So on went the dance and joy was unconfined until long after we had retired to our tents. Nothing but a Wagner opera could compete in volume of sound with that which poured out into the pine laden air of that lumber camp.

The next morning Mrs. McDougal, in her cozy camp home, told us of her successful gardening operations, and related, in delightful fashion, some of her previous experiences with tenderfoot guests, and camping parties with idiosyncrasies culinary and otherwise.

The camp is in the heart of the cliff dwelling country. Little did the cave dweller of long ago dream that his caved out mansion would descend to the bed room of a modern lumber camp man. Most of these are scarcely big enough to swing a cat in; not that there was, perhaps, the remotest necessity of swinging a cat, but the figure of speech is useful.

We reached the communal dwellings on the mesa at exactly the right time for securing snap shots of them. Twelve hundred rooms we found here with bits of broken pottery scattered everywhere. The ruins of an underground estufa, the sacred rite room of the cliff dwellers, was most interesting.

The pictured rocks were discovered in many places, and it was at the foot of the one on which was carved the revered plumed serpent that we were posed for a pre-historic group.

The paint or chalking on the serpent, necessary for clear outlines in photography, had been obliterated by rain and weather, so we went into executive session to discuss ways and means for getting a good picture. No chalk, no paint, no powder? Yes, eureka, a box of talcum powder and cold cream were forthcoming. Such a grooming as that revered snake was given. I'm sure his celebrated ancestors, of Garden of Eden fame, would have turned green with envy. You could see him a mile distant, and he was already to have his picture "took." We all tried to look pre-historic too, but nobody succeeded but the doctor.

These cave dwellings have a wonderful fascination. Specters of the past seem to lurk in the shadows of the crumbling old walls. A phantom world of a long lost past with its mute evidences of the struggles of a dawn in civilization to preserve their traditions of a home, of worship, of self protection, greeted our understanding.

One travels back over the centuries into long forgotten ages, feeling that these people of long ago lived and loved and fought and died, even as we of today. We trailed around the rocks and ledges until lunch time. A camp fire was built and what manner of feast was spread on the grassy plot under the cottonwood trees, near the clear waters of a mountain stream, will never be known to any but one fortunate enough to dine with our lady of the commissary. With masculine lack of forethought the coffee kettle had been left behind at camp. Our resourceful commissary lady rose to the situation by ordering the bacon broiled on sticks over the camp fire, while she proceeded to make most delectable coffee in the frying pan, fried coffee, as our mighty hunter remarked, was a most unusual feature of a camp menu.

The return trip had its full measure of enchantment, for the exquisite changes of light and color were ever before us until the shadows settled over all.

It was on the homeward trip that our mighty hunter did himself proud in the way of shooting stunts. He resisted the ferocious attacks of a wild rabbit, capturing it after several shots. A sociable coyote trotted along with us a mile or so and we had opportunity of making little nature studies of cottontails and coveys of quail while the hunter was off hunting them. Meek eyed cows looked up surprised at us as we startled them out of their calm meditation by our hilarity and song.

That reminds me. The doctor's songs. His voice is his wealth. There would have been another chapter added to the great book on sound had John Tyndall ever heard him. The camera lady remarked that it was a wonder he had never had it treated or operated upon. The dry suggestion from the commander of the expedition was that dry farming might be the thing, to all of which the doctor maintained a polite but scathing silence.

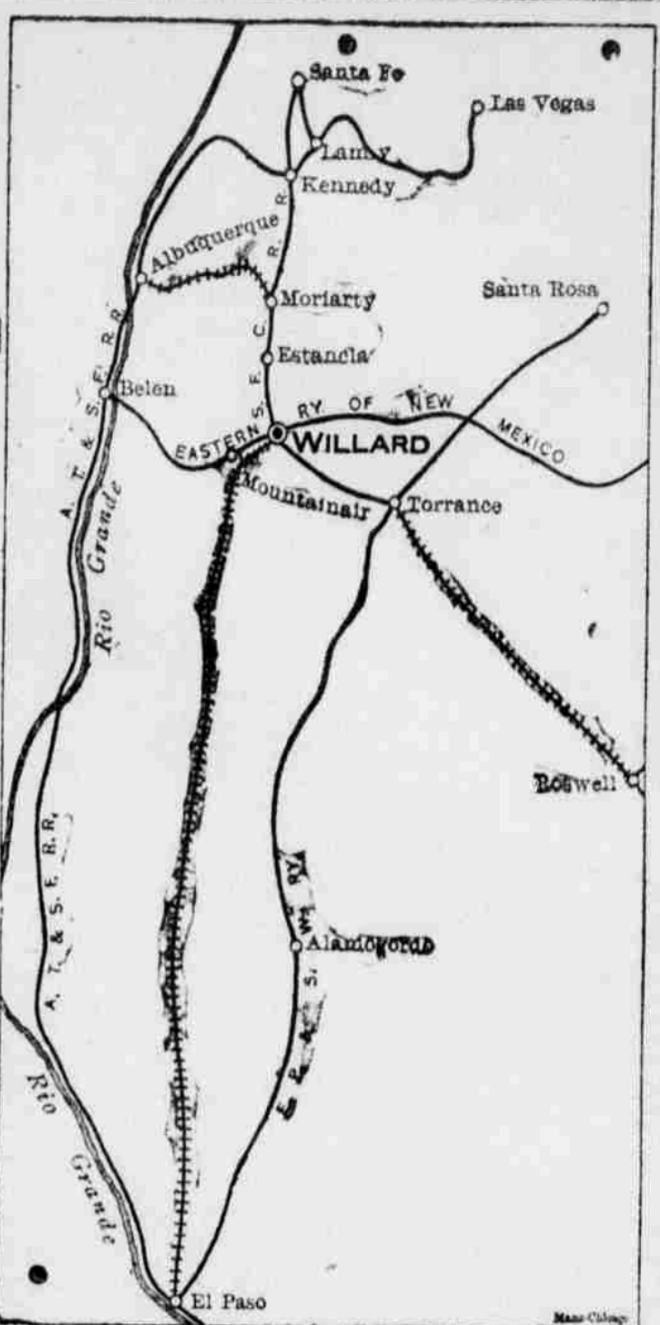
We reached home when the lights of the grand old city of Santa Fe twinkled a welcome to us, wishing we were just starting instead of just ending our journey, and singing: "We are here because we are here," to the tune of Auld Lang Syne," as a fitting finale to a trip of unalloyed pleasure.

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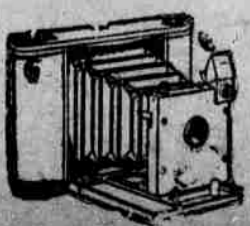
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