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1-30-1914

# Western Liberal, 01-30-1914

Lordsburg Print Company

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# Western Liberal.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 11

LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO, JANUARY 30, 1914.

Subscription \$5 Per Year  
Single Copies 10 Cents

## WESTERN LIBERAL.

Lordsburg New Mexico

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

Entered at the Post Office at Lordsburg as Second Class Mail Matter.

By DON H. KEDZIE.

### Subscription Prices.

Three Months.....\$1.00  
Six Months.....1.75  
One Year.....3.00  
Subscriptions Always Payable in Advance.

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

### STATE

Wm. C. McDonald..... Governor  
R. C. de Baca..... Lieutenant Governor  
Antonio Lucero..... Secretary of State  
F. W. Glancy..... Attorney General  
W. G. Sargent..... Auditor  
Howard Ernst..... Traveling Auditor  
O. N. Marvin..... Treasurer  
R. P. Eriev..... Commissioner Public Lands  
Atlas N. White..... Supt. Public Instruction  
Hugh B. Williams, Chn. Corp. Com.  
M. S. Groves.....  
O. L. Owen.....  
Clarence J. Roberts, Chief Justice Sup. Court  
Richard H. Hanna.....  
Frank W. Parker.....  
J. D. Senn..... Clerk

### COUNTY.

Van T. Mayville..... Commissioner 1st District  
E. S. Edwards..... 2nd  
B. B. Ownby..... 3rd  
H. J. McGrath..... 4th  
M. F. Downes..... Treasurer  
James A. Shipley..... Assessor  
Hym n Abraham..... Probate Judge  
E. B. Venable..... County Clerk  
Isabella Eckles..... Superintendent of Schools  
F. L. Cox..... Surveyor

### FEDERAL.

George Curry..... Member Congress  
H. B. Ferguson.....  
W. H. Hope..... Judge District Court  
Harry Lee..... Clerk  
R. B. Davis..... United States Attorney  
C. M. Forsaker..... U. S. Marshal  
John W. March..... Surveyor-General  
Henry P. Bardshar..... Internal Rev. Collector

### PRECINCT.

M. W. McGrath..... Justice of the Peace  
O. Allan..... Constable  
School Directors—B. W. Randall, J. H. McClure, J. K. Owenby

## Southern Pacific R. R.

### Lordsburg Time Table.

WESTBOUND.	
A. M. P. M. A. M.	
Passenger.....	11:05 10:54 2:14
EASTBOUND.	
P. M. P. M. A. M.	
Passenger.....	4:45 12:20 4:45
Trains run on Mountain Time.	
E. E. CALVIN, H. V. PLATT,	General Manager, General Superintendent,
G. F. RICHARDSON, Supt. of Transp.,	J. H. DYER, G. L. HICKY,
Superintendent, Asst. Superintendent	

## Arizona & New Mexico Railway

### NONSTOP

Flagstaff.....	P. M.	2:25
Lordsburg.....		3:00
Duncan.....		3:08
Chilton.....		4:40
STOP		
Chilton.....	A. M.	8:45
Duncan.....		9:15
Lordsburg.....		9:35
Flagstaff.....		10:45

Trains run daily. Mountain time.

## M. M. CROCKER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.  
District Surgeon Southern Pacific and Arizona & New Mexico Railroads, Surgeon to American Consolidated Copper Co.  
LORDSBURG NEW MEXICO.

## TOM TONG & CO.

THE NEW  
BRICK RESTAURANT  
Table supplied with the best in the Market. Everything neat and clean.

## Wilson & Walton

Attorneys at Law  
SILVER CITY, NEW MEX.  
Will make regular visits to Lordsburg, N. M.

## D. H. KEDZIE

BONDS  
Probate, Judicial, Surety,  
Employs, Official

## U. S. Fidelity and Guaranty Co.

Buy your bonds instead of calling on friends who may not want to sign a bond.

## SHE HAD A NIMBLE TONGUE.

The Old Duchess Could and Did Swear Like a Trooper.

The old Duchess of St. Albans, who had been the widow of Mr. Conitts, the banker, when the duke, much her junior in age, married her, was one of the habitual visitors at Talmouth. My first view of her, however, was at the Cripp hotel, on her way through to Koomore, when the duchess and her retinue arrived in eight carriages; for though by birth of no family, she had a most exalted idea of her own importance and when paying a series of short visits to country houses was so convinced of the savage condition of the highlands that she traveled always with her own chef and patissier, who alone were permitted to cook her meals at the inns she stopped at on the road.

I shall not easily forget the sight of the disgorging of the duchess' own chariot when it pulled up at the inn door! First emerged her grace herself, an enormously fat woman; then followed her three nieces, daughters of Sir Francis Burdett, whereof the youngest and best looking became inheritor of her wealth, and Baroness Burdett-Conitts.

These young ladies, evidently in mortal terror of their awful relative—without reason—followed the duchess in single file, dutifully carrying each some article necessary to her grace's comfort—reticule, cushion, wraps, books, footstool and bag of toilet requisites, the duchess' favorite lap dog and her pet parrot in a cage. After them came her grace's private physician, who traveled always in the same carriage as herself, so as to be on the spot while the duke preferred the coach box to the company inside—and no wonder! All the time the duchess' tongue was heard going—scolding, complaining, abusing everybody, from her husband downward, in unmeasured terms. The unfortunate nieces came in for no small share of her harangue and earned painfully any share of her fortune she may have left them in her will—for she swore like a trooper or a Billingsgate fishwife the whole time.—Lady Logan in Cornhill Magazine.

## CHEMICAL EXACTNESS.

Bunsen's Feast After His Goblet of Solution Had Been Upset.

The remarkable skill in dealing with the material of their experiments that some chemists have is well illustrated by the following story told of the great German chemist Professor Robert Bunsen:

Professor Bunsen evaporated fifty hogsheds of water from the Durkheim spring and carefully isolated from the residue a small quantity of the salts of two very rare elements, caesium and rubidium. He dissolved these salts in a small beaker of water and set them aside on his laboratory table.

One day a friend came to see Professor Bunsen. Unnoticed by the chemist his visitor in leaning against the laboratory table tipped over the beaker and spilled its contents on the floor and on his clothing. The solution looked like plain water, so the man thought nothing of the accident and a few minutes later took his departure.

Shortly after the gentleman had gone Bunsen noticed that the contents of the beaker had been spilled. Instantly he ran out to the street, overtook his friend and brought him back to the laboratory.

With water Bunsen carefully extracted the salts from the sleeve of the gentleman's coat and his underclothing, washed his arm, cleaned off a drop that had splattered on his shoe, carefully washed the floor and the table, collected all the solutions together, purified them and on evaporation found that he had recovered the valuable salts! So perfect was his skill that he had not lost a weighable amount.—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Idols.  
The Chinese, according to a missionary, are the most exacting of worshippers. When they pray to their idols they ask for definite material blessings and they expect results. The life of an idol in China is precarious. Gifts will be heaped before it only as long as it seems to be bringing about the wishes of its followers. If the shrine falls upon evil times and disappoints its worshippers their homage soon fades. Not only do the gifts cease, but the respectful people of the countryside will come in a body and smash the inefficient symbol.

## Chronic Constipation Cured.

"Five years ago I had the worst case of chronic constipation I ever knew of, and Chamberlain's Tablets cured me," writes S. E. Fish, Brooklyn, Mich. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

## TWO OLD SAILORS.

Why One of Them Ignored Executive Officer Dewey's Commands.

In his autobiography George Dewey, the hero of Manila bay, records that Farragut's methods were always simple. There was a saying that his principal place for filing papers was his coat pocket. Generally he wrote his orders himself, perhaps with his knee or the ship's rail as a rest. The author recalls that one day when he was writing he looked up and said: "Now, how in the devil do you spell Appalachicola? Some of these educated young fellows from Annapolis must know." The author continues: "A man who had such an important command could hardly have been more democratic. One night I had given orders for a thorough cleaning of the ship the next morning. I was awake very early, for it was stiflingly hot. Five o'clock came, and I heard no sound of the holystones on the deck, so I went above to find out why my orders were not obeyed, and my frame of mind for the moment was entirely that of the disciplinarian. There was no activity at all on deck. I looked around for the officer of the deck. He was an old New England whaler, brown as a baccaneer, who had enlisted for the war from the merchant service. I recall that he wore small gold rings in his ears, a custom with some of the old fashioned merchant sailors who had traveled the world over. I found him seated up in the hammock netting, where it was cool, with Farragut at his side.

## EARLY QUAKERESSES.

Mary Fisher the First to Be Publicly Flogged in England.

No feature of the early Quaker movement was so surprising to contemporary historians as the prominent part taken by women of all classes and positions in spreading its message. "They were not a whit behind the men," remarks one seventeenth century chronicler, "in courage or in contempt to material obstacles, imitating them not out of a womanly precipitancy and boldness, but upon a determined advice \* \* \* changing, as it were, their sex and being transmuted from women to men."

A staid matron named Elizabeth Hooton was the first to be "convicted" by Fox's teaching and became in the year 1649 the first woman preacher among the Quakers. Ann Downer, the young daughter of a clergyman, carried the message to London, gathering round her the nucleus of that Society of City Friends which grew to be the model and rallying ground for other towns and nations. Margaret, the wife of Judge Fell, was the "nursing mother" of the infant church—the center of all its activities, the helper and the ultimate appeal in all its distresses.

Mary Fisher, a servant girl from Yorkshire, heads the long list of heroic sufferers in England who were publicly flogged for their religion. She, too, with an older woman, was the pioneer who brought the Friends' doctrine to New England in 1656 and tasted the first fruits of the persecution which was meted out to her fellow believers, even to the extremes of mutilation and death, by those who were themselves the survivors of the Mayflower.—Mabel R. Brailsford in Englishwoman.

## Gotham's Potter's Field.

In New York's potter's field more than 5,000 bodies are buried in the course of a year. New York's pauper dead make it necessary that as many as eighty workmen and half a dozen keepers be maintained at potter's field all the time. The "field" is on Hart's Island, at the entrance to the sound, eighteen miles up the East river, and the gravediggers, drivers and general caretakers are prisoners from the workhouse force on Blackwell's Island, with a head keeper and several assistants, not prisoners, to supervise them.

## Victoria's Harmless Cosmetic.

Douglas Jerrold, the English humorist, was prolific of puns in conversation and in correspondence. Professor Brander Matthews in the Century quotes one of his best.

## Best Cough Medicine for Children

"I am very glad to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. Lida Dewey, Milwaukee, Wis. "I have used it for years both for my child and myself and it never fails to relieve an acute cough or cold. No family with children should be without it as it gives almost immediate relief in cases of croup." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant and safe to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

## DIAMETER OF THE EARTH.

Points at Which It is the Greatest and the Least.

What is the greatest diameter of the earth? The form of the earth is that of a flattened spheroid, greater in diameter at the equator than at the poles, but this is modified by the accidents of its surface, so that the diameter varies according to the point at which it is measured.

It might be expected that the diameter would be greatest if measured from the top of the highest mountain, which is Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, but unfortunately the point at which the diameter would emerge on the other side of the world is in the Pacific ocean where this is more than 7,000 feet deep.

Professor I. Henkel of Schulpferda says the greatest diameter of the earth is that taken from the summit of Mount Chimborazo, in Ecuador, 20,130 feet above the sea level. This, he says, emerges at the antipodes on a high point on the north coast of Sumatra. This diameter is 7,923.3 miles.

As Chimborazo is almost on the equator, its summit is that point on the earth's surface which is most distant from the center. There weight is feeblest and centrifugal force greatest.

## A BOY'S MOMENT OF FAME.

When Young Walter Scott Was Praised by Robert Burns.

From the time he was six Walter Scott read ravenously, and it was through his wide reading that when only fifteen he became for a few moments the center of a group of learned men. It was when the poet Burns visited Edinburgh and had shown great interest in a picture of a soldier lying dead in the snow with a dog keeping patient watch beside him.

Beneath the picture were some beautiful lines, but neither Burns nor any of those learned men knew their author until young Walter Scott, who happened to be present, whispered that they were by Langhorne.

Then Burns turned to him, with glowing eyes, and said, "It is no common course of reading that has taught you this," adding to his friends, "This lad will be heard of yet."

How proud the lad felt! How wistfully joyful in the warmth of the great poet's praise and then how suddenly forgotten when only a few days later Robert Burns passed him in the street without a glance! Scott's moment of fame had vanished.—Arlandae Gilbert in St. Nicholas.

## Boys and Bonfires.

The most fun a boy can have is at a barn fire.

## His Stomach Troubles Over.

Mr. Dyspeptic, would you not like to feel that your stomach troubles were over, that you could eat any kind of food you desired without injury? That may seem so unlikely to you that you do not even hope for an ending of your trouble, but permit us to assure you that it is not altogether impossible. If others can be cured permanently, and thousands have been, why not you? John R. Barker, of Battle Creek, Mich., is one of them. He says, "I was troubled with heartburn, indigestion, and liver complaint until I used Chamberlain's Tablets, then my trouble was over. Sold by all dealers.—Adv."

## BRIGHTEN UP

We have just received a shipment of  
916 Cans of Guaranteed Inspected  
Floor, Household and Carriage Paints,  
JAP-A-LAC and VARNISHES,  
TURPENTINE & OILS.

Anything from a half pint to 10 Gallon cans.—Also see the 16 artistic suggestions on how to paint Your Home.

—THE—  
**Roberts & Leahy Mercantile Co.**  
(INCORPORATED)  
LORDSBURG NEW MEXICO

JOSHUA S. RAYNOLDS, President.  
JAS. GRAHAM McNARY, Vice-President,  
W. L. TOOLEY, Vice-President.

RODGER W. KAYSER, Cashier,  
WALTER M. BUTLER, Asst. Cashier,  
G. T. MOORE, Asst. Cashier

—THE—  
**First National Bank**  
EL PASO, TEXAS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....\$ 800,000  
DEPOSITS.....4,500,000

United States Depository  
4 per cent. interest paid on Savings Accounts.

Correspondence is invited from those who contemplate opening initial or additional accounts in El Paso.

Assets - - - - - \$6,000,000

Deposits made by mail are promptly acknowledged.

## Rainy Days

come to everybody. Life has more ups than downs. Right now while you are making, you ought to be saving

For the Rainy Day.

Where is the money you have been earning all these years? Some one else has deposited it in the bank. Why don't you put your own money in the bank?—Why let the other fellow save what you earn?

Start Today, Open a Bank Account With

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Lordsburg, N. M.

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.



## EAGLE DRUG MERCANTILE CO.

MINE AND RANCH SUPPLIES

## Mining Blanks

AT THE  
LIBERAL OFFICE

**WESTERN LIBERAL.**

Lordsburg New Mexico

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

Entered at the Post Office at Lordsburg as Second Class Mail Matter.

BY DON H. KEDZIE.

Subscription Prices.

Three Months.....\$1.00  
Six Months.....1.75  
One Year.....3.00  
Subscriptions Always Payable in Advance.

The benevolent despot, Col. George W. Goethals, who built the Panama canal, is wanted by the mayor of New York for commissioner of police. Col. Goethals is the most wonderful and successful handler of men known in the history of the world, and the police commissioner of New York has the hardest job of handling men in the country. Col. Goethals agrees to take the position if certain laws are passed, giving him more power, and if he can be retired from the army. President Wilson wants him to remain, and be the governor of Panama, but the colonel has been there for several years, and wants to get away from the climate. He has done such good work that he is entitled to anything he may ask of the government.

The people of Silver City have got a new slant on the depot question. For many years it has wanted a new depot, and for an equal number of years the Santa Fe has been promising to build it, but before the time to begin the work arrives the appropriation is exhausted, or something else, equally serious, happens, and the work is postponed till the Silver City people make a new kick. The Silver City people never let up when they want other people's money spent in the town, and have taken a new line on the depot business. They have gone to the corporation commission, told them it is absolutely necessary to their happiness that the Santa Fe company build them a new depot, and asked the commission to order it built. The commission has ordered the Santa Fe company to build a new depot, pronto, or on the 28th of February to show reasons why a depot should not be built at Silver City.

There is trouble brewing in Socorro county. It appears that Assessor Baca had the idea that he could run the office for the accommodation of himself and his friends. When E. B. Tittman was appointed district attorney he began investigating the rumors and discovered many things, twenty-five in fact, and made a memorandum of them, presented them to the court, and asked that Mr. Baca be separated from his office. One of the things Brother Tittman did not like was a way Baca had of making an assessment against a man who had considerable property, like the Diamond Cattle company, Sol Luna and others, extending the state and county tax on the taxroll, but omitting the school tax. For favors received he omitted one man and his property from the tax roll one year. There were many other things done by Mr. Baca which Mr. Tittman thinks should cause a separation of the office and the man, and he will work earnestly to show the court, so that it may see the situation from the same view point as does Mr. Tittman.

When the Mexicans came across the line at the time of the battle of Ojinaga some sheriffs appreciated that they might be able to pick up some muchly wanted Mexicans who had fled from justice in this country to their native land. Among them were Sheriff Petty, of Greenlee county, and he concluded to go down to Marfa, and see if he could recognize any one. He had a tip that he could find Arvizu, who killed Officers Alberto Mungula and Jack Campbell in the Eagle creek country when the officers were trying to arrest him, and made his escape to Mexico. At Marfa Petty watched the line of Mexicans as they walked into the detention camp, but could not find the man he wanted. However he did find an old friend named Martinez, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for robbery. After the sentence the court suspended it, telling Martinez that if he behaved himself he could go free, but if he did not behave he would have to serve his sentence out. In a short time Martinez got into trouble, and was again arrested and put in the jail until Sheriff English had time to take him to the penitentiary. He escaped from the jail and nothing was heard of him till Sheriff Petty discovered him at Marfa, a Mexican federal soldier escaping from Villa's army. He was taken to Clifton, and will be sent to the penitentiary to serve his five years.

The LIBERAL received yesterday a letter from Steins signed by the brother of the poor. It will have to know who the writer is before it can make use of the letter.

R. C. Johnston, who is working the Good Luck mine at Gold Hill, the mine formerly owned by Otto Werney, and in which he was killed by falling rock, has just made a fine strike at 175 feet. It is ore carrying native silver, and considerable of it. He has some eight or ten inches of it, and has strong hopes of getting a good body of it by development. He has not yet had it assayed, but it does not require an assay to show it is rich. The LIBERAL has a fine sample on exhibition which was presented by Mr. Johnston, and not high graded.

On Thursday night of last week there was the first ring exhibition that has been pulled off in Lordsburg in a long time. It was at the Knights of Pythias hall, between Young Willard, of Lordsburg, and Scotty King, of Yuma. It was to be a ten round match, but did not last that long. King weighed in at 144 and Willard at 122. Although much the lighter Willard had the best of it in the first two rounds, and made a stand-off in the third. In the fourth round Willard went to the floor, but was up immediately. In the fifth round King went to the floor for a count of seven. He seemed to like the floor for he went there again for a count of nine, and then he went down again, and stayed there till Referee Gammon counted ten, and held up Willard's hand. The go has interested the fans, and they are figuring on more work of the same kind here.

David McKnight, chief clerk of the railway mail service at El Paso, was in the city last Thursday afternoon, coming up here to meet his superintendent, S. J. Gaines, who was on his way from Los Angeles to his headquarters at Fort Worth. Mr. Gaines is a member of a standing committee of the department which examines all new inventions to see if they are practical, and of value to the department. He had been to Los Angeles to inspect a new device for throwing mail off a moving train, and catching mail from the station by the same train. While talking about recent removals of postmasters Mr. McKnight said he thought it would not be long till postmasters, at least of the first, second and third classes, would be done away with, all of the employees of the department would be under the civil service rules, entitled to promotion and subject to transfer, as the railway mail is now conducted. The country would probably be divided into districts, as is the railway mail service, and conducted by a superintendent, who would practically supersede every first class postmaster, and most of the second class ones, most of whom do little for the service besides drawing their pay. The scheme could be worked out so as to save large amounts of money and give much better service. The recently organized terminal railroad postoffices at important terminals and important junctions is the entering wedge of the scheme. They can show how it can be worked out. Of course this will be a great revolution in politics. Take politics out of the postoffice department and it will double the work of the employees, and take away half the fun of being postmaster. If the government is to take over the telegraph and telephone service, to say nothing of the railroads, they will have to be divorced from politics, and it might as well begin with postoffice department.

The lost gold mine near Redrock has been causing considerable excitement this week. Last summer A. A. Branch secured a job for a Mexican herding goats for DeMoss & Conner. The Mexican had been working in the mines, and spent all the money he drew for booze. Branch told him to go out into the mountains, where he could not get any booze, and he would sober up, and be able to take care of himself. When he went to work Anthony Conner told him about the lost gold mine, and told him to keep an eye out for it. Recently the Mexican came into town and told Branch that he was very grateful for what he had done for him, and to show his gratitude showed him some rock, which he had found. He said he had found a platform made of cedar, laid crossways and appeared to be covering an old shaft. He got this rock from under the edge of the platform, which he covered up. Mr. Branch had it assayed, and it only run about five dollars, and he thought it did not amount to anything. The first of the week he told about it, and it created considerable excitement among the people who knew something of the history of the lost mine. Tuesday J. A. Leahy, B. B. Owenby and C. W. Marsalls went out to interview the Mexican. Anthony Conner told Branch that he had a big chance, and he had better go out and locate the mine. When he found so many people were excited about the story he concluded he better take a chance. Wednesday he laid in a supply of location papers, and went out with Conner, to find the place, and make an investigation. It will probably be Saturday before he returns. He was confident that the goat herder would tell no one else where the platform was located.

Notice for publication, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office, at Las Cruces, N. M., January 12, 1914

NOTICE is hereby given that Preston L. Ward, of Animas, N. M., who, on June 9, 1908, made homestead entry, No. 5022, for E 1/4 NE 1/4, E 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 1, Township 29 S., Range 20 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Alfred H. Ward, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N. M., on the 24th day of February 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Holmes Maddox, of Animas, N. M.; Charles Spear, of Animas, N. M.; Samuel Ward, of Animas, N. M.; John W. Dunson, of Animas, N. M. Jose Gonzales, Register. First pub. Jan. 23

NOTICE, Department of the Interior, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Las Cruces, N. M., Jan. 9, 1914

NOTICE is hereby given that John S. Gibson of Lake, New Mexico, who on June 17, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 9434 for S 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 23, N 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 23 Township 29 S., R. 17 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before J. M. Tripp, U. S. Commissioner, at Piasa, N. M., on the 20th day of Feb, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Winkler, of Lake, N. Mex.; Frank Lane, of Lake, N. Mex.; E. Barefoot, of Lake, N. Mex.; E. J. Clark, of Piasa, N. Mex. JOSE GONZALES, Register. First publication Jan. 16, 1914.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, Department of the Interior, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Las Cruces, New Mexico, December 19, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that Walter Griffin, of Cloverdale, N. M., who on June 4, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 6497, for SE 1/4 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 4, Township 31 S., Range 20 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Alfred H. Ward, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N. M., on the 11st day of Jan, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Purpin, of Cloverdale, N. M.; James D. Wolf, of Cloverdale, N. M.; James Clark, of Cloverdale, N. M.; John Blair, of Cloverdale, N. M. JOSE GONZALES, Register. First pub. Dec. 23

NOTICE, Department of the Interior, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Las Cruces, N. M. Jan. 20, 1914

NOTICE is hereby given that Robert E. Goedeke, of Hachita, N. M., who, on May 11, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 9708, for SE 1/4, Section 34 Township 30 S., Range 16 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before T. J. Brown, United States Commissioner, at Hachita, N. M., on the 7th day of March 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Tom Upshaw, of Hachita, N. M.; Will Upshaw, of Hachita, N. M.; Augustus Lard, of Hachita, N. M.; John Lard, of Hachita, N. M. JOSE GONZALES, Register. First pub. Jan. 30

NOTICE, Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Las Cruces, New Mexico, Dec. 14, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that David M. Phillips, of Rodeo, N. M., who, on February 17, 1913, made homestead entry, No. 9873, for NE 1/4 or (lots 1 and 2); S 1/4 NE 1/4 E 1/4 NW 1/4 or (lot 3); SE 1/4 NW 1/4; E 1/4 SW 1/4 Section 1, Township 29 S., Range 22 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Asa O. Garland, U. S. Commissioner at Rodeo, N. M. on the 30th day of Jan, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. E. Vest, of Rodeo, N. M.; A. M. Thomas, of Rodeo, N. M.; R. B. Timbrel, of Rodeo, N. M.; P. W. Sanders, of Rodeo, N. M. JOSE GONZALES, Register. First Pub. Dec. 26

G. E. MARTEENY, ATTORNEY BEFORE U. S. LAND OFFICE, PLATS PREPARED.—SCRIP FOR SALE, Las Cruces, New Mexico

WATCHMAKER JEWELER, The repairing of watches, clocks and jewelry a specialty. All work done in a workmanlike manner and guaranteed or money refunded. Shop located in the Arizona copper company's store.

H. LEMON, (Late of London, England) CLIFTON, ARIZONA

M. W. PORTERFIELD, J. W. BIBLE, President, Vice-President, G. B. HICKMAN, Secretary, GRANT COUNTY ABSTRACT CO., Abstracts of Title to All Property in the County, 109 Texas Street, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO, P. O. Box 393.

THE ACHISON, Topeka & Santa Fe

THE QUICKEST WAY TO All Colorado Points

THROUGH PULLMAN ACCOMMODATIONS

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South bound train connects with Southern Pacific west bound trains Nos. 1 and 2 leaving Lordsburg at 11:08 A. M. and 12:20 P. M., and with Southern Pacific east bound train No. 2, leaving at 12:20 P. M., also with El Paso & Southwestern east and west bound trains Nos. 5 and 6, leaving Hachita at 10:50 and 11:20 A. M. respectively.

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W. F. Ritter and family have been enjoying life at Faywood.

The California rains extended out into this section of the country. Tuesday night there was a good rain here, the precipitation amounting to .88 of an inch, which is some rain for this time of the year.

Mrs. A. M. Jones, who has been living for some years with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gervase died on Wednesday, January 28th, at Mr. Gervase's residence. Mrs. Jones was born in Chihuahua, and was seventy-seven years old.

Owen Wilson has purchased the M. F. Downes cattle and ranches near Silver City. The Independent says the terms of the sale are not public, but the purchase makes Mr. Wilson one of the largest cattle owners in New Mexico and Arizona, he owning cattle in both states.

Alfred Paul, who had charge of the Superior at the time the Calumet & Arizona had it under bond, and who worked here for some time, came down from Cliffon last Saturday, and has been busy out in the hills south of town ever since.

The Solomonville Bulletin announces the marriage of Otto Malone and Hattie Lewis, both of Coper Hill, which took place at Solomonville. The bridegroom is well known in Lordsburg, having lived here at various times.

Surveyors connected with the Arizona & New Mexico railroad have been doing some surveying in the hills south of town. Like all good surveyors they do not know why they are doing it, but it looks as though the company was preparing to run a spur on to the 85 mine, which would do away with the expensive hauling of ore from the mine to the mill.

Felix Martinez, who, as chairman of a commission, has been making a trip to Central and South American ports, to interest the people of those countries in the Panama exposition, traveling in a government vessel, has returned to this country. He reports the trip a great success, and the committee secured the promise of extensive exhibits at the exposition.

J. C. Meaders, better known as Pa Meaders, one of the old timers in Grant county, died in Silver City Sunday night. He was taken sick at his ranch, and when it looked serious he was taken in an automobile to the hospital at Silver City, and died a few hours after reaching it. He was born in Troy, New York 78 years ago, and came to Grant county in 1879, and has lived here ever since, engaged in mining and ranching.

The duck season is closed in New Mexico. It is still open according to the state law, but the government law regarding migratory birds comes in and declares a closed season for ducks, and the secretary of agriculture has notified the game warden to obey the national law. As the ducks travel from the south, where they have been spending the winter, to their breeding grounds in the far north, they pass over many states. The government holds that this is interstate commerce, and so they, while traveling are amendable to the interstate laws, passed a law for their protection while traveling.

The first of the week there were great floods in California, which put the Southern Pacific out of business. Both lines between Los Angeles and San Francisco were washed out, traffic entirely tied up, and many passengers marooned. Monday the Southern Pacific hired a steamer and sent it to Los Angeles with instructions to call at various ports, and pick up the passengers who were on the trains, and could not get out. Monday night train No. 102, the limited was annulled, as was train two of Tuesday. The annulled 102 got here Tuesday evening, and trains 2 and 10 were combined, and came through during the night. Train 102, due here Tuesday night got here Wednesday afternoon.

A Lordsburger made a trip east in his motor car this week, and returned. He says there is now no necessity for the sign telling where the line is between the two counties, as it is easily distinguished day or night. If you are traveling east and run off a fine road into rocks and bumps you may no you have left Grant county, and run into Luna county. If you are traveling west you are on a rough road, where it is impossible to make good time, owing to the roughness of the road, and suddenly your wheels strike a fine boulevard, nice and so smooth that your machine immediately picks up to 30 or 40 miles an hour, you will know you have passed from Luna county into Grant, even if you cannot see the sign.

Valley View News.

Little Meda Smith is quite sick. Mrs. Sam Olney is on the sick list. Hugh Dorrance was assisting George Cadman last week.

Johnie Johnson transacted business in Lordsburg last week.

The was quite a pleasant session of the lyceum last Friday night.

George Cadman's mother has returned to her home in Beloit Wisconsin.

Quite a number of the settlers are taking advantage of the fine weather and are doing early plowing.

Mrs. Rudolph Schlesinger returned Monday from Globe, Arizona where she had been visiting her daughter.

Dave Creswell of Creswell and company has been looking after interest at the Johnie Bull mine the past week or two.

There is a report that cupid has been seen in the valley making arrangements for one of our bachelor camps to have a mistress.

Sam Killebrew has returned home, having completed his road and assessment work. He will continue to "batch" as his wife is still visiting at the old home.

There came nearly being quite a serious fire at the school house last Thursday. Water being scarce some of the larger boys used their saddle blankets to whip out the fire.

The Misses Gertrude and Ada Davis, who have been visiting at the home of Henry Guess in the valley and are at the home of Mr. Bailey Smith in Steins, went to Deming Sunday to visit relatives.

X. Y. Z.

The president on Thursday last week sent to the senate the name of Martin Q. Hardin, to be postmaster at Lordsburg. There is no report that the senate has acted on the nomination.

It looks as though W. H. Small's new Haynes car is in one particular like the Ford car the LIBERAL used to own, in that it is a religious car, and objects to being worked on Sunday. Last Sunday Mr. Small and young Pete Chase went out for a drive, and went down in the valley to the water company's well. The valley was perfectly dry, and Mr. Small thought he would drive across to where the work was being done on the Silver City road. Suddenly his front wheels struck a soft place and went down to the hubs. The surface was dry, but there was a deep mud-hole below. He could not back out and had to come up town for a team to pull the car out of the hole, and it was a good stiff pull to get the machine out, and it was a longer job to get it cleaned up, for there was a lot of the oil from the railroad waste in the mud, and this oil is not an easy thing to clean off an auto.

Last Friday Steins was threatened with a bean famine. It was found there were not enough beans in town for supper, to say nothing about a midnight lunch. A leading merchant telegraphed his Lordsburg connection to send fifty pounds of beans by first mail, parcel post. The beans were sent, and no one starved in Steins. This business between Lordsburg and Steins is not liable to become as important as the parcel post traffic between Silver City and Mogollon, for freight can be sent for 15 cents per hundred pounds, and the parcel post will only rival the freight business in cases of great necessity, and where the people cannot wait for the freight train.

The state corporation commission has issued a fine map of the state, drawn on the generous scale of twelve miles to the inch, which shows all the railroads in the state excepting the Tyrone-Whitewater road in this county, which was completed after the map was finished. The map gives the county lines, the railroads, which are printed in different colors, so that the extent of a road may be easily discovered, and the railroad stations. The distance between the railroad stations is printed between them and the distance between division headquarters are printed in larger figures on the opposite side of the track. The mountains and many other things which usually appear on a New Mexico map are not on this one, which makes it much easier to read. The LIBERAL is indebted to the commission for a copy of the map.

Some men are not satisfied with the work of the parcel post. They seem to think that after the stories that come from Silver City and Mogollon, that every thing went in the parcel post. Among the things that are prohibited in the parcel post are raw hides or pelts. This week a man came into the Lordsburg postoffice with a bundle of coyote skins he wanted to send by the parcel post, and when they were refused, he was quite indignant, and threatened to take his parcel post business to Deming. He was advised to wait a few days when Lordsburg will have a new postmaster, and it may be possible to do business with him.

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Capital stock paid in... \$200,000.00 Surplus fund... 200,000.00 Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid... 21,267.50 National Bank Notes outstanding... 780,000.00 Due to other national banks... 683,191.43 Due to state & private banks and bankers... 389,730.19 Due to Trust companies and savings banks... 604,169.46 Due to approved re- serve agents... 82,793.28 Individual deposits subject to check... 3,191,508.00 Time certificates of deposit... 1,079,613.97 Certified checks... 9,253.70 Cashier's checks out- standing... 91,735.00 United States deposits... 125,867.87 Deposits of U. S. dis- burging officers... 15,562.52 6,273,144.77 Total... \$8,107,082.18

State of Texas, County of El Paso, ss: I, Edgar W. Kayser, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. EDGAR W. KAYSER, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of Jan. 1914. F. I. MILLER, Notary Public

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# Miss Matilda's Substitute

Sam Dawson's Campaign as a Soldier in the War

By J. L. HARBOUR

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There was not in the whole town of Kent a more motherly looking woman than Matilda Gwynne. She bore no resemblance whatever to the ordinary spinster. She was a large, jolly, warm hearted woman of about fifty years. Never prim nor in the least "fussy" about her dress or anything else, she verified her oft repeated statement that she always took things as they came.

Miss Matilda was one of the most useful persons in Kent. She was one of those capable women who can turn their hands to most anything, and as the spirit of helpfulness was strong within her there was not a day of her life that she did not do some one a good turn, rejoicing that it was her privilege to do so. When the war with Spain became a settled and sorrowful fact Miss Matilda at once became filled with a desire to do something to help.

The spirit of patriotism ran high in her heart, and she was the first person in Kent to run up a flag and to begin the making of comfort bags and mosquito canopies. It was a labor of love and loyalty.

Then she went around with a subscription paper, collecting money for the Volunteer Aid association, and, although Kent was but a small town, Miss Matilda never stopped until she had collected \$500. Only she herself knew how much of that sum had come from her own slender purse.

And yet she was not satisfied. "If I were a man," she said, "I'd enlist quick as a flash, and I'd go as a nurse if I was not so old and so big and fat. I never could stand it down there in that hot climate, for heat all ways makes me dizzy. And, of course, they'd make me a nurse. I've nursed most every disease I ever heard of, but I ain't fit for an army nurse for all that. I'd just love to be down there caring for our boys, but I ain't fit, and I'd only be in the way. But us stay to home needn't be useless."

When the call for volunteers came it filled Miss Matilda with disappointment and indignation because there were no volunteers from the town of Kent.

"I'm ashamed of the place," she said openly. "To think that there isn't a man in this town with patriotism and loyalty to respond to his country's call for men to battle for the right. It's disgusting."

"Mebbe you wouldn't want to go if you had a fam'ly depending on you for support," said old Mrs. Lane, to whom Miss Gwynne had thus unburdened herself.

"I would, for," said Miss Matilda stoutly, "I'd have my fam'ly trained so that they'd be plum ashamed of me if I didn't go and so that they'd be willing to make any sacrifice to have me go. I tell you, Kent wouldn't be without a single volunteer if I was a man."

But Kent made no response to even the second call for troops, and Miss Matilda's regret and indignation waxed warmer.

"Well, there's one thing," she said to herself, "if I can't go myself mebbe I can send a substitute. I know what I'll do. I'll offer to support some man's fam'ly if he'll go and put him to the test that way."

This idea took such full possession of her that she let the comfort bag on which she was sewing fall into her lap and began to run over in her mind under these conditions, but the number of available men was very small. Indeed, Miss Matilda could not think of even one until she chanced to look out of her sitting room window and saw Sam Dawson spading up a strip in her vegetable garden.

"Why, there's Sam Dawson!" she exclaimed in the spirit of one who has made a joyful discovery. "He's a great, strong fellow, who ought to be a match for any Spaniard in even a hand to hand fight. I could support his wife and two children for \$2 a week better than he supports them, and I'd give more than that to tell that I had a substitute fightin' for my country."

"And it might just be the making of him to go to war. Then, again, he might get killed, but if he did he'd be dyin' for his country, and his fam'ly would have a pension, which would be more cash money to them ev'ry week than Sam brings in."

After a little further reflection Miss Matilda suddenly appeared in her little garden with a corner of her apron thrown over her head and her crisp calico skirts gathered up in her hand.

"How you getting along, Sam?" she asked.

"Well, it digs kind o' hard," said Sam, in his usual tone of whining complaint.

"Why don't you show the people of Kent that at least one man in the town has a little patriotism and go and fight for your country?"

Sam grinned. Then he said, "I got my fam'ly to support."

"Well, you don't half do it," said Miss Matilda bluntly. "Your wife takes in washing, and maybe she'd be willing to take in more if you went to war."

"No, she wouldn't. She hates to wash even her own things. I got to stay to home an' support my fam'ly."

"You would go if you were sure that your fam'ly would be well provided for during your absence?"

"I might be absent forever if one o' them Spaniards got a good dig at me."

"Well, you would have died in the service of your country, and then there would be the pension for your wife and children."

"That wouldn't do me no good. But then," he added, after a moment's reflection, "mebbe I could manage to get disabled just enough to draw a good big pension my own self."

"Sam Dawson, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why?"

"For not having any more real patriotism than that. If I were a man and went to war I wouldn't accept a pension if I got all my legs and arms shot off. I couldn't feel that I'd given them to my country if I took pay for them. But, truly, Sam, I do wish our town could have at least one volunteer in the war. If you'll come out like a man and go, Sam, I'll be responsible for the support of your fam'ly while you're gone."

The man looked up with real interest in his flabby, florid face.

"You're such a big strong fellow, Sam, and such a sure shot with a gun you ought to make a good soldier. I'd go if I could, but as I can't I'd like to send you as my substitute, and, as I say, I'll see to it that your wife and children are provided for while you are gone. You think the matter over and let me know tomorrow."

The next issue of the Kent Clarion contained the following notice:

"We are pleased to announce that our fellow citizen, Mr. Samuel K. Dawson, has decided to respond to Uncle Sam's latest call for volunteers. This will give our town at least one soldier boy at the front. Hurray for Sam!"

The notice gave Miss Matilda great pleasure. She made Sam the nicest comfort bag of all. Her enthusiasm ran high when she saw Sam on board the train, bound for the recruiting office in R., fifty miles distant.

"You must write and let me know what regiment you are put in and all about it. And if you should be in a battle you must write a full account of it for the Clarion. I hope that you'll

distinguish yourself so that the whole town will turn out to meet you when you come home."

Two days later the following brief communication from her substitute came to Miss Matilda on a post:

Gott hear awl rite. Hav not ben as signed to any Regiment yet by the recruiting office. Awl well, I may sail for Cuba befor I git time to rite agin. If so, will rite from there.

"Dear me!" said Miss Gwynne on receipt of this information. "He will have to brush up on his spelling before he goes to sending letters to the Clarion. But I guess that there is many a good soldier who cannot spell."

Days and weeks passed without bringing any word from the substitute.

"But that is not to be wondered at. Irregular as the mails are now between here and Cuba," Miss Gwynne said to Mrs. Dawson, who said that "Sam never was no hand to write letters, nohow."

Miss Gwynne gave Mrs. Dawson \$5 a week for her support and the support of her two children. As this was about \$3 a week more than Sam had ever brought in, Mrs. Dawson confided to her most intimate friends that she hoped that the war would be long.

Affluent as she now was, Mrs. Dawson added a long desired green plush album and lace curtains to her possessions, and her children blossomed out in blue and pink silk dresses, very flimsy as to texture and very lavish as to trimming. A white silk parasol and a pink saphy shawl partly satisfied her own aesthetic longings, although she declared that if Sam got killed and she got a big pension her neighbors would see her "rigged out fit to kill."

Weeks passed and Miss Gwynne received no tidings from her substitute. She scanned the war columns of the newspapers eagerly, and when the first list of killed and wounded was published she almost feared to find Sam's name. When Hobson sank the Merri-

mac in the entrance to Santiago harbor Miss Matilda said:

"If Sam had only done that how small it would have made the stay-at-homes here in Kent feel, and what lasting honor it would have brought to the town! I do hope that he will do something to make even that apatrotic and adolepted wife proud of him. They say that actual conflict develops wonderful courage and bravery in men one wouldn't expect to be possessed of much of either quality. I hope Sam will come home a major general."

Sam had been gone three months and no news of his promotion from the ranks had reached Miss Gwynne. Indeed she had not heard from him at all. One day she went out to the suburbs of the town, where the Dawsons occupied a dilapidated old house of three rooms, in which disorder ran rampant. It was Mrs. Dawson's argument that "if a body cleaned things up they less got dirty agin, so what was the good of cleanin'?" It wa't no use at all.

Holding to this conviction, Mrs. Dawson's domestic labors were by no means exhaustive, and the house was in an appalling state of disorder, loathsome to one of Miss Matilda's orderly instincts. Had she not felt that she was talking to a possible major general's wife she would have given Mrs. Dawson a piece of her mind regarding the condition of the house.

Holding this desire in check, she said:

"I s'pose you've heard nothing from Sam?"

"No'm, I ain't had a line. Geraldine, you keep away from that there bed!" This last remark was sharply addressed to Mrs. Dawson's daughter of five years, who was lounging around a bed in the corner of the room.

Headless of her mother's admonition Geraldine kept close to the bed, and, suddenly dropping to her hands and knees on the floor, she cried out shrilly and gleefully:

"Peekaboo, daddy!"

"Here, stop that!" cried Mrs. Dawson threateningly, darting forward and grasping the child by the arm. But Geraldine was rebellious, and she clung to the bedstead, crying out shrilly:

"I want to play peekaboo with daddy! Daddy, daddy! Can't I play peekaboo with you, daddy?"

The child tried to crawl under the bed, but Mrs. Dawson grasped her retreating figure by the ankle and dragged her back, saying angrily:

"What possesses you to act so?"

"I'll find out," said Miss Gwynne, with grim determination on her face and fire in her eye. Striding across the room she grasped the bedstead firmly by the footboard and rolled it away from the wall. There, close to the wall, lay Miss Matilda's substitute!

Sam sat up in a corner, shamed and frightened, with Miss Matilda's tall, gaunt form towering over him.

She stared at him in silence for a moment and then said, with withering scorn:

"A pretty major general you are!" Sam grinned foolishly.

"I would grin if I were you, Sam Dawson!" said Miss Matilda, with increasing scorn and indignation. "Now, you get up there and give an account of yourself or I'll have you arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. I will be sure as shootin'!"

Sam's account of himself is best told in Miss Gwynne's own words, as she gave full vent to her indignation when she reached home and unburdened herself to a friend whom she found waiting to see her.

"The miserable creature never even tried to enlist," she said hotly. "I made him own up that he didn't! He fell in with some creatures as trifling and shiftless as himself there in B., and if they didn't put off on the country on a hunting and fishing jaunt! Yes, they did! I should think from Sam's looks and what he owned up to that they lived like a lot o' gypsies, and that just suited Sam!"

"Then he tramped off visitin' a lot of his worthless kin here and there. He's been for the past three weeks visitin' some cousins within five miles of here, and it's my belief that he was getting ready to light out again when I caught him at home, hiding under the bed. He couldn't have got a much worse scorching in the war than I gave him, and he'll never hear the last of it from me! I'm ashamed to think that I live in a town that hasn't patriotism enough in it to send even one volunteer to the war. But it'll be one white before I send another substitute!"

Weeds of the Sargasso Sea. Since Columbus discovered the Sargasso sea the weed that at certain seasons covers leagues of it has been regarded as one of the strange phenomena of the sea. Various theories have been advanced to account for the origin of the weed. Captain Beauchant, R. N. R., states that while on a voyage from Norfolk, Va., to Rio de Janeiro he got into a vast field of the weed, but took no special notice till the officer of the watch reported that the temperature of the water had suddenly risen from 76 to 80 degrees F. Then he noticed that around the patches of weed there floated vast numbers of red brown berries, some of which had small shoots sprouting from them. A boat was launched, and samples in various stages of growth were collected. From this it seems, the captain concludes, that the month of May is the growing season in those latitudes.—London Globe.

The Wireless Way. Uncle—Really, my dear, only three months married and here you are in the Tyrol and your husband in Norway.

Niece—Oh, yes! We must get used to each other first.—Fliegende Blätter.

# A Christmas Privilege

And How It Originated

By ETHEL R. MORTON

"Young man, I wish to say to you on entering upon your duties as my gamekeeper that, this being the Christmas season, we may expect a great deal of poaching. I wish you to perform your duties well armed and shoot me any one you find attempting to rob me of my birds. The people about here must be taught the difference between my property and theirs. This season there will doubtless be more poaching than usual because there have been hard times and many persons will be without the means of buying their Christmas dinners."

These instructions were given to a stoutly built young man who had applied to wealthy Lord Merivale for a position on the latter's estate. His lordship had tried several gamekeepers of late, but had not found one who would carry out his orders. The reason was that they sympathized with the poachers, who were very poor and seldom had meat of any kind on their tables. At any rate, the earl had discharged one after another, and when this young fellow, George Anderson, appeared and applied for a position he was immediately employed to guard the preserves.

Lord Merivale was the meanest man in England. Possessed of a large estate stocked with more game than he and his family could possibly consume, he would neither sell the superfluous nor give it away.

His lordship occupied his domain under an uncertain title. There were five brothers of his generation, of whom he was the youngest. Of these the oldest had died before coming of age; another had died, a man, but unmarried, while the third, a soldier, had been killed in battle. The fourth, Ralph, being a younger son and obliged to shift for himself, had gone to America to seek his fortune and had never since been heard from. When the father of these five brothers died an effort was made to find Ralph, the result of the investigation indicating that he had been a cowboy and had been killed in a fight with Indians on "the plains." Charles Merivale on the death of his father assumed the title and the estates, offering proofs of his older brother Hugh's death, which were accepted by the courts.

After giving his instructions to his gamekeeper Lord Merivale went into the house. Anderson was moving away when he heard a voice from an upper window:

"Don't be too hard on the poachers, gamekeeper. Suppose you had a family of children and nothing to give them for dinner on Christmas. Wouldn't you bring down a pheasant or two if they were at hand, though I know it would be wrong?"

Anderson looked up to see the sweet face of a girl about seventeen years old looking down upon him. The case which formed a frame to the living portrait was itself framed by an ivy many years old. The young man thought that he had never seen a more beautiful picture, though the beauty to him consisted largely in the sympathy beaming in every feature.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Maude."

"Lady Maude, Lord Merivale's daughter?"

"Yes."

The gamekeeper looked at her with an intent curiosity.

"You heard your father's orders?"

"Yes, I heard them. Papa is rather hard on the poachers. He doesn't intend to be, but he is. Of course you have to do as he tells you, but I wish you wouldn't shoot anybody."

"Well, considering that Christmas is coming and you're asked me not to be too hard on them, perhaps I may shoot my eyes once in a while."

"As you might fall asleep, you know."

"So I might."

The window was lowered, and Anderson walked away, saying to himself: "I wonder how so mean a man came to have a daughter so kindly disposed. Never fear, my Lady Maude. There will be no shooting of poachers by me. But if by obeying you instead of the earl I get myself discharged"—He smiled without finishing.

It was still a week before Christmas, George Anderson went on duty that night with a fowling piece in his hands loaded with shot. About 11 o'clock Lord Merivale heard the sound of firearms and remarked, "That is either a poacher or my new gamekeeper."

Hearing several more shots, he remarked again, "If it is the gamekeeper shooting I shall probably find a number of dead or wounded poachers tomorrow, unless the wounded are able to drag themselves away."

In the morning he called up Anderson and asked him what was the firing during the night.

"What firing?" the keeper asked.

His lordship looked at him in surprise.

Merivale went into the house disgusted. Whether an ample supply of birds had been obtained by the poachers or whatever was the reason, there was no poaching that night, but the next there was more firing, and in the morning the keeper declared that he must have been prevented from hearing it by his deafness. The earl was in a quandary. This was the third keeper he had tried within a month. They had all made excuses for not preventing poaching and all the reasons given were very flimsy. But what was the use of discharging one keeper when the next one employed was no more effective?

The night before Christmas eve—that is, two nights before Christmas day—as George Anderson went on duty he was met by the Lady Maude, who said to him:

"There is something I would like to say to you, but I should not."

"There's no fun, Lady Maude, in saying only what we should say."

"Perhaps I had better tell you. If I don't something might happen. Papa called today for some old clothes of one of the tenants. I have found out what use he purposes to make of them."

"What is it?"

"He's going out to play poacher on his own preserves. I fancy it is to find out why you are not dealing harshly with the real poachers. I have been afraid that if I didn't warn you you might shoot him by mistake."

"That's very wise of you."

The girl passed on, and Anderson went to the wood. He kept wide awake during the night, listening for a shot. About midnight he heard a "bang" not far away and went stealthily toward where the sound had seemed to be. On the way he heard another shot so near that, fearing to be discovered, he took position behind a tree, from whence he saw a poacher picking up a bird.

"The old skintit is doing the killing for his own table," he mused.

There was snow on the ground and a rising moon. These together enabled the keeper to distinguish the earl. Anderson waited till the latter brought down another bird and when it was being taken up fell upon him, seized his gun and, throwing it away, gave him a sound drubbing. Then, seizing him by the collar, he hustled him to the fence and threw him over it into a ditch.

Waiting near to make sure that Merivale was not seriously injured and seeing his bedraggled figure limp away, Anderson, instead of resuming his watch, went to his room, where he sat down at a table and wrote the following:

NOTICE. Tomorrow being Christmas, permission is given for tenants and neighbors to shoot in my preserves what game is needed for a Christmas dinner.

Having prepared this information, he took it, with hammer and tacks, to the gateway of the estate and tacked it in a conspicuous position. Then, returning to his room, he went to bed.

The next day Lord Merivale kept his room. Just before noon he heard a banging in his grounds that sounded as if a battle were being fought there. With difficulty getting out of bed and into his clothes, he went downstairs. On the portico he encountered Anderson talking to his daughter, Lady Maude. The former had thrown off his keeper's dress for the costume of a western American. The latter seemed to be in a state of excitement.

"What means this firing?" demanded Merivale.

"The poor are killing birds for their Christmas dinners," returned Anderson.

"The poor! Killing my birds for Christmas dinner?"

"Killing my birds by my permission?"

"Your birds? By your permission? Who are you to talk like this?"

"I am the owner of this estate. Listen, uncle. Your older brother, Ralph, a quarter of a century ago went to America. There he became a cowboy and was killed in an encounter with a party of Indians. Some years ago you sent an agent to America who learned and reported—doubtless to your satisfaction—this fact, but your agent failed to discover that there had been a marriage between your older brother and the daughter of a rancher. I sprang from that marriage. I am your brother Ralph's son."

As this brief story developed Merivale turned pale. After pausing a few moments at this point the narrator continued:

"My father left the proofs of his identity with my mother. When I became of age a few months ago she told me that I was the grandson of an English nobleman. I came here to learn the situation. I came as a stranger, for if I found that I was entitled to this estate and it was in worthy hands I might decide not to make myself known. I have found it in the hands of one unworthy of it and have decided to take it to myself."

"The proofs?" cried the earl hoarsely.

"You say you have the proofs?"

"Beyond a doubt—my father's statement, the marriage certificate and the record of my birth."

"Then," mused the earl, "we are beggars."

"No, you are not beggars. For the sake of my cousin Maude you will be amply provided for."

The Lady Maude was provided for in a way that was not mentioned at the time, for when her cousin had established his claim to the title and the entailed estate he proposed to make her his wife, and she accepted the proposition.

A custom prevails on the Merivale estate that on every day before Christmas the tenants and neighbors may shoot all the game they want for their own use at a Christmas dinner.

# NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

(SEE CHAPTER, 44, LAWS OF 1914)

It is the duty of every inhabitant of the State, of full age and sound mind, to make a list of all property subject to taxation of which he is the owner or has control or management, in the county where the same is situated on the first day of January of the current year.

Such list must show, in the case of real estate, a description thereof such as would be sufficient in a deed to identify it so that title thereto would pass.

Such list must contain a detailed statement of all personal property, including the average value of merchandise for the year ending January 1, 1914.

Such list must be verified by the affidavit of the person making the same.

Lists entered or purchased under any act of congress are not subject to taxation until patent therefor has been issued, except in cases where the issuance of patent has been delayed by the neglect or default of the entryman or purchaser, or of his assigna.

If any person fail to render a true and complete list of his property, the assessor must cause such list according to the best information he can obtain, and such person is liable to a penalty of twenty-five per centum; and any person who knowingly makes a false or defective list of his property, is liable to a penalty of twenty-five per cent, and shall be deemed guilty of perjury and punishable accordingly.

In any case where the exemption of \$200 is claimed by, and allowed to, a head of a family, such \$200 must be deducted from the full cash value of his property, and the assessment made on one-third of the value of the amount remaining after deducting the amount of such exemption.

Every owner of property must make a return thereof even though it may be all exempt from taxation, and the assessor should see that all property is listed and put on the tax roll in its proper school district, whether exempt or not, at the same time showing any exemption there may be, and in order to balance the tax roll, the amount of exemption must not exceed the actual value of the property.

Property owners must designate the school district number in which both real and personal property is situated, and the assessor shall arrange the tax roll by SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

All such lists must be made and returned to the county assessor, at any time after the first day of January and not later than the last business day in the month of February of each year, and a failure on the part of any person to make and return such list within the time aforesaid shall subject him to a penalty of twenty-five per cent upon all of the tax levied against all of his property, to be collected the same as any other portion of the taxes.

The law for the assessment of property will be strictly enforced by me.

J. A. SHIPLEY,  
Assessor of Grant County,  
New Mexico.

First pub. Jan. 16

Notice for Publication.  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office,  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
Jan. 9, 1914.

NOTICE is hereby given that John R. Brown, of Lordsburg, N. M., who, on June 21, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 67139, for lots 2 & 3, Sec. 7, T. 22 S., R. 15 W., NE 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4, NE 1/4 Section 12, Township 22 S., Range 15 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final communit on proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before D. H. Keidzie, U. S. Commissioner, at Lordsburg, N. M., on the 21st day of February 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Love R. Jones, of Lordsburg, N. M.,  
J. H. McClure, of Lordsburg, N. M.,  
Nick Hughes, Jr., of Lordsburg, N. M.,  
B. W. Randall, of Lordsburg, N. M.,  
JOSE GONZALES,  
Register

First insertion, Jan. 16, 1914

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office,  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
Jan. 9, 1914

NOTICE is hereby given that Samuel Ward, of Animas, N. M., who, on April 6, 1908, made homestead entry, No. 587 (2554), for W 1/2 SW 1/4 Section 25, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 29 T. 30 S., Range 20 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Alfred B. Ward, U. S. Commissioner, at Animas, N. M., on the 21st day of February 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Mrs. B. Thomson, of Animas, N. M.,  
Steven R. Dunning, of Animas, N. M.,  
Holmes Maddox, of Animas, N. M.,  
Eldridge G. Howe, of Animas, N. M.,  
JOSE GONZALES,  
Register

First pub. Jan. 16

NOTICE.  
Department of the Interior  
United States Land Office  
Las Cruces, New Mexico,  
Jan. 8, 1914.

NOTICE is hereby given that Clarence O. Wills, of Hachita, N. M., who, on August 21, 1910, made homestead entry, No. 94679, for W 1/2 NE 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 17, Township 30 S., Range 11 W., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before T. J. Brown, U. S. Commissioner, at Hachita, N. M., on the 30th day of February 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Tom Upshaw, of Hachita, N. M.,  
Will Upshaw, of Hachita, N. M.,  
Augustus Lard, of Hachita, N. M.,  
John Lard, of Hachita, N. M.,  
JOSE GONZALES,  
Register

First pub. Jan. 16

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