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THE BLUE, THE GRAY AND GRANT.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.
They sat together side by side,
In the shade of an orange tree;
One had followed the flag of Grant,
The other had fought with Lee.
The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,
A scratch and the boy in gray;
They talked of the long and dreary march,
They talked of the bloody day.
"My father died," the Johnny said,
"A leader brave was he;
And I should follow in his footsteps,
But I hang the sword of Lee."
"My father lives," the boy in blue
Said, "and with a scratch—
But all the country calls me four,
That he today and I."
"God bless me," the boy in gray said,
"And I should follow in his footsteps,
In heart I follow the army's course,
For the rebel said—"Amen!"

REVEALED IN A DREAM.

How a Father was Guided to his
Long-Lost Daughter's Death-Seat.

A telegram from Baltimore of a recent date says: The mystery surrounding the disappearance ten years ago of Miss Belle Savage, daughter of Nelson Savage, a wealthy farmer residing near Swanton, Garrett county, Md., has in a measure been cleared by the discovery of the missing girl in a dying condition and in poverty in a room of the tenement at No. 7 North Carolina street, in this city. Ten years ago Belle was her father's favorite daughter in a happy home. She was a beautiful girl, with bright prospects and many admirers. She suddenly disappeared and her parents here were nearly distracted, and for weeks it was feared that she had been drowned, or lost in some wilds of the mountains. Detectives of Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore were employed in the search, and many thousands of dollars expended in the endeavor to obtain tidings of her. Clues were followed up, but never led to restoring the daughter. In sadness she was mourned as dead, but her aged father never gave up hope of her return. A few days ago the old gentleman, upon awakening one morning, spoke of a dream he had the night previous, in which he had seen his lost child in a garret of a dwelling in Baltimore. She was in abject poverty and on her death-bed. The dream deeply affected the father and he came to this city and placed the case in the hands of Marshal Gray, of the police force. Detectives were detailed to aid the old gentleman to find his daughter. At last the discovery was made that a pretty young woman without friends was ill in a garret room of Mrs. Matthews' tenement house, No. 7 North Carolina street. Together they went to the above house, and there found his daughter, dying of consumption without a cent to get food or medicine.

The meeting between the father and daughter was a sad and tender one. His once sweet and beautiful girl was now a prey to the ravages of disease, with almost fleshless bones, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. Too weak to raise head or speak, she could only smile show some sign of recognition as her aged father bent over her bed and wept bitterly at her condition. Mrs. Matthews cried when she saw the daughter restored to her father, and the detective turned his head aside, while his eyes, which had looked upon many scenes of misery and horror, filled up, and tears ran down his cheeks. Mr. Savage made every arrangement for his daughter's comfort, and he says that all that money can do will be done to make her few days on earth as pleasant as possible. As the daughter cannot speak, no information concerning her whereabouts for the past ten years can be ascertained. She has only been living with Mrs. Matthews about two weeks. Miss Savage is worth nearly \$100,000 in her own name. All her property has been cared for by her father during her absence. She is about 27 years old.

Gen. Grant.
As we go to press the sands of the great soldier's life are fast running out. Commencing life on the plane of the workers and toilers of the earth, with no money, influence, or prestige, he, by force of his own indomitable will, climbed to a pinnacle so high that he became the central figure of the world. His only fault was that he trusted too implicitly those he loved, and backed his friends through all times, places and circumstances; and we can say of him, as was spoken of the Knight, Sir Launcelot of Greece:

"Ah, Sir Launcelot, there thou loost,
That was not matched by earthly hands;
Thou wert ever gentle to woman—
A sworn brother to thy friend,
And the bravest Knight to thy foe,
Of any who ever conched lance at rest."

As a Confederate soldier who surrendered to him, we bear a willing tribute to his magnanimity. When crushed to the earth by defeat, he gave orders to his veterans that no exultation should be shown in the presence of the foot-sore, despairing legions who had laid down their arms. And nobler still, he told the cavalrymen in gray to keep their horses, so that the war-stead should draw the peaceful plow and raise corn to support their starving families.

Such an act now is worth more than all the homage of the earth. Let his epitaph be: A great soldier and a noble man.—U. S. Democrat.

Plenty More Like Him.

"I believe I'll get married and settle down. I wish you would look around and pick me out a wife," said John Bingham, a Dallas dude, to Mrs. Morris.
"What sort of a wife do you want?" asked Mrs. Morris, who is a very sensible woman.
"In the first place, she must be beautiful."
"What else?"
"She must be modest."
"What else?"
"She must be worth \$250,000 in her own right."
"If that sort of a girl marries a fellow like you, she must have one other qualification," said Mrs. Morris.
"She will have to be crazy."
Texas Sittings.

The Detroit News ventures to say that fried beefsteak and American pie have destroyed more of the inhabitants of this republic in the past twelve months than dynamite can be charged with in all its history the world over.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

A Little Heathen's Version of the Great Biblical Fish Story.

A reader of the News contributes the following extract from a composition of a little native girl, who was a wild savage a few years ago but is now in the orphanage of Cape Palmas.

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND THE EARTH.

Do you know what history is? History as you know, teaches us what is to happen in the past event. Geography shows us where the thing has happened at. History tells us where Adam and Eve were created, and geography shows us where the garden of Eden is—which continent and division. History tells us that Adam was the first man that was created, and while he was sleeping God took one of his ribs and made Eve.

After a while Eve went to walk among the trees of the garden. Conversation took place between her and the devil. The devil told her to eat some kind of fruit which God had told her and Adam not to eat. She took it and ate it, and also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it he did not take time to ask Eve where she got it from.

History, geography, and the earth do to go together. One tells about that, one about this; etc. Histories are interesting, indeed they are. It tells us something about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whale is spoken of in the Bible. When God had sent Jonah to Nineveh to preach to the people about their sins Jonah refused to go. He went into the ship with some people. He just went in their to hide from God. But God caused a storm to take place. The ship went from this way to that way. The people were afraid indeed, and they began to cast lots. The lot fell upon him. They took him up and threw him into the sea.

While he was going to the very bottom of the sea, he met with this animal. The whale said: "My friend, where are you going?" Jonah answered and said: "I have disobeyed my God, and I am trying to hide from His face." The whale said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know that neither you nor I can hide from His face?" Jonah said: "O whale, I am so afraid I don't know what I am saying."

The whale said: "Jonah, O Jonah, take heed to yourself, for indeed I will swallow you." "Have mercy on me, O Whale, and if it is God's will, he will carry me safe back to land so I may obey him." The whale said: "Jonah, put your head in my mouth, and get ready for your life." Jonah said: "Whale, I think you had better swallow me, because I see no use of talking."

The whale said: "Jonah, the idea of your running away from God. You will bear the consequences. This is all have to say." At the same time he did swallow him up. Jonah thought the whale's body was the grave and the end. He did not think he could go on shore any more, therefore he offered up a prayer to God for his soul, if he should die before he could get to the shore, if it was God's will to carry his soul to heaven. The whale did not rest day after day and night after night, so after three days the whale went to the shore and vomited Jonah up.

Jonah was just like a drowned rat.—Philadelphia News.

The French minister to China announces that the Tsung Li Yomeu has ratified the peace preliminaries signed April 3rd.

THE CORMORANT.

How the Chinese Train these Birds to do their Fishing for Them.

The Cormorant does all the work of fishing for his master, who has only to take care of the boat. The birds stand upon the edge of the shallow till the boatman gives the signal, when they spring into the water to perform their task. As soon as they have captured a large fish or filled their throats with smaller ones, they return to the boat and their master take possession of the prey. If they find a fish too large for one bird to take care of it alone, two or three of them will join to assist in bringing it in.

The cormorants are trained for their business with great care. The most intelligent birds are said to come from the province of Che-Kiang. The eggs of the first spring laying, which usually takes place in February, are collected and put under hens, the maternal love of the cormorant being only feebly developed. The young when first hatched, being extremely weak and delicate, and prone to succumb to the slightest chill, are put into wadded baskets, where they can be kept at a uniform temperature. They are fed with pellets of beans and finely chopped eel, till at the end of a month, when, having become nearly covered with feathers, they are given the eel alone, at the end of another month they are able to eat small fish whole, and are worth five dollars a pair.

When they have got their growth, which is about five months after they are hatched, they are tethered by a string tied around the foot on the banks of a stream or pond. The trainer stirs the pond with a pole, whistling an air which the birds learn as the signal for "take the water," throws in some small fish, which they attack with all the more voracity as they have not been well fed. The trainer then whistles another air, which is to be the signal for coming back, and that the birds may not be mistaken as to its meaning, he pulls at the same time upon the cord that holds them. These lessons are continued for two or three months, when the scene of the practice is changed to the boats; and the end of another month the cord is dispensed with. There are, of course, differences in the capacity of cormorants as well as of men. While the stupid ones are sent to the pot, the most sagacious and best trained male birds are worth seven or eight dollars apiece, females less. The period of service of the cormorants is short. They begin to lose their feathers and to go into decrepitude in their fourth year, and generally die before they are six years old.—M. Maurice Jr. metal, in Popular Science Monthly.

Remarkable mirages are among the atmospheric curiosities in Dakota. At Darlington a few mornings since the Westington hills, over sixty miles distant, could plainly be seen in all their magnificent splendor in the horizon of the north. The mirages occasionally seen are phenomenal wonders. Yorktown, Kimball and other towns are plainly visible, floating, as it were, in the clouds. The hills on the west side of the Missouri river are visible, and afford the observer a landscape, the beauty of which cannot be described by pen.

A Georgia editor printed in his paper a picture of himself carrying a big pistol in either hand, a dagger in his mouth, and two daggers and a sword in his belt. Next day when he saw a woman enter his office with danger in her eyes and a horsewhip in her right hand, he jumped out of a second story window and concealed himself in a woodshed.

A Giant's Courtship.

"I understand you are to be married Chang. How is it?" a reporter asked Chang the Chinese giant.

A slight smile passed over Chang's face—it took quite a while to get over it—and a blush was just perceptible.

"Yes, I am to be married, though I expect to go home to China first."

"Who is the lady?"

"I would rather not tell her name. She lives in Kansas City, she is rich, and is worth over \$200,000. I am worth about \$150,000, and I think we will not be in need when our marriage is consummated. The lady is large of stature. She is an American lady and lives with her parents. She first saw me on exhibition and talked to me a long while. The next day I was sitting in a parlor in a hotel, playing on the piano. I can play nicely on the piano, and would like you to hear me. Well, I was playing on the piano when I heard the lady enter the room. I turned and saw her. She looked rather timid at first, and I said: 'Come in, lady, I will not charge you fifty cents to hear and see me.' She laughed and acted more at ease. I played many pieces, which seemed to please her not a little. Finally I got up and placed one hand on her shoulder, said she was a nice big woman, and I would like to have her for a wife. She laughed and ran merrily out of the room. A week later I received a letter from her father, asking me if I really wanted his daughter in marriage, and asking me what I intended to do if married, I said I wanted his daughter, and would become a tea merchant. The engagement was then made. I will go to St. Louis, settle down there, and open a tea store."

True Even Unto Death.

That was a touching story told by Gladstone when announcing the death of Princess Alice in parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing on his bed in a delirium of fever. The Princess stood by the side of her child, and laid her hand on his brow and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Kiss me, mamma." The instinct of a mother's love was stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart had she not have kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband, and the lover his sweetheart though death in a thousand forms lay concealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.

The Oklahoma boomers have received a telegram from their representatives at Washington to the effect that a commission would be at once appointed to investigate the legal status of the Oklahoma lands. Gen. Hatch, who returned from Caldwell, states that he has information that the men who compose the commission are Senators Ingalls, Dawes and Morgan. He says he has no doubt the president's proclamation will be enforced, so far as the boomers are concerned, but doubts much if the cattlemen are driven out of Oklahoma, though they will not be permitted to establish ranges there. He says the government lands have always been open to grazing. It is not grass

that the government is looking out for but the occupancy of the lands for settlement without the consent of congress.

In 1848 congress passed an act allowing officers who had served in the Mexican war three months' extra pay, which was then decided by the accounting officers the treasury to apply only to officers of the volunteer service, and not to officers of the regular army, who were supposed to go wherever ordered without additional compensation. The question has been agitated ever since, and in 1879 congress passed an act defining the act of 1848 to include both regular and volunteer officers, which was again disputed by the treasury officials. The parties interested have since, through legal decision, established their claim, and before commencing payment the treasury department has furnished the secretary of war with a list of the claimants to ascertain if they are any way indebted to the government. This list comprises many names prominent in military history, such as General Winfield Scott, Robert E. Lee, Persifer F. Smith David E. Twiggs, Albert Sidney Johnson, Gideon J. Pillow, James Longstreet and others. Payment is to be made to the survivors or established heirs.

An order for six fast iron cruisers of the Esmeralda pattern was received in Philadelphia last Tuesday week. These vessels were nominally ordered by private parties, but are generally believed to be for the Russian government. Three prominent features will be insisted upon, nineteen knot speed, coal carrying capacity for a hundred and twenty-five days, and steaming buoyancy for 3 steelrified cannon of large calibre. The Esmeralda is regarded by the prospective owners of these vessels as the highest type of war vessel that floats. It was built for Chile in England by Sir William Armstrong and is about 400 tons burthen.

During a long journey by rail sometimes half a barrel of coal oil would leak out through the pores of the wood and evaporate, so some sharp fellow began to study some way of preventing such loss. He first painted the barrel blue on the outside and then filled it with water and allowed it to stand until it had soaked up all it would. The water kept the oil from soaking in the wood, and the paint on the outside kept the water from coming out. He got a patent on his discovery, and now he sits in his office and draws his royalty of one cent on every barrel made to hold kerosene for shipment.

The San Francisco papers report that a monster aurochs struck the earth in the foothills east of Chico, Cal., a few nights ago. It is described as prismatic in form, over 30 feet in length, and about 2 feet through. After it struck it cut a gutter 2 feet in depth through the hard lava rock for a distance of 200 hundred feet before it rested. The metal somewhat resembles copper in color, but is so hard that a finely tempered cold-chisel will not mark or scratch it. The story looks a little fishy.

If young men in California are not henceforth moral and industrious it will certainly not be for the lack of incentives in the event of a certain bill being passed that has been recently brought into the State Legislature. The bill in question gives to any young man under twenty-six years of age, who has learned a trade by serving an apprenticeship of three years, and is moral, \$250 out of the state treasury.

John M. Webster
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