

## THE WELL ON THE JORNADA.

John Martin's Long Struggle to Find Water on the Arid Plains.

"Do you see that house and windmill off to the east?" said an old-time New Mexican to an New York tourist. The two were occupying the same seat in the Atchison train rolling southward over the Jornada del Muerto and had struck up a friendly acquaintance together. "That is Martin's well. The Mexicans called it Aleman, the word for German in their tongue. Martin was a German who came to New Mexico in early days when the Jornada had the worst name of any travelled region in the territory, and deserved it. The trail from Santa Fe to El Paso crossed it, and the trip over this plain meant a seventy-mile stretch without water except the chance of finding a pool in the time of the summer rains. At all other seasons the plain was arid. Travellers undertaking to cross it gave their horses all the water they wanted at starting, drank all they could themselves, filled their water bottles, said their prayers then if ever they did, and rode upon the plain with their lives in their hands. There could be no delay with safety, for, with the best luck, thirst was oppressing them when at last the trail came down among the cottonwoods that border the Rio Grande and man and beast could drink their fill from the muddy current. Bands of Apaches swept the plain and lay in ambush for travellers by the river bank at either end of the Jornada trail, and it is little wonder that the crossing of it should be dreaded and that it should receive the name it bears, the 'Journey of Death.'

"Martin was an original character, with lots of push and sand. After crossing the Jornada a number of times with wagon trains he made up his mind that water could be found by digging at a point about midway across it, and made his arrangements to sink a well there. He began with the rainy season, and with a force of diggers and blasters set to work in earnest. The Jornada rests on a foundation of hard volcanic rock, and after digging down a short distance he had to use powder all the rest of the time. It was a slow expensive and dangerous piece of business. The men had to receive high wages to risk their lives in such a place, all supplies had to be brought fifty miles from Mesilla, and every spoonful of water used was hauled in barrels from pools left by the rain in hollows of the prairies. But Martin kept the work going through the rainy season and after until one by one, the pools dried up and it became very difficult to provide his crew with water. Still no sign of water could be found in the well as the men worked slowly downward through the rock.

"The end came one day when Martin rode in from Mesilla and looked down into the hole where the men were drilling in the solid rock.

"Work till noon boys, he called down to them. 'When you come up to dinner bring your tools with you. We pack our wagons and start for Mesilla this afternoon.'

"Shall we load up the holes we're putting in and try one more blast?" asked the foreman.

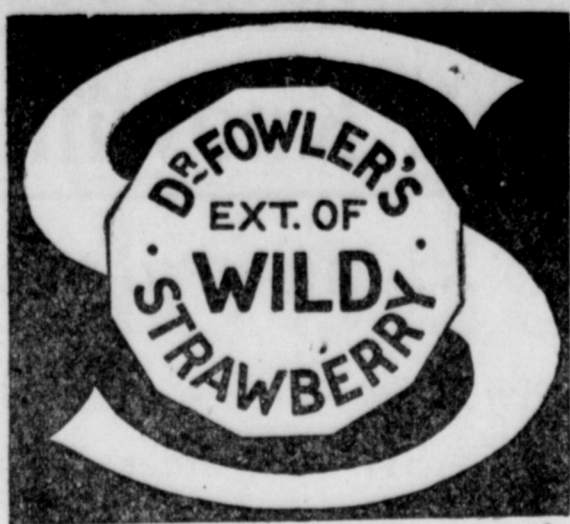
"Yes, we'll waste one more round of powder on the thing," answered Martin, and turning his back, walked away to think over by himself what a fool he had been to invest everything he had in an undertaking that all his friends had told him was bound to fail.

"The men filled and tamped the holes, and at noon came up out of the well, the last man staying behind long enough to light the fuses. The blast went off while they were seating themselves at dinner. The meal eaten, while some of the men helped to bring in and harness the mules, and others began to pack the wagons, one man sauntered over to the well hole and looked down to see what the last blast had done. He yelled as if Indians were in sight and the men came running to see what he had found. The well was half full of water and the water was still rising. The last blast had opened the rock down to the water vein, and Martin's fortune was made.

"All the great wagon traffic and the stages over the Jornada had to pay him toll, and his well was a mine of wealth to him. The charge per horse or ox for watering was 25 cents, and with long wagon trains constantly crossing the desert the profits counted up fast. One class of travellers, the Apaches, never paid toll to Martin. They would come to the well, usually by night, water their horses, and ride away, never molesting the people in charge. This mutual understanding continued until the Indians ceased to go on the war path and kept to their reservations. Aleman was made a station of the overland stage route, and a railroad station near the well now bears its name. When, in 1880, the Atchison Company built their railroad across the Jornada and settlers coming out on the desert began to build reservoirs for rain water and to sink artesian wells, the glory of Aleman departed, and the place became the headquarters of a cattle company.

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MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

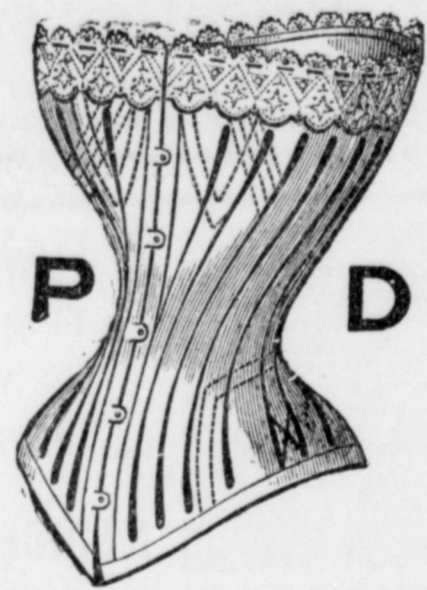
## THE HEAD MASTER

GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

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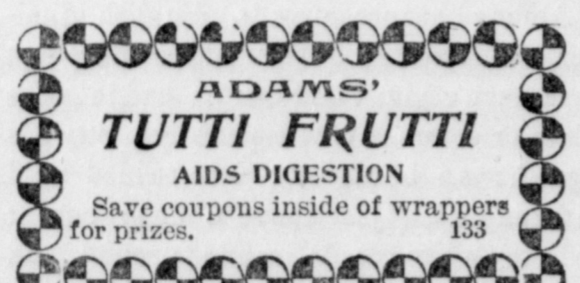
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## Buctouche Oysters.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK:

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J. D. TURNER.

## WOMEN TIPPLERS IN SOCIETY.

It is Said that the Number of Those Who Take Their Grog is Increasing.

Have you noticed at any of the local summer gardens that many women well known in St. Louis society sip and apparently enjoy decoctions that femininity is popularly supposed to decline and abhor? A prominent St. Louis physician is authority for the statement that the tipping practice among society women is assuming proportions that are alarming and dangerous. His name cannot be given, because his clientele is largely of the fashionable folk, and he knows too well whereof he speaks. Plain plebeian beer or good old rye whiskey does not seem to find favor with the fair imbibers, but rather they turn to the more insidious paresis-producing decoctions of the French. Cordials, liqueurs, and mixtures seem to lead, and with a woman's idea of the eternal fitness of things she chooses her drinks much as she does her dresses, with the weather eye to the color effect. The prismatic colors of the French liqueurs are so pretty and attractive that she dallies with them until she discovers the penalty that is being exacted from her physical system, and then she quits it she can; if not, she goes to a physician.

'You would be surprised to see the number of dipsomania cases that are on my visiting list,' says the Republics medical informant, and then he goes on to say:

'The habit of tipping is undoubtedly fastening upon St. Louis society women. There can be no doubt about it, even to the outsider who looks at society longingly from a place afar off. Did you ever notice that many of the fashionable patrons of the different summer gardens frequently order drinks that have heretofore been regarded as distinctly masculine? The reason is not far to seek. The variety of soft drinks is in reality not large. They are nearly all based on carbonated water, and they soon become insipid and unsatisfying. So milady rebels; she feels that she is hampered too much by unjust conventionalities, and she urges with herself her pet theory of a single standard of propriety for men and woman. Then some night at some amusement resort she asks her escort 'if there would be any particular harm if she had, ahem—well, for instance, one of those drinks.' The chances are 10 to 1 that unless he is a relative or her fiancé he will encourage her curiosity, and presto! the beginning is made. After that progress is easy, and the ultimate result depends entirely on the woman. If she be of good healthy stock, and with a balance wheel of good common sense, she will indulge her newly acquired taste in moderation and no one will be the wiser.

'But, on the other hand, take a case that I have now under treatment. The father of the woman was a noted drinker, and his sons followed in his footsteps. The mother's abhorrence for drink was as strong as her husband's craving, and while she could not control the boys, she did bring up the girls on the most strict temperance lines. Until she reached her twenty-fifth year the woman whom I am treating knew nothing of liquor except that it had decreased materially the happiness of her girlhood home. She was at a summer garden one night and took her first drink. It was an ordinary plain mint julep, innocent looking enough, but it was quite sufficient to awaken a craving that before had lain dormant. From that time on she gratified her desire until it was necessary to call in a physician. Will she recover? Oh, my boy, that's a question. How many men with inherited craving for liquor do recover? You know as well as I that they are few, and a woman's will power is less than that of a man.

'The remedy? Bless you, there is none except to stay away from it. Ten years ago a woman would not dare drink an alcoholic beverage in public, but times have changed, and the vices of this degenerate age are the physician's excuse for the accumulation of wealth.

Mrs. Peter Brown and Her Brown Dress. Mrs. Peter Brown was a worthy and thrifty housewife, and though proud of her Brown family she got tired of browns—we refer to brown colors.

Now, Mrs. Brown had a brown cashmere dress that she had donned on Sundays for fully three years. Going to church in sun, rain, sleet and snow for such a length of time had discolored and faded Mrs. Brown's brown dress. The material still good gave Mrs. Brown hope that the brown dress could be changed in color and made to do service until times were better and money more plentiful with her.

Mrs. Peter Brown had heard of the marvellous Diamond Fast Black for wool, and decided to experiment in the work of home dyeing. The dye was purchased from her druggist, and the operation conducted as per directions on the envelope, and what a transformation resulted! A deep, rich and pure black, equal to the finest blacks produced by French professional dyers—a new dress at a cost of about thirty cents.

Mrs. Peter Brown's experience of thousands of economizing women in Canada today. They find the Diamond Dyes so indispensable that home would be robbed of half its pleasure if they could not procure these great money-savers.



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## A MYSTERY.

A [Complete Metamorphoses, or how the Cat Came Back.

This is a story of what happened less than a year ago in a suburb of a great city and in the city itself. A family living in the suburb owned a beloved cat, and the cat died. It had been freezing weather, and there was no easy way of burying poor puss; yet, so dear was her memory, that neither master nor mistress was willing to deposit that once-loved form in the ash-barrel to be 'dumped' by an unsympathetic soul. Finally, after some thought Mr. B came to a solution of the difficulty. 'Do her up in a package,' said he, 'and I'll carry her to town. When we are going over the railroad bridge I'll open the window and drop her overboard into the water.'

Mrs. B. thought this an excellent idea; but she improved upon the suggestion of merely 'doing up' a bundle. She sewed poor pussy neatly in a winding-sheet of fine white cloth, and then made her into a brown paper parcel; and when morning came, with a few tears and many injunctions, she delivered her over to Mr. B.

Now it happened, that morning, that Mr. B. met an old acquaintance on his way to town, and that they both became absorbed in reminiscence. The consequence was that the brown paper parcel remained untroubled in Mr. B's lap; and it was not until he rose to leave the car that he remembered it.

For a moment he was aghast. Then he considered what a compact, innocent little parcel it was, and took courage.

'Never mind!' he said to himself. 'I'll drop her when I go home.'

He carried the parcel faithfully down town, and into his office. There he deposited it on an unused desk.

'Jim,' he said to the boy, 'that bundle is very important. If I forget it to-night, remind me to take it away with me.'

The day went on, with its usual routine of callers and questions, and when night came he did not need to be reminded of puss. There lay the package, and he took it up hurriedly and ran for the train.

That day, it happened, had marked the crisis of a great financial situation, and Mr. B. read his evening paper all the way home with an absorbing interest. When he reached his own door he was carrying a brown paper parcel, and his wife saw it on the instant.

'Henry,' she called, 'what's that?'

He looked at it helplessly, and his face was dyed by a wave of recollection.

'It's—it's the cat,' he said, guiltily. 'It's poor Mew.'

'Well,' inquired Mrs. B., 'what are we going to do? You can't keep carrying her back and forth every day!'

'No,' said he, gloomily, 'I can't. We might as well yield and put her into the ash barrel.'

'Very well,' said Mrs. B. 'And I'll unwrap her so that the man can see what he's got. Beside, I'd like one more last look at her, poor little pet!'

Next morning, before it was time for the ash-man to come, she carefully and reverently removed the brown paper wrapping, and she found within—a very symmetrical roast of beef.

Whose was it? To this day no one knows.

True to His Bringing-Up.

A writer in the Independent has discovered something rare—a donkey boy in Cairo with a sense of the ideal. Most boys of his profession are a good-natured lot, but few are the vices they cannot teach. Little Hassan, on the contrary, seems to have principles, and is quietly stanch in his adherence to them.

Once he refused a cigarette says the traveler, and in my surprise I almost lost my balance.

'What! Not smoke, Hassan?' said I. 'I thought all the donkey boys smoked.'

'I don't,' said Hassan, who looked about eleven, was short, very brown, very scantily dressed, quite dirty, had only one eye and trotted behind the donkey with round shoulders and head craned forward. 'I don't. If I did, my family would beat me, and quite right, too.'

'But who are you, and who are your family?' I asked.

'Ah!' he said, proudly, 'we are Sudanese. In the Sudan we are strict. To smoke, to use wine, to drink coffee, not to pray—these are shameful things; and if a man does anything impure, they hang him to a tree with his face toward the sun.'

Kind Words from the Fred Victor Mission Bible Class.

On behalf of the Fred Victor Mission Bible Class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box of Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brownrigg, 162 River street. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scald head, the face being literally one scab from forehead to chin, and in that brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift was worth more than its weight in gold.

EDMUND YEIGH,  
264 Sherbourne St., Toronto.

A Domestic Interlude.

Marriageable daughter—'I think, pa, that you do Arthur injustice when you say that he is penurious.'

Precocious brother—'What's penurious pa?'

Pa—'Why, Bobbie, penurious is close.'

Precocious Brother—'Then you're right, pa; Mr. Penrose is awful penurious whenever he comes to see Sis.'—Boston Courier.