

A BUTTERMILK BATH.

It Whitens and Refines the Skin—
How One Can Get Along with
a Single Quart.

If you sunburn and tan and are inclined to freckle, buttermilk acts as a bleach, whitening and refining the skin as nothing else will. It stimulates the pores and is a corrective for most of the minor ailments and imperfections to which the skin is prone.

Is it expensive? That depends entirely upon the sort of bath you wish or can afford to take. Buttermilk costs six cents a quart, and if one takes a tub bath of it nightly at least five gallons will be necessary, and that will count up to a pretty penny in a month, but a single quart will be almost, if not quite, as beneficial if used with discretion.

Of course, the ideal way is to lie in a tub full of the milk, after the other bath, but equally good results will be obtained by the following method:

First thoroughly bathe the body, as usual, with warm water and soap. See that the bath water is always softened by some means—bran or borax will answer, though the former is to be preferred. If the skin is inclined to be sluggish, a brisk and thorough scrubbing with a brush is advisable, so as to promote circulation and free the pores.

Before getting into the tub prepare the buttermilk by putting it into a large washbowl, one that will hold the entire quart. When the bath is over drain the tub, but remain in it. Scoop the buttermilk up in the hands, and lave the body, using a circular motion to insure its absorption by the skin.

Special attention must be given to the face, arms and shoulders, which should be bathed first. For the neck, shoulders and arms the circular motion in applying the buttermilk is the one to be employed, especially the forearm, as it will tend to develop and make it rounder, and the motion should be toward the shoulder; that is a great help to circulation.

For the face any motion that is at all similar to massage is to be avoided. It seems almost outrageous to make the assertion that massage has ruined more skins than any other one thing, and yet good authorities say that it is a fact that has been proved again and again.

It is not by any means the cold creams used that produce the unsightly hairs on the face that have worried so many women," said one authority; "it is the massage that stimulates to unwonted activity the glands that supply nourishment to the hairs."

The head is massaged to produce a more luxuriant growth of hair, and if there is a tendency toward hairy growths on the face, why should it not produce the same result there? If a cold cream is made without animal fats of any kind it may be applied to the face and then wiped off with very good results, and be perfectly harmless, but massaged into the skin it will cause hair to grow if there is the slightest inclination in that direction.

To bathe the face with buttermilk pat it in, almost slap it in, but do not massage it. Buttermilk is an animal product, from which, to be sure, all fats have been removed, and even when there is no fat on the skin it will not be the least bit oily, but if used as a medium for massage it will be just as apt to make hair grow as if it were still full of the original fats contained in milk and cream.

As a skin food buttermilk has no peer, it is asserted; it is a tissue builder, feeding the starved cuticle with healthful nourishment, softening the harsh, dry skin and acting as an astringent upon the flabby relaxed one.

If Very Sallow.

Yes; you can dose yourself with sulphur and molasses, eat fruits and vegetables, and walk in the open air. You will find your orange color fading away under this treatment.

Liquid Measure.

The Secretary—I find that your property in Swampville cost you four dollars a foot, sir. What price are you willing to sell it for?

The Rich Victim—Oh, I'll let it go for two dollars a gallon.—Life.

Woman Prison Commissioner.

Gov. Guild, of Massachusetts, has appointed Miss Marie Rose Collins, a daughter of the former mayor of Boston, state prison commissioner. She has given the subject of prison work much attention.

Only a Tear.

"Oh! Herbert, I'm sure I felt a rain-drop." "Nonsense, darling; we are under the weeping willow."—N. Y. Telegram.

Petroleum Production.

The production of petroleum in the United States last year was 117,000,000 barrels, which sold for \$101,000,000.

Return of Foulards.

Foulards, volles and other loosely woven fabrics will be again in favor.



"PE-RU-NA WORKED
SIMPLY MARVELOUS."

Suffered Severely
With Headaches—
Unable to Work.

Miss Lucy V. McGivney, 453 3rd Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"For many months I suffered severely from headaches and pains in the side and back, sometimes being unable to attend to my daily work."

"I am better, now, thanks to Peruna, and am as active as ever and have no more headaches."

"The way Peruna worked in my case was simply marvelous."

We have in our files many grateful letters from women who have suffered with the symptoms named above. Lack of space prevents our giving more than one testimonial here.

It is impossible to even approximate the great amount of suffering which Peruna has relieved, or the number of women who have been restored to health and strength by its faithful use.

Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, in a long interview in a Boston paper, says he does not regret giving up his law business, which would have made him rich, whereas he is poor, for a public career, where he has lived in pleasant surroundings and found infinite satisfaction in the honors and confidence which his state has given him.

Girls and Boys Compared.

Observations made in certain schools and dwellings show that girls have more endurance in work than boys until the age of 14. From 14 the working power of a girl does not increase till the age of 20, whereas that of a boy continues to grow. The energy displayed by girls of 20 is about half that of boys of the same age. Other observations tend to prove that intellectual and physical superiority in general go together.

A Sermon in It.

In the following paragraph, from a story by Gouverneur Morris, in the Reader magazine, there is a whole sermon: "Edward," said my grandfather, "never undertake to patronize God. If you feel that you do not understand Him keep it to yourself. It is enough to know that you were dust, and He made a man of you; that you grow weary at length and He gives you sleep."—Reviewer, in Atlanta Constitution.

Light Punishment in China.

This little sidelight on life in a Chinese city is from the Peking and Teintsin Times: "Two men who have been killing dogs and cats and selling them to the people as meat in the western part of the city were caught a few days ago, and investigation by the police revealed a tale of shocking cruelty. One has been sentenced to two weeks and the other to ten days' hard labor, and a very light sentence, too."

French President's Day.

M. Fallières, the new French president, gets up between 7 and 8, and does his hardest work directly after his morning walk. He never smokes, and he reads a great deal. In his own words: "I devour all manner of books—historical, philosophical and literary. Toistol and Vigny are my favorite authors, and I am a great lover of handsome books. My morning walk often takes me to the old book dealers' stalls on the quay. Book hunting is, indeed, one of my hobbies. My other hobby is playing billiards."

As to Chairs.

A customer ordered six armed chairs for his dining room. The dealer remonstrated. "I beg a thousand pardons," he said, "but do you insist on all of the six chairs having arms?" "That's what I said," returned the customer. Have you any objection to selling armed chairs?" "Oh, dear me, not at all; I am here to please you. But it seemed so unusual that I made bold to make sure." "What is the unusual feature?" "Well, it is wise always to look out for the comfort of the women folk. A woman at dinner cannot possibly be comfortable in an armed chair. In the first place she can't get into it gracefully. In the second, she wants her gown to drape on one side or the other and no gown can drape in an armed chair. That is why we always make a set of six chairs four and two." "What do you mean by four and two?" "Four chairs without arms and two with 'em." "By Jove, never thought of that. Make the order four and two."

The Plain Plucker.

If a burn or bruise afflicts you, rub it on, rub it on.

Then before you scarcely know it all the trouble will be gone.

For an aching joint or muscle do the same.

It extracts all pains and poisons, plucks the stings and heals the lame.

Hunt's Lightning Oil does it.

Queer Order in a German Town.

In the little village of Elliehausen, near Göttingen, Germany, there has been almost a revolution owing to the publication of an order forbidding any young unmarried man to escort a young woman home after dark. This order was the work of the deputy town clerk, who is not a ladies' man, and had been made the butt for ill-natured jokes. He thought he saw an opportunity for revenge when the reins of power came temporarily into his hands. But his action has cost him his place.

Earthquake Felt in Texas.

Beaumont: Information from numerous sources confirm the story that the earthquake was felt and evidence of it seen on the Neches river. River men up and down the river for a distance of twenty miles, say about 7:15 Wednesday morning the water in the river rose three and four feet along the bank, receding and rose again, repeating several times.

Too Many Marshals.

Holdenville, I. T.: The city has had two Marshals the past week. George Walker was elected at the recent election, but the City Council declared the office vacant and appointed J. A. Russell. Walker continued acting until Thursday, when he was arrested for impersonating an officer, and when trial came up both Marshals resigned the office and a new election has been called for on May 8.

A BUSY WOMAN

Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of New York, writes:

"I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for 2 children, a garden and flower garden, a drench, a vegetable patch, besides managing a large number of exchange business through the mails and for several regular avocations as a writer for several newspapers and magazines and signing fancy work for the latter and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would do so."

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals."

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

WORKING WOMEN

Their Hard Struggle Made Easier—Interesting Statements by a Young Lady in Boston and One in Nashville, Tenn.



All women work; some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. And in stores, mills and shops tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill, earning their daily bread.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, tumors, ulceration, falling and displacements or perhaps irregularity or suppression, causing backache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

They especially require an invigorating, sustaining medicine which will strengthen the female organism and enable them to bear easily the fatigues of the day, to sleep well at night, and to rise refreshed and cheerful.

How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livelihood or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching, she is so tired she can hardly drag about or stand up, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is due to some derangement of the female organism.

Miss F. Orser, of 14 Warrenton Street, Boston, tells women how to avoid such suffering; she writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I suffered misery for several years with female irregularities. My back ached; I had bearing-down pains, and frequent headaches."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Half the fun of being in love is the worry of it.—Bucket, the precocious page, in "The Catch of the Season."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Little*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Getting over an unfavorable impression is ever so much easier than living up to an ideal.—"Man and Superman."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free, to F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The average man is perfectly willing to make a fool of himself if it will please some woman.

Cures Cancer, Blood Poison and Rheumatism.

If you have blood poison producing eruptions, rashes and risings, burning, glands, burn copper-colored spots or itching skin, skin, mucous patches in rash on the feet, falling hair, bone mouth or rheumatism or foul capains, old rheumatic Blood Balm (B. B.) take B. B. in the blood; B. B.) It kills eruptions, heal, hard soon all sores, aches and pains swellings subsides cure is made of the worst cases of Blood Poison.

For cancer, tumors, persistent pimples, sores, ugly ulcers, B. B. It destroys of all kinds, take in the blood, heals the cancer poison, cures the worst cancer of all kind, curing swellings, humors or suppuration. B. B. after all thousands cured by composed of pure botanical ingredients, blood pure and clean, stops the itching and all sharp, shooting pain. Druggists, \$1 tested for thirty years, complete directions large bottle, with ample free and tions for home cure. Good Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe it in sealed letter. Medical advice also sent.

The naked truth sometimes makes us shiver.

It is sometimes humane to put a shattered hope, just to put its misery.

I could not sleep and could hardly drag around. I consulted two physicians without relief, and as a last resort, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to my surprise, every ache and pain left me. I gained ten pounds and am in perfect health."

Miss Pearl Ackers, of 327 North Summer Street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered with painful periods, severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen; was very nervous and irritable, and my trouble grew worse every month. My physician failed to help me and I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found it was doing me good. All my pains and aches disappeared, and I no longer fear my monthly periods."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing-down pains, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and it will make you strong and well.

You can tell the story of your sufferings to a woman, and receive helpful advice free of cost. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years she has, under her direction and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge.

No Telephones at Scotland Yard.

In some respects London is very much behind many of the English villages. Practically every rural police station has its telephone, but Scotland Yard, the head and center of London's criminal detective system still holds out against the means of communication.

How can anything be fair if it's Equitable?—"Dolly Dollars."

Put your business before your pleasure, or you won't have any.

QUIT IN MAY AND GO THE SHRINERS

Meet in
LOS ANGELES
MAY 7 to 10

Drop me card and I will send you descriptive booklets. I want to tell you about the trip.

Harvey Serves the meals.
W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A.
6 C. & S. F. Gevelston.

LEWIS
SINGLE
BINDER
STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR
You Pay 10c for Cigars Not so Good.
F. P. LEWIS Peoria, Ill.

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.
YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING.
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A.
TOWER CLOTHING CO. 145 N. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

ATTACKED THE HEART

Awful Neuralgia Case Cured to Stay
Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia in any form is painful but when it attacks the heart it is frequently fatal. Complicated with indigestion of a form that affected the vital organ it threatened serious consequences in an instance just reported. The case is that of Mr. F. L. Graves, of Pleasant Hill, La., who tells of his trouble and cure as follows:

"I traveled considerably, was exposed to all kinds of weather and was irregular in my sleeping and eating. I suppose this was the cause of my sickness, at any rate, in May, 1905, I had got so bad that I was compelled to quit work and take to my bed. I had a good doctor and took his medicine faithfully but grew worse. I gave up hope of getting better and my neighbors thought I was surely going to die.

"I had smothering spells that it is awful to recall. My heart fluttered and then seemed to cease beating. I could not lie on my left side at all. My hands and feet swelled and so did my face. After reading about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a newspaper I decided to try them and they suited my case exactly. Before long I could see an improvement and after taking a few boxes I was entirely cured. I am glad to make this statement and wish it could cause every sufferer to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not simply deaden pain; they cure the trouble which causes the pain. They are guaranteed to contain no narcotic, stimulant or opiate. Those who take them run no danger of forming any drug habit. They act directly on the blood and it is only through the blood that any medicine can reach the nerves.

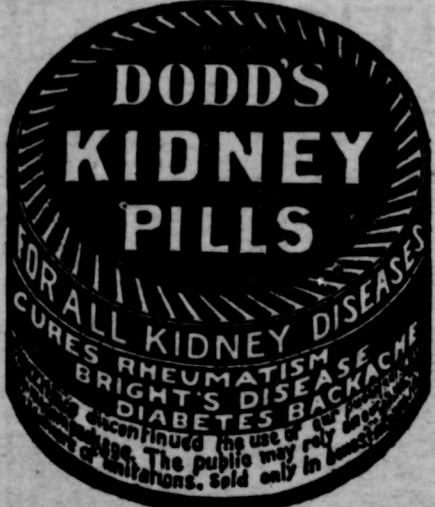
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

An "Invasion" Medal.

There is to be sold at Sotheby's, London, on the 5th of next month the "trial piece" in lead from the die of the original and very rare Napoleon medal relating to the intended invasion of England. The dies of this medal were engraved in Paris at the time when Napoleon was preparing his expedition against England, and were intended to be used after the capture of London. As the invasion did not take place the medal was never struck. There is said to be only one impression in lead known. This was in the cabinet of Dr. Burney, who sold it sixty years ago to Charles Stokes, from whom the present owner obtained it. The medal shows on the obverse the laureated and nude bust of Napoleon standing, squeezing to death a triton.

The man who preaches economy by the yard often practices it by the inch.

The man who cannot manage his own farm always wants to manage somebody's else.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line
cannot be equaled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.
\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.
I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.
W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$3.50, \$3.00. Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.17, \$1.75, \$1.50
CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyslets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

To Restrain Extravagance.

Reports from Sweden that a league has been formed there for the purpose of restraining extravagance in woman's dress have an Elizabethan ring about them. In 1650 "the principal citizens of London were become so extravagant in their dress that it was thought necessary to restrain the same," and the result was a proclamation issued by her majesty "against excesses of apparel, gold chains and cloaks, the latter of which were made so long that they reached down to the heels."

Concessions at Nicaragua.

Among the new concessions granted by Nicaragua is one to Dr. Lenox S. Anderson, of Mosspoint, Miss., who secures the timber and turpentine rights to a large area. Vice Consul Wallace writes that the doctor will pay \$500,000 in installments for the privilege of fifty years.

When a man thinks he has the best wife in the world, she is pretty sure to agree with him.

Do You Itch?

If so, you know the sensation is not an agreeable one, and hard to cure unless the proper remedy is used.

Hunt's Cure is the King of all Skin Remedies. It cures promptly any itching trouble known. No matter the name or place. One application relieves—one box is absolutely guaranteed to cure.

I know the secret of your birth, but I don't know whether it is an upper or lower.—Rogers Brothers in Ireland.

RUNNING SORES ON LIMBS.

Little Girl's Obstinate Case of Eczema—Mother Says: "Cuticura Remedies a Household Standby."

"Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician, for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physician's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable household standby, living as we do, twelve miles from a doctor, and where it costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars to come up on the mountain. Mrs. Lizzie Vincent Thomas, Fairmount, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1905."

Indian Tinsel Maker.

Here is an artist's pretty description of a tinsel maker in Delhi, India: "The silken thread from a ball under the worker's feet as he squats on the ground runs over the hook and is attached to the spindle. One rapid sweep of the latter along the worker's thigh sets it going, and both the slender, supple hands are free, one for the thread, one for the reel of tinsel, which in a flash shoots upward to and the gold tinsel together flash up arm's length coiled like a snake about the spinning thread; the sunlight the yellow silken thread, seeming to set it on fire."

The philanthropist generally manages to be caught in the act.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

When a man holds up a post, the post must be loose or the man tight.

Misplaced confidence is not always the result of being absent-minded.

Golden Rose for Ena.

The pope will this year present the Gold Rose to Princess Ena of Battenberg. The Golden Rose is a symbol in wrought gold which is blessed by the pope with much ceremony on mid-Lent Sunday. It is presented by the pope to some prince or princess whom he desires especially to honor.

Most of us expect better obituary notices than are coming to us.

When a laxative is needed, nothing can be more effective than Garfield Tea, which is made of herbs. It cures sick headache, constipation and diseases of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels; it purifies the blood, cleanses the system and clears the complexion.

The road to success is paved with grit and sand.

Calloused hands are better than calloused hearts.

If It Fails the Money's Yours.

Thousands of boxes of Hunt's Cure are being sold by the Southern druggists daily, for the simple reason that people are rapidly finding out that it is the best cure for any itching disease ever discovered. The first application relieves, and one box positively guaranteed to cure any one case.

It's the feller with his head in the clouds that generally stumps his toe.

Historic Fuenterrabia.

Fuenterrabia, or Fontarabia, the old Spanish frontier town, which King Edward, by a stratagem, was recently enabled to reach unmolested by a curious public, should be an object of interest to an English king. For from the balcony of the church the scene can be surveyed of one of the last heroic performances of the British during the Peninsular war—the passage of the Bidassoa. Unlike most of its companions on the northern frontier, Fuenterrabia is typically Spanish, encircled by great walls, and with streets of frowning granite houses. The castle, built by a King of Navarre, has reigned over the town for a thousand years.

If that wolf keeps hovering about the door, Runyon, grab him by the tail and we'll eat him.—"The Prince Chap."

The hot brick in a cold cellar is the most comforting thing on earth.—"The Prince Chap."

Remember.

It's not how you live, but how's your liver. If not in perfect order, make it so by using Simmons' Liver Purifier.—tin boxes only. It's the surest, safest and most agreeable aid to that organ ever put up.

It's a good plan to forgive your enemies before they get back at you.

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP.

Kidney Trouble Causes Weak Backs and a Multitude of Pains and Aches.

Col. R. S. Harrison, Deputy Marshal, 716 Common St., Lake Charles, La., says: "A kick from a horse first weakened my back and affected my kidneys. I became very bad, and had to go about on crutches. The doctors told me I had a case of chronic rheumatism, but I could not believe them, and finally began using Doan's Kidney Pills for my kidneys. First the kidney secretions came more freely, then the pain left my back. I went and got another box, and that completed a cure. I have been well for two years."



Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

I'm not crazy. I'm just easy.—Richard Golden in "The Bad Samaritan."

Don't brag about your future if your past won't bear close scrutiny.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6c. stamp.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1863.

SYRUP OF FIGS



To sweeten,
To refresh,
To cleanse the
system,
Effectually
and Gently;

Dispels colds and
headaches when
bilious or con-
stipated;
For men, women
and children;

There is only
one Genuine
Syrup of Figs;
to get its bene-
ficial effects

Acts best on
the kidneys
and liver,
stomach and
bowels;

Always buy the genuine—Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky.

San Francisco, Cal.

New York, N. Y.

The genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale by all first-class druggists. The full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is always printed on the front of every package. Price Fifty Cents per bottle.

I'm always homesick when I'm home.—Rogers Brothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Many a good resolution is wabbly because it hasn't sufficient backbone.

Always tell the truth—if you want to make trouble.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If a woman keeps busy with her household affairs she'll never have time for divorce court affairs.

PATENTS for PROFIT

must fully protect an invention. Booklet and Desk Calendar FREE. Highest references. Communications confidential. Established 1861. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C.

DEFIANCE STARCH for starching lin at linens.
W. N. U. DALLAS, NO. — 17 — 1906.

"La Creole" Will Restore those Gray Hairs

"La Creole" Hair Restorer is a Perfect Dressing and Restorer. Price \$1.00.

Woman's

**Bad
Days**

Cardui Relieves Pain

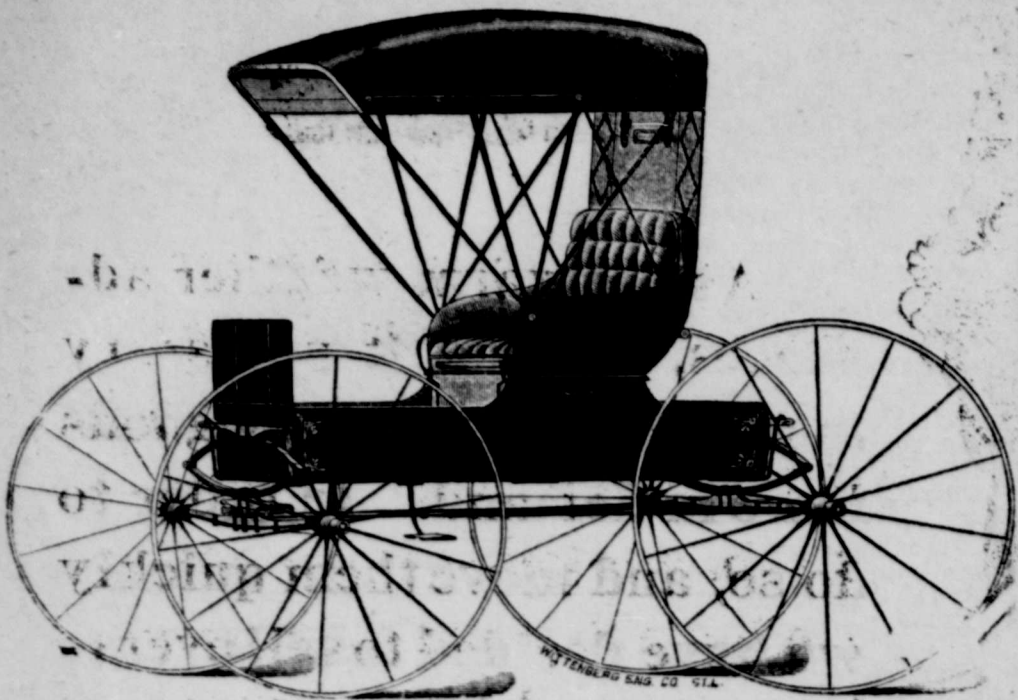
caused by curable female diseases. It acts directly on woman's delicate organs, and restores their natural activity. By making the organs work normally, pain disappears, strength returns to the system, roses to the cheeks, and the frowns and wrinkles of suffering are seen no more. Mrs. Lucinda Johnson, of Walworth, Wis., writes: "I suffered agonies at every monthly period. Nothing helped me until I took Cardui. Now I can truly say I am cured." Try it.

WINE
OF

CARDUI

Sold by all Druggists

The Best On Earth.



We have received a solid carload of RACINE WAGONS.

And have enroute a car of Racine Buggies. It is a well known fact that the Racine is the best brand of wagons and buggies on the market today and we are fortunate in being able to secure the agency at Artesia. When you want SOMETHING GOOD, come to us. We can sell you a really good vehicle for less money than some folks will ask for shoddy stuff. It will be worth your while to give us a chance to show you.

ROBIN & DYER, Artesia, N. M.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land, Final Proof.)
United States Land Office, Roswell, N. M., May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that John W. Watkins, assignee of Thomas Runyan, of Artesia, Eddy county, N. M., has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1231, for the SE1-4 NW1-4 of section 4, T. 18 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Monday, the 11th day of June, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Robert B. Kishbaugh of Artesia, N. M., Jesse H. Muncey of Artesia, N. M., Gayle Talbot of Artesia, N. M., George P. Cleveland of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Ola Venable, assignee of Samuel P. Denning, assignee of Archie Blaney, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1529, for the E1-2 of the SE1-4 of section 5, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Tuesday, the 12th day of June 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Robert W. Bruce of Artesia, N. M., Joe M. Smith of Artesia, N. M., John S. Major of Artesia, N. M., Stephen W. Gilbert of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Sterling P. Henry of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 2390 for the SE1-2 NW1-4 of Sec. 28, T. 17 S., R. 26 E. before the register or receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Wednesday, the 13th day of June, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John W. Skaer of Artesia, N. M., George P. Cleveland of Artesia, N. M., William W. Allison of Artesia, N. M., Simon G. Yeargin of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 5724.
Department of the Interior, Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, as that said proof will be made before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on June 11, 1906, viz: Mary A. Coll, of Artesia, N. M., for the SW1-4 of Sec. 16, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.
She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land:
Lester G. Hadley of Lake Arthur, N. M., Sidney W. Hale, of Artesia, N. M., Cora Hess of Artesia, N. M., Hart Cronch, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 5760.
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on June 11, 1906, viz: Lucius F. Shepard, of Artesia, N. M., for the SE1-4 NW1-4, E1-2 SW1-4 and SW1-4 SE1-4 Sec. 11, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land:
William T. Kinsinger of Artesia, N. M., Benjamin S. Bell of Artesia, N. M., R. F. Crowley of Artesia, N. M., H. H. Hess of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, register.

Alderman John B. Enfield and wife have been receiving the congratulations of their friends this week, because of the advent of a sweet little daughter who made her appearance at their home Saturday.

Edgar Calfee and Horace A. Lay were in town this week interviewing our citizens in the interest of the Indiana State Life Insurance Co.

The brick work on the new \$1500 telephone central is completed. It is one of the nicest little centrals to be found in New Mexico. Manager Harry W. Hamilton is very proud of his new quarters, and informs us that the service will be equal to the office.

Mrs. Geo. Spencer left on Wednesday morning's train for Wagoner, I. T. and Topeka, Kas., on an extended visit with friends and relatives.

Grandma Hilton left Wednesday for a visit with friends and relatives at Fostoria, Texas.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 8704.
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, N. M., May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on June 11, 1906, viz: John W. Watkins, of Artesia, N. M., for the NE1 NW1, N1 NE1 and SW1 NE1 Sec. 4, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz:
John P. Dyer, of Artesia, N. M., Hubert Logan, of Artesia, N. M., Robert B. Kishbaugh, of Artesia, N. M., William Hale, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Eggeston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a double dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." Sold by Fatheree and Robertson.

Womans' Club.

The regular meeting of the Womans' Club was held Wednesday, May 16, at the pretty new home of Mrs. McCrary south of town. The subject of the day was to have been "St. Louis" but because of the resignation of Mrs. Ross who was to discuss this subject, and for other reasons no program was presented. The time was consumed in discussion of various plans for the work of next year. The threatening sky cut down the attendance and no actual steps were taken until a more complete expression of the wishes of the club could be secured.

Mrs. Dyer presided very ably at this session. Mrs. Blake acting as temporary secretary. Other members in attendance were: Mesdames. Hamilton, Skaer, Martin, Atkeson and the hostess. The wish of the majority of these was that the study of history might be resumed next year, preference being given to the past and present of the Orient. Mrs. Blake, as chairman of the Program Committee, was instructed to write for detailed information concerning work as outlined by three well known study clubs and it is hoped that replies will be received in time for the next meeting of the club. Mrs. Richey, president-elect, is absent for a time but left the names of these two committees—on Program, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Martin; on Membership, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Idler and Mrs. Skaer.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Gore was read in which she stated among other things that she and Mr. Gore are in good health and well pleased with their part of California.

After adjournment of the business program, the hostess and Mrs. Duckworth served delicious cakes and sherbet. Mrs. James Hamilton, of Roswell, was a visitor.

The next meeting will be the last of the years work and will be in the nature of a musical in charge of Mrs. McCrary. This will be given Wednesday, May 30, at the home of Mrs. J.

P. Dyer. After the musical program a short business session is planned at which every member is urged to be present. Some changes in the Constitution and By-Laws are proposed, and other business important to the Club's welfare is contemplated.

Strayed or Stolen.

From my place eight miles west of Artesia, one red cow branded QHD connected on left side; two white-faced heifers branded 3 on left hip, both dehorned. A reward is offered for information that will led to their recovery.
Lewis Ayers.

Christopher & Davis have the largest stock of feed in the city. Telephone in your order.

Jim Conner has plenty sand on hand.

When you need anything in feed and groceries call up Artesia Feed and Fuel Co.

For Sale.

Three first-class milk cows. One is fresh and the other two soon will be.
George Spencer.

Pasture.

We have a large pasture, fine grass and an abundance of water, five miles southwest of Artesia. Stock pastured at 50 cents per head per month.
Harris Brothers.

500,000 Plants.

Sweet potato, Cabbage, Tomato.
Roswell Produce & Seed Co.

We have anything you want in feed and fuel.
Artesia Feed and Fuel Co.

Mrs. W. W. Edwards is visiting in Roswell this week.

Do You Rent?

I have a nice 5 room cottage close in to the business center of town. Will sell it very cheap. Small advance payment, balance on easy payments. Call on or write
R. H. McCune,
Roswell, N. M.

BUY A LOT IN COLLEGE ADDITION.

THE SELECT RESIDENCE PORTION OF ARTESIA.

Did you ever have a home where you could have plenty of rich alfalfa for your horse and cow, lots of good fresh milk and vegetables and frying chickens all around; also a nice little orchard to supply you with the most delicious eating? If not, you know nothing about a good life to live. E. A. CLAYTON has just put 480 acres on the market adjoining the townsite on the west, which he will cut up into five to twenty acre blocks to suit purchasers. It's patented land and deeded water rights go with every piece sold. Now is the time to get you a house where you can have all the advantages of town life, yet surround yourself with all the comforts and luxuries of a country home. Buy now, don't wait until the property gets too high. College addition lays alongside the land being prepared for the location of Artesia College. It overlooks the city and is perfectly drained. Several nice cottages are now in course of construction and others are to be built immediately.

Don't buy a home until you have seen me. I can please you.

E. A. CLAYTON.
OFFICE BANK OF ARTESIA BUILDING.

ELEPHANT TAKES PLACE OF HORSE

BIG BEAST CREATES SENSATION IN GOTHAM.

IS HITCHED TO A SLEIGH

Draws Vehicle Filled with Girls Up Fifth Avenue on Wager of Owner—Strange Caravan Attracts Attention.

New York.—A sensation was created on Fifth avenue when an old-fashioned sleigh, filled with pretty girls and drawn by an elephant, took advantage of the snow and joined the caravan of vehicles heading toward Central park.

The unusual sight caused all the chauffeurs and coachmen to turn green with envy.

It was undoubtedly the first time an elephant had ever drawn a sleigh in New York.

The experiment grew out of a wager between Frederic Thompson, of the Hippodrome, and W. W. Powers, owner of a valuable herd of East India elephants. Mr. Powers won \$500 as the result of a very successful sleigh ride piloted by his baby elephant, Jennie, who at first objected to the coldness of the snow, but after grew so enthusiastic as almost to skate down Broadway.

The merry sleighing party wound up at the Hotel Astor, where a breakfast was served to the participants.

The only hitch in the programme was when Jennie started off. Unaccustomed to sleighs, and with the strength of ten horses, she made a sudden start, which took the young women unawares, and they were dumped promiscuously in a snow heap.

This only added to the merriment of the occasion, however, and the ride was continued, with the Hippodrome as a starting point, along Fifth ave-



THE SLEIGH DRAWN BY AN ELEPHANT WAS AN ODD SIGHT.

nue for several blocks, then across to Broadway, and home again via the Astor and Forty-second street.

Jennie was hitched up with much ceremony. After a breakfast of prepared breakfast foods she submitted very meekly to being harnessed to the sleigh, and was half smothered with tinkling bells.

A handsome cloth cover protected her back from the winds. She seemed to enjoy the novel experience as much as did the girls, and once or twice gave a trump of delight.

As the sleigh passed along Fifth avenue society paused and gaped, and it is rumored that several women who revel in fads propose to send abroad for elephants to take the place of horses this summer at Newport.

When Jennie turned down West Forty-fourth street she was going at a pretty lively gait. Her keeper had a hard task wading through the snow and keeping up with her. By this time a merry mob was at her heels, and the long stretch of brown stone fronts and clubs as far as Broadway became a veritable rubberneck row.

Jennie was at her liveliest when she reached Broadway. The snow had been practically cleaned off, with the exception of a frozen crust upon the asphalt.

Here it was that she took it into her head to skate. Motormen, conductors, cabmen and messenger boys nearly fell over themselves in sheer excitement.

Mr. Powers, her owner, had declared that there was no snow or ice in the place of Jennie's birth, but she certainly took to skating like a duck to water.

She slid over the car tracks, one leg gracefully gliding toward the New York theater, while the other took a shy in the direction of the Victoria. In fact, she seemed "all legs," but with a trump of triumph she finally skated to the entrance of the Hotel Astor.

The Bald-Headed Man.
"Have you read 'The Wool-Gatherers'?"
"No, but I married one."—Houston Post

BIG BUCK STICKS HIS HEAD IN CABIN WINDOW

Giant Deer Chased by Lynx Loses Its Bearings, and Choppers Catch Both.

Patten, Me.—A gang of Canuck choppers were squatting around the fireplace in their cabin on the bank of the Big Molunkus river a few nights ago, playing cards and checkers before going to bed, when they heard a commotion without and a moment later the head of a big buck crashed through the window, carrying glass and sash with it.

The buck was an eight-pointer and tried to force in his body after his head. He was apparently greatly frightened, for his eyes were wild and he paid no attention whatever to the men until two of them jumped to the window and caught him firmly by the horns. Then only did he seem aware



THEY SEIZED THE BUCK'S HORNS AND MADE HIM CAPTIVE.

that he had run from one danger into another.

Although he fought desperately to free himself he failed to get loose, for several woodsmen ran to the assistance of their companions and threw strong ropes about the antlers. Other ropes were used to lasso his feet and in a short time he was bound so well that he couldn't move.

Then the choppers set out to ascertain why the animal had paid them such an unceremonious visit. With lanterns they followed his tracks backward into the woods and, as they rather expected came upon the trail of a bay lynx. This is about the only native beast that can outmatch a deer. Two of the men returned for their rifles, well knowing that the lynx would hang about the neighborhood, and it wasn't long after their return before they heard him growling in the thick branches of a high spruce.

As owing to the darkness he could not be seen, a fire was built at the foot of the tree, and the choppers took turn watching until morning, when the animal was shot. He turned out to be a big fellow, thin and hungry, and had a bad cut on one shoulder where the deer had struck him either with his sharp forehoofs or antlers.

It is a serious offense to kill a buck at this time of the year, even if he has invaded your cabin, and at the orders of the boss of the job the animal was set at liberty. The choppers believe that the deer, finding that he was getting the worst of the encounter with the lynx, ran blindly into the open, and, being dazed by the light in the cabin, failed to see the structure until his head was through the window.

SPINSTER TURNS DRUMMER

Miss Pratt, Aged 87, Has Beaten All Records for Canvassers in Her Section of State.

Middletown, N. Y.—Although in her eighty-seventh year, Miss Serepta Pratt, who lives near Walton, has taken a position as saleswoman for a large Philadelphia house, and is canvassing for the sale of shears. Miss Pratt commenced work on her last birthday and disposed of five pairs within the first hour, taking orders in nearly every house at which she called. One hundred pairs have thus far been disposed of by the aged lady, and only a very small portion of the territory assigned to her has been covered.

Miss Pratt is in excellent health and covers much of the country on foot, being convinced that her health is improved by walking. The record made by the aged "drummer" surpasses that of any other canvasser who has worked in that territory for any line of goods, and her friends are astonished that she has been able to accomplish so much. Having been employed for years as a tallorress, Miss Pratt understands all about shears, and, being a ready conversationalist, is able to explain the good quality of her goods in such a manner that many women are persuaded to buy when they really are not in need of them.

Miss Pratt is believed to be the oldest canvasser employed by any firm in the United States, and her present physical and mental condition give promise that she will reach the one-hundredth milestone in life's journey.

TO REMOVE WRINKLES.

No Woman Wants Crow's Feet and Forehead Wrinkles—How to Send Them Away.

Tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes—the forerunners of crow's feet—may be taken out by the massage ball, writes Mme. Hebe in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Open the eye full and wide and give the ball a motion which will tend to spread the flesh at the corners, working it about lightly and dexterously. The ball may also be carried across the upper edge of the cheek bone so that gentle pressure will be exerted beneath the eye.

To prevent premature wrinkling of the forehead the little ball is passed deftly back and forth from one temple to the other, with a circular motion. The friction caused by the knobs stimulates the circulation of the blood and maintains the healthy condition of the cuticle where it is most likely to show the first signs of advancing years.

Additional plumpness may be imparted to the cheeks by giving the ball an upward and outward move-



USE MASSAGE BALL.

ment, at the same time continuing the circular movement with the palm of the hand. Apply pressure gently so that the ball does not sink too far into the hollow of the cheek. Let the tendency rather be to push the cheek gently out and up from the corner of the mouth to a point near the corner of the eye.

For treatment of the neck roll the ball upward from the collar bone along the lines of the two large muscles that join in the hollow of the throat. Continued massage will eliminate wrinkles if there be any, and will render neck and throat firm and well rounded.

For a pretty chin the ball should be used regularly morning and night. Bend the head slightly back and manipulate the ball with a rotary motion from under the point of the chin to the tip of the ear. This treatment will be found effectual in reducing a double chin and will go a long way toward preventing flabbiness by developing the muscles and giving them firmness.

For Chapped Hands.

To cure chapped hands always carefully dry the hands after washing, never allow the moisture to evaporate; this is a cause of the trouble. Before going to bed rub hands well with boracic ointment, vaseline, cold cream or glycerin. Those who cannot afford medicaments will find a bit of mutton fat (uncooked) very effective. Draw on an old pair of gloves after anointing.

Murderous Ceremony.

When a Neapolitan wishes to effect the death of an enemy he takes some object, often a lemon, which he uses to represent the heart of his victim, and he pierces it with nails or pins, which he fastens securely with twine. With appropriate incantations this fictitious heart is roasted over a slow fire, and is placed as near to the intended victim as circumstances allow.

Sent Forth to Die.

It was at the Port Arthur siege during the assault on the celebrated 103-meter hill which cost the Japanese so many men. Before sending forth to certain death a regiment held until then in reserve Gen. Nogi, addressing the colonel, said: "Your regiment is the first in all this world!" "General," replied the officer, gravely, "it will be the first in the other!"

Cleansing Cream.

Almond oil 4 ounces
White wax 2 1/2 ounces
Orange flower water 4 ounces
Melt the wax in a double boiler, add the oil slowly. When all are heated, remove from the fire, stir until partly cool and then beat in the orange flower water. Beat until cold.

Pie Capital.

A lumber firm in Maine has shipped 2,000,000 fiber pie plates to a pie baker in Providence. This seems to settle the question as to what city may be regarded as the capital of the Pie Belt.



Equally Ignorant.

"Adam," said Eve, after the rabbit had been named, "why does he wobble his lose?"

"How do you suppose I know?" answered Adam, with some irritation. "The New York papers have been trying for years to find out, and not one of them has evolved a satisfactory theory, even yet."

He condescended, however, to explain that the reason why the animal's tail was so short was that all the spare material had been used in making its ears.—Chicago Tribune.

His Package.

"Every pay day my husband brings home a package and makes me guess its contents."

"Are you a good guesser?"
"Sure; it's candy or flowers or gloves or something like that every time. Does your husband ever bring home a package?"

"Yes; he brings a package every day, too; but I don't have to guess what it is. I smell it on his breath."—Houston Post.

A Question Answered.

Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?"

Voice (from a dyspeptic looking auditor)—Because we are fools.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Ring for Him.

"Do you wish to have the ring service?" asked the minister.

"Great heavens, no," replied the rising young politician. "If the papers found out about it they'd never let up on me. The ring's all right when it comes to gettin' votes, but me and the girl are goin' to transact this business without any help."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Equator on a Tear.

They were holding mid-year examinations in one of the public schools. The subject was geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?"

"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth."—Judge.

The Wary World.

"Don't you care to be known as a raconteur?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is getting so nowadays that whenever you tell a now a funny story he thinks you are trying to get into his good graces for the purpose of making some kind of a financial play."—Washington Star.

Ruined.

Aye, one time I was very rich; I kept a racing stable; The finest silver and cut glass Adorned my rosewood table; I had a large palatial yacht With steam up at her dock; It was my wife who ruined me. She called: "It's six o'clock."—Houston Post.

HE UNDERSTOOD.



Old Tar—Well, when we got the old ship on the starboard tack she fell off a couple o' points an' acted awful unsteady.

Lemuel—I know! When pa steps on a tack he acts that way, too!—Chicago Daily News.

Then She Grabbed Him.

The Lover—Charlie told me that he proposed to you last night.

The Beloved—Why, the awful fibber. He didn't do any such thing. Are you sure he said it was me?

The Lover—Well, he said he was going to propose to the prettiest girl in town.—Cleveland Leader.

Terrible Threat.

City Sutor—Was your father alarmed when you told him I would jump down the well if you refused me?

Rural Maid—I should say so. He said your cigarettes would pizen the water so it wouldn't be fit to drink for six months after.—Chicago Daily News.

Knew Herself.

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink-and-white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes and hair such as a goddess might envy.

Servant—Really, sir, I don't know—Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.—N. Y. Weekly.

Calculating Man.

"I don't like young Dr. Opatres," remarks the timid young thing.

"No? And why?"

"The other evening he called, and by and by squeezed my hand and said something sentimental, and just as I was trying to look demure and to blush I discovered that he had his finger on my pulse to see whether or not I was really affected by his attentions."—Judge.

Her Lips? Of Course.

To kiss a lady's hand is chivalrous and full of grace; Yet such a kiss, I'm positive, Is rather out of place.—Judge.

NO SECOND-HAND CONSENT.



Hettie—What did Harold say when you referred him to your mother?

Agatha—He said it wasn't my mother he wished to marry!—Jester.

Human Nature.

Last winter when eggs cost so much We could not do without 'em; But, now they're plentiful and cheap, We do not care about 'em.—Houston Post.

Theory and Practice.

Mistress—Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up? What have you been doing?

Servant—Sure, mum, the young ladies has just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking school.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Sensitive Point.

"John, have you got everything?" tenderly inquired the billionaire's wife, as he started off on a journey.

The billionaire burst into tears. "There you go!" he exclaimed; "always saying things to give me pain. You know very well that, in spite of all my efforts, I haven't yet succeeded in getting everything."—Tit-Bits.

Disagreeable Harking Back.

"Here, Tommy, didn't you promise never to be bad again if I took you to the circus?"

"Oh, well, why not let bygones be bygones? I heard you tellin' ma last night that it made you tired to have her always bringin' up what you promised before you got married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

That's the Answer.

"How are you?"

"Feel like an empty gun."

"Huh"

"Boss fired me."

"Praps he 'didn't know you were loaded."

"That's the trouble—he did."—Cleveland Leader.

A Fine Yell.

"That college yell Gladys Timeed wrote is fine; I wonder where she got the inspiration for it?"

"She was making fudge one night, and when she reached into the paper bag for the chocolate there was a mouse there."—Houston Post.

A Sense of Humor.

"Do you think women have a sense of humor?"

"Certainly," answered Miss Cayenne.

"But we have to suppress it. No man would like to know how ridiculous he is when he is proposing to a girl!"—Washington Star.

A Clear Case of Bulldozing.

Judge—If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during the engagement, why did you marry her?

Abused Husband (meekly)—I didn't marry her. She married me.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cold Storage Meat In Summer.

Government reports say "Beef that is kept directly upon or next to ice, in warm weather is unhealthy as well as unpalatable," also that "meat killed one day and used the next is not suitable food in such weather."

We have installed one of the best "Cold Storage Rooms" upon the market to enable us to furnish our customers meat free from the above objections.

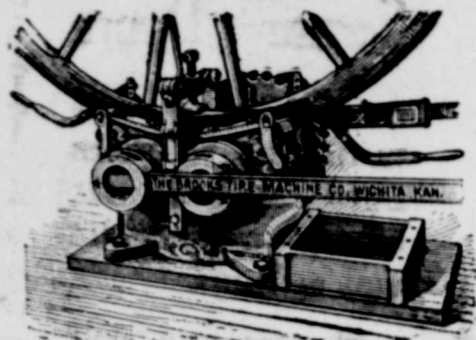
A ton of ice can be put in the top at once. Every part of the room is air tight, but it is so constructed that a continuous circulation of cold, dry air is obtained.

With this Cold Storage Room we can assure our trade Swift's "Government Inspected Beef," properly cooked, and free from taint or sourness.

You can't afford to use any other kind, any more than we can afford to sell it.

The Artesia Market Co. Phone 8.

Jack T. Johns



For quick and neat work in Buggy Wagon and Plow repairing.

Tires set cold for 50 cents each.

We have \$500 worth of black hickory and white oak timber for buggy and wagon repairing.

come and give us a call.

ARTESIA TRANSFER LINE.

LEE TURKNETT, Prop.

All kinds of drayage work and hauling. Baggage transferred.

Careful attention given to all work. Phone No. 4.

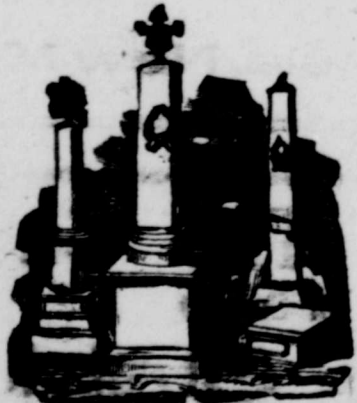
S. P. BAUGHMAN,

Veterinary Surgeon.

Office at Club Stable

Residence 1-2 mile N. E. of depot.

Your patronage solicited.



For Foreign and American Marble and Granite Monuments, Headstones, Tablets and Iron Fencing, see

J. C. BAIRD, Agent.

Office Artesia Bank Building, Room No. 7.

For Sale.

Several hundred weeping willows and mountain cottonwoods from the Buck Ranch. All sizes. See E. M. Ross.

Water will be turned into the canal below Black river in about two weeks, the work at that point being about completed. The canal has been lined with cement for about three quarters of a mile on the south side of Black river, thus saving the water which heretofore found its way back into the river after having been diverted into the canal. This is the first work being done by the government reclamation service to be completed, and farmers living in the Black river district are greatly rejoiced thereat.—Carlsbad Argus.

Girl wanted for general housework. Will pay any reasonable wages. C. S. Hoffman.

Geo. Batton pays a liberal price for second hand goods and sells for small profits.

For second hand goods see Geo. Batton between Mansion Hotel and Bakery shop.

Wall Paper at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Rev. H. W. Ruffner, rector of the Episcopal church of Silver City, spent Tuesday in looking over the Artesia country. He was on his return from the convocation at Carlsbad.

W. H. Merchant, candidate for treasurer, spent several days this week in Artesia looking after his campaign interests.

Window glass at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

For Sale—Nice four-room house, close in. Apply to L. W. Martin.

129 acre desert land entry, near Artesia, for sale, or will trade for wagon and team. L. W. Martin.

J. D. Nell, of Hagerman, came down Tuesday in the interest of his land company.

Let Lee Turknott do your drayage work. He has the best teams in the business and is not reckless in handling goods.

D. N. Croft, the Roswell music man, made a flying trip to Artesia Tuesday.

Geo. Newton, Real Estate Agent and Surveyor. Office at Artesia Feed & Fuel Co.

For Rent

THE GIBSON HOTEL, ARTESIA, N. M.

Leading Hotel of the City and has all the patronage it can accommodate.

Present renter's lease expires June 9th. Parties desiring to lease, address,

E. C. HIGGINS, Artesia, N. M.

Jack Porter was circulating among old friends in Roswell Tuesday.

E. F. Hardwick made his regular Sunday visit to Roswell returning Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lou Richey returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, of Roswell, Tuesday, accompanied by her daughter and two little grand children.

Mrs. Joe Spray left Wednesday for a month's visit in and around Wichita.

Eastman Kodaks and supplies at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

For sale cheap—2 1/2 acres land in young orchard with small incompleting house, four blocks from Main street, or would sell house and one-half acre. Apply to C. E. Kouwenhoven care of Dr. J. Dale Graham, phone 70.

Wanted.

Mules or horses in exchange for 320 acres desert land, four miles from Artesia, \$6 improvement on land, good location. See me at once. J. A. Clifton, Artesia, N. M.

Methodist Church South.

We are sorry to announce that Bro. Holmes will not be able to exchange pulpits with us this Sunday as previously announced.

We want the people of Artesia to come and see our Sunday School. It is very fine and growing every Sunday. There will be preaching at the usual hours. Subject for the morning sermon: "The glory that will be revealed in a christian." At 7:30 p. m. "What is man?" All invited.

J. H. Messer, Pastor.

Dressmaking.

Having located in Artesia, I am prepared to do dressmaking of all kinds. Satisfaction guaranteed and prices reasonable. Lessons given in Drawn Work, Battenburg, Point Lace and embroidery, or will do such work for persons desiring same at very low prices. Mrs. S. G. Pomeroy, Richardson Ave., 1st door west of cobblesone house.

Notice For Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 1569. Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, April 10, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on May 23, 1906, viz:

Leader S. Wright, of Hope, New Mexico, or the W1-2 NE1-4 and E1-2 NW1-4 Sec. 10, T. 17 S., R. 21 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Joseph H. Clements, of Roswell, N. M., Daniel Davis of Hope, N. M., Joseph T. Fanning of Hope, N. M., Seibay Cox of Lower Penasco, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)

United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, April 10, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Elida W. Gesler, assignee of Ruben E. Baughman, assignee of Michael J. Buras, of Artesia, Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of his intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1034, for the W1-2 NE1-4 of Section 9, T. 18 S., R. 26 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Friday, the 25th day of May, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

G. T. Gibson of Artesia, N. M., Ernest Nelson of Artesia, N. M., Le Roy Sperry of Artesia, N. M., Henry F. Shepherd, Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, April 10, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Elida W. Gesler, assignee of Ruben E. Baughman, assignee of Michael J. Buras, of Artesia, Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1118, for the E1-2 SW1-4 of Section 4, T. 18 S., R. 26 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Friday, the 25th day of May, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

G. T. Gibson of Artesia, N. M., Ernest Nelson of Artesia, N. M., Le Roy Sperry of Artesia, N. M., Henry F. Shepherd of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, March 20, 1906.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Orville I. Calloway, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 5285, made April 4, 1905, for the NW 1-4 of section 30 Township 16 S., Range 25 E., by John C. Mann Contestee, in which it is alleged that said John C. Mann has wholly abandoned said tract and has not resided upon and cultivated same for more than six months last past; and that said alleged absence from said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegations at 2 o'clock p. m. on May 20th, 1906, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, N. M.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 29, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered that directed that a copy of this notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register. David L. Geyer, Receiver.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 2992. Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, April 24, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on June 6, 1906, viz: Sidney W. Hale, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the SE 1-4 of section 15, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Elisha L. Robertson, of Artesia, N. M., John S. Major, of Artesia, N. M., William Hale, of Artesia, N. M., Harry Crouch, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice For Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)

United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, April 24, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Martin M. Fulkerson, assignee of Earl A. Circle of Alva, Woods county, Oklahoma, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1378, for the NE 1-2 of Sec. 19, T. 16 S., R. 26 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Thursday, the 7th day of June 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:

William C. McBride, of Artesia, N. M., Samuel A. Butler, of Artesia, N. M., Albert M. Powell, of Artesia, N. M., John T. Patrick, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.



Solid Oak only \$4.00.

Prepare For Warm Weather

By buying your refrigerator now. Full line of Refrigerators Ice Cream Freezers. All sizes and prices.

ULLERY FURNITURE CO.

THE BANK OF ARTESIA,

CAPITAL STOCK \$30,000.00

DIRECTORS:

J. C. Gage, E. N. Heath, J. K. Walling, A. V. Logan, Jno. B. Enfield, A. L. Norfleet, A. H. Bromelsick.

OFFICERS:

J. C. Gage, President, A. V. Logan, V-President. A. L. Norfleet, Casier, Jno. B. Enfield, Asst. Cashier.

We appreciate the patronage extended to this bank and assure the customers that all interests committed to its care will be faithfully looked after.

THE PANHANDLE

Do you know where The Panhandle of Texas is?



Do you know of the many advantages the Panhandle holds out to Homeseekers: If you don't know and want to know about the Panhandle write me for descriptive literature. The Southern Kansas Ry Co. of Texas and the Pecos Valley lines traverse the Panhandle of Texas. Reduced rates to homeseekers.

D. L. Meyers,

Traffic Mgr., P. V. Lines, and South Kans Ry Co., of Tex. Amarillo, Texas.

JOHN RICHEY & SONS. REAL ESTATE.

Write for Information Concerning THE PECOS VALLEY AND ARTESIA COUNTRY. 10 years experience farming and improving lands in the Valley.

Don't You Know

That we clean and repair slot machines, typewriters, adding machines, cash registers, gasoline stoves engines, etc. A work guaranteed.

ARTESIA MACHINE SHOP.

EDDY COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY.

(INCORPORATED)

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

Complete Abstracts of all Lands in Eddy County.

WRITE US

F. G. TRACY, President.

C. H. McLENATHEN, Sec'y

The Artesia Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GARY TALBOT, Proprietor.

This paper has been entered in the postoffice at Artesia, New Mexico, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

TIME TABLE P. V. & N. E. & R.

ARRIVES ARTESIA.
Northbound, daily, 9:25 a. m.
Southbound, daily, 6:45 p. m.
POSTOFFICE HOURS.
8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m., except Sunday
Sunday hours, 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.

Announcements.

TAX ASSESSOR.

John O. McKeen, ex-tax assessor of Eddy county, is hereby announced as a candidate for re-election to that office, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Friends of Hubert S. Logan authorize us to announce his name as a candidate for tax assessor of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. L. Emerson is hereby announced as candidate for re-election to the office of tax assessor of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

TREASURER AND COLLECTOR.

W. J. Barber, is hereby announced as a candidate for Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of Eddy County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Wm. H. Merchant for the office of Collector and Treasurer of Eddy County, subject to the action of the Democratic party, at the coming primary election.

SHERIFF.

J. D. Christopher is hereby announced as a candidate for sheriff of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

To the Voters of Eddy County.
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Eddy county N. M., subject to action of Democratic party.

COMMISSIONER.

George F. C. Cleveland, of Artesia, is hereby announced as a candidate for commissioner of the county of Eddy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Allen C. Heard is hereby announced as a candidate for County Commissioner of precinct No. 1. Subject to Democratic primary.

Sam B. Smith is hereby announced as a candidate for County Commissioner of precinct No. 7. Subject to Democratic primary.

SUPERINTENDENT.

We are authorized to announce M. P. KERR as a candidate for re-election to the office of School Superintendent of Eddy county, subject to action of Democratic primary.

PROBATE CLERK.

W. R. Owen is hereby announced as a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Clerk and ex-officio Recorder of Eddy county, subject to the Democratic primary may 19.

W. L. Bobo is hereby announced as a candidate for Probate clerk and ex-officio recorder of Eddy county, subject to Democratic primary.

SURVEYOR.

Announcement is hereby announced as a candidate for Surveyor of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held May 19.

This is the "day 'n' pot" which the Democrats of Eddy county cast their ballots for the selection of county officers. There are a number of candidates for the different offices. Some are good—some are better. It is every man's duty to come to the polls and cast his ballot for those whom he believes will administer county affairs in the most business-like and economical manner, regardless of personal friendships in the matter. No matter how well you may like a man personally, if you think he is corrupt and unsafe as an official, vote against him. Public office should not be a private snap nor a branch of the pension department. If you happen to consider yourself a good, clean citizen, who is in favor of law and order and Christianity, it will look rather inconsistent in you to vote for any man who you believe is in favor of saloons and gambling and everything that tears down society. Every voter should make it his business to find out these things and cast his vote accordingly.

The professional card of Watson E. Coleman, a very successful Land Attorney at Washington, D. O., appears in this issue, and will greet the readers of this paper for a year. Mr. Coleman has had a long and extensive experience in the land practice in contest cases before the Commissioner of the General Office, and before the Secretary of the Interior. He is known to some of our citizens, having been the attorney at Washington for Mrs. Nora B. Clayton in the matter of the contest of Joe Davis against her Desert Land Entry. The decision of the Commissioner, which was in favor of Mrs. Clayton, was published in full in the Advocate May 5th. Mr. Coleman was also the Washington attorney for Mr. B. F. McCormick in the contest case of Nancy E. Pettit against his Desert Land Entry, in which case the Secretary of the Interior on April 30th rendered a decision upholding the entry of Mr. McCormick. He was also attorney for Sallie L. Robert in the contest of James R. Cullwell against Eliza J. Glover, and Sallie L. Robert, assignee of Mrs. Glover, and in which case the Commissioner of the General Land Office rendered a decision upholding the entry in favor of Mrs. Robert. Mr. Coleman assures us that all business placed in his hands will receive prompt and proper attention.

Wanted—To rent an incubator, or would buy if cheap enough. Apply at this office.

The Same Old Story.

E. P. McCormick took a lot of witnesses up to Roswell Tuesday to defend himself against a contest suit that had been brought by one Wm. E. Friend, of Roswell, and as was anticipated, had his trouble and expense for nothing. When the case was called before the register and receiver, Friend, through his attorney, D. D. Temple, moved to have the case dismissed, admitting that he had no evidence upon which to prosecute. This is the second time that the same parties have gone through the same conduct. Some months ago, Friend contested the land in question and when the case came to trial asked to dismiss it. It is to be hoped that some land office ruling can be obtained that will compel a contestant to deposit a reasonable sum of money as an evidence of good faith when he files a contest. This would insure the local land office against needless time and trouble and at the same time help pay the expense of the innocent landholder. The clerks and bar-keepers around Roswell who allow their names to be used as tools by the professional contesters would not be able nine times of ten, to dig up the coin and consequently a lot of devilment would be avoided. As it is, any cheap skate, without either character, conscience or coin can put a good citizen to much trouble and endless expense, and in the event the defendant does not see fit to be blackmailed into paying a ransom—can fail to show up the day of trial and there is no penalty attached. Pecos Valley farmers are firmly of the opinion that some swift and sure punishment should be dealt out to the highway man who seeks to steal his neighbor's land by contest.

A Mistake, Purely.

The Artesia Advocate, in its last issue, reprinted from the Carlsbad Current, a warm endorsement of J. D. Christopher as a candidate for sheriff of Eddy county. The Advocate, however, in its act of reprinting the eulogy, juggled with the names of the Carlsbad papers, and credited the endorsement as being the expression of THE ARGUS. This may have only been an error, or it may have been done with intention. Editor Talbot is a political war-horse of great acumen, and he may have had a vision that a republican endorsement would hurt his favorite candidate. But however that may be, THE ARGUS wants to go on record now, and clearly. It is not endorsing either of the two candidates for sheriff.

The editor of the Advocate did not know any mistake had been made until the above clipping from the Argus, called his attention to the matter. Talbot's political "acumen" has never prompted him to go outside of his own party to get clearance papers for its candidates. The fact that Christopher is a good clean Democrat is sufficient within itself to recommend him to the suffrage of the people of Eddy county and we hasten to remove the taint of suspicion from his name by saying that he is not endorsed by the republican party of Eddy county. At least, the Argus says he is not and of course, that settles it.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since. It cures hemorrhages, chronic coughs settled colds and bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co., druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Attention Mule Raisers.

Gray Eagle, the large mammoth black warrior jack is now standing at the Club stable, Artesia, N. M. It will pay you to see him.

J. B. Creath, Owner.

Call on Geo. Batton to buy or sell second hand goods.

DIRECTORS { A. A. FREEMAN, President,
L. O. FULLEN, Treasurer
CHAS. L. PIERCE, Secretary
J. O. CAMERON.

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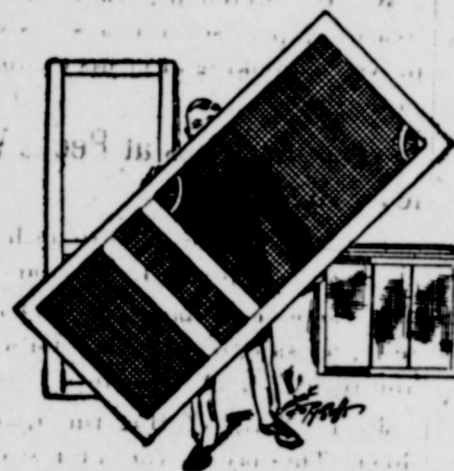
of title to any real estate in Eddy county furnished on short notice at reasonable prices

Abstracts Fvnrished

by this company can be used as evidence of title in all New Mexico courts.

Screen Yourself

against the attacks of obnoxious insects. Shut out the germ-carrying housefly and malarial mosquito. Put up



Screen Doors

now. Don't wait until the buzzers have staked out claims on the walls and ceilings.

We carry a full line of plain and fancy doors.

Kemp Lumber Co.

For Sale.

320 acres desert claim 2 miles South-west of Dayton extra fine. Nearly two years work done, Price \$25.00 per acre.

Also 120 acres of patented land 2 miles south of Dayton on R. R. \$15.00 per acre. These two ought to go quick. Write or telegraph,

C. J. MOORE, Charleston, Mo.

VENTURE CLEVELAND.

Cleveland Bay horse, 4 years old, 16 1/2 hands high, weight 1350 poundp, will make the season at the Club Stables. Terms of service reasonable. Public generally invited to come and see the horse

H. L. MUNCY, Artesia, New Mex.

The Best In The City.

That is the Kind of Service

The Club Stable

Gives its patrons. We keep none but Strong, Spirited Horses and the best Vehicles that can be procured. Are constantly adding to our equipment, and our constant effort is to please the public. We will appreciate your patronage and guarantee to give you the best of service to be had in Artesia.

No "brunks" or balky horses are offered the public under any circumstances. Give us a call.

CHRISTOPHER & PRICE, Props.

FOURTH STREET.

'PHONE 71.

Trade at our Store

A store you know, a store all the community knows, a store that shows you the greatest assortment, a store that is famous for dependable qualities, a store that always quotes you the lowest possible prices, a store that means to do the fair and square thing at all times and under all circumstances. We ask you in to see the newest and best Buggies that money will buy, nobody can show you any more.

Porter & Beckham

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Oh, the summer days back yonder,
And the white clouds in the blue, dear;
Oh, the days I used to wander
Off across the world with you, dear;
Where the grasses were a-growing
And wild flowers were a-blowing
And the cattle were a-lowing,
And the world was made for two, dear.

Oh, the days we spent a-roaming
From the roseate break of day, dear,
Till the shadows of the gloaming
Led us down the homeward way, dear;
And the birds were homeward flying
And the wind was softly sighing
And the day was dying, dying;
Oh, the things we used to say, dear.

Oh, the looks we gave each other
When no other one was by, dear;
Never sister, never brother,
Near enough to question why, dear;
And the summer sun was sinking
And night's first stars were blinking;
The home-going and the drinking,
And your mother's homemade pie, dear.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE RENUNCIATION

By MARTHA HENDERSON GRAY

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles)

Rev. Philip Ware looked thoughtfully around the sitting-room of the tiny flat. It was very homelike; there were evidences of a woman's fingers in every little nook, and over all was the soft rose light from the lamp.

She had come into his parish six months before, and he had made his first call upon her in his capacity of minister. He had called many times—very many times, but these were not altogether in the capacity of minister.

This was noted by his devoted parish, and on this account the newcomer was promptly disliked by several. There was one girl who disliked her particularly; a tall dark girl, with beautiful hair, and the face of a saint. Besides, the report had been spread abroad, started by some one who "knew her before she came to M—," that she was separated from her husband.

Rev. Philip Ware thought of all this as he waited.

It would be very simple, he reasoned. He would not stay long, they would have a pleasant, friendly chat at first, and then as he was going, he would tell her. She would understand; she was a woman of the world, and would know what he meant without his telling it all.

Then feeling that he was not alone, he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. She was looking at him with a peculiar intense expression in her eyes, and he caught the look before she had time to veil it behind her usual laughing manner.

At that look Rev. Philip Ware lost his wonderful self-control. Springing to his feet, he strode determinedly to the door and clasped the soft, womanly figure in his arms. She quivered a little and then was very still. Silently he laid her head against his shoulder and laid his lips upon hers. Somehow he had forgotten about the friendly chat and the little message just before he went.

Suddenly the sound of a bell in the next flat brought them to consciousness. It was the woman who started back.

"Let me go, Philip," she said, quickly and firmly; "let me go."

But he made no motion except to clasp her more closely. There was a dogged look in his eyes which she did not like to see.

"Philip," she pleaded, and there was a ring almost of desperation in her voice, "for God's sake let me go."

At that name—the name of the King whose ambassador he was—some consciousness of what he was doing came to Rev. Philip Ware, and for God's sake—for His only—he let her go.

"Listen to me, Marian," he cried. "My love for you is stronger than anything else, and—you must love me, you shall."

Rev. Philip Ware's voice rang out as firmly and powerfully as was its wont when he read, "Thou shalt not," in the Commandments. Perhaps the woman thought of this, for she shivered slightly.

"You know that to me," he went on, more quietly, "death alone has the power to separate those who have been joined together; but since in your eyes divorce is lawful, I will wait until you are freed. So now there can be nothing to keep us apart unless you say that you do not love me; but you do—is it not so, sweet?"

He bent nearer slowly, as if afraid of frightening her, but as he touched her hair she started back and, snatching away her hands, moved quickly to the other side of the room. Slowly she turned and faced him, and when she spoke her voice was calm and natural.

"I think you must surely be forgetting yourself. I did not know that I had ever given you cause to think that I loved you—until, perhaps, just now; but that was because—because you surprised me so that I did not re-

alize what you were saying and doing."

Had she thought of it she would have been amused at herself for faltering—she to whom this was an old story.

But as she glanced at him there was something in his eyes that she could not bear to see—those eyes from whose depths she would have kept away the shadow of pain with her very life. She only knew that she loved him better than anything in the heavens above or the waters under the earth—the phrase came to her unbidden—and that she had given him his death-blow. Why could she not go to him as he sat there, with his head buried in his hands, and tell him this—tell him that she would do what he asked, would go with him anywhere?

If she alone were to be considered, she would do it; but he must be kept safe; his honor must never be blemished, nor his career as a priest of God be spoiled. So this woman, of whom the world spoke so slightly, nerved herself to begin the struggle against him and her other self.

"I have always been called heartless," she said in an unemotional tone, "and I must be if I have made you believe that I love you, for I do not; I never have; I never can."

The last was uttered with difficulty, for he had lifted his eyes to her face, and she saw that they were haggard and drawn, even in the soft lamp-light.

"Marian," he said, "must you take all? I have given you my love, my honor; must you take my faith, too? For if you have deceived me there is no one whom I can ever trust. Pity me, Marian! have mercy! tell me that you did not deceive me, that you do love me—only that, dearest; only that. A man can live without love or hope; he can even die without them; but



"GOOD NIGHT."

he can neither live nor die without faith."

Slowly she gathered her scattered senses and looked up at him.

"You are right, Philip," she said softly. "I—I thought I was doing it the best way, but I didn't know, for I'm—I'm not good, you know. It is not because I do not wish to—to do as you want me to do, but because I will not, and I will not because I love you, dear."

"Oh, Philip, my darling, my life, I love you so—more than anyone else could ever love you. Yet you will marry her—the girl who hates me so, the girl who has always been good. How long would she love you if she knew of this, do you think? She loves you only because you are noble and reverent and good, while I—her voice was harsh with pain—"Oh, Philip, I would love you in heaven or earth of hell."

The man could bear no more. He caught her hands and pressed the palms passionately to his lips. His very touch seemed to soothe her, for she drew them gently away, and when she spoke her voice was low and sweet.

"I have never loved anyone, you know, dear, so perhaps that is what makes it so hard. I married because I had no home and he was good to me. Since then I have not cared whether men loved me or not. They were rather amusing, and I was not good enough for the women to care for me," she added bitterly. "But when you came into my life I knew then what it would have been to have the love of a good man." She paused and looked at him longingly. "Philip," she said, pleadingly, yet with a note of shyness in her tone, "may I run my fingers through your hair? You must be very, very quiet and not touch me."

The man looked at her with mute eyes that reminded her somehow of the eyes of a dog.

"I have always wanted to do this," she said. "You have such pretty hair, so thick, and black, and wavy. I believe that I love it best of all, but then I love all of you best."

She paused a moment and looked at him critically.

"If you were less good, Philip—if you had made no struggle against it—perhaps I would have heard you, for I love you so. Now I will go back to him, the one who the law says is my husband, and you will marry the beautiful girl who does not know what wickedness means. I could never sat-

isfy all of you, for I am not good enough." Her lip quivered a little. "Philip," she cried, "why did God forget to put a soul in me when I was made? Perhaps he did give me one, but there was no one to help it to grow. Do you think?" she asked suddenly, "that she would have loved you enough to give you up?"

But just then the clock chimed the hour. There were many strokes, and each one seemed to beat upon their consciousness the fact that now they must part.

"You must go, Philip," she said gently. The man rose.

"This is the end?" he asked in a hard, dry tone.

"This is the end," she repeated softly, and held out her hand.

He drew a quick breath and looked at her hand reproachfully.

"Not that way; surely, not that way, dear? May I not at least tell you good-by as I want?"

She wavered an instant, but looked up into his face with a brave smile.

"No; it would do no good and only make it harder for both of us. I know a better way—the way your mother would tell you good-by. Lean down a minute, Philip."

She slipped her arms around his neck and rested her soft lips for an instant on his forehead.

"Good-by, my life," she whispered, so low that he scarcely heard it. "Keep good always."

He took her hands and reverently lifted them to his lips, kissing them in the pretty pink palms.

"Just one thing, Philip," she said, wistfully. "Do you think that I have harmed you much? I would hate to harm the only one I have ever loved, you know," she added with a pathetic little break in her voice.

Strong man as he was, this was too much for him. Tears choked his voice so that he could not answer, but he shook his head.

"Good-night," she whispered, and watched him as he slowly descended the stairs without ever turning back. Then she mechanically went to her own apartment. The pretty rose-colored lamp went out and left her in merciful darkness.

TAKEN 200 MILES ON SLED

Body of Dead Scotchman Is Pulled by Hand Long Distance—Party in Great Danger.

Ottawa, Can.—George Ross McKay, a native of New Glasgow died in the wilds of northern Quebec while employed as a member of a national transcontinental survey party. Grand Lake Victoria is 200 miles from a railway. It was here that Mr. McKay had been at work as axman for the last six months.

Becoming seriously ill in the early part of February, he desired to return to Ottawa, and in company with his 20-year-old son, William McKay, two Indians and several other men, he set out on the trip.

A hand sleigh was the sole means of conveyance. So weak was Mr. McKay's condition, however, that only 12 miles of the way had been traversed when he died on February 6. The party then placed his remains on the hand sleigh and for 65 miles pulled this conveyance along.

After that teams were occasionally met with, and though these helped somewhat in the rest of the journey to war civilization, it was only on February 16 that the railway line was reached at Mackie's Station, on the Canadian Pacific railway line, where a coffin was secured for the remains and the body was then brought to Ottawa.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we're right in style, A-sittin' in our auto-mo-bile.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill, A-ridin' in our auto-mo-bill.

Ma, she says we ought to feel Grateful for our auto-mo-beel.

Pa says there ain't no other man Kin run an auto like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far 'Bout our lovely touring car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin' 'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, oh, it sounds so grand and noble When Sister Sue says automobile.

—Puck.

Siamese Betrothal.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become engaged to a girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth; and thereupon, provided there is no impediment, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide a considerable sum. In Cylabria, as in many parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

How to Make and Spin Your Own Top

With nice weather outdoors, all the boys will want to play "tops;" so here is something about them that will be sure to interest you, and at the same time help you to make one for yourself, as the boys in France often do. Of course, you will learn by yourself to spin the ordinary top, but, strange as it may seem, this is done in a somewhat different manner by English and American boys. In England the boys hold the top as in illustration 1; in this country it is held as in figure 2. But the result is the same when the top is thrown to the ground.

For a whip-top, an eel-skin makes the best whip, as it is soft and clings to the top, making it spin better.

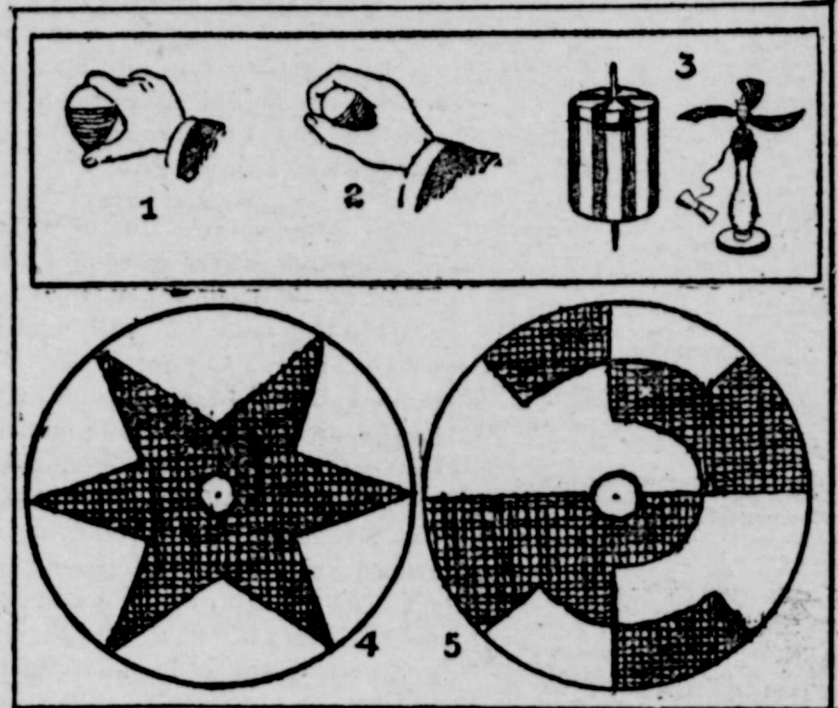
Spring-tops have almost passed out of vogue; they have a cap or handle at the upper end, which is held in the hand while the top is turned round and round. This winds up a spring in the handle, and when the top is placed on the ground the spring sets it to

spin, giving a still different variety to the designs. Another way is to make a disk with rows of little holes in it, the central hole being large enough, of course, to slip over the handle. As the top spins, touch the disk and it will gyrate, and the holes will look like delicate lace patterns, changing with every touch.

On another disk with holes in it, like the above, glue a few bright steel buttons, and the effect will be still prettier.

You will have more pleasure out of this home-made top than out of a dozen bought ones, for with a little ingenuity in making the disks you can have a dozen tops in one.

A flying top described by the Chicago Inter Ocean is made by shaping a stick of wood something like that in the illustration. Three vanes, with oblique surfaces, are fastened to it and the string is wound around the stick. It is then put in an improvised stand in which it can move freely, and one end of the string is passed through a hole in the side of the stand. When the string is pulled the wooden stick revolves, causing the vanes to turn also, and when they are turning at sufficient speed the top rises high in the air, as the vanes act on the air just like propeller of a ship on the water.



Figs. 1 and 2 Show English and American Methods of Holding Top in Spinning. Fig. 3 Shows Home-Made Humming Top Completed, and the Flying Top. Figs. 4 and 5 Are Colored Disks for Use on Humming Top.

spinning, and then the cap is removed. As they get out of order easily, it is natural that they should not be much used.

Humming tops are made hollow, with a hole in one side. As the top spins the air rushing past this open space makes the air within the top vibrate, causing a humming sound. It is one of these that you can make very easily.

Get an ordinary cylindrical tin box—a baking powder or spice box will do—and make a hole exactly in the middle of the lid and of the bottom. Now push a lead pencil through both holes, letting it project about half an inch below the bottom. The harder the lead in the pencil the better, and the point should be graduated a long way up the wood part of the pencil, as shown in figure 3.

Now lift the lid of the box slightly, and with a pair of scissors cut a slip of tin out of the box about two inches long and one-eighth of an inch wide. Replace the lid and the top is complete. The lid must fit tightly; if it does not, glue it.

To spin the top, you make a handle out of a small lath three or four inches long, with a hole in one end large enough to admit the pencil freely. Wind the string around the part of

THE SEVEN BIBLES.

Their Names and What They Are—Nearly All of Them Based on the Scriptures.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri-Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Edas of the Scandinavians, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent of these, dating about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas.

The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain certain sublime morals and pure aspirations, and their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word king meaning web of cloth. They contain the best sayings of the best sages on the duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced back farther than eleven hundred years before Christ.

The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and they are believed not to date beyond 1,100 years before Christ. The Zendavesta of the Persians is the greatest of the sacred books next to our Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ. Moses lived and wrote

the Pentateuch 1,500 years before Christ, therefore that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than other sacred writings.

The Stalwart American.

The men of this country have a perfect right to be called "stalwart," if stature can give it to them. The average stature of an American is five feet 10½ inches; of an Englishman, five feet nine inches; and of a Frenchman, five feet, four inches. The difference is due partly to climate, and partly to habits of life.

IN GEOGRAPHY.



Teacher—Willie, what is a peninsula? Willie—It's a narrow strip of land that butts into a body of water.—Detroit Free Press.

Auto Fedon Self Feeding Hay Press.

Satisfaction guaranteed.



The only absolutely two horse power self-feed press on the market. Has a record of baling 3 tons of alfalfa in one hour.

Leave your orders with

J. R. Blair,
Local agent.

W. B. Ross, Gen. agent,
Roswell, N. M.

ARTESIA LODGE No. 28,

A. F. & A. M.

Stated communications first Saturday night of each month
J. B. Cecil, W. M.,
E. B. Kemp, Sec.

WAGNUT CAMP No. 26

Meets on first, third and fifth Tuesday nights of each month.
Chas. R. Echols, C. C.
J. E. Swepston, Clerk.

I. O. O. F.

ARTESIA LODGE No. 11

Meets every Thursday night at 7:30.
J. D. H. Reed, N. G.
T. R. Logan, Sec.

RED MEN,

CHEROKEE TRIBE No. 25

Meets every Friday night in each month.
J. D. Christopher, Sachem.
Non Walden, Chief of Records.

For First-Class

Blacksmithing

and Wood-work,

Wagon and Buggy

and Farm Implement-

work, Horseshoeing, see

W. H.

WATKINS,

ON

Cor. Second and Texas Sts.,

At the

Big Red Shop.

All Work Guaranteed.

Chamberlain's



Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.
Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

Phone 52 for all kinds of feed stuff
Christopher & Davis.

Epworth League Anniversary.

The program presented by the Senior and Junior members of the Epworth League last Sunday evening was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Numerous appropriate songs and recitations had been prepared and given with much spirit from start to finish. The little folks as usual were warmly received. The program was in charge of Dr. Inman. A particularly beautiful number was the song "Come thou fount of every blessing" as sung by the quartet—Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Fienwood, Dr. Norfleet and Mr. Reed, with Miss Schrock as organist.

The following parties had business in the Land Office at Roswell Tuesday: C. F. Ferris, J. T. Patrick, W. A. Gordy, W. W. Bennett, J. B. Neatherlin, S. W. Hale, J. E. DeArcey, E. A. Clayton, J. A. Bruce, H. A. Porter, Jim Conner, A. M. Lewis, C. R. Herridge, J. A. Chester, Horace McCormick, P. T. Lacklin, John Hodges and W. R. Reed.

Block For Sale.

One block of land close in with water right, fruit and shade trees.
John Richey & son.

A Lucky Postmistress

Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the stomach, liver and bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless-purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co. Druggist price cents.

G. A. Vawter bought of Harry W. Hamilton lot 6, block 5, on Main street.

Money to loan. See L. W. Martin.

Mrs. Harry W. Hamilton this week sold her 160 acre tract of land four miles northeast of town to Mr. Scott of Louisiana.

The Big J. O. Lumber Co., who recently purchased a site south of the post office on Quay avenue, have the material enroute and expect to be ready for business soon. Mr. H. M. Roberts, the manager, is here looking after their interests and arranging to receive the stock.

C. W. DeFreest returned to Roswell Monday.

Croquet sets at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Woman's Guild meets next Friday afternoon, May 18, at Mrs. Julia Cleveland's.

W. T. Talbot passed through Artesia Monday on his return from Hope to Roswell.

The old walk around the First National Bank has been torn up and a new one laid. This one will conform with established grade, and will extend to Quay avenue along the entire west side of the block.

Victor Talking Machines at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Have your eyes tested and glasses fitted by Dr. Montgomery, in the Bromelick building.

For Sale—30-horse power gasoline engine in good condition; complete rotary well drill, boiler and engine; also a No. 3 Star cable rig. Apply to D. C. McCorney, Dayton, N. M.

ROSE LAWN

Suburban Tracts: Ideal for Homes and Small Orchards.

If you are looking for small orchard tracts, that in a few years, will make an ideal suburban home, you should look into the Rose Lawn proposition. I have a limited number of these beautiful five to seven acre lots to sell to actual home builders. These lots are under a nice artesian well irrigation system with a reasonable annual water rental. A small water main for domestic use will be applied as soon as possible. 800 avenue trees are planted, and arrangements are being made for the planting, next season, of two continuous constant-blooming rose hedges along Rose Ave. This avenue begins at a point one-half mile south of Main street, of Artesia, New Mexico, and runs south one-half mile. The land is patented. The title is perfect. If you think this is about what you want, write at once, or come and I will take pleasure in explaining the terms and conditions.
Address,
E. M. LOVE, Proprietor,
Rose Lawn Suburban Tracts, Artesia, N. M.



Ladies' Hats

As the warm weather advances, we find it necessary to make room for other goods more in demand. In order to do so, and move them quickly we have decided to sell every-

thing, including Ready-trimmed and Street Hats

AT COST.

It will pay you to come in and look them over. You will find each one strictly up to date in every respect, and at such low prices that will astonish you.



Buy your sand for sidewalks from Jim Conner

C. H. McLenathin and Capt. Bujac of Carlsbad spent Monday in Artesia.

Feed, coal or wood delivered promptly to any part of the city.
Christopher & Davis.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS—Pure bred Bar Plymouth Rock eggs for sale.
Plymouth Rock, N. M.

Chamberlain's...
any itching...
anly. For sale...
Robertson.

T. F. Blackmore returned from Carlsbad Tuesday.

Ross Malone spent Monday in Artesia.

Tom Danner's have removed from Hagerman to Artesia.

Meadames W. F. Allen, M. G. Allen and J. L. Sutton went to Roswell Tuesday.

A jolly crowd of Artesia boys—and girls—attended the candidates' ball at Dayton Tuesday night.

City Attorney J. G. Osborne has been in Roswell several days this week looking after some cases before the land office. As attorney for the defense, he won, the contest case that had been brought against the entry of D. L. Hersey.

Spaulding's base ball goods at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Alfalfa Pasture.

Horses taken at \$2.50 per month, each head. Fine pasture and plenty of water. Rent payable in advance or when horses are taken from pasture. This rule will be strictly adhered to. Pasture 1-2 mile south of

J. E. SWEPSTON,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENT
NOTARY PUBLIC.

GENERAL ACCOUNTING

OFFICE IN BANK

PHONE 140.

N. M.

LIQUIDITY.

THE NEW YORK LIFE
"Matchless" Life and Investment Insur
Policies incontestable from date of issue.
Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchard,
Fancher Creek Nurseries, The
Fornia Rose Co. and The South
ern Nurseries
Where we get our Government
and Forest Trees.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Instruments drawn and acknow.
taken. Office with the Cleveland LA
cy. Call on or address
R. M. LOVE, Artesia, N. M.

CITY TRANSFER.

Having just added a light one-horse wagon for baggage and other light hauling, will ask you to call me to handle your trunks etc.

Will meet all Trains.
TELEPHONE No. 24.

T. T. Kuykendall.

MANDOLIN, GUITAR BANJO.

Thorough instruction, for terms etc., inquire at the cobble stone house, Richardson avenue.

JOHN E. QUINLAN.

Blank leases for sale at the Advo
cate office.

Lee Turknott moves pianos with safety and satisfaction. Ask the
Advo Aid Society about it.

Truth About the Chinese.

If every American could visit China the question of Chinese immigration would soon be settled upon a permanent basis, for no one can become acquainted with the Chinese coolie without recognizing the impossibility of opening the doors of our country to him without injustice to our own laboring men, demoralization to our social ideas, injury to China's reputation among us, and danger to our diplomatic relations with that country, says William J. Bryan, in Success Magazine.

I made it a point to inquire among the Chinese whom I met, in order to ascertain the real sentiment back of the boycott. I had heard of students being subjected to harsh regulations at ports of entry, of travelers humiliated by confinement in uncomfortable sheds, and of merchants treated rudely, and I supposed that these things had aroused the resentment. I found, however, that the things complained of were more difficult to deal with and the concessions demanded impossible to grant. In order to understand the boycott one must know something of Chinese history. As China has never had representative government the people have been compelled to bring their complaints before officials by petition; and, where the petition has been ignored, they have been accustomed to bring such pressure to bear as was within their power, and the boycott has often been resorted to as a means of compelling action upon the part of officials. They, therefore, conceived the idea of a boycott against American goods for the double purpose of urging their own government to favorable action and of calling the attention of the American government to their complaint. Our officials are doing what they can to convince the Chinese government of the injustice and folly of the boycott, and the Chinese officials with whom I conversed seemed anxious to cooperate with our minister and consuls. Immediate action upon the part of our congress, whether favorable or unfavorable to the Chinese, will remove the excuse for a boycott; and our government should not be influenced in its action by any threats affecting trade, for the subject is too grave to be determined by commercial considerations.

Unpunished Offenders.

There are things which to sensitive souls constitute a disgrace to the peace, and yet for which there is no adequate punishment prescribed by law, very truly observes a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A man in a short coat and silk hat is an offense of his kind, and a fat woman in a "rainy" skirt and peek-a-boo waist is another. There are legions of them. They offend the artistic sense, and mar the life of nature. Now and then some aesthetic person, made desperate by the abuses, takes the law into his own hands and inflicts punishment, usually severe cost to himself. For instance, the man who stabbed Thomas Reed playing a guitar in an undertaking establishment is caught, he may be sent to the penitentiary. Such is the injustice of our laws. What is needed is a corps of armed censors of things in general, something between a police and a society force, and vested with authority to arrest offenders against good taste. A special court for the trial of such offenders could be provided, and the keepers of mechanical musical instruments, the street-car whistlers, platform chumps and persons who talk at the play et al. could have justice meted out to them. As long as such offenders are left unpunished by law, so long will there be "unexplained" murders and assaults, for they "get on the nerves" of people who have artistic sensibilities, and these people become aroused to desperate deeds, braving even martyrdom for the holy cause of good taste. The world would welcome such a department of justice as we have suggested, if some one would take the initiative to secure the proper legislation. Here is the opportunity for some ambitious reformer to endear himself to the masses and make Folk, Hadley and Jerome to pale their ineffectual fires in the bright light of his genius.

One of the largest retail tobacco dealers in the United States says that the consumption of chewing tobacco has increased almost 50 per cent. in five years. He attributes this increase to the automobile, because it is impossible to enjoy a cigar or pipe while whizzing along in a motor car. There is also danger of sparks or ashes from the lighted cigar or pipe getting into the eyes.

UNCLE SAM'S WASTE BASKET

Paper Refuse of the Government Departments Is an Item of Importance.

Economy is said to consist in the care of trifles, and of this the waste paper department of the United States government's stationery office affords an excellent example.

An official of this department while in New York recently gave an interesting account of the system.

No less than \$30,000 is saved annually by the government waste paper basket," he said. "It was not so very long ago that the waste paper of the government offices was an unrecognized perquisite of the heads of departments and many of the minor officials, with the result that no small quantity of good stationery was thrown away and in some cases large amounts of government property were systematically misappropriated. Not only was this the case, but papers of an important and confidential character found their way into the hands of outsiders, sometimes with very unpleasant consequences.

"A visit to the waste paper department would forcibly illustrate to you the enormous amount of correspondence and clerical work with which the various government offices have to deal.

"To the department—it is really a large warehouse—come 3,000 tons of waste paper every year, the average day's receipts varying from 10 to 20 tons. How vast is this amount will be better realized from the fact that if a single week's waste paper from the government offices was thrown into Washington square it would come pretty near burying the Washington monument. Vast as the present quantity is, it is steadily increasing at the rate of about 20 tons every year.

"The paper received is of the most miscellaneous character, consisting of old letters, state documents, printed matter, old account books, and the like. On receipt it is at once handed over to the sorters, who classify it under 12 heads and pack it separately in large sacks. The sacks are then shipped to a pulp mill. Confidential documents receive careful and effectual treatment. They are thoroughly sliced up by a cutting machine. When papers of an especially secret character are dealt with the middle section of each pile is taken out and placed in a separate receptacle from the rest. The cut fragments are then placed in a sealed sack, and are conveyed in charge of an officer to the pulp mill, and is there reduced to pulp under his eye.

Another section of the waste paper department contains the used ribbon from the Morse telegraphic instruments. This pours in at the rate of about fifteen hundredweight per week, measuring approximately 900 miles."

Routed Longworth.

Representative Longworth visited the senate the other day. Fearing the ordeal of congratulations likely to occur he came in very quietly and was well within the chamber before he was seen. Senator Keane was quick to offer his congratulations and after him came a dozen or more senators. Longworth got red under the volley of remarks that fell upon him. Just as the incident was at the height of its interest the door opened again and in came Prince Cupid of Hawaii. "Longworth is here," said Keane, "and Cupid came also." The next moment the young son-in-law of the president was making a hasty flight back toward the south end of the capitol.

Mutual Aid.

At a banquet given to the delegates of mutual aid societies in Paris last week 25,000 bottles of red wine, 25,000 bottles of white wine, 25,000 bottles of beer and 10,000 bottles of champagne were provided, yet every delegate reached his home in safety. That shows what mutual aid can do.—San Francisco News Letter.

Lovely Cigar.

At the university club banquet in Washington a few nights ago, they gave Uncle Joe Cannon a cigar three feet long that may or may not have been made of tobacco. Congressman Longworth, returning to his duties in the house after his honeymoon, brought for Uncle Joe a cigar made of the best Havana tobacco and about 18 inches long. Uncle Joe took it, smelled of it, turned it over and over, caressed it lovingly, and then said: "By gum, Nick, it looks good enough to put cream on and eat."

Changeable.

This story was told in the senate cloakrooms apropos of the speech of Senator Patterson, supposed to be a Democrat, in which he eulogized all of President Roosevelt's policies: A local census enumerator visited the senator's home in Denver and was received by the negro butler. After the usual questions, he asked: "What is the senator's politics?" "Fo' goodness' sake, mister, I dunno; 'de senator ain't done been home since breakfast time."

GRATEFUL FOR MISFORTUNE

Washington Official Who Could Testify to the Value of Political Defeat.

There is a pleased young man in Washington, Milton D. Purdy, assistant United States attorney general, who could give a testimonial to the value of defeat, says Success. He hails from Minnesota, and for several years was assistant in the office of R. G. Evans, the United States district attorney at St. Paul. When Mr. Evans died, Purdy became acting district attorney, and, during the several months before the Minnesota senators agreed on a successor to Evans, did good work in the conduct of important federal prosecutions. He announced himself a candidate for the office he was filling, and believed he would be appointed, but politics and politicians decreed otherwise, and he was bitterly disappointed. He resigned and retired to practice law, but it was only a short time after he had experienced this setback that a telegram came from Attorney General Philander C. Knox, requesting him to go to Washington and call on President Roosevelt. It turned out that Knox had taken notice of the good work done by Purdy in the Minnesota cases, and, as he was looking for young men to help in the enlarged work of the department of justice, in the prosecution of trusts and railroads, he had taken it upon himself to recommend him for a position which pays only \$1,000 less than the salary of the attorney general himself. The president looked Purdy over and liked him, and during the past three years he has had a chance to make some reputation for himself in the conduct of the postal fraud, the Northern Securities, and the fraudulent immigration cases. The position which he now fills is vastly more important and desirable in every way than the one which he was refused in Minnesota, being one that would be coveted by the biggest of the politicians who three years ago turned him down. He is now grateful for the misfortune he suffered.

NOT A LAME SENATOR.

And Being a Fighter the Hotel Caller Didn't Care to Intervise Him.

He had been hanging around the desk of a hotel in Washington for ten minutes before the clerk asked what was wanted, and mentally sized him up as an office-seeker from the wild and woolly west.

"Senator Blank stops here, don't he?"

"Yes, sir, he does."

"Was that him that come along a few minutes ago and took a toothpick from the holder?"

"I don't think so."

"He walked with a stiff knee and didn't look at all like a fighter."

"Then it wasn't Senator Blank. He has no stiff knee and you have only to look at him to see that he is a fighter. Do you want to interview him?"

"N-o, I guess not—not if he isn't a lame man."

"What difference does that make?"

"A heap, my friend. I wanted to ask him what corporation owned him, but if he's got two sound legs and is a fighter I guess I'll let it go and write him a post card."

Highest Judicial Courts.

Two pretty girls visiting Washington listened with hushed attention to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their guide. He was their Washington cousin, knew all about the capitol and was graciously explaining its sights to them. "And this," said he, stopping before a door in the capitol, "is the supreme court of the United States. That, you know, is the highest judicial court in the land. There are other courts in different parts of the country that are just as high, but this is the highest judicial court." Then they entered and heard an argument delivered before nine judicial judges.

Loudest Thinker.

Senator Allison of Iowa visited the White House the other day and went to see the president. Senator Allison wanted to talk on a very important matter and was much surprised to find the president's office filled with waiting statesmen. The senator began talking to the president in a tone of voice that would have made a telephone operator ashamed. When he had finished the president blurted out the substance of the whole confidential talk in a voice heard by everyone. "We might as well carry on our confidential business with the president by writing open letters," Senator Allison declared on his return to the senate. "He is the loudest thinking man I ever talked with."

Kaiser's Novel Gift.

The silver wedding present that is said to have most pleased the kaiser was from the combined rowing and sailing clubs in Germany. It consisted of six silver models, representing the different styles of shipbuilding from the Viking galley to the emperor's yacht Meteor.

THE CHOICE OF PAINT.

Fifty years ago a well-painted house was a rare sight; today an unpainted house is rarer. If people knew the real value of paint a house in need of paint would be "scarcer than hen's teeth." There was some excuse for our forefathers. Many of them lived in houses hardly worth preserving; they knew nothing about paint, except that it was pretty; and to get a house painted was a serious and costly job. The difference between their case and ours is that when they wanted paint it had to be made for them; whereas when we need paint we can go to the nearest good store and buy it, in any color or quality ready for use. We know, or ought to know by this time, that to let a house stand unpainted is most costly, while a good coat of paint, applied in season, is the best of investments. If we put off the brief visit of the painter we shall in due time have the carpenter coming to pay us a long visit at our expense. Lumber is constantly getting scarcer, dearer and poorer, while prepared paints are getting plentier, better and less expensive. It is a short-sighted plan to let the valuable lumber of our houses go to pieces for the want of paint.

For the man that needs paint there are two forms from which to choose; one is the old form, still favored by certain unprogressive painters who have not yet caught up with the times—lead and oil; the other is the ready-for-use paint found in every up-to-date store. The first must be mixed with oil, drifrs, turpentine and colors before it is ready for use; the other need only be stirred up in the can and it is ready to go on. To buy lead and oil, colors, etc., and mix them into a paint by hand is, in this twentieth century, about the same as refusing to ride in a trolley car because ones grandfather had to walk or ride on horseback when he wanted to go anywhere. Prepared paints have been on the market less than fifty years, but they have proved on the whole so inexpensive, so convenient and so good that the consumption today is something over sixty million gallons a year and still growing. Unless they had been in the main satisfactory, it stands to reason there would have been no such steady growth in their use.

Mixed paints are necessarily cheaper than paint of the hand-mixed kind, because they are made in a large way by machinery from materials bought in large quantities by the manufacturer. They are necessarily better than paints mixed by hand, because they are more finely ground and more thoroughly mixed, and because there is less chance of the raw materials in them being adulterated. No painter, however careful he may be, can ever be sure that the materials he buys are not adulterated, but the large paint manufacturer does know in every case, because everything he buys goes through the chemist's hands before he accepts it.

Of course there are poor paints on the market (which are generally cheap paints). So there is poor flour, poor cloth, poor soap; but because of that do we go back to the hand-mill, the hand-loom and the soap-kettle of the backwoods? No, we use our common sense in choosing goods. We find out the reputation of the different brands of flour, cloth and soap; we take account of the standing of the dealer that handles them; we ask our neighbors. So with paint; if the manufacturer has a good reputation, if the dealer is responsible, if our neighbors have had satisfaction with it, that ought to be pretty good evidence that the paint is all right.

"Many men of many kinds"—

Many paints of many kinds; but while prepared paints may differ considerably in composition, the better grades of them all agree pretty closely in results. "All roads lead to Rome," and the paint manufacturers, starting by different paths, have all the same object—to make the best paint possible to sell for the least money, and so capture and keep the trade.

There is scarcely any other article of general use on the market today that can be bought with anything like the assurance of getting you money's worth as the established brands of prepared paint. The paint you buy today may not be like a certain patent medicine, "the same as you have always bought," but if not, it will be because the manufacturer has found a way of giving you a better article for your money, and so making more sure of your next order.

P. G.

A New Queen Alexandra Story.

A very pretty story is being told of Queen Alexandra, who a short time ago consented to be godmother to a little daughter of one of her neighbors and friends at Sandringham. After the ceremony was over the queen asked that she might be taken to the new baby's nursery. Upon arriving there she walked to the big window, and, taking a diamond ring from her finger, wrote on the glass. "May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it."

WOMEN AND BREAKFAST.

Thin Girl Must Go In for Hearty Breakfast and the Too-Stout Must Not.

For the woman to whom nature has been overgenerous in the way of flesh, and to her whose sole desire is to cover up bones and fill out hollows, the "breakfast habit" is alike a matter for serious consideration.

Extremes meet in their cases, and the woman of avoirdupois may stretch forth a sympathizing hand to her painfully thin sister, writes Cara Moore, in the New York Mail. The latter, the thin woman, has one point the better, she is generally more comfortable. Extreme thinness may not be slightly, but it is not uncomfortable.

"You are getting actually fat," considerably declares an interested friend, and then worry begins. The object of solicitation peers anxiously into her mirror. Yes, a double chin begins to appear. She takes a reef in her corsets and sets out to starve herself. For two whole days she takes nothing but lemons and crackers. By that, she has become so famished that she decides to eat this time and start over again to-morrow. Then she eats everything in sight. The abstinence has done her good and whetted her appetite.

"For goodness sake, dear," says the other woman's friend, "what have you been doing to yourself? You are nothing but a shadow; why don't you see a doctor?"

And the thin woman is alarmed. "Nothing but bones and hollows," says the mirror, and straightway to the doctor she hies herself. Medicine and a diet list come home with her, and for two days the thin girl religiously follows the doctor's prescription. By that time she has decided that she'd rather be as thin as a rail than to do without pickles and lobster Newburg, and everything that isn't in the list she craves.

Seriously, though, the breakfast is conceded by the most advanced physicians to be the important meal of the day. That is, to breakfast or not to breakfast, according as it is flesh production or flesh reduction that is required.

It is not advisable to ignore the morning meal entirely in either case, but the stout woman who wishes to regain the sylph-like proportions of her girlhood days must desist from anything more substantial than a biscuit and a glass of hot water, fruit if desired. Also, she must pay strict attention to the entire diet, and for that there is no hard and fast rule. She must find out for herself or from her family physician the things from which to abstain.

The way of the stout woman who would be thin is more difficult, far, than that of the too thin woman who sighs for rounded cheeks and dimpled chin. It is irony of fate that to the former the good things of life mean much. She is fond of luxury, and luxuries for her "diffuse their pleasures only to destroy." She is fond of ease, and ease is her undoing, and of high living—good eating—"her overpowering knell."

But for the thin girl there is more hope. To be sure, she must change her ways also. She, too, frequently has a fondness for the wrong foods. She dotes on sour pickles and soda crackers and tea and toast, and never eats any breakfast at all. That is where she makes a mistake. Breakfast should be the heartiest meal of the day for one who wishes to add flesh. It doesn't so much matter what sort it is, so there's plenty of it, with a glass of cold water taken 20 minutes before. Almost any course breakfast is suitable if it is palatable and properly assimilated, eaten slowly in good, cheerful company. Avoid the solitary breakfast.

To be hungry in the morning augurs good health, and "to be or not to be" should be the guiding star of both the lean and the stout, the former to satisfy her hunger unstintingly, the latter with as little food as possible.

This Ray a Real Death Test.

Prof. Elmer Gates, the scientist of Washington, has announced that he has discovered ultra-violet rays of light of certain wave lengths which seemed to go far toward solving some of the fundamental mysteries of life, death, disease and thought transference. Living subjects placed in these strange rays throw a shadow which exists only as long as there is life in the subject. When the subject dies it suddenly becomes transparent and the shadow vanishes. The new rays afford, Prof. Gates says, the first and only accurate method of determining if a person is actually dead. By these rays the innermost processes of human thought are revealed.

Hungry Bunch.

The new British parliament drinks half as much wine as its predecessor, but eats twice as much, and the kitchen committee is losing money on its restaurant.

Meals to Tramps.

Last year 3,585 tramps were fed at the county home at Carlisle, Pa., the meals numbering 9,333.

THE PONY EXPRESS RIDER

(A Tale of the Old West)

By ARTHUR GOODRICH

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles)

Silence hung heavy in the plaza of Santa Fe late one afternoon in 1862. Suddenly there came a clatter of hoofs, unsteady with weariness, scattering the stillness with sharp echoes. A man, coming out at the moment from one of the low adobe buildings, waved his hand and the rider drew up short and stopped.

The two men as they faced each other were in striking contrast. One stood with his feet well apart, sinews pulled tight like wire-ropes over his slight frame. The other, broad shoulders bent with fatigue, begrimed with dirt, but black eyes flashing with the unsubdued fire of youth, swung himself from the sweating, panting beast. They were both pony express riders.

The dismounted rider's knees gave under him and he leaned against his horse for support.

"Tired?" asked the older man with a malevolent grin.

The young fellow stared at him vaguely for a moment. Then a thought seemed to strike him, for he leaned forward eagerly.

"Look-a-here, Harry! I'm petered, you're fresh. You go to Fort Union an' back for me fer a ten-spot?"

"I'll go," said the other, and they walked slowly to the corral. Half an hour later "Old Harry" Simmons rode down the plaza. Meanwhile Ralph Mead was lying sprawled on a narrow bunk in the corral, sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

Ralph Mead had been left fatherless, motherless and penniless when he was 11 years old. His nearest relatives had bound him out to a hard-headed Connecticut farmer who believed in corporal punishment for persons smaller than himself. Three months later the boy slipped out of the house of his slavery and started west in pursuit of excitement and happiness. He was now 18 years old, with the muscle and judgment and experience of a frontiersman of 30.

The sun was glaring sullenly through the doorway when he awoke suddenly.

"Here you, Mead! Git up an' out o' this."

"What's matter?" he asked, still half-asleep.

"You've got to go to Fort Union."

Mead smiled reproachfully and, lying back once more, curled up on the bunk and closed his eyes.

"Harry Simmons—gone—Fort Union," he said, sleepily.

"Simmons' dead. Killed and scalped at Pecos Church"—he heard the voice say. Then he jumped to his feet, and threw on his clothes as he listened.

"Party of Mexicans—just came in—found Simmons. Indians out, Navahos and White Mountain Apaches. Regular trail dangerous."

These were the words that his now acute senses heard and understood.

The black mustang had killed two men and had maimed a third before Mead had broken him. Now he was the rider's slave, and proud of it. No one else dared ride him. And so, on they went through the hot sunshine, Mead's brain steadied by sleep, his senses keen, his horse throbbing beneath him, and danger ahead.

As he rounded a turn in the trail into which a great rock had jutted and obscured the view, the bloody scene lay quivering before him. At the right of the roadway Indians; at the left, Indians, crouching behind boulders, hiding in the chaparral, slipping sinuously among the high bunch grass, fighting across the trail that lay before him. Only a second he hesitated. He could not go back. Some of them had probably already seen him.

"I started fer Fort Union," he muttered, "and by th' eternal I'm goin'!"

Mead dropped the rein over the high pommel of his saddle and leaning forward, lay close to the mustang's neck, seizing as he did so the revolvers from his high boots. Almost instantly they were in the midst of it, the beast plunging sure-footed over dead bodies still warm in the alkali dust, the man shooting at random to both right and left and bellowing at the top of his voice.

Almost before he knew it he was past them and boring straight on through the whistling wind.

His mad daring had saved him temporarily, but it had also united the fighting war parties. They were probably the same bands which had ambushed Simmons and had later cut across to the canyon and quarreled there. They were coming! Mead heaved a deep sigh and called again to the mustang; they started down the narrow trail beyond.

A low rambling structure, like a group of huts, sprang up suddenly beside the road, and in the doorway stood a girl. Mead started as he saw her—a girl, and those devils behind! The mustang plowed her fore feet into the ground and stopped.

"Injuns—half mile back—comin' rapid," he shouted. The girl, of good height for a woman, broad-hipped, full-breasted, a healthy red showing through

the tan of her cheeks, her smooth brown hair braided carefully to her waist, her arms akimbo, stared at him doubtfully as he filled with quick slaps the empty chambers of a revolver.

"Git along, stranger," she called, in singsong tones. "Reckon you're afraid."

The mustang's ears at that instant stood straight once more and quivering. Mead turned upon the girl, and covered her with the revolver.

"Git yer horse an' yer family goin', quick," he ordered, deliberately. For a second the girl did not move, but smiled defiantly at him; then she stood bolt upright, tense, listening. She heard now the confused rumble of many horses, far away, at which the tired mustang was already dancing impatiently. She disappeared within the building while he sat in the narrow trail, the noise of the pursuit growing rapidly louder in his ears. A frightened whinnying came from somewhere at the rear of the main cabin; a door slammed and a single, squat, dirty-yellow mustang sprang into sight around the corner of the structure, the girl straddling its bare back. At that moment a shrieking, echoing yell arose behind them. They had been seen. Then the race began once more, the black mustang pounding doggedly behind the wicked pace of the yellow beast.

Two miles farther on he came up with the girl as they were fording a narrow creek.

"Ain't seen an Injun sence we've ben thar," she gasped between breaths, as if in explanation. "Dad, he's went to Santa Fe."

"Throo th' canyon?"

She nodded her head as they reached the farther bank and she took the lead again. But the black mustang was weakening; his gait wavered, his eyes were bloodshot. At last he stumbled and fell on one knee, the leg snapped, and he lay quivering across the trail.

The girl turned abruptly and came back. Mead took the mail bags from the mustang's back and threw them to her.

"I'll hold 'em back while ye git a start," he said, laconically, drawing his pistols. He turned to face the trail.

"Good-by," he called over his shoulder.

"Stranger!" the girl said, quietly. He whirled and faced a small pistol she had drawn from her belt. "Git up behind, quick. I ain't a-goin' to budge a foot of ye don't," she added as he hesitated.

Mead laughed aloud as he thought how quickly she had turned his own game upon him. Then she laughed also as he turned and mercifully shot the black mustang, before leaping up behind her.

The yellow mustang struggled forward bravely under the double burden, but the contest was unequal. The hoofbeats behind them grew louder and at last they could hear the noise of guttural voices from behind the turns in the winding trail. A few moments later an arrow struck fire in the roadway beside them. Then, as Mead reached down for a revolver, the girl uttered a low cry. There was the fort, less than a mile away, its bare walls looming gray in the distance.

Together they spurred the straining beast beneath them down the long incline, while arrows and an occasional bullet whirred and sang about them. They could hear now the quick breath of the tired horses behind them, the triumphant shouts, the beat of stinging thongs upon a dozen haunches. Now came the short up-hill stretch to the fort, a little more than a quarter of a mile away, but the exhausted mustang shivered with each bound up the ascent, his reach growing shorter, his pace slower. Two arrows struck him almost at the same instant, and he fell heavily. But Mead had jumped clear, carrying the girl with him. They were on their feet quickly.

"Run!" he called. His first shot rang out, and an Indian trailed from the saddle. Others went down before his steady aim as he ran backward up the incline. His left arm fell limp and the pistol dropped to the ground. Someone plucked it up. Some one was firing calmly beside him. The horses were almost on them and the sneering, gloating, painted faces, when he heard vaguely a rumbling, many-voiced cheer behind him, then the foremost Indians looked beyond him and wheeled suddenly and dashed down the hill in scattering confusion.

A few days later a man, his arm still in a sling, rode down the hill from Fort Union. A girl rode beside him. The



STARTED WEST.

man looked at her furtively now and then and his rugged face showed embarrassment.

"Say," he said at last, "I've got a red-colored temper. I'm mean, I am."

"Huh!" she answered, staring at the trail. The man hesitated for a moment.

"I've got \$14.17 exact," he remarked. The girl did not change her position. The man was silent for a moment or two.

"Where're ye headin' fer?" he asked, with something like a sigh.

She turned and looked at him, a smile quivering about her full lips.

"Where're you-all goin'?" she asked, meaningly.

The two horses came close together and stopped short to the tug of their bridles. After a time they went on once more.

"What'll yer dad say?" asked the man.

"Dad," returned the girl, patting her mustang's neck caressingly, "he weren't good fer much, tho' he meant right, dad did. Ef he's alive, he'll jest go off 'bout his business."

"Say," cried the man, a thought suddenly striking him. "What's yer name?"

"Annie," she said.

CAT AND RAT FELLOW PETS

In Peace They Share the Honor of Being a Warship's Mascots.

A sailor approached the officer of the deck after retreat on board the Chicago recently and said, saluting: "Sir, may I have permission to go to the Saturn?"

"What for?" said that officer, relates the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

"To get the cat," was the reply.

That cat is the pet of the ship. When the flagship went to Hilo, the cruiser's cat stayed behind to get acquainted with the cats of the tropics. He evidently got pretty well acquainted, for when the cruiser returned and "the cat came back," he was a battle-scarred veteran.

Beside the cat, the battleship boasts a rat. Not a plague rat, but a white rat from Bremerton, Wash. That rat is also a pet, and is a glossy, well-fed, well-mannered rodent, as white as driven snow. The sailor who seems to be his special guardian says that the more he pounds the rat the better he likes him.

He crawls all over the boys, takes his cigarette smoke like a Spanish senorita, and makes himself quite at home wherever he is. But he never gets "shore leave."

The cat and the rat are the best of friends. Once in awhile the rat gets a little too familiar to suit his catship and bites the cat's lips with his sharp teeth. Then the cat looks pained and turns up his eyes to the boys for sympathy. He never seems to think of such a thing as eating up his companion.

REFORM'S THORNY PATH.

Story by Gov. Folk Illustrative of Some of Its Hardships.

"Reforms are always difficult to start with," said Gov. Folk of Missouri. "New Year's resolutions are no exception to the rule."

"Hence it is that so many resolutions and reforms fail to be permanent. Men lose heart at the beginning. They should persevere, for the first week of a reform, the first week of a resolution, is harder always than the rest of it."

"At the beginning the reformer is sneered at. Everyone tries to take advantage of him."

"I know a young man who decided on New Year's day that he was giving too many of his evenings to the club. Accordingly he resolved that throughout 1906 he would go to the club only twice a month. And that night he proceeded to put the resolution in force."

"Amy," he said to his wife at dinner, "I know that since our marriage I have been too constant a frequenter of the club, and I am aware that this has caused you a deal of silent wretchedness. My dear, I am sorry. I am going to turn over a new leaf. And I will begin to-night."

"The young woman's eyes shone. Her face lighted with joy."

"Oh, Harold," she cried, "how happy you have made me. Uncle Jim wants me to go to the theater with him to-night, and you can stay home and mind the baby."

Mice in Mines.

White mice are to be put to novel use in South Africa. It has been shown that with 0.4 per cent. of carbon monoxide in the air, one of these very susceptible animals becomes unconscious in three minutes, but that a man feels no discomfort for half an hour. It is urged, therefore, that operators of coal mines, and even of metalliferous mines, be required to test the air by means of these creatures whenever the presence of dangerous gas is suspected.

"When you awake in the morning and find the streets strewn with old shoes," remarked the observer of events and things, "you are not absolutely certain whether there was a wedding or a cat fight in the immediate neighborhood the night before."—Yonkers Statesman.

MOST NOVEL OF DINNERS.

Company Which Journeyed to the Orient with Secretary Taft Gather at Banquet.

Most unique of the dinners given this season was that which the "Tafters" gave the other night at the Willard for Mr. Taft, secretary of war. The company which journeyed so happily together to the orient has decided to celebrate every year, and this event was the first.

After being received by the committee, including Senator Warren, Senator Murphy J. Foster, Representative Shirley and Representative William B. McKinley, the guests passed into the adjoining ballroom. In single file they emerged upon the miniature deck of the steamer Manchuria, behind which were billows, canvas waves and a tiny wharf piled with luggage. Passing from the gang-plank they crossed a tiny Japanese bridge, and, descending, traversed a tea garden of the Flowery Kingdom, the perfume of wisteria, acacia and other dainty blooms delighting them as they went on to view the jungle.

Picturesque gates of China flanked the other end of the room. In the center of the room was a long table and stretching down the length of it the mossy archipelago of the Philippines. Native huts and bridges flecked its surface and sailing in the mirror waters surrounding it were curious crafts of the orient.

A canopy over the table carried the idea of a Philippine bungalow, its bamboo posts hung with curios from the land. Quantities of roses and other blossoms formed the outer fringe of decorations. All the intervening spaces in the room were banked with tall palms and other greens suggestive of the tropics, and the chandeliers were draped with southern smilax and festooned with Japanese lanterns.

The "Tafters" loaned miniature huts, boats and other souvenirs to give suggestive touches. The place cards were mounted kodak views taken on the trip, most of them being photos of the party, each guest receiving a picture of the person on the voyage who most interested him or her. For instance, Mrs. Taft, who was not one of the party, found at her place a photograph of her husband, the secretary. Representative Longworth found his place by the smiling likeness of his bride, and Representative Shirley was no less fortunate by finding a picture of Miss Mignon Croitton, his fiancée, whose fate was also settled on that trip, waiting at his seat at the table.

Of all the originality displayed in the planning and carrying out of the feast, no more was displayed than in the compiling of the menu. This was in book form, printed and bound in Filipino cloth, decorated with a spray of palm and entitled "The Second Voyage of the Taft Philippine Party."

Between the covers were all sorts of funny caricatures and others depicting the voyage, a view of the president's daughter, ready for the voyage, leading the series, likenesses of Queen Liliuokalani, the sultan of Sulu, and many funny hits, the final being a list of toasts. Mr. Shirley was toastmaster, with following speakers: Mr. Taft, "Pleasant Memories;" Miss Mabel Boardman, "The Ladies;" Representative Foster, "The Trip and the Trippers;" Representative Grosvenor, "Somewhere East of Suez;" Representative De Armond, "Guided by the Magiclan Into Wonderland, Wonderful Things Happen;" Representative Chester I. Long, "Praise the Sea, but Keep on Land."

An Iconoclast.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the ardent patriot, "that you question the absolute frankness of George Washington?"

"Well," answered the citizen who is always involved in controversy, "I won't go any further than to say that any man who allows it to be understood that he is incapable of telling a lie makes it evident then and there that he is deficient in candor."—Washington Star.

Uncle's Books.

The Library of Congress now contains 1,344,618 books, 410,352 pieces of music, 183,724 prints and 82,744 maps and charts, according to the annual report of the librarian, Herbert Putnam, just presented to congress. The library gained 68,951 books and about 50,000 pictures and pieces of music during the last year. There were bought 22,998 books, 16,348 were received by gift, 11,763 by copyright and 6,474 gained by exchange with foreign governments.

"King's Weather."

The recent visit of King Edward to France has given the French another English phrase, which they have added to "high life," "sportsman," "fashionable" and the rest. They now call fine weather "king's weather."

Peoria Pioneer.

Mrs. Samuel McCarty, whose husband was the first man to settle in Peoria, Ill., was recently tendered a reception at the First church in that city, the occasion being her eighty-first birthday.

CAPITAL PERSONALS.

Richard Olney has been reappointed regent of the Smithsonian institution in Washington for a term of six years.

Secretary Taft has reduced his weight nearly 50 pounds. When he gets rid of 17 pounds more one of his ambitions will have been realized, as that will bring him down to the even 200.

Justices Harlan and McKenna, of the United States supreme court, play golf together. "There's McKenna," says Justice Harlan, commenting on his colleague's game; "he has magnificent form, but he can't hit the ball."

William C. Clark, a patrolman on the Washington (D. C.) police force, has received notice from Mexico that a gold mine in which he is interested has turned out to be a fine property, and that the stock that he owns is worth \$500,000.

When Senator J. T. Morgan was asked at what college he graduated he replied that the first time he was ever on a college campus in his life was in the civil war when, with his command, he took refuge from the Yankee bullets behind the brick walls of the College of William and Mary in Virginia.

Senator Knox has his legal residence in Pittsburg, but he owns one of the finest farms in all Pennsylvania. It is located near Valley Forge and there he spends most of his summers. From his earliest childhood Mr. Knox evinced a fondness for agricultural pursuits and his taste in that direction is still strong.

Quentin, the eleven-year-old son of the president, is a pupil at one of the public schools of Washington. He inherits considerable of his father's getting-in-the-limelight qualities and always has a ready reply. "Who can bring me some old gloves for cleaning off the blackboards?" the teacher asked the other day. "I can," promptly said Quentin. "Nick gave me two pairs."

Senators Spooner and Knox are coming to be regarded as the Damon and Pythias of the senate. The rate question has brought them close together. One day last week Alger came suddenly out of the cloakroom and ran against Dolliver. "Where's Spooner?" asked Alger. "Do you want to find him?" said Dolliver. "Sure," replied Alger. "Well, find Knox then and you'll have Spooner."

"Don't worry about me," says Senator Platt, of New York, when friends pity him about his very shaky legs. "I have a brother up in New York state who has had legs like these for 20 years and he's over 80 and doing business every day."

One of Senator Beveridge's favorite expressions is that he or she contributes to the "gayety of nations." Wise book folk say the phrase was first used by Johnson, who, in referring to the death of Garrick, said: "His death eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Next to Dr. Andrew J. Brachfeld, of Pittsburg, who is the tallest man in the fifty-ninth congress, in height is "Cy" Sulloway, of New Hampshire, who is six feet three inches, two inches less than Brachfeld. It is said when Sulloway saw Brachfeld sworn in as sought a corner of a committee room and refused to be comforted.

"I am not one of those who think congress has deteriorated," said Justice Harlan. "I maintain that the present congress is as high grade as any congress. The Congressional Record is a remarkable publication. If a man were cast on a desert island and had the Bible, Shakespeare and the Congressional Record he would have all the reading matter he wanted."

Ex-Speaker Keifer, of Ohio, in making a speech in the house of representatives the other day remarked that the leaders, Republican and Democratic, and their followers have adopted the principle of the legal maxim, de minimis non curat lex—the law pays no attention to small things. A western judge gave a free translation to that maxim and said that it meant: "The law goes with head and tail up."

Trying to Fill Him.

When the eminent Wu Ting Fang was Chinese minister at Washington, he was the guest of honor at one of the leading clubs, where he made an address, and was afterward entertained by some of the younger members, who thought it would be great fun to get the oriental diplomat intoxicated. They plied him with champagne, highballs and beer until about three a. m., by which time most of the clubmen were maudlin. Cool as a cucumber, Mr. Wu surveyed the crowd, and said, gravely, in his perfect English: "If I didn't know this club was composed entirely of gentlemen I should say that you fellows were trying to get me drunk." The session adjourned very shortly thereafter.

Only a Buffer.

The editor of a Leipzig paper has gone to jail for six months for criticizing some kings of Saxony who had been dead several hundred years. The paper will not suspend publication, however, as the editor is merely a person employed to serve in prison the sentences which may be imposed for what the paper prints.

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Office in rear of First Nat'l Bank.
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Notice-Sheriff's Sale.

WHEREAS, in a certain cause heretofore tried in the District Court of Eddy County, New Mexico, at the March term of said Court, wherein the American Well and Prospecting Company, a co-partnership composed of H. G. Johnson, Chas. Rittersbacher and E. H. Akin, was plaintiff, and John R. Hodges and J. S. Venable, were defendants, said cause being numbered 706, on the docket of said Court; which said suit was brought by The American Well and Prospecting Company, against the said John R. Hodges and J. S. Venable, for a debt on an open account for certain iron pipe sold to defendants by plaintiff, for the sum of \$997; and the said defendants pleaded their counter-claim against plaintiffs in the sum of \$2500, and having at the trial of said cause on the 12th day of March 1906, obtained judgment against said American Well and Prospecting Company, plaintiff, in the sum of \$1179.09, together with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the date of rendition of said judgment, until paid, and for costs of suit, and

WHEREAS, by virtue of a certain writ of execution issued out of said court on the 12th day of April 1906 and against the property of the above named plaintiff, I have levied upon and seized the following described property belonging to the said American Well and Prospecting Company, to-wit:

71 pieces 6 inch pipe.
20 pieces 9 inch pipe.
8 6 inch gate valves.
2 8 inch gate valves.
2 Boilers together with smok-
stacks.

NOW THEREFORE, by reason of the premises above set out I will proceed to sell the above described property at Artesia, New Mexico, on the 18th day of June at 10 o'clock a. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, which proceeds of said sale shall be applied to paying off and satisfying said judgment of \$1179.09, and the interest in the sum of \$13.36, and the costs of suit in the sum of \$66.25, together with the further costs of making this levy and sale.

Witness my hand this the 12th day of May, 1906.

M. C. STEWART,
Sheriff of Eddy County, New Mexico.

Cantaloupe Seed.

The Rocky Ford cantaloupe seed ordered by the Pecos Valley Produce Association have arrived and any one wanting any for planting can secure the same by calling on Dr. A. L. Norfleet at the Bank of Artesia. There is plenty for all members of the Association and to spare and any farmer can get them at the actual cost of procuring.

Messrs. C. H. McLenthan and E. P. Bujac were in the city from Carlsbad Tuesday. They give it out as official that the county seat town will hold a three days celebration beginning July 4, and that one of those days will be set apart as "Artesia Day."

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson arrived in the city Monday evening to make this their future home. Mr. Jacobson is one of the proprietors of the "Grand Leader" dry goods store to open in the Schrock & Higgins building about June 1.

Now is the time to screen. Full stock of doors, screen wire, and trimmings. Best assortment in town. John Schrock Lumber Co.

For white kaffir corn seed go to the Blair Hardware.

Rheumatism Makes Life Miserable.
A happy home is the most valuable possession that is within the reach of mankind, but you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains also by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about a permanent cure. For sale by Fatherree & Robertson.

Old wagons, hacks and buggies bought by W. H. Watkins, blacksmith.

For Sale.

Choice re-cleaned alfalfa seed 14 cents per pound also sorghum seed. At Sigman Hog Ranch, one mile west of Lake Arthur.

Go to John Schrock Lumber Co. for White Lead, oil and painters supplies.

When you want a good quality of feed and want it quick, call up Christopher & Davis. Light wagon and good horses, and they keep nobody waiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashley of Columbus, Ohio, are guests of Mrs. Welsh at the Gibson.

Mrs. W. F. Schwartz and son arrived Thursday from Ohio.

Mrs. J. H. Darnell, of Gainesville, Texas, is in the city visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fatherree.

Josh Tracy of Guthrie Center, Iowa, has taken up his abode with J. M. Conn and will run the Conn farm while Mr. Conn will wait on the ladies of Artesia in the Grand Leader Dry Goods Store of Jacobson & Son where he will be glad to wait on all friends and make new ones as fast as they come.

Our perfect adjustable disc cultivators are giving such universal satisfaction that we fear we won't have enough to go round. So if you think of buying one better come early before they are all gone. J. R. Blair.

Mis Nellie Ede returned Wednesday evening from her trip to San Angelo, Texas.

Go To

Howell & Hough

For Staple and Fancy
Groceries.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

OR

Money refunded

Hunter's Cream Flour
A Specialty.

Everything For Sale.

160 acres of land 2 1/2 miles northwest of Artesia, house and two lots on corner Fifth and Richardson avenue; also my complete well drilling outfit, wagons, harness and horses; two car loads of well casing. Anyone wishing to go into the well-drilling business, will secure a bargain by seeing me. J. C. Elliot.

ATLAS,

My FRENCH COACH Stallion, No. 3449, is making the season at the Star Livery Stable, Artesia, N. M.

ATLAS was bred by the Government of France, sired by the government stallion, Oberhausen, April 15, 1900, and imported by L. E. Campbell & Co., Paxton, Ill., in 1903. I have his registration papers, both in France and the United States. Stud fee, \$20 to insure living colt to stand up and suck its mother.

W. E. ROGERS, Owner.

COWS FOR SALE—40 Jersey cows and heifers for sale in bulk. Apply to G. P. Cleveland.

Caught Cold While Hunting a Burglar.

Mr. Wm. Thos. Lanorgau, provincial Constable at Chapleau, Ontario, says: "I caught a severe cold while hunting a burglar in the forest swamp last fall. Hearing of Chamberlain's Cough remedy, I tried it, and after using two small bottles, I was completely cured." This remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than by any other treatment and is a favorite wherever it superior excellence has become known. For sale by Fatherree and Robertson.

While we endeavor to adopt the most desirable method of modern banking, we propose never to lose sight of these essential qualities:

Safety, Security, Responsibility, Efficiency, Conservatism.

S. W. GILBERT, President,

CHAS. S. HOFFMAN, 1st Vice-President,

R. M. ROSS, Cashier,

K. C. SMITH, 2nd Vice-President,

L. R. GAIDRY, Ass't Cashier.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ARTESIA, N. MEX.

Capital Paid Up, - - \$25,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits, ,500.00

The affairs of this bank are governed with that conservatism, combined with enterprise and up-to-date methods, which makes for soundness and satisfactory banking service. Its officers believe that banking connections formed on a basis of good service at a reasonable compensation—and not on sentiment or undue influence—will endure. That a bank which has ample capital and reserve in proportion to its deposit liability, and makes SAFETY THE FIRST CONSIDERATION, and is operated along conservative lines is entitled to and will receive its due proportion of the public patronage.
WE INVITE NEW ACCOUNTS.

DURANGO PRINCE, 2:19.

Registered Under Rule 6, American Trotting Association, No Better sire in America.

Will make the season at my residence on Texas avenue, Artesia. Also two finely bred Jersey Bulls. Terms reasonable. The public is invited to come and see this stock, as no better has ever been brought to the Pecos Valley.

J. D. GOODALE.

THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS,

AURORA, ILLINOIS,

Makes High Grade Well Sinking Machinery at Moderate Prices

SPERRY & LUKINS,

of Artesia, New Mexico

Have in stock a large supply of The American Well Works. Engines, Steam and Power Pumps, Rotaries, Hoisters, all kinds of Rotary tools, well supplies, wrought iron line pipe and casing.

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Correspondence solicited in regard to farm lands in the Great Artesian Belt. We know the lay of the land and can supply you with Bargains. Represent none but Reliable Fire Insurance Companies.

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J. K. WALLING & SON Props.

Is the best in town. The nicest rigs, the fastest horses—gentle drivers suitable for ladies and children to drive. No bronks, or baulky horses. Prompt service night or day. Nothing too good for the public. Give us a call. To treat you right is all we know. Location on 3rd Street South of Gibson Hotel. Phone 85

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Fresh Bread and Cakes

AT ALL HOURS

We bake every day; Special orders for cake and pies promptly filled. Save work and worry by patronizing

THE HOME BAKERY;

Mrs. B. Dyer, Prop.

Science has proven the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who do not know that Electric Bitters cure headache, biliousness, malaria, chills and fever, jaundice, dyspepsia, dizziness, torpid liver, kidney complaints, general debility and female weaknesses. Unequaled as a general tonic and appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co., druggist. Price only 50c.