

Neighborhood Notes.

TEXAS.

EASTERN TEXAS CYCLONE.

Dispatches from different towns in eastern Texas tell of a destructive cyclone which passed through that section about midnight Saturday night. The home of James Moody in Leta county was destroyed and his fourteen year old daughter was fatally injured. At Rattan in the same county a man named Surratt was killed and his two daughters were seriously injured. The school house, two churches, a gin and a number of stores and dwellings were wrecked at that place. One house was destroyed by fire after being wrecked by the storm. The Odd Fellows hall was set on fire but it was extinguished before much damage was done. At Texarkana the wind blew so hard some of the buildings were moved upon their foundations and in the country near there fences were destroyed and much damage done to truck farms. It was the severest wind known in that section for years. At Brenham a cotton warehouse was demolished. At Belton it hailed and some hailstones as large as hen eggs fell. The tornado entered that section from the southwest, was about a thousand yards wide and lasted about ten minutes.

SUES TWO ROADS.

M. H. Braddock has instituted suit in the district court at Paris against the Texas Midland and the Texas & Pacific railroad companies to recover damages in the sum of \$195 for personal injuries. The injuries are alleged to have been sustained while riding in a Texas Midland coach over the Texas & Pacific road. The plaintiff had purchased a holiday excursion ticket from Howland on the Texas Midland to Middleton, Tenn. The train was crowded, many persons having to stand in the aisles and on the platform. The petition alleges that while going at a high rate of speed between Paris and Blossom some person on the platform uncoupled the coach in which the plaintiff was riding. That the train became detached and after proceeding a short distance stopped, causing the coach to crash into it. The plaintiff was hurled against a seat and his collar bone was broken and he sustained other injuries. Two other persons have filed suits on account of injuries received in the same accident and they ask for the same sum as Mr. Braddock.

PERHAPS A KIDNAPER.

Sheriff Johnson of Dallas, feels sure that he has one of the Cudahy kidnapers locked up in the county jail in that city. The man gave his name as H. E. Henderson but papers found in his possession show this to be one of many aliases. Henderson appeared in Dallas about three weeks ago and is alleged to have defrauded three women out of sums of money varying from \$50 to \$500. He represented himself as a member of the Colorado legislature, a New Mexico banker and a wealthy citizen of Los Angeles. The sheriff arrested him because he answers the description of the No. 3 man described in the Cudahy circular. In his trunk the sheriff found a picture of Pat Crowe. A woman with the prisoner admitted that she is not his wife. She burst into tears after his arrest and said she had accompanied him to Dallas from another city, expecting to marry him, and she loved him, but he kept putting off the ceremony. She declared her parents are wealthy and prominent and she would rather commit suicide than to have her name in print. The sheriff is holding his prisoner to hear from the Omaha officials.

A RECORD BREAKER.

Wm. T. Erb, of Dallas, a guest of the Pecos Valley hotel, and Miss Ella M. Walters, a passenger en route from El Paso to Roswell on last Monday's train, to join her father, broke the record in the matrimonial line here this week. Their acquaintance began Monday afternoon and Wednesday evening, to the surprise of a few acquaintances and friends, they appeared before Clerk Gibson, obtained a marriage license and repaired to the residence of Rev. T. L. Lallance, and were married at 10:30 o'clock.

The Times hopes that this will not be a case of "Married in haste; repented at leisure," but should they ever regret their hasty action they will certainly have ample time to repent in, as they are both very young and can "repent" for several years.—Pecos Times.

FIRE ALARM CRANK.

There is a crank in Dallas to catch whom the officers should make an extra effort. He enjoys seeing the fire department make a run and sends in false alarms in order to get to see it. Within the past few days he has had the pleasure of seeing three merry chases after phantom fires. When the department arrives at the number from which the fire alarm was turned in they find a vacant lot. False fire alarms are more serious than might appear on first thought as a real call might come while the department was gone on a wild goose chase and great damage would be done before it could get to the real fire. There is a law in Dallas providing for a fine of \$100 for turning in a false fire alarm and if the Dallas crank is found it will break him up to pay for his fun.

NEW MEXICO.

WILL HAVE TO WORK.

Representative Walton has pending in the house a bill which provides that all male persons convicted under the vagrancy laws of New Mexico shall be placed at work upon the roads or streets of the precinct in which such convictions shall be had, and in no case shall such vagrants be sentenced to confinement in the county jail as a charge upon the country. Provision is also made that the constable of the precinct shall have charge of such work under the general direction of the supervisor of roads, and shall have exclusive charge of the vagrants en-

gaged upon such work, and for which said constable is allowed a compensation of \$2 per day. The constables are to provide the meals for the vagrants, the same not to exceed a cost of 25 cents, and the expenses incurred are to be paid by the county commissioners out of the current expense fund. Heavy penalties are imposed for false returns of services or meals furnished under this act, and all statements rendered by the constables for services must be approved by the justices of the peace.

HAS MADE A MASH.

Some of the boys from this section who went to the El Paso carnival had all kinds of hard luck, but most of all they had a good time. Sol Schoonover didn't buy gold bricks, but while rubbering around town he was touched for \$50 of the long green. Sol "saw George" and several other sights that made him "Eazy." A Mr. Peterson of Roswell met an affectionate dame who gave him a few passionate embraces and relieved him of about \$11 of the long green. He told his troubles to the police and all the consolation they gave him was that the experience was worth the amount lost. Pliny Cochran returned several days after the main crowd and looked like he had been losing sleep trying to discover which shell the ball was under. At this writing Billy P. Morehead is still in the Pass City seeing "Paris by Gaslight."—Carlsbad Eagle.

BROKE HIS WOODEN LEG.

A tramp with a wooden leg loaded himself down to the gunwales with Deming arbutus, and lay down in the shade until he nearly froze to death, and broke his wooden leg rolling about. Dr. Wells and Col. Burnside discovered the man and had him carried out and laid in the warm sunshine to thaw out. After a while an officer came along and escorted him to the lock up.

ARIZONA.

WORK RESUMED.

The first installment of El Paso pressed brick reached the city last week, after a most vexatious delay of over two months. Other material has been on the ground, but nothing could be done on the library building until the pressed brick came. At the mill on North Sixth avenue the mill work has been completed two months in anticipation of turning it over to the contractors in good season. Yesterday a dozen men were engaged in the work preliminary to the erection of the Carnegie library building above the stone basement. Considerable of the north wall is up and the terra cotta is being put in place. Judging by the beginning made yesterday it would seem possible that the contractors would be able to complete the structure by the middle of April. Another carload of pressed brick is due this week and possibly two carloads may arrive. There is plenty of local brick for the inside courses, some being on the ground. The resumption of work on the library building attracted many to the place of operations, and from this time forward progress will be watched with interest. Mr. Carnegie will take care of his end of the contract, to furnish the \$25,000 promised to build the library.—Tucson Star.

STABBED IN THE BACK.

A letter from Ures to the Nogales Oasis states that on the 24th, at the Tempacate mine some seven leagues from Arizpe, John I. Hoffman, manager for the London Scottish syndicate, was stabbed in the back by an employee named Julian Inclan. At the time of the assault Mr. Hoffman was stooping over the assay furnace, and it was both unexpected and unprovoked. He closed with his assailant and knocked him down, receiving a second stab in the right hand. His assailant ran and Mr. Hoffman fainted from loss of blood. Inclan was promptly caught and incarcerated in the tunnel.

Dr. E. J. Fernandez was summoned by telegraph from Ures, and Doctor H. S. Sevy from Aconehi. Doctor Fernandez made the trip of eighty-seven miles in fifteen and one half hours during the afternoon and night, changing horses and stopping on the road twice to feed. Mr. Hoffman is doing well and should be about again soon.

THE ARIZONA EDEN.

Eden is the name of the town in the Gila valley and it is well named. Although an important settlement, there is no justice of the peace there. During the last election the people put the name of Thomas Fuller on the local ticket for justice, not because they really needed a justice but because Thomas wanted the office and the title of judge. He was elected, but when he came to qualify the district attorney told him that he must provide a bond of \$2,000 signed by two citizens, and the justice himself was to provide an individual bond of \$1,000 before the oath could be administered. But the justice will never qualify for the reason that he could not find a man in Eden worth \$1,000.

For the weakness and prostration following gripe there is nothing so prompt and effective as One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation is highly endorsed as an unfailing remedy for all throat and lung troubles and its early use prevents consumption. It was made to cure quickly. Fred Schaefer, druggist.

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold on a positive guarantee. Cures heartburn, raising of the food, distress after eating, or any form of dyspepsia. One little tablet gives immediate relief. 25 and 50 cents. M. A. Webb, druggist.

Like bad dollars, all counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are worthless. The original quickly cures piles, sores, and all skin diseases. Fred Schaefer, druggist.

A little want advertisement, 15 words three times, 60 cents, mailed and delivered to over 2000 separate individuals daily. The Herald.

THE ARMY OF THE SEA.

Far out, far out, close riding crest on crest, The long, white legions glisten in the sun, Endless and armed for instant strife they run In monstrous phalanx, sweeping in abreast. Far out, far out, where seethes the wild unrest, Fear, pitious protest to the whirlwind foe That, striking them, roared on for further prey. Oh, fleets and powers, what war won songs have ye More dread than sing this army of the sea? —Thomas Bicket in New Lippincott.

A BACHELOR GODDESS.

The Story of a Woman Hater and How He Was Converted.

"All women are divided into two classes—either designing adventuresses or simpering dolls. As for me," quoth Halbert cynically, "give me the first every time. You can trust to an adventuress to have a little gray matter at least in her cranium." He was talking to his secretary, young Allen, a callow youth, almost effeminate, but nevertheless brainy, too brainy, as Halbert expressed it, for his size and weight. Allen had got used to these sinister observations concerning woman-kind and rarely ever offered any comment either to agree or to refute the other's statements. These two individuals were a study for one another. The hour in which Allen accepted the position of private secretary, a short time before, they found a pleasant communion of tastes and ideas and a peculiar inexplicable sympathy of feeling that seemed to have puzzled both.

Halbert was a confirmed bachelor. He boasted of never having proposed to any woman. He was afraid of them. In his estimation they were all scheming politicians and ready to marry him or any man at a moment's notice. "Keep the women away from me!" snarled Halbert at times when driven by force to a crush. "I'd rather smoke or sleep." And the little secretary, with his strong, boyish ardor, kept them far away and comforted Halbert with his companionable silence.

The one measure in Allen's make up which Halbert could not understand was his reluctance to smoke. He could never get him to indulge even in a cigarette. And in the matter of drinking, though Allen could mix a punch or a cocktail with commendable art, he brought them untasted to Halbert as a kind of offering to that exalted wretch.

"You should have been a woman, by gad," Halbert said once to him. "A thousand pardons, Allen, but you would have made a fine looking girl. You've got grace and tact enough for it, you know. Why, believe me, Allen, if there were women like you today, with the brain and all, I believe I'd marry one of them." Allen actually blushed and retreated in confusion. Halbert liked this display of apparent shyness, and his affection for the boy grew. He liked to slap him on the back and he said he felt lonesome when the chap was away. "I tell you what, Allen, I don't know whether to adopt you as my son, considering the fact that I shall never have one of my own, or whether to let things slide on as formerly and just double your salary."

Things slid on as formerly until Halbert announced a hunting trip to Abyssinia. He had actually completed plans for both and was sketching out in his imagination the delicious camaraderie of two in a tent in the wilds of Africa, when Allen announced his intention to resign.

"You ungrateful beggar, you can't resign," Halbert shouted. "Why, my boy, I can't go without you. What's the matter?"

"The fact of the matter is, sir," Allen replied respectfully, "I don't want to go with you."

It was a blow, and it landed between Halbert's eyes. He loved Allen if he ever loved any being on earth, and this was the first time that he ever had been thwarted. Not given to sentiment or pleading, he nursed his agony silently, for Allen's abruptness stung him with all the agony of unfilling gratitude, of unrequited love, of treachery in a friend—everything. It pained Halbert as he had never been pained before. That afternoon he ordered his horse for a long ride and went out dejectedly with a load on his shoulders. He wanted to puzzle out the situation. He had never to plead with any one before in his life for what he wanted, and he hated to plead now. It might seem unmanly, he feared. He went out without calling to Allen, and he did not return for dinner.

The secretary in the meantime felt an unhappy sinking of his heart as the hours dragged by and Halbert did not return. It was his custom at least to return to dress for the evening, especially if he meant to dine out, and his continued absence made Allen uneasy. He did not know whether Halbert cared about his refusal to accompany him, but he knew that he himself cared, and he felt he could not acquaint his friend with the real reason until he had actually gone.

At 9 o'clock Halbert came back—not exactly on a stretcher, but leaning on the arm of his valet. He had had a bad fall somewhere on the Riverside drive, and he had turned his elbow badly—sprained it, in fact. They had actually subjected him to the annoyance of carrying him to a hospital because he had been too dazed to remonstrate, and when his mind was eventually clear he demanded removal to his own rooms.

His valet settled him comfortably on

a divan and had left the room when Halbert sank into a light slumber. In a few moments Allen came in, white, haggard, limp with anxiety, and stood there looking at Halbert with startled pain in his gaze; then, with a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he knelt down beside the divan for a moment and, grasping one of the sufferer's hands in his own, pressed it to his lips with a sob of distress and pain.

Halbert opened his eyes and turned to look at him. He was almost too dumfounded to speak. Allen got up in confusion, and Halbert kept smiling and staring at him in a riot of bewildered ideas, groping, as he did, in a queer labyrinth of uncertainties like a man struggling to face some peculiar situation that his mind refuses to grasp.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," Allen said, standing by a window and looking out into the night, "but they told me you had been seriously hurt, and—and—it almost broke my heart."

Hall sat up on the edge of the divan and, drawing his dressing gown around him closely, remained there looking at Allen like one surprised in half toilet and somewhat nervous because of it. The kiss of the youth burned still in the flesh of his hand, and it traveled along the channels of feeling and warmed his heart.

Something was groping in his mind for recognition. He still stared at Allen and took in, with careful, scrutinizing gaze, the supple lines of his tall, svelte figure, the curves of his long neck, the slender hands and feet.

"Allen," Halbert said, and he got up and walked close to the youth and stood near him, his eyes still searching the boyish face, "Allen, I want to ask you a question. In God's name, don't be offended if I am wrong. But I don't think I am wrong. It never occurred to me before, but I am a blind fool, and it unnerves me. Look at me, Allen, and answer this: Are you a woman?"

Allen winced and turned farther away and leaned against a table as if to steady himself. The young face was seamed with pain. There was a long silence as Halbert waited for the other to speak. "You are a woman," he repeated.

"Yes, I am a woman." The words came at last, firmly, almost defiantly, like thunder in Halbert's ears, stunning him.

"My God!" was all that came from between the parted, eager lips of the other. "But this costume—why this? I don't understand."

"Because everybody has a prejudice against petticoats in the professions," the girl answered, "and I was bound I would not let that interfere with my progress. Why should I be bound down, tied like a slave, because of a mere selfish, unreasonable prejudice?" The color burned in her cheeks brilliantly, and Halbert stepped toward her with a sudden, quick movement, his arms outstretched, love on his tongue, in his eyes, in his gestures.

The girl stepped away from him as he would have touched her arm. "Mr. Halbert," she said, with dignity, "I am your secretary and in your rooms, and you have discovered that I am a woman. Please respect my unhappy position, for I want you to believe that I am neither a designing adventuress nor a simpering doll. There is another class that you seem to be unacquainted with—that you do not seem to take into consideration." She looked at him steadily, her eyes burning with determination.

Halbert's head sank under the siege of her look. Her speech hurt him; it crushed him. Yes, he loved this girl; he understood it now. He had been a blind, self absorbed fool.

"Girl, don't crush me under your heel." He had not thought that there could be lack of respect where love dwelt.

"While I am your secretary you must not speak of love. It is an unfair advantage."

"Then I discharge you this moment," cried Halbert, aroused. The girl could scarcely suppress a smile, though she struggled to be adamant. She turned and walked quickly toward the door.

"Come back, girl. Don't go and leave me like this. You've wound yourself all around my heart with a million tendrils. I can't let you go now—I want you to be my wife. Don't you love me? You won't go away now when I want you most."

She turned and smiled at him. He was pleading in abject humility. "Don't you love me?" he cried out to her—he, Halbert, the cynic—conquered! "Well, yes," she called back, "I think I do." She was laughing, but her kiss was there on his hand still. He knew. "Then you will go to Abyssinia after all, won't you, dear?"

Her laughter still greeted him from a distance, and he flung himself back on the divan and gave himself up to love dreams such as never before thawed the chilly exterior of the man who had fled from petticoats and hid from them in smoking rooms for the last 25 years. Halbert was overcome, in love like a schoolboy, his heart fluttering, buoyant, ecstatic. And the kiss was there on his hand. He carried it to his lips and drank the honey of the spot where her own lips had been.—Chicago Tribune.

A Historic Church.

The first church at Posen, on the eastern border of Prussia, was built by Frederick the Great. For centuries it has done duty as a place of worship, and yet had it not been for a war-horse it would never have been built. Close by a bloody conflict occurred between the king and the Russians, and the former, always in the thick of the fight, had his charger killed under him—a sturdy animal that had borne him throughout many battles. He felt the joy of victory to be modified by the loss of the horse and put up to its memory the famous church in question.

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(Mountain Time)

Train Leave El Paso	10:30 a. m.
Arrive Alamogordo	2:35 p. m.
Arrive Capitan	3:00 p. m.
Train Leave Capitan	8:00 a. m.
Arrive Alamogordo	12:20 p. m.
Arrive El Paso	5:00 p. m.

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