

FARMINGTON, NEW MEXICO.

Senator-elect Dupont, the powder-maker, ought to be able to contribute some interesting matter to the magazines.

Society girls in Cincinnati have organized a society for the suppression of gossip. This looks like a covert attempt to suppress society.

As a factor in uplifting and sustaining the human race the new woman's Bible can never hope to rival the old woman's cook book.

There may and may not be an extra session of congress, but the question of the hour is, will Harvard meet Yale at football next fall?

With the general adjournment of state legislatures throughout the nation the country once more resumes the aspect of the times of peace.

The friends of Prof. Laughlin assert that in his joint debate with Mr. Harvey he was "all wool and a yard wide;" the other side claims he was worsted.

As an operator in wheat and an expert in running a corner the Hessian fly seems to be quite as skilled as any professional board of trade manipulator.

It cost New York \$20,000 to secure a jury that disagreed as to the guilt of Inspector Martin. What will it cost to find a jury in New York that will agree?

Millionaire Mackey tells an interviewer that he never was so happy as when he was swinging a pick. Well there's nothing to prevent him from taking his pick now.

There was a sturdy old Sioux, Used to hunt by the stream Kickapioux; In sheer desperation He's quit the durned reservation— As he went he blubbered bloux-hioux.

George M. Pullman has confided to an interested public his slowly formed conviction that he was much happier when he was a poor boy earning his living by his daily labor than now when he is worried with his millions and burdened with the weight of vast interests and business cares. Wealth, he says, does not bring happiness. Mr. Pullman is evidently getting ready to buy happiness for the rest of his days by unloading his surplus and withdrawing from the Millionaire club.

The old foolishness that women of learning, or eloquence, or brain, are never pretty, or even good looking, is extinct, and has been put on the upper shelf among the dead carcasses of old Egypt. In this generation we have women professors, lecturers, scholars, authors, politicians, and philosophers, who are beautiful indeed—far more beautiful than those brainless women of old who left nothing better than their pictures for our instruction.

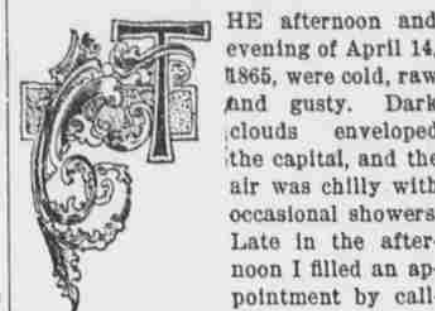
The insurrection in the republic of Colombia has ended less pleasantly than that in the republic of Ecuador. There was a good deal of bloodshed in the one, but little if any in the other. The Colombian rebels are tired of treason, the Ecuadorian rebels are amnestied; Colombia was disturbed for months, Ecuador for only a few days. President Caro is a revengeful man; President Cordero is the most forgiving of rulers. For the fun of the thing, the warlike ways of Ecuador are much preferable to those of Colombia.

There is nothing in the cruelty of a man-governed world more cruel than the deception complained of by Miss Willard and Mrs. Somerset in securing their signatures as members of the committee on the new woman's Bible. They signed without knowing just what they were subscribing to, and in that they were just like the man who signed the petition to have himself hanged. The new woman movement ought to be more careful about making such old masculine mistakes in getting out a woman's Bible.

A Brooklyn man who was "convicted" of a burglary he did not commit, and "pardoned" after he had served nearly two years in Sing Sing, has sued the state of New York for \$101,838.28 damages. Of this amount \$25,000 is claimed for injury to reputation and mental and physical suffering while in prison; the rest is his computation of the amount he lost in business by this false imprisonment, with his attorney's fees added. Since the state authorities admit that he was innocent of the crime for which he was convicted, and his "pardon" was granted because of his innocence, they have a very interesting case on their hands to defend. They may set up the claim that he is the victim of misfortune rather than wrong, but the state is responsible for its part in the denial of liberty that caused his suffering and loss.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater but Would Not Disappoint the Public Which Expected Him That Night.



THE afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House, and was told by him that he "had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of Gen. and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, New Jersey, writes Noah Brooks. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking Gen. and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, he (the President) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing," but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night, Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed. On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento whom he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older states; and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip, and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted; and my room-mate McA— and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half-past ten our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping-room in the rear part of the house. As I turned down the gas, I said to my room-mate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside to-night. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington, and has pounced down upon the President, and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the President was in any way in danger; and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied: "What good will that do the rebs unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news." I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and woebegone, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice-President Johnson, and other members of the government had been killed; and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room. When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women, and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family. The President still lived, but at half-past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still.

The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15. Instantly flags were raised at half-mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments, and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and sombre sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad-faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before. Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's Theatre, we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortege passed down the street to the white house, every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope, and courage.

MONEY GOES TO THE STATE.

Wanted His Fiancee to Have His Fortune, but Failed to Make a Will.

San Francisco, May 6.—A pathetic romance has just come to light in the settlement of the estate of Capt. Frederick G. Clark, who is supposed to have been lost at sea with the ill-fated sealing schooner Dagmar in 1873. He wanted his money to go to his fiancee, but as he failed to make a will the state of California will get it. The public administrator has just filed his final account in the case, which was first placed in his hands in September, 1894. Though there is no legal way by which the dead captain's wishes may be enforced, it has come to the knowledge of the public administrator that Clark wanted his money to go to Miss Nellie Ormond, of Boston, to whom he was engaged. Capt. Clark first met the young lady on his return from the civil war. He and her brother had been companions, and when Ormond was wounded the captain nursed him faithfully. By a strange misfortune Clark was seriously hurt while in Boston and his devoted nurse was Nellie Ormond. After his convalescence they were engaged. The captain came to San Francisco and entered the service of the Alaska Commercial Company, and it was arranged that he should marry the girl on his return from the trip, which—as fate willed it—cost him his life. Capt. Clark's companions often heard him speak of his fiancee and his business associates heard him say time and again that he wanted all his money to go to her if anything should happen to him, but as he died without making a will, and as none of his relatives can be found, his estate, which amounts to about \$50,000, will go to the state.

THROUGH A BRICK.

You Can Blow Out a Flame If Your Lungs Are Stout.

"You wouldn't have believed it possible to blow out a candle flame through a brickbat," remarked a celebrated physicist, whose penchant is to give scientific research a practical bearing. "It can be done, however, and it illustrates the all-pervasive qualities of air. Most rooms are largely ventilated through their walls, and the brick and mortar are merely rudimentary lungs, which take in and throw out the atmosphere with little hindrance. "You may try the experiment yourself. Place a candle on the other side of your brick and use two funnels, with the flaring ends on the opposite sides of the brickbat with the small end of one in line with your mouth and the small end of the other trained on the candle flame. The least breath will make the light flicker, and a hearty expiration will extinguish it altogether. Try it and see."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Only 116 divorces have been granted in Canada in twenty years. Hot-air tubes were used to warm the rooms of Roman houses during the time of Nero. The aunts of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length. The barbers in India are so deft and light of touch that they can shave a man without awaking him. Lead-pencils with a paper covering instead of wood are the latest novelty in the line of stationery. The champion beer guzzler dwells in Reading, Pa. In fifteen minutes, for a wager, he drank twenty glasses of beer. A lady in Springfield, Mass., caught a severe cold by riding in a chilly street car, and has begun suit for \$20,000 damages. The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal.; depth, 2,250 feet; deepest silver mine at Carson City, Nev.; depth, 3,900 feet.

The First National Bank of Durango. Established 1881. Paid in capital \$87,000.00 Surplus fund 16,000.00 OFFICERS: A. P. Camp, President; John L. McNeil, V. P.; Wm. P. Vailo, Cashier.

For first class work

GO TO

B. GLASER, IMPORTING TAILOR

He employs none but first class tailors to do his work.

Mail orders promptly attended to. BOX 553. Durango, Colo.

THE DURANGO Cornice and Sheet Metal Works C. F. ARMSTRONG, Prop.

Galvanized Iron AND Copper Cornices.

Patent Iron Skylights. Tin Roofing. Mail orders solicited.

3d door below Strater hotel, DURANGO, COLO.

Santa Fe Route.

THE

SHORT LINE

TO

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS C'Y

Through Pullman Sleepers Without Change.

See that your tickets read via this line. Agents of the company will furnish time tables on application.

G. T. Nicholson, G. P. & T. A., Topeka, Kansas. C. H. Morehouse, G. P. & T. A., El Paso, Texas

Atlantic & Pacific R. R.

(Western Division) CONNECTIONS.

ALBUQUERQUE—A. T. & A. F. R. R. for all points east and south. ASH FORD—Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railway for points in central and southern Arizona. BLAKE—Nevada Southern railway for Manvel and connection with stage lines for Vanderbilt and mining districts north. BARSTOW—Southern California railway for Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points. MOJAVE—Southern Pacific Company for San Francisco, Sacramento and other Northern Californian points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars.

Sleeping car passengers between San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego and Chicago do not have to change cars.

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad,

The Great Middle Route across the American Continent in connection with the railways of the

"Santa Fe Route." Liberal Management, Superior Facilities, Picturesque Scenery, Excellent Accommodation.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado, the most sublime of nature's work on the earth, indescribable, can easily be reached via Flagstaff, Williams or Beach Springs, on this road. To the Natural Bridge of Arizona and Montezuma's Well you can journey most directly by this line. Observe the ancient Indian civilization of Laguna, or of Acoma, "The City of the Sky." Visit the petrified forest near Carrizo. See and marvel at the freak of Canon Diablo. Take a hunting trip in the magnificent pine forests of the San Francisco mountains. Find interest in the ruins of the prehistoric Cave and Cliff Dwellers. View the longest cantilever bridge in America across the Colorado river. J. J. BYRNE, C. H. SPEERS, General Pass. Agt., Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal. H. S. VAN SLYCK, Gen'l. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

W. R. BOWMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW Practices in all State, Territorial and Federal Courts.

Farmington, New Mexico.

V. R. N. GREAVES, Attorney at Law, Farmington, New Mexico.

DR. A. ROSENTHAL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Farmington, New Mexico.

L. L. HENRY, ATTORNEY.

Aztec, New Mexico.

H. B. HAWKINS, COUNTY SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

Mapping and platting of all kinds promptly done. Farmington, New Mexico.

The Commercial Hotel

T. F. Burgess, Proprietor Durango, Colorado

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

O. PHELPS, BOOT & SHOE MAKER.

First class work done. Leave orders at P. O. at Farmington.

The GRAND LIVERY STABLE.

F. B. ALLEN, Proprietor. Farmington, New Mexico.

Good Rigs and Saddle Horses constantly on hand. Feed and Sale Stable and Corral in connection.

SAM J. HOOD,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Rough and Dressed Lumber. Shingles, Lath and Fruit Box material.

Mills and yard nine miles East of Durango. P. O. address

Durango