

The Artesia Advocate

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NUMBER 48.

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY.

A Big Vote is Polled and Some Surprises Sprung on the Candidates and Their Friends.

The Democratic primary was not lacking in interest last Saturday and when the hosts of sovereigns began to flock into town by the wagon-loads, the political prophets soon saw that all previous reckonings were off. A full vote had never before been secured in the upper end of the county and no one could calculate on results. But few republicans expressed a desire to go into the local primaries and a great many persons were denied the privilege who could not prove sufficient residence, yet a total vote of 456 was secured before the wicket was closed at 6 p. m. This was from the section of country immediately surrounding the town of Artesia. The new precinct of Dayton polled about 150. Up to the time of going to press, the Advocate has been unable to get the official returns from all over the county, so no attempt will be made to give it this week. In next week's issue, we can give it in tabulated form so that our readers may file it away for future reference. The vote at Artesia was as follows:

Ananias Green, Probate Judge	417
W. L. Bobo, Probate Clerk	274
W. R. Owen, "	148
J. D. Christopher, Sheriff	293
M. C. Stewart, "	148
Hubert S. Logan, Assessor	241
John O. McKeen, "	133
J. L. Emerson, "	42
W. J. Barber, Treasurer	123
W. H. Merchant, "	316
M. P. Kerr, Superintendent	432
A. C. Heard, Com. Pre. 1	199
Sam B. Smith, "	160
Geo. Wilcox, Com. Pre. 2	199
G. P. Cleveland, Com. Pre. 2	293
B. A. Nymeyer, Surveyor	103
Joe Cunningham, "	294

Sufficient returns have been received from all over the county to prove that Owen is elected clerk, Christopher, sheriff; McKeen, assessor, Heard and Wilcox, commissioners and Cunningham, surveyor. Will Merchant, candidate for treasurer, led the ticket, J. D. Christopher of Artesia, beat Cicero Stewart for Sheriff, very much to the surprise of the latter's friends, who are legion. Mr. Stewart has been sheriff of Eddy county for the past eight years and it is probable that but few men could have discharged the duties of the position so well during those turbulent times as Stewart. He is a man who was born to command and his very presence has lent dignity and influence to the position. Jim Christopher was Stewart's deputy for several years and during that time made the reputation and friends that landed him in the position last Saturday. It is a fact, we suppose, that John O. McKeen is the happiest man in the county. Like the man who was chased by the bear, John O. didn't throw off at any stage of the game, and landed in the place by sheer physical strength.

The ticket thus put in the field by the Democrats is a good one, and there is really no necessity for any opposition from our republican friends, but like the small boy with a stick horse, they are going to play like they are in the running by putting out a full ticket. A convention for that purpose has been called to meet at Carlsbad today. It is currently reported that Artesia precinct will be allowed to name a candidate for sheriff, assessor and commissioner.

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

A Cutting Affray.

The first serious trouble that has ever arisen in Artesia came up last Friday afternoon. Chas. Gilbert, an attorney from Roswell, got into a difficulty with Jesse P. Van Winkle on the corner of Main and Second street, and during the mixup cut Van Winkle in the left arm, completely severing the muscle and artery. The cut in the arm is perhaps all that saved Van Winkle's life, as Gilbert's stroke was aimed at his victim's body. The trouble came up over a contest. Gilbert's brother recently entered a contest against the homestead entry of Van Winkle and Chas. Gilbert was the contestant's attorney in the case. The first hearing was had in Roswell last week and the trial continued. When Gil appeared in Artesia Friday, trouble was anticipated. Some folks say that Gilbert came to town hunting trouble and made assault upon Van Winkle without warning, while others who pretend to know (Gilbert among them) say that Van Winkle accosted Gilbert and knocked him down before the latter attempted to use his knife. Witnesses agree that Gilbert wasn't knocked down until after his (Van Winkle) arm had been cut. Anyway, as soon as the cutting was accomplished Gilbert ran and asked for protection from the angry crowd of Van Winkle's friends who had arrived. Dave Runyan took Gilbert in charge and carried him before Magistrate Baird. The attitude of the crowd became so threatening that Mr. Baird thought it best to get the prisoner out of town as quickly as possible, so he was taken out the rear door and conveyed hurriedly to jail at Carlsbad. Without preliminary examination, the local justice at Carlsbad promptly released Gilbert on his own statement of the case his bond being placed at \$500. Since that time Justice Baird, of this place has issued a complaint against him and a warrant is in the hands of Sheriff Stewart for his arrest.

Van Winkle's wound was a bad one and he came near bleeding to death before the flow of blood was stopped. He will recover, if blood poisoning does not set in, although he will never have much use of his arm. He is a hard-working, industrious citizen of the town and has a host of friends who will stand back of him in the trouble.

Messrs. J. C. Gage and A. V. Logan left Thursday morning, with a camping outfit and saddle horses to view out the automobile route to El Paso. They expect to be gone two or three weeks and think they will have but little trouble in finding a suitable road through the mountains. Ample capita. has been raised in Artesia to put six big cars on the road just as soon as it is located. It is presumed that El Paso will assist in the preparation of the roadbed, should that prove an expensive item.

Notice to Contractors.

All contractors and builders are hereby notified that a contract will be let on Tuesday, June 5th, for the erection of a frame school house at Hope, N. M., to be built according to plans and specifications now on file at the office of Morgan Davis, Artesia, N. M., the same not to cost more than three thousand dollars. Anyone desiring to submit bids for the erection thereof must do so before 6 o'clock p. m. on the date mentioned. The Board of Trustees reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Morgan Davis, Chairman.

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

CARLSBAD HAS A TROOP OF CALVARY.

Captain Bujac Forms the Command, and It is Named for the Governor.

The meeting called two weeks ago by Captain E. P. Bujac, for the organization of a cowboy calvary troop at Carlsbad, resulted in an organization with sixty members, all those enrolling being young men who were born in the saddle. Bujac was elected captain and Bernie Mullane first sergeant. The lieutenant will be elected May 26.

A committee was appointed, consisting of Captain Bujac, Billie Kerr and Bernie Mullane, to provide a name for the troop. The committee has decided to name the troop "The H. J. Hagerman Dragoons" in honor of the present governor of New Mexico.

Captain Etienne Pellisere de Bujac, the troop commandant, was an officer in the Spanish-American war, having raised a company in Honston Texas, which served with the Texas immunes, afterwards saw two years' arduous service in the Philippines, in the 23rd infantry. He is a native of the Pelican state, and is of pure French extraction.

Home-Coming-Week in Kentucky.

For the above occasion round trip tickets to Louisville, Ky. will be on sale under the following conditions: Rate: one fare plus \$2.00—\$41.60; Dates of sale: June 11, 12 and 13, 1906; Final limit: June 25, 1906; Continuous passage in both directions. Tickets to be executed at Louisville, for which no fee will be charged; Children: the rate for children between the ages of five and twelve years will be one half the adult rate.

C. O. Brown, Local Agent.

A "Surprise" Party.

On last Monday night a jolly crowd of young people met at the home of C. L. Heath and from that place wended their way to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schwartz, in the western part of the city to do some surprising.

It was indeed a "surprise" to Mrs. Schartz to have about twenty-five young people walk in on her when she wasn't expecting them.

All found seats in one room and there listened to some good music from Mr. Conn's graphophone until 11 o'clock, when the guests took their departure all expressing themselves as being glad to have met the hostess and her son and also the enjoyable evening which they had spent.

The party was given in honor of Mrs. Schwartz and her son, Craig, who recently arrived in our city from Ohio.

Those present, were: Misses Brown, Williamson, Schrock, Bertha Gage, Richey, Clayton, Attebery, Ora and Mary Heath and Miss Helen Horn, of McKinney, Texas; Messrs. Gage, W. O. Thomas, Enoch, H. Attebery, Roy and Arthur Williamson, Clayton, Bogy, F. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Conn, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz and son Craig. F. H.

Notice to the Public.

This is to notify all parties interested that I have sold all my interests in the Henry & Ockerman saloon and also in the Mansion Hotel. I will in no wise be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by either of these establishments.

S. P. HENRY.

Artesia, N. M., May 23, 1906.

Jo Jacobson, manager of the Grand Leader dry goods house, this week purchased the L. T. Sholars residence on Second street and has taken possession.

Good Roads.

Dagger Flats, May 18, 1906.

To the Editor of the Artesia Advocate

Kind Sir—In the interest of good roads, and as to your little article of issue of May 12th in which you state West Main Street property owners are complaining of people driving upon their side walks, I am not one of the guilty ones, for I have never seen a side walk on Main Street west of the Bank of Artesia, nor have I seen what I would call a road. I haven't been at Artesia or over in "Dagger Flats" but two months but in that short time I have grubbed the daggers, cactus, etc., 60 feet in width along 2½ miles of section line and plowed a furrow on section line to make a straight road by and this looks to me to be more work than has ever been done on your main street and Hope road from the Bank of Artesia out to Daniel's wells, at which place I turn north to the flats.

At the small community of Dexter, where I have lived for the past year and a half, the citizens raised \$250 and got the County Commissioners to allow \$250 on a \$500 grading cutfit, and in a very few weeks had all the roads running into Dexter graded up like paved streets for several miles out of town and it looks to one coming from a little village like that, to a beautiful little city like Artesia that there was a lack of enterprise somewhere. And as to the irrigation ditches I don't know whether the road overseer at Dexter is backed by this in law, but he has successfully compelled ditch and water owners to keep the water from running in the road, and where a man had to take his water across the road, he just as successfully compelled him to put in a substantial culvert and where it happened to be a high one the individual had to grade up a good road on each side of it. This is another sad neglect around Artesia. I hope that you Mr. Editor and your readers will excuse the criticisms of a new comer but I do hope some of your good citizens will start a good road movement right quick. Very respectfully,

H. L. BIRNEY.

A Reception.

As is generally known, Elder E. H. Holmes has resigned his position as pastor of the Christian church of Artesia, and will return to Texas where he will take up the work at Plano.

In view of this fact, and as a mark of the love and esteem of his congregation, the ladies of the church will give an informal reception to Bro. Holmes and family, next Monday evening, May 26th, to which all of their friends, not only of the Christian church, but of the city, are cordially invited. A program, consisting of addresses, music, readings, etc., has been prepared, and no pains will be spared to make this last evening that these estimable people will spend with us socially, a pleasant one, in spite of the sadness of parting. At the Christian church, next Monday night.

Precinct Convention.

A precinct convention was held Saturday afternoon to send delegates to the county Democratic convention which met at Carlsbad yesterday. Gayle Talbot was made chairman of the meeting and A. F. Lesley secretary. Messrs. R. M. Ross and A. V. Logan were named as delegates to the county convention. No platform was adopted and the delegates were left free to act as they might think best. G. U. McCrary was elected as executive committeeman for the next two years.

THE ARTESIAN WELL LAW.

Its Constitutionality Submitted to the Court for Decision.

The attention of the district court was devoted this morning to hearing arguments in the case of H. P. Hobson, Oliver Pearson and C. M. Mayes who were indicted for failure and refusal to pay the artesian well tax. These defendants are allowing themselves to be made scape goats for the purpose of testing the law taxing artesian wells. The details of the case are too well known to require further explanation. The money to pay attorney's fees and the cost of defending the cases raised at a mass meeting of artesian well owners of the Pecos Valley. The defense was represented by Freeman & Cameron, of Carlsbad, and District Attorney Jas. M. Hervey, representing the Territory. After the arguments the case was submitted to Judge Pope for decision.—Roswell Record.

The Fair, Sept. 25-28.

The Board of Directors of the Roswell Fair Association at a meeting held Saturday for that purpose, fixed the dates for the fair on September 25, 26, 27 and 28. The Directors were assigned the following departments:

W. M. Atkinson, Finance.

Otto Hedgecoxe, Live Stock for Exhibition.

J. C. Hamilton, Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Arts and Manufactures.

J. W. Stockard, Racing and Amusements.

Luscious Dills, Privileges, Publicity, Transportation, and the odds and ends incident to the position of secretary.

Each director will select his superintendents of divisions, and the program will be prepared at once.

To the People of Artesia.

Having returned to Artesia to live, I wish to say that I am at my old stand and would be glad to see my friends and make some new ones. I shall try to keep pace with the growth of Artesia; and wish to say that I have returned to stay. I am trying to rebuild my old business which I lost in my move to Hagerman. I am not here to run down any one or to butt-in, but to do a straight business in real estate, insurance and accounting. I have established a collection agency in connection with my other work; and shall be ready at all times to accommodate those needing such service. I have some bargains in both city and country property. I can loan you money at the current rate, and would be glad to have those wishing to borrow to see me. Conveyancing and collections a specialty; your notary work solicited. For an accident policy or a No. 1 life policy see me.

Respectfully yours for business,
L. W. MARTIN.

If you are not pleased with the Pecos Valley, you should take a trip over other parts of New Mexico. We recently took such a trip. Dilapidated adobe buildings, chilli(pepper) and the smelic of garlic were everywhere very much in evidence. How different in the towns of the Pecos Valley! Everything here is new, neat and trim. The magic wand of the Anglo-Saxon is over it, and that means development, progress, enlightenment and power. The decree has gone forth. The "greaser" is doomed; he is too lazy to keep up; and smells too badly to be endured.—Hagerman Messenger.

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.

**GENASCO
READY ROOFING**

Different and better than other prepared roofing. Its life is real asphalt—the natural water-proofing—from the famous Trinidad Pitch Lake. Made and guaranteed by the Barber Asphalt Co., the largest producers in the world.

SOLD ONLY BY

John. Schrock Lumber Co.,
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

BACK TO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Does the History of a Catalpa Tree in Pennsylvania.

There is in this town a peculiar remnant of a grand old catalpa tree—a gigantic stump more than twenty-five feet high, which, from one standpoint, looks like an elephant standing on his hind legs. It stands in front of Mrs. Edward Bruden's homestead and attracts more curious attention than any other object in the thoroughfare.

"The old elephant tree," as they call it, has a history that runs back before the Bruden advent to the days when the descendants of Samuel Laundez, an English Tory, flourished in the shade of the then young and blooming catalpa. The tree was planted in 1793 and grew and grew until it measured, just above the ground, 21½ feet in circumference, and near the top of the present stump, 16 feet. All the Brudens now hope it will hold its ground until the present grandchildren shall have grown up.—Bristol Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

AUDIENCE WAS WELL SUPPLIED.

Collar Buttons Enough to Set Lecturer Up in Business.

"It was in an Illinois town," said a well-known lecturer, "and a large audience had assembled in the hall to hear my lecture. I was almost in the act of stepping out and making my bow when the head of my collar button flew off and the two ends of my collar flew wide apart. Of course, I could not go on in that shape, and for the moment I was stumped as to what to do. I hadn't a spare button, and as the best thing I could do I called



"The head of my collar button flew off."

a small boy and sent him to the store. The only store where he could get such a thing was closed, and he had to hunt up the proprietor. It took him a full hour to get back, and meanwhile the audience was restive and impatient. When I did at last appear I thought it best to state the cause of delay. I had no sooner stated it than at least seventy men in the audience rose up, produced from one to three collar buttons from their vest pockets and shouted in chorus: "Why in the devil didn't you let us know what you wanted?"

Ghastly Hour in City Streets.

"The ghastly hour," said a city policeman, "is the hour between four and five in the morning—the hour of monstrosities.

"In every big city there are several dozen dreadfully formed creatures who could make huge incomes in museums, but who, having money, prefer to remain unseen. They are monstrosities, beings so terribly unlike ordinary men and women that if they ventured out upon the street they would instantly be surrounded by an enormous and shrieking crowd. "The monstrosities must have air and exercise. They take it before dawn, between 4 and 5, for then the streets are most nearly empty.

"I see them on my beat, moving slowly in the dim light like the creatures of a nightmare. The dim, still hour before dawn is theirs. I call it the ghastly hour."

Afloat on Small Ice Floe.

While employed upon the ice at Lake Watatic, Arthur Forsburg of Winchendon, Mass., found himself adrift upon a small floe of four or five cakes. No boat was at hand, and the boy found it necessary to drift about with the wind until his strange craft reached shore. He was in constant fear that the floe would break up, but managed to keep afloat for ninety minutes. Aside from a bad chill he was no worse for the adventure.

Wine Cups.



Wine cups in ancient days were made of precious metals. One form was like a broad and shallow bowl, with a handle at the side.

Must Look Like Stilt Walker.

Charles Coy of Navesink, N. J., is believed to be the longest legged person in the middle states. Coy, who is but 17 years old, is very short of body, and naturally devotes the rest of his six feet of length to legs. The inside seam of his trousers measures 48 inches. He weighs 125 pounds.

SLEEPER WAS NOT HER KITTY.

Bald Head and Bushy Whiskers Alone Proved That.

Some years ago an elderly lady, Miss Armistead, from near Montpelier, Vt., had occasion to go to Boston with her niece, a young lady named Kitty. They traveled on the night train, but were unable to secure berths in the same sleeper, Miss Kitty having to take one in the second car and the aunt in the first.



She tried the wrong berth.

hour distant from Boston, Miss Armistead entered the second car to awaken Kitty. She found the number, an upper berth, and putting her hand through the curtain, shook the occupant, calling: "Kitty! Kitty! It's time to get up. Kitty! Kitty!"

A bald head, with bushy whiskers around the face, poked itself through the opening of the curtains and said: "Excuse me, but my name is George." The old lady gave a horrified scream and beat a hasty retreat. She had mistaken the number of the berth.

Japanese Girl Mountaineers.

A little girl named Yasuko, aged 10, daughter of Admiral Kabayama, accompanied by a girl student of the Tokio Jogakkan named Kiyoko, aged 15, daughter of Consul General Arakawa, and one maid, began to climb Fujiyama on the 16th instant, and intended to spend a night at the seventh station, but they were compelled to stay there for two nights because of the stormy weather.

They finally accomplished their object of reaching the summit and returned home safely on the 18th. Miss Yasuko kept an interesting diary of her trip for her father. So far comparatively few Japanese girls or women have ascended Fuji, but lately the idea has been popular among girl students.

Miss Yasuko, the heroine of the present successful trip, lives at Gontemba and is said to have been inspired to the effort by daily contemplation of the big mountain as seen from her father's garden.—Japan Mail.

Float.



A new float in the form of a tube, three yards long, is inflated by the swimmer and wound around his body. At each end is a tube which is stopped up with a plug, and a leather strap, which serves to fasten the float to the body. It is wound around the waist, then the neck, and finally around the arms.

Intelligence of Crows.

Most birds cannot carry anything which their mouths are too small to contain. The crow is an exception at times. In Vermont, near Manchester, five crows were seen to come down into an apple orchard. They came daily, and after a time the owner discovered that they were taking apples from a tree bearing the mellowest fruit. Each crow jammed its closed bill into an apple, raised its head and flew to a tall pine tree, where the fruit was eaten. More remarkable still is the fact that crows will sometimes carry turkey and hen eggs from a nest in the same manner.

Resented Innovation.

In Japan much of the business connected with the stage is hereditary. Recently a manager, wishing to be very realistic, brought the drop scenes for his theater from Europe. The Hasegawa family, which has painted the scenery for Japanese theaters for eleven generations, grew furious at this interference with their prerogatives.

FOR YOUNG READERS

Maxims in Verse.

Be that which once is past no longer thy concern,
But see thou dost the things which still thou hast to learn.

If thou resign thyself to what thou canst not change,
Thou wilt gain strength for that which still is now and strange.

My perfect fellow men I'd view with sore dismay,
They would be dull indeed, and often in the way.

But natural and frank, and somewhat narrow, too,
Not morbidly inclined, nor bent with grief and rue.

Thus would I ask of life to show them unto me;
Thus in the books I read would I my neighbors see.

If life brings to my view men made of different clay,
I bear it.—Books with such I promptly put away.

Adapt thyself unto the world, and it will send
Thee many things to cheer thy pathway to the end.

—Rucher's "Wisdom of the Brahmin."

Pretty Merry-Go-Round.

This experiment is so simple it will seem like fun. Get your materials together. They are: first, some pasteboard; second, sheets of writing paper; third, candles; fourth, a tin pan; fifth, a drinking glass; sixth, some tissue paper; seventh, some mucilage or library paste.

First experiment: Pour about three-quarters of a glass of water in-



to the tin pan, and set a lighted candle-end floating on the water. Now, if you quickly lower the drinking glass (inverted) down over the candle-end, what will happen? (See if the water with the candle will not rise at once in the tumbler, as pictured in the illustration.)

Second experiment: Make a small cylinder out of pasteboard, using paste to stick the edges together firmly. A little way up its sides thrust toothpicks through the cylinder and fasten to their ends a set of four sails, as shown in the picture. A little farther up arrange a disk of pasteboard, on which set four lighted candle-ends. Above them arrange another set of four sails. On top set a small square of pasteboard; to the four corners of it attach small banners cut out of tissue paper and in the center of it set a lighted candle.

Now set a large circle of pasteboard floating on a dishful of water. Place four lighted candle-ends along its edge, and set the cylinder in the center, fastening it down by means of bits of gum or wax.

See if the whole apparatus will not begin to revolve merrily. If not, ar-



range the sails at different angles till the desired motion results. What makes the revolving motion?

The Ojibwa Ball Game.

This is the most popular sport among the 30,000 members of the Ojibwa tribe of Indians. Entire villages engage in it, each side choosing a leader.

Each player is armed with a long stick, on the end of which is a small hoop, four inches in circumference. To this is attached a net of rawhide just large enough to hold the ball. At the distance of 400 paces from each other two poles are driven into the ground for goals. The object of each side is to get the ball into the net at the end of the playing stick, and to strike the opposite goal with it. The player who succeeds wins the game for his side.

As the players on one side try to block the way to the goal for opponents and to keep the ball away from them, the result is a lively scrimmage. The two sides being lined up, the ball is thrown between them at the begin-

ning of the game, and is kept in lively movement until the contest ends.

On the outskirts of the struggling players are stationed skirmishers to run with the ball to the goal. These skirmishers are chosen for their fleetness of foot. Now and then the ball will fly out from the struggling group, and catching it in the little basket at the end of his playing stick, an outfielder will speed with it for the goal, pursued by the rest of the players. The opposite side tries to catch him before he can touch the goal, while those on his own side interfere with this pursuit. He is encouraged by cries of "Ha-ha-yah!" and "a-ne-rook!" All join in the shouts, even the papposes.

Now and then a player will strike the ball and send it in the air. As it comes down another player sends it up again. Sometimes for 10 minutes it will not touch the ground. Then both players and spectators reach the wildest pitch of enthusiasm.

Cracked Nuts.

When does a ship tell a falsehood? When she lies at the wharf.

When is a small fishpond like a bird cage? When it has a perch in it.

When the day breaks what becomes of the pieces? They go into mourning.

Why is a bald-headed man like a greyhound? Because he makes a little hair go a great way.

By well employing my second you will never regret my first, and you will the more thoroughly enjoy my whole?

Past-time.

"Sambo, why am lawyers like fishes?"

"I don't nebbber meddle wid de subject."

"Why, don't you see?—'cause dey am so fond of debate."

The Lyrebird.

The largest and handsomest of all the song birds is the Lyrebird. Its home is in Australia, where its song is heard mornings and evenings, and more often in winter than in summer.

The chief beauty of the Lyrebird is in the plumage of its tail, which is elegant and in the form of an an-



cient lyre. While singing, the Lyrebird spreads its tail over its head like a peacock and droops its wings to the ground.

This bird is not only a fine singer, but can imitate sounds of all kinds. One living near a woodsawyer's hut imitated the filing of saws. The crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs and the mewling of cats are within its range. Its own song is also different from other birds', being a louder and fuller tone.

To Make a Cheap Battery.

Get a pine board eight inches long, two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. One inch from each end bore a hole large enough to fit a zinc. Then bore like holes one inch from the zincs.

Get four carbon plates from worn-out dry batteries, screw two on each side of the board with small screws. Do not touch zincs, as this would short-circuit battery. Connect carbon plates together and then zincs.

Battery fluid is: To one quart water add four fluid ounces of sulphuric acid. When cool add as much bichromate of potassium (powdered). This cell, if properly made, will give an electro-motive force of six volts and about three or four amperes. Zinc should be amalgamated by dipping zincs in sulphuric acid and rubbing on mercury. Always take zinc out of acid when through working with cell.

Training Carrier Pigeons.

The course of training is generally thus: A number of young pigeons—say one hundred—are, to begin with, conveyed to a distance of about six miles from their home, where they are all released. But, as nature is no less partial in the distribution of her gifts to the pigeon than to the human race, it is only a very few of these hundred pigeons that are clever enough to get straight back. The greater number return only after a considerable interval, and many are never seen again.

After repeated six-mile trials, a certain number of the most promising pupils are selected and taken to the distance of twelve miles. This again proves beyond the capabilities of not a few, and another selection is made.

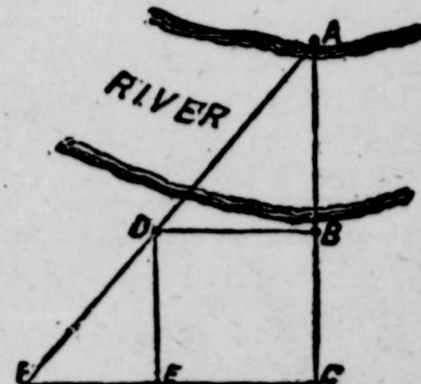
So the experiments are continued, the distance increasing six miles each time. Ultimately, a little troop of these

winged messengers is obtained which may be trusted for immense distances.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Measuring a River.

Here is a very simple way of measuring approximately the width of a river without any other instrument than a measuring tape.

Select a tree or other conspicuous object on the farther bank of the river, as A. Select another tree or stake on the near bank of the river, as B. Measure off any convenient distance—say 100 or 200 feet—from



B to the point C, which shall be in the line AB. Select a third tree or stake, as D, and complete on the ground the parallelogram BCED.

Then find the point F on the ground which is in line with EC and also in line with DA, and measure the distance from E to F. Then AB will equal BD multiplied by BC divided by EF.—Scientific American.

The Game of Snaps.

When we were children we used to find great fun in playing "snap."

We made the cards for the game ourselves, by cutting them from pasteboard or cardboard.

The cards were 2½ inches by 3½ inches, and were colored on one side in red and blue. We colored them with our water colors.

There were thirty-two cards in all, sixteen in red and sixteen in blue. On one side of each, the side that was not colored, we placed a large figure, corresponding in color to that used on the back of the card.

As there were sixteen cards, the figures were 1, 2, 3 up to 16. The red cards then bore figures corresponding exactly to the blue ones; that is, there was an 8 among the red cards, and an 8 among the blue cards.

This was the game: One person took all of the blue cards, and another took all of the red. The cards were then shuffled, care being taken not to let any one see what card came out on top.

Now, with the hand carefully concealing the number of the card to be laid, at exactly the same instant each player places a card on the table, with the number up.

If one should lay a 5 and the other a 4, or any numbers that do not correspond, each player again deposits a card.

But if two corresponding cards are laid, two 7s, for instance, the player who notices this first must cry out "snap!" and he who first cries "snap" takes all of the cards that have been played.

The game continues until all cards are on the table, the winner being the one who has the greatest number of cards at the end of the game.

This game is very interesting, as it is necessary for both players to be very alert. Each is anxious, of course, to be the first to see and to call out "snap" when two corresponding cards have been laid.

How to Make a Magnet.

The most simple and about the most suitable things for boys to make are electric goods.

The simplest of all of them is a magnet. Not much has to be done. It can be done in about five minutes. Get a piece of steel wire and bend it



And, if you like, paint it blue or red.

Now file it smooth at the ends and take it to a place where electricity can be obtained and it is done. It will be found very useful. A pin or needle can be drawn through a crack and some pins. The magnet will give the first studies in the use of electricity.

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. Cecill, W. M.
E. B. Kemp, Sec.



WALNUT CAMP No. 26
Meets on first, third
and fifth Tuesday
nights of each month.
Chas. R. Echols, C. C.
J. E. Swebston, 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

Colic, Cholera & Diarrhea Remedy

Almost every family has need of a reliable remedy for colic or diarrhea at some time during the year.

This remedy is recommended by dealers who have sold it for many years and know its value.

It has received thousands of testimonials from grateful people.

It has been prescribed by physicians with the most satisfactory results.

It has often saved life before medicine could have been sent for or a physician summoned.

It only costs a quarter. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? BUY IT NOW.

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

City Council Meeting.

The board of town trustees held its regular meeting Tuesday night and attended to routine business.

It was decided by the board to immediately go to work and see if the town cannot purchase back from the holders all the perpetual water rights sold last year by the water company, as the bonds cannot be sold until this is accomplished. Under an agreement with the town trustees, the water company promised to go to work immediately laying a four inch pipe line from the new town well on Main street, to connect with the mains on Richardson, Grand and Missouri avenue, so that the citizens in the western part of town can get water pending a settlement of the bond proposition. Manager Hodges will push this matter to completion.

Block For Sale.

One block of land close in with water rights, 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.

Presbyterian Church.

Services at Presbyterian church Sabbath Day as follows: 9:45 a. m. Sunday School; Preaching services with sermon by the pastor. In the evening, instead of services at our own church, we will unite with the Christian church in worship, this being Bro. Holmes' "Farewell" services. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.
E. E. Mathes, Pastor.

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

Buy your sand for sidewalks from
Jim Conner

Croquet sets at Pecos Valley
Drug Co.

Victor Talking Machines at
Pecos Valley Drug Co.

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

WATSON E. COLEMAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
626 F. St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Opposite Dept. of Interior.

Practice before the General Land Office and before the Secretary of the Interior in Land Contests.



KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
ARTESIA LODGE No. 27
Meets on second and
fourth Saturday nights in
each month.
Jay C. Idler, C. C.
Lee McIntosh, K. of R. & S.

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

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 supplied 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:
R. 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.



J. E. SWEPSTON,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.
NOTARY PUBLIC.

GENERAL ACCOUNTING.

OFFICE IN BANK OF ARTESIA BUILDING.

PHONE 140.

ARTESIA, N. M.

Notice to Taxpayers.

I have appointed Mr. T. F. Blackmore deputy county assessor for Precinct No. 6. Personal call will be made on all tax payers, but, if convenient, call at his office over Bank of Artesia and render your taxes for the year 1906.

J. L. Emerson,

Assessor.

For Sale.

The cobble stone house on Richardson avenue. The price is less than the cost of the house alone \$4400 00 and will take half on time. This place is actually worth more than \$5200 00. See J. C. Gage, Artesia, who will show the house.

Suffered for Five Years with Kidney and Liver Trouble.

"I suffered for five years with kidney and liver trouble, which caused severe pains across the back and a blinding headache. I had dyspepsia and was so constipated that I could not move my bowels without a cathartic. I was cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and have been well now for six months," says Mr. Arthur S. Strickland, of Chattanooga, Tenn. For sale by Fatherree and Robertson.

For Rent—Four room house, new, close in, barn and out houses. Water right. Apply this office.

LOVE'S AGENCY.

Representing
THE NEW YORK LIFE
Matchless Life and Investment Insurance. Policies incontestable from date of issue.
Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards Co.
Fancher Creek Nurseries. The California Rose Co. and The Southwestern Nurseries
Where we get our Government Evergreens and Forest Trees.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Instruments drawn and acknowledgments taken. Office with the Cleveland Land Agency. 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 Advocate office.

Mrs. Annie A. Kemp, mother of E. B. and Wilber Kemp, left Wednesday for an all-summer visit to her old Virginia home. Mrs. Kemp has been in the Pecos Valley for three years, and, while happy and contented in this new home, looks forward with joyful anticipation to the visit with the relatives and friends of her youth. She contemplates a visit to Jamestown, Mt. Vernon and other places of note while in the east. She was accompanied as far as St. Louis by Miss Nannie Ross, who will be in that city and other Missouri towns for about six weeks. Several friends waited long with them for that delayed train Wednesday to wish them goodbye and a pleasant visit. Mrs. Kemp promises faithfully to return to us September.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS—Pure bred Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for sale. \$1.00 for setting of thirteen.

J. M. Conn, Artesia, N. M.

Chamberlain's Salve is good for any disease of the skin. It allays the itching and burning sensation instantly. For sale by Fatherree and Robertson.

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

Christian Church.

Services at the Christian church on next Sunday morning and evening as usual. With these services our ministry in Artesia will close. All members urged to be present. Friends and strangers cordially invited and welcomed.

E. H. Holmes, Pastor.

I have several hundred pounds fresh kaffir corn chops that I will sell reasonably. See me soon for price in large quantities. J. R. Blair.

Jim Conner has plenty sand on hand.

THE ARTESIA ADVOCATE

GAYLE TALBOT, PUBLISHER.

ARTESIA, - - NEW MEXICO

Grangemouth is the name of a Moscow editor. Evidently a farmer on the side.

Waldorf Astor has become so thoroughly anglicized that he is going to marry an American girl.

A clergyman says that bridge whist leads to mental decline. Why doesn't he try poker for a change?

Senator Pettus is declared to be a poor man and fond of poker. The last explains the first, possibly.

Perhaps boys should be thankful for whippings, as somebody declares, but they seldom are before they are 45.

Sweet Spring is now approaching, and Summer with the rose, so poetry's encroaching upon the field of prose.

King Edward was "warmly received" in Paris, but not in the same way as when he used to be prince of Wales.

The czar will reserve the right to wield the big stick over the Douma, according to the latest advices from St. Petersburg.

We learn from the New York Mail that women are using garters to keep those long, arm-length gloves in place. But do they hold?

Manchuria will be finally evacuated by the Japanese in a few days. It has taken them longer to get out than it did to get in.

It is now believed that Anna Gould is going to give Bond one more chance, in spite of the fact that he has taken a great many already.

Uruguay should not be blamed for having a revolution. A review of recent South American history shows that it is Uruguay's turn.

Asks the editor of the Pittsfield Journal: "Are there four girls with gray eyes in Pittsfield?" Apparently ye scribe means to get busy.

Queen Maud of Norway is losing her health because she fears her husband will be killed. This queen business is not all pickles and pie.

It was not long ago that all the "success" magazines were pointing to the Pittsburg millionaires as examples to the youth of the land.

With 10,000 doctors in convention in Boston next summer, the rest of the country ought to have a good opportunity to get well.—Boston Globe.

It is a pity that the great romancers of the sea did not live in a generation which affords such thrilling material as the log of the dry dock Dewey.

A Minnesota man says he has discovered the cause of the aurora borealis. But what bearing will this have on the price of coal this year?

Much to the surprise of everybody, some of the phenomenal ball players added to the leading nines as marvelous discoveries will probably make good.

Cheer up, mister! The president of the Dressmakers' National Protective Association says that women's dress will be less expensive this year than ever before.

The Japanese, says one of their statesmen, should adopt chairs and develop their legs. Well, short legs did not prevent them from "getting there" in the late war.

Portia, as quoted by the editor of a kind of society paper, is made to say: "How far that little scandal throws his beams! So shines a baad deed in this haughty world."

News comes from the east that the seventeen-year locusts will devastate the land this year. How many times in the course of a decade do the seventeen-year locusts come, anyhow?

As the last suffragist was detached from the doorknob and put into the police wagon, the premier of the great British Empire crawled out from under his bed and sighed a sigh of relief.

An actor has become a soldier in order to escape the adulation of matinee girls. We know several actors who should be driven from the stage with a club instead of soft glances.

Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, has shown that he can make a glass of Scotch whiskey in five minutes without the aid of Scotland, barley or a charred keg. Yet this man is not a millionaire.

MADE ARTIST QUAKE

CARTOONIST THOUGHT HIS HOUR HAD COME.

John Leech's Dismal Impressions When He Fell into the Hands of Powerful Enemy Whom He Had Caricatured in Punch.

Many years ago a duke of Athall was held up to execration in Punch for shutting up Glen Tilt and forbidding all trespassing under pains and penalties. This recalls a good story about John Leech, told by himself at a dinner given by his friend Millais, at which Landseer and Thackeray were present. It was Leech "who held up to execration" the duke of Athall. Look in Punch of 1850 and you will see the old nobleman there depicted as a savage snarling hound, and underneath the picture the words, "A Scotch Dog in the Manger." This is followed by another pleasantry at the expense of the duke, who in a scene from the burlesque performed at Glen Tilt is made to say, "These are Clan Athall's warriors true, and, Saxons, I'm the regular Doo."

Some time after this, Leech, making a summer tour in Scotland, found himself toward nightfall walking "in the unprofaned heather of Glen Tilt, sacred to dukes and deer," and presently met, face to face, the duke, on horseback, attended by a groom. "Is it possible," His Grace exclaimed, "that I have the pleasure of meeting John Leech?"

The artist, disconcerted, explained that it was growing late and he was on his way to the village inn to stay the night. The Duke would not hear of this, and, ordering his groom to dismount and help the artist into the saddle, insisted that the latter should go with him to the hall. Leech was overpowered by the old gentleman's kindness, and, as no refusal would be listened to, he accepted it. But he was still a little nervous. The Duke noticed it and it seemed to please him.

On arriving at a narrow and rather dangerous path skirting a precipice, seeing his companion hold back, he gruffly told him to advance. "Now," thought poor Leech, "he'll have his revenge." The Duke spoke out, "Are you the man who slandered me in Punch?" he sternly demanded. The artist felt his heart sink within him. He looked down from the dizzy height and thought of his wife and children. There was but one thing for him to do. He made a full confession and a full apology, and the old gentleman, having succeeded in thoroughly scaring him, magnanimously forgave him. Host and guest duly arrived at the hall and dinner was ordered. Leech was shown to his dressing room, where he patiently awaited the sound of the gong. Hour after hour went by and no sound came. He began to suspect that the Duke's revenge was not complete and that he was being held a prisoner. He rang the bell.

It was answered by a scornful lackey. "I am afraid," said Leech, "that the dinner gong has sounded, and I have not heard it. Is dinner ready?" "Sir," replied the pompous flunkey, "when dinner is ready you will hear the gong," and disappeared. Another hour went by. He rang the bell. The flunkey entered. The same inquiry was made and the same reply was given. Leech gave up in despair. But at last came ten o'clock and with it the looked for music of the gong. Dinner was served. It appeared that the Duke had taken his usual nap, and, being fatigued by the day's hunting, had overslept himself, and no one in the house had presumed to awake him.

Dr. Rogers Couldn't Give It.

Dr. John Rogers, one of the earliest and most prominent physicians of Plymouth, N. H., was noted for his ready retorts and cutting sarcasm in dealing with an opponent. He was postmaster during the administration of John Adams, but was removed on the advent of Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Robbins, a rival, professionally and politically, and a man of quick temper, but of pompous manner, succeeded him.

In due time he came to Dr. Rogers, demanding the postoffice paraphernalia, and saying: "I want all that belongs to me, quick!"

Dr. Rogers, pointing to Uncle Sam's belongings, calmly answered: "Take them. But there's one thing I can't give you."

"What's that?" vehemently demanded Robbins.

"Common sense, you dashed fool," coolly retorted Rogers.

Twice Made American Citizen.

Patrick J. McHugh of Holly Springs, Miss., in a way is twice an American citizen. He came to this country over twenty years ago and was naturalized in 1888. Not long ago a building in which he had some papers was burned, his naturalization papers going with the rest. Patrick at once made application for a new set, and now is able again to give documentary evidence of his American citizenship.

HAS MADE A PIANO OF STONE.

Prof. Till Discovered Musical Properties of Paleozoic Rocks.

Of course, there is music in everything except an occasional soul. It is in all woods, metals, minerals, waters, atmospheres and spaces, says the New York Press. But there are some men and women who are unable to hum the simplest tune. I know a mother of several children in this city who couldn't tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." She was never able to sing to her babies. Lullaby to her spells infinite distress. Prof. Till's discovery of music in the paleozoic rocks of the Cumberland mountains, in England, was a great step forward in the production of pleasurable emotion. The rocks are gneiss and hornblende, deposited according to geological test prior to the introduction of life upon earth—in all probability 100,000,000 years ago. The rock band is a natural effect.

It is said that these rocks when struck give forth sounds as various as the chords of a grand piano, and more accurate. Mr. Till and his father, starting with an octave and a half, spent twelve years in perfecting an instrument of broad capacity. The rocks are from six inches to four feet in length, arranged on a frame about twelve feet long. They give a scale of five octaves and are played upon by four persons, each with two hammers or mallets, to beat out the sound. There are skeptics who asserbate that the "rocks" are iron or steel in disguise. This the Tills resent.

Discount for Shortage.

A couple evidently from an exceedingly rural district recently presented themselves at the home of a Buffalo minister and announced that they wished to be married. The would-be bride was of a homeliness to cause one less pity for the blind, but the groom seemed satisfied, and as they possessed the necessary license the minister proceeded to perform the ceremony.

"How much dew that come to, parson?" the man inquired, bringing a handful of silver change from a deep trousers pocket. "Name yer regular figger that you charge th' swells. I'm agoin' th' limit, by jinks."

"Oh, I have no regular charge," the minister said; "just give me what you think it is worth."

The groom turned and eyed the bride in a speculative manner.

"She's a good gal, ef she ain't much on looks," he said, thoughtfully, "an I'll be gosh derned ef she ain't wuth a dollar an' forty-five cents!"

He was about to hand over the silver, when the lady caught his arm, and deducted the five cent piece from the sum.

"Wait, Si," she said. "Take back this nickel; you don't know it, but when I was a child I chopped off two toes with th' hatchet."—Harper's Weekly.

Why He Liked Venice.

Marion Crawford gave recently a dinner in Rome and during the dinner the talk turned to Venice.

"There is a young lady from Duluth," Mr. Crawford said, "whom I met one bright October morning in Sorrento. She told me that she was touring Italy with her father. She said her father had liked all the Italian cities, but especially he had liked Venice."

"Ah, Venice, to be sure," said I. "I can readily understand that your father would prefer Venice, with its gondolas and St. Mark's and Michael Angelo's."

"Oh, no," said the young lady, "it wasn't that. But he could sit in the hotel, you know, and fish out of the window."

Seasick French Sailors.

Bitter complaint is made by a French naval journal because the modern training of French naval officers and seamen does not sufficiently habituate them to the sea. On the voyage of the Jaureguiberry from Toulon to Brest that battleship had to face a storm in the Bay of Biscay, which prostrated no fewer than 200 seamen and a large number of officers. In the Russian fleet at the battle of the Japan sea there was a similar state of affairs. It is urged that there be more cruising at sea in all weathers and a period of some years' service on torpedo craft for officers, with the object of giving the personnel of the French navy its sea legs.

Better Than Any Speech.

Among the anecdotes told in J. H. Settle's book concerning election humors is the following about Lord Rosebery:

His lordship was in the east end of London at an election time, and while inspecting a great establishment several of the employes, whose knowledge of the distinguished guest chiefly centered in him as the owner of a good horse, communicated to one of the company their wish that Lord Rosebery would do them a favor.

"What is it you want—a speech?" asked the gentleman.

"A speech! No! Speech be hang-ed!" was the reply. "We want a tip for the Liverpool cup!"

FOUND BOOKS HARD TO KEEP.

Practice in Arithmetic Closes the Day's Shopping.

The "grand settling of accounts" in which Mrs. Compton and her mother indulge at the close of a day spent in the city, shopping, is an entertainment which Mr. Compton never misses if he can help it.

"Now, mother," said Mrs. Compton, when one of these occasions was drawing to a close, "can you give me the 75 cents for that little pincushion? Then we shall be all straight once more."

"No," said the old lady, after an inspection of her cash assets, "I can't. I have only 60 cents in change."

Mrs. Compton looked worried, and as sometimes happened, her husband endeavored to lend a helping hand.

"Your mother has a \$2 bill there," he said, indicating one of the old lady's assorted piles. "Why doesn't she give you that, and you give her that \$1.25 over there?"

"William," and his wife turned an imploring and reproachful face toward him, "don't mix us all up! That \$2 is what I paid mother ten minutes ago for my share of cousin Lucy's down puff. And this \$1.25 is her share of cousin Edward's ash tray! If we turned and twisted things back and forth in the ways you suggest we should never know where we were. As it is, mother has the 50 cents I gave toward Katherine's doll's tea set all mixed in with the money Lucy gave her, and we don't know how it happened, with all our exact methods!"—Youth's Companion.

"LOBSTER" IS OUT OF DATE.

"Peanut Shell" Has Replaced It in Polite Vocabulary.

To call a man a lobster to-day is to write yourself down as out of date. This was discovered by a glorious and soul-satisfying exchange of defiance between a teamster and a newsboy on Fourth street, yesterday, in which the latter shone brilliantly in a refined billingsgate that left the teamster no recourse but physical violence. When the man started for the boy, the latter ran well out of range, and then remarked over his shoulder, to the delight of the crowd:

"You're a peanut shell."

"Don't give me any of that or I'll break your leg."

"Aw, go lay an egg!"

This intimation that the teamster was a hen so provoked him that he started again for his little opponent, who dodged through all kinds of doors and alleys and effected an easy escape.—Minneapolis Journal.

Station Attendants' Mourning.

Of the late William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago, a Chicagoan said:

"President Harper was a punctual man and he asked punctuality of all with whom he dealt."

"I once accompanied him to a small town in the state of New York on business. On our return journey the train was late. We had to wait for it in a cold and dismal station over two hours."

"As we walked back and forth on the station platform we complained bitterly of the delay."

"Even the station attendants look dreary," said I. "They look as dreary and wretched as we feel. And they are all wearing black neckties. They must be in mourning. I wonder what they are in mourning for?"

"In mourning for the late train," said President Harper."

A Son of Beecher.

A son of the late Henry Ward Beecher is, we are told, holding a minor clerkship in the Seattle city treasurer's office. The only question of public interest in a case of this kind is based upon the hope that he will be competent and honest in his calling. There is no reason in the world why a Beecher should not earn his living in an ordinary vocation, and no reason why he should wish, in so doing, to conceal his identity. The older Beechers, men and women, worked diligently and were not ashamed of work. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who may be said to have shed some luster upon the name of her father and brother, wrote her great book in the intervals of household labor, the tasks of which she daily performed "with stained and battered hands."—Oregonian.

Society Woman to Run Hotel.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, the society leader of New York, intends personally to manage the splendid new Fairmount hotel, San Francisco. She is the owner of the hotel, which will cost when completed almost \$3,000,000. A few days ago she let the contract for decorating the rooms, the total of which amounts to more than \$500,000. It was not known until a few days ago that she would manage the house, and so far no one has attempted to fathom her reasons. She has been negotiating with several managers of leading hotels in the east to take over the house, but at the final moment withdrew her offers and announced that she would be manager as well as owner.

A CURE FOR DEBILITY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills A Reliable Remedy for the Weak, Ailing and Bloodless.

When the body is weak and the blood thin it is sometimes difficult to find the cause unless a wasting illness has preceded, or the sufferer happens to be a girl on the verge of womanhood.

Obscure influences, something unhealthful in one's surroundings or work, may lead to a slow impoverishment of the blood and an enfeeblement of the whole body. When a serious stage has been reached there seems to be nothing that will account for it.

Mr. C. E. Legg, of Tipton, W. Va., has found a successful method of treating weakness and bloodlessness. He says:

"I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for weakness caused by a lingering malarial fever that began in the spring of 1896. The worst effects of this were indigestion and a bad state of my blood. I was anemic, as the doctors say. People generally would say that I didn't have blood enough, or that I didn't have the right kind of blood; mine was too thin. My kidneys and liver were out of order. I was badly annoyed by sour risings from my stomach. There was a good deal of pain, too, in my back and under my right shoulder blade."

"How long did these troubles last?"

"For over two years. For four months of that time I was under the care of a physician, but his medicine did me no good. Meanwhile I learned of the cures that had been wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You owe your cure to these pills?"

"I certainly do, and I also know that they are helping others to whom I have recommended them. They have real merit and I know of nothing that would take their place."

For further information and valuable booklet address the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

General Booth's Daily Menu.

It is interesting to know what a man of General Booth's age and vitality lives on. Here is his day's menu: For breakfast he takes a moderate quantity of buttered toast, with strong tea and an equal portion of milk. Between breakfast and lunch he eats a few raisins. For lunch he has a bowl of vegetable soup with dry toast soaked in it, vegetables, especially potatoes cooked in their jackets, and whatever green stuff is in season. Then he sleeps from a quarter to half an hour. Tea is similar to breakfast, with the occasional addition of a few mushrooms. For supper he takes invariably a plate of rice and milk.

Anna Counsels the Boys.

Boys, business men of your town know you better than your parents, says Anna Garison. Their eyes are on you when you are least aware. You may slip away from your mother, you may dupe and deceive your best friends, you may elude the watchful eye of your teacher, you may trifle with the confidence of your Sunday-school superintendent, but you can't fool the business men in your town when they have a position to be filled.

What's ten years on the shoulder of a man who thinks!

"COFFEE JAGS."

The Doctor Named Them Correctly.

Some one said "Coffee never hurts any one." Enquire of your friends and note their experiences.

A Phila. woman says

"During the last 2 or 3 years I became subject to what the doctor called 'coffee jags' and felt like I have heard men say they feel who have drank too much rum. It nauseated me, and I felt as though there was nothing but coffee flowing through my veins."

"Coffee agreed well enough for a time, but for a number of years I have known that it was doing me great harm, but, like the rum toper, I thought I could not get along without it. It made me nervous, disordered my digestion, destroyed my sleep and brought on frequent and very distressing headaches."

"When I got what the doctor called a 'coffee jag' on, I would give up drinking it for a few days till my stomach regained a little strength, but I was always fretful and worried and nervous till I was able to resume the use of the drug."

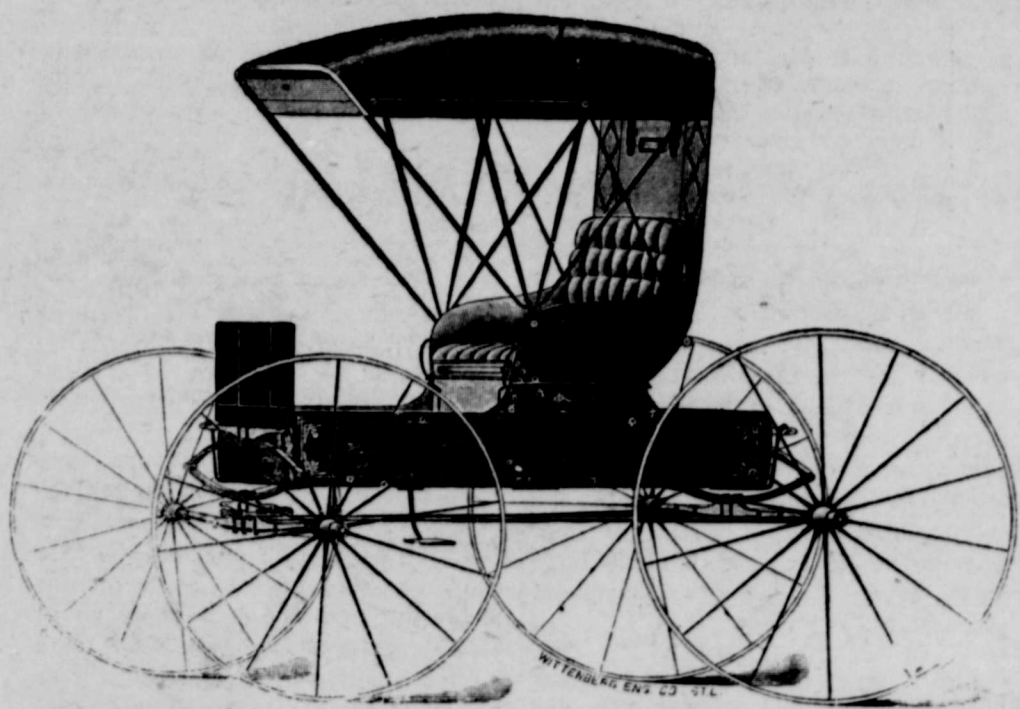
"About a year ago I was persuaded to try Postum, but as I got it in restaurants it was nothing but a sloppy mess, sometimes cold, and always weak, and of course I didn't like it. Finally I prepared some myself, at home, following the directions carefully, and found it delicious. I persevered in its use, quitting the old coffee entirely, and feeling better and better each day, till I found at last, to my great joy, that my ailments had all disappeared and my longing for coffee had come to an end."

"I have heretofore suffered intensely from utter exhaustion, besides the other ailments and troubles, but this summer, using Postum, I have felt fine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Restaurant cooks rarely prepare Postum Coffee properly. They do not let it boil long enough.

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. 1281, 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, New Mexico, 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 Tabbot, 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 Oia Venable, assignee of Samuel P. Denning, assignee of Archey Blakney, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1539, 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. Blain 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 K. Henry of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 2390 for the S1-2 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., Simeon 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 her intention to make final proof in support of her 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:
Mary A. Coll, of Artesia, N. M., for the SW1-4 of Sec. 10, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.
She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Lester G. Hadley of Lake Arthur, N. M., Sidney W. Hale, of Artesia, N. M., Cora Hess of Artesia, N. M., Hart Crouch, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 5709.
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 NW1-4 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 N. Bell of Artesia, N. M., R. F. Crowley of Artesia, N. M., H. H. Hess of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Abstracts of title furnished on short notice. Office over Bank of Artesia.

The Pecos Valley Drug Company delivers cream to any part of the city.

Notice.

Through a clerical error, all the notices of licenses due on artesian wells were made to read payable at Roswell. The license due on Eddy county wells are payable to the county treasurer at Carlsbad as required by Section 7 of the law.
W. A. WILSON,
Artesian Well Supervisor.

Methodist Church South.

Dr. McIlhany will preach at the morning service, the pastor will preach at the night service. We want to have a full attendance at Sunday School and Leagues. All who come are made to feel at home at our church.
J. H. Messer, Pastor.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 3704.
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 NE1/4 NW1/4, N1/2 NE1/4 and SW1/4 NE1/4 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 a grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Eggleston 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 Fatherree and Robertson.

Notice.

All accounts are due and must be paid on the first of each month.
Artesia Feed and Fuel Co.

Box Supper.

The ladies of the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church will entertain at the church next Tuesday night with an old-fashioned box supper—that is, they will have boxes and baskets filled with just the best of good things to eat and the (the doxes) will be for sale. Everyone who buys a box will have the privilege of eating supper with the one who prepared it. Under the rules of the evening, each lady is to earn a dollar and then read publically a verse of poetry of her own composition and in it must tell how she earned the money. No admission fee will be charged and the public generally is asked to be present.

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.

Drink soda from a Sanitary Fountain, and keep healthy. The Pecos Valley Drug Company uses the Twentieth Century.

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

Mrs. E. N. Skaer has gone to Augusta, Kas., to visit her parents.

G. W. Dent returned Thursday from Tennessee.

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

H. B. Ryther, the well known editor of Portales, spent several days in Artesia this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayers, of Kent county, Texas, arrived Tuesday to visit the family of their son, Lewis Ayers, who lives eight miles west of town.

Bought Some Valuable Property.

Three gentlemen named Olden from Oregon, came in last week with the Artesia Land Company, and have this week bought about twenty seven thousand dollars worth of Artesia dirt. They purchased from E. A. Clayton 160 acres of land two miles south of town for \$13,000 and 80 acres of land one mile west of town from Mr. Clayton for \$14,000. The gentlemen expect to return to the city in a few weeks to make this their home.

C. H. McClenathan, of Carlsbad, was in the city Thursday.

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.

The soda used at the last three Worlds was drawn from a Twentieth Century Sanitary Fountain. The same kind is used at the Pecos Valley Drug Company.

Will Merchant has spent a day or two in the city this week thanking his friends for the handsome majority they rolled up for him Saturday. He says he wants to show them that he does not forget their good offices as soon as the polls are closed.

Mrs. T. M. Waller, of Lakewood, was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Beckham, Jr., a day or two this week.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Unless your property is rendered on or before June 1, 1906, a penalty of 25 per cent. will be added thereto. Assessor's office over Bank of Artesia.

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 fringing 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.

EVENTS OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Surgery Triumphant.

Dr. Slash performed a famous operation on a stout and wealthy patient who was ill. And received the universal admiration of the medical profession for his skill. He laid the patient out (he loved to do it). And said, "Although the malady is hid, 'Tis an interesting case; I'll look into it." So he opened up the patient and he did. Beginning with a vertical incision, He neatly drew the floating ribs apart. Then made a careful cardiac division. And sewed a patch of canvas on the heart. Finding nothing here that merited attention, Around the lungs he cut a graceful curve. And as a Spartan measure of prevention He tied a bunch of tissue with a nerve. Then on the patient's brain he operated— A further fine example of his pluck— And his very modern methods demonstrated. By removing the appendix, just for luck. With practiced haste he sewed the man together. Two weeks passed by—two weeks of anxious guess— While the world of science cogitated whether They could call the operation a success. Then Dr. Slash performed the amputation Of a generous ten-thousand-dollar fee. They said, "A most courageous operation And successful to a marvelous degree."—Life.

Wed by Moonlight on a Bridge.

It became known to-day that Miss Nannie Reynolds and Mr. Finis Johnson, a popular couple of McLean county, were secretly married last Wednesday night under romantic circumstances. Together with four other young people the couple started to prayer meeting. When the iron bridge over Cypress Creek was reached Miss Reynolds announced that they had decided to be married at once. The bridegroom had secured the license the day previous and one of the party ran ahead to the church and got the services of the preacher. The ceremony was performed on the bridge and the minister read the license by the light of the moon.—Owensboro correspondence Nashville Banner.

Proud of Infamous Record.

The "King of Tramps" got a term in a French gaol the other day. He said he was born of wealthy parents and educated for the Bar. He lost money by gambling, and to pay the debt broke open his father's safe. "Turned out of doors, I became a tramp, and have been ever since a terror to all honest folk. I have toured France twenty times, and have been all over Belgium, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Spain. I have been shut up in almost every prison in Europe." The magistrate having informed him that he would have to go to gaol once more, he cried, "Hooray! I have scored my century. I have been sentenced exactly ninety-nine times before by magistrates all over Europe."

Good Type of American Boy.

Eddie Teague of New Portland, Me., who is 11 years old and weighs 71 pounds, is one of the country boys such as were more common in the days of our fathers. Young Teague started from his father's camp on a recent morning with a yoke of oxen attached to a sled, which in turn was followed by a horse and sled. The outfit was bound for New Portland, sixteen miles away. The oxen became freed from the sled on the way, but the young teamster left the sled beside the road and drove on. It was well along into the evening when he brought his charges into the settlement.

Muskats Sank Steamboat.

The steamer Swan sank at her pier here as a result of a leak caused by muskrats. The rodents gnawed a hole through the hull near the water line and the boat settled until she rested on the bottom. The craft was successfully raised with the assistance of a tug whose pumps were employed. The muskrats that caused the trouble were killed.—Lakeside correspondence Portland Oregonian.

Tramps Know Good Thing.

Vermont papers are complaining that the first tramp of the year was entertained at Turners Falls on Christmas day, while Burlington, Vt., found itself overrun throughout the year. They say the reason for the difference lies in the fact that the Massachusetts town made their man earn what he ate sawing wood, while Vermont sends her vagrants to loaf round the jails during the cold weather.

Hog Had Month of Liberty.

A hog, belonging to W. H. Wyer, which escaped on Nantucket in January, was captured after thirty-five days of freedom. Day after day the animal was hunted by men, boys and dogs without success, only to be ignominiously taken while sleeping in an unused shed.

FAITHFUL TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

Railroad Man Maintained Silence Throughout Emergency.

Ralph E. Dudley, who has been custodian of records for the Frisco road for many years, had a lively time yesterday morning with a hoarse voiced alarm clock. Mr. Dudley lives at 4122 McPherson avenue, and is so regular in his habits that all the little boys in that neighborhood set their \$1.50 watches when he passes down the street in the morning and returns in the evening. Practical jokers who live in the same house with Mr. Dudley and have never been able to share his reputation for punctuality recently bought an alarm clock, warranted to keep on disturbing the neighborhood for an unlimited period. This they adjusted to begin sounding its alarm a few minutes after Mr. Dudley's time for leaving the house. Then they placed the clock in his overcoat pocket and awaited developments.

Mr. Dudley left the house at the usual hour, boarded an east bound car, and when the car reached Grand avenue something in his immediate vicinity broke loose. He didn't know what it was, but long experience in the railroad business had taught him to say nothing in an emergency without first seeing the general manager of the system, so he looked unconscious and squeezed closer to the side of the car. From Grand avenue to Twelfth street the racket kept up, but Mr. Dudley was game, and not until he was safe inside his own office did he look for the cause of the disturbance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHIPS RAISED BY NEW METHODS.

System Depends on Use of Calcium Carbide and Electricity.

An ingenious device of raising sunken ships recently devised by a French engineer is described in the Electrical Review. The system depends upon the use of calcium carbide for setting free gas when brought in contact with water. At suitable points in the vessel cases of carbide are placed, which, when brought in contact with water, force out the latter, thus emptying the vessel.

The method may also be used for emptying floats after they have been attached to the ship. The success of the method depends upon obtaining an equal buoyancy at the different parts of the vessel. For this purpose cans of carbide are placed at points which are to be emptied of water. They are fitted with explosive caps, which are set off simultaneously by an electric current. In this way the case is ruptured, water is admitted and the emptying of all compartments begins simultaneously. It is suggested also by the inventor that the method can be used to advantage in operating floating docks. After such a dock has been sunk and has taken in the vessel to be lifted the water is expelled from the ballast chambers by means of the acetylene gas set free from the carbide.

Ask Me No More.

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, of too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd,
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main,
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.
—Alfred Tennyson.

One There, All Right.

In a car speeding over a western prairie, according to Everybody's Magazine, one man remarked to another:

"This is the first time I ever traveled over this line without a newly married pair on board. I have been studying the passengers and there is not a bridal couple among them."

Just then the train stopped, and a man who had been seated with a lady and a little girl across the aisle walked to the end of the car. The child leaned forward and in a shrill, penetrating treble asked:

"Mamma, which papa do you like best, this new papa or my other papa?"

Likely Worth Seeing.

True art is always impressive, even to those who have been denied the benefits of an artistic education. For example, a copy of The Winged Victory was placed in the center of the library of the University of Rochester last summer. One of the workmen, a recent importation from Dublin, surveyed the headless and armless statue with some curiosity.

"An' phat may ye call that fellow?" he asked.

"That's the statue of Victory," said the librarian.

"Victory, is it?" said the man; "beorra, I'd like to see the other fellow thia."

Even a child knows the difference between piety and padding.

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. Watson*
In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Certain coquettes of the Austrian court wore bells on their garters in 1872.

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.

An Eccentric Philanthropist.

James Eds How, the eccentric St. Louis philanthropist, who refused to accept an inheritance because he said he did not have any right to money he did not earn, is now planning to establish a sanitarium for inebriates and victims of the drug and cigarette habits.

CONTRAST IN TWO LIVES

An American father had two daughters, and when he died he left each of them a large fortune. One of them said to herself, I like society, I like titles, and as there are no titles in America I will cast my lot in foreign lands. As she was rich and attractive, it was not long before a titled gentleman from France offered her his hand in marriage. She accepted, the marriage ceremony was performed, and she went with her titled husband to Paris, opened a palace, and went in for all the enjoyments of French society.

We shall not speak of the many troubles which befell her and the distress which her titled husband brought upon herself and members of her family in America. But the upshot of it is that the count has spent up to this time something like \$8,000,000 of her estate, and besides has so outraged her feelings by his attentions to another woman that she has brought suit for divorce.

The other daughter said, I love the

With the exception of airships things are higher now than they were ten years ago.

Stands Head.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, aches and pains it has no equal on earth. It stands head on my medicine shelf.

Yours very truly,

T. J. Brownlow,
Livingston, Tenn.

Jerome and McClellan "Make Up."

Mayor McClellan of New York and District Attorney Jerome, who have not met in three years or since Jerome said some bitter things about the mayor which he afterward retracted, chanced to come within sight of each other one day last week, and the mayor tendered his hand. It was warmly accepted and all is lovely once more between these two antipodal characters.

Life is made up of time and a little brief authority. Do not waste the one or abuse the other.

HOW CROPS GROW

In Southwest Texas Adjacent to the Gulf Coast Line.

In the vicinity of Brownsville during January this year a truck grower sold the yield of less than an acre of cauliflower for \$750.00 net. At Olmita, a station on the Gulf Coast Line, nine miles north of Brownsville, another grower realized a profit of \$600.00 from an acre of lettuce marketed in February.

These are sample instances of the Southwest Texas Coast Country's capacity for wealth production. A marvelously equable climate makes the surpassingly fertile soil available for crop culture every month in the year. From two to four crops can be raised on the same land in twelve months.

Besides producing the earliest truck in the United States, it is also the best cotton, corn, rice, alfalfa and sugar cane country in Texas. Land that will produce these crops and return annual profits of from \$100.00 to \$800.00 an acre is now selling at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$25.00 an acre.

If you are interested and would like to get detailed information, address a letter to Wm. Doherty, G. P. & T. A., St. L. B. & M. Ry., Corpus Christi, Texas, and ask for a sample copy of "Gulf Coast Line Magazine." It will cost you nothing.

"Terminological Inexactitude."

Winston Churchill, the English author, has brought upon himself a considerable amount of good-natured criticism on account of a ponderous phrase he invented. In speaking of an untruthful statement made by a political opponent he referred to it as a "terminological inexactitude." One writer says that should other authors follow Mr. Churchill's example we may expect to read something like this in a revised version of the George Washington's cherry tree story: "Paternal progenitor, I am constitutionally and fundamentally incapable of excogitating, ratiocinating or insinuating a terminological inexactitude."

Pleasant Visits to Paris.

Queen Annarolo, of Madagascar, has has recently realized a long cherished ambition by paying a visit to Paris. While there she enjoyed the felicity of having her allowance increased from \$6,000 to \$10,000.

Department of Aerialty.

England has had lately to settle the serious question whether the building of airships belongs to the war office or to the admiralty. A third office has been humorously suggested, to be known as the aerialty.

He jests at scars who never dodged an auto.

The Coffee Debate.

The published statements of a number of coffee importers and roasters indicate a "waspy" feeling towards us for daring to say that coffee is harmful to a percentage of the people.

A frank public discussion of the subject is quite agreeable to us and can certainly do no harm; on the contrary when all the facts on both sides of any question are spread before the people they can thereupon decide and act intelligently.

Give the people plain facts and they will take care of themselves.

We demand facts in this coffee discussion and propose to see that the facts are brought clearly before the people.

A number of coffee importers and roasters have joined a movement to boom coffee and stop the use of Postum Food Coffee and in their newspaper statements undertake to deceive by false assertions.

Their first is that coffee is not harmful.

We assert that one in every three coffee users has some form of incipient or chronic disease; realize for one moment what a terrible menace to a nation of civilized people, when one kind of beverage cripples the energies and health of one-third the people who use it.

We make the assertion advisedly and suggest that the reader secure his own proof by personal inquiry among coffee users.

Ask your coffee drinking friends if they keep free from any sort of aches and ails. You will be startled at the percentage and will very naturally seek to place the cause of disorder on something aside from coffee, whether food, inherited tendencies or something else.

Go deeper in your search for facts.

If your friend admits occasional neuralgia, rheumatism, heart weakness, stomach or bowel trouble, kidney complaint, weak eyes or approaching nervous prostration induce him or her to make the experiment of leaving off coffee for 10 days and using Postum Food Coffee, and observe the result. It will startle you and give your friend something to think of. Of course, if the person is one of the weak ones

and says "I can't quit" you will have discovered one of the slaves of the coffee importer. Treat such kindly, for they seem absolutely powerless to stop the gradual but sure destruction of body and health.

Nature has a way of destroying a part of the people to make room for the stronger. It is the old law of "the survival of the fittest" at work, and the victims are many.

We repeat the assertion that coffee does harm many people, not all, but an army large enough to appal the investigator and searcher for facts.

The next prevarication of the coffee importers and roasters is their statement that Postum Food Coffee is made of roasted peas, beans or corn, and mixed with a low grade of coffee and that it contains no nourishment.

We have previously offered to wager \$100,000.00 with them that their statements are absolutely false.

They have not accepted our wager and they will not.

We will gladly make a present of \$25,000.00 to any roaster or importer of old-fashioned coffee who will accept that wager.

Free inspection of our factories and methods is made by thousands of people each month and the coffee importers themselves are cordially invited. Both Postum and Grape-Nuts are absolutely pure and made exactly as stated.

The formula of Postum and the analysis made by one of the foremost chemists of Boston has been printed on every package for many years and is absolutely accurate.

Now as to the food value of Postum. It contains the parts of the wheat berry which carry the elemental salts, such as lime, iron, potash, silica, etc., used by the life forces to rebuild the cellular tissue, and this is particularly true of the phosphate of potash, also found in Grape-Nuts, which combines in the human body with albumen and this combination, together with water, rebuilds the worn-out gray matter in the delicate nerve centers all over the body and throughout the brain and solar plexus.

Ordinary coffee stimulates in an unnatural way, but with many people it slowly and surely destroys and does not rebuild this gray substance so vitally important to the well being of every human being.

These are eternal facts, proven, well authenticated and known to every properly educated physician, chemist and food expert.

Please remember we never say ordinary coffee hurts everyone.

Some people use it regularly and seem strong enough to withstand its attacks, but there is misery and disease in store for the man or woman who persists in its use when nature protests, by heart weakness, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney disease, weak eyes or general nervous prostration. The remedy is obvious. The drug caffeine, contained in all ordinary coffee, must be discontinued absolutely or the disease will continue in spite of any medicine and will grow worse.

It is easy to leave off the old-fashioned coffee by adopting Postum Food Coffee, for in it one finds a pleasing hot breakfast or dinner beverage that has the deep seal brown color, changing to a rich golden brown when good cream is added. When boiled long enough (15 minutes) the flavor is not that of rank Rio coffee but very like the milder, smooth and high-grade Java, but entirely lacking the drug effect of ordinary coffee.

Anyone suffering from disorders set up by coffee drinking (and there is an extensive variety) can absolutely depend upon some measure of relief by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

If the disease has not become too strongly rooted, one can with good reason expect it to disappear entirely in a reasonable time after the active cause of the trouble is removed and the cellular tissue has time to naturally rebuild with the elements furnished by Postum and good food.

It's only just plain old common sense.

Now, with the exact facts before the reader, he or she can decide the wise course, looking to health and the power to do things.

If you have any doubt as to the cause of any ache or all you may have, remember the far-reaching telegrams of a hurt nervous system travel from heel to head, and it may be well worth your while to make the experiment of leaving off coffee entirely for ten days and using Postum in its place.

You will probably gather some good solid facts, worth more than a gold mine, for health can make gold and sickness lose it. Besides there's all the fun, for it's like a continuous internal frolic to be perfectly well.

There's a reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

An Angel in the House



How sweet it were, if without feeble
Or dying of the dreadful beautiful sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bends on
ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his
bowers
News of dear friends, and children who
have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for-
ever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy
air.
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future
wings.
—Leigh Hunt.



THE DISCOVERY OF A GENIUS

BY ARTHUR HAMILTON
(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The man had genius, the woman had hope.

He lived in a cheap boarding house and kept soul and body together by doing the work of a literary hack. Sometimes he did little desultory tasks for newspapers, but never succeeded in connecting himself with a pay roll. Once he had been given a commission to write a little skit for a vaudeville stunt, and this was his undoing—if so sorry a failure could be undone. In working it up he had found it necessary to familiarize himself with the technique of playwriting and it fascinated him. Then the stunt was a decided success and the man who wrote it not only realized more money from it than he had from any other literary effort in his life, but also saw the possibilities of dramatic expression both in an artistic and a financial sense. And so he came to be a slave of the playwright's itch. And he wrote and wrote and wrote and starved and pinched and still wrote. But his skits were not accepted and his plays were returned by the managers and their readers.

He became more seedy and more gaunt and more impossible—finally he became unconsciously hopeless. But he worked on because he was the slave of Genius and was compelled to follow the law of his being.

She was the child of love and hope. Her mother was the wife of Hinckley, the shoemaker around the corner, the most patient, industrious and hopeless of the relics of a bygone time before machinery had deprived good mechanics of their kingdom. Perhaps Hinckley was her father. Most people believed not. There were rumors of a gallant stranger who had sojourned for a short time in the neighborhood and looked with glowing eyes upon the shoemaker's wife. And she, who never had had her romance, had it then, so the gossips whispered. And the handsome stranger faded away into the realm of dreams and after a time a daughter was born to the shoemaker's wife. The daughter was so different from the shoemaker and his pretty wife that more than one doubt was whispered as to her paternity. But the shoemaker never doubted and she grew up as Nora Hinckley—the apple of his eye.

In the very prime of her splendid beauty—a beauty enhanced and chastened by the very essence of optimism—she crossed the path of the struggling playwright. Some deep chord in her nature drew her to him as the

As she beheld these revelations a great awe and a great love entered her heart and soul. She saw his great and heroic soul naked and free from the sordid limitations of his life, and she bowed down and worshiped with the devotion given only to women of her type. And under the spell of her appreciation and understanding, the shackles dropped away from him and his genius held full sway.

All this involved many weary months and when he realized fully the great love he bore the blithesome lass, the great joy of the discovery turned at once into sharpest pain as he real-



The woman had hope.

ized the hopelessness of his passion. How was he, who could scarcely keep his own body and soul together, hope to care for another and to assume the responsibilities of a family?

But she never despaired. For her always was the golden day in sight when his genius would be recognized and their dreams be realized.

One day the world was startled with a new and great play. It was a drama which touched all the chords of human nature and inspired laughter and tears alike. It lifted every auditor to the heights of ideality and carried him to the depths of human woe. There was no false note and all the world paused to pay tribute to the perfection of the piece.

And up and down the land the critics asked, "Who is it that has done this thing?" and there was no answer. For the play was produced under a nom de plume, and the cleverest work of the newspapers failed to disclose the real identity of the author.

After the play had been a success for many months and had brought a great harvest of shekels to manager and playwright, a fire occurred in a great office building wherein the manager who produced the play had his offices. A reporter hurrying to the fire was enveloped in a cloud of smoke and cinders and after catching his breath found a charred piece of paper blown across his face. Glancing at it he saw that it was a contract and upon further investigation it proved to be the veritable contract between the author of "Love's Last Surrender" and the manager who purchased it. The controversy as to the authorship of the play had been waging so fiercely that the reporter recognized instantly the value of the information he had. He went on with his fire story and on the following day sought out the man whose name was on the priceless contract the gods had sent into his hands. He found him—a thin, hollow-cheeked man with eyes in which burned a fire almost uncanny in its intensity. He was illly dressed and bore none of the marks of the successful author.

"What was the inspiration of this great work?" asked the reporter.

"Come with me," replied the man. Following him silently the reporter went with the man by trolley car and walk until they reached the great cemetery by the flowing river. The great author paused beside a grave surmounted by a simple shaft but

heaped high with priceless roses.

"The inspiration lies here," said he solemnly. "The play is the very essence of the life and love and devotion of the marvelous woman who lies beneath this mound. It is the warp and woof of her heart-throbs and mine. That is why I have never let my authorship be known—I would not profane her love and mine. You, sir, have discovered the secret. You have it in your power to do this act of desecration. Do it, sir, if your conscience will allow. I cannot prevent it—but I forbid it in the name of every holy and generous instinct."

He turned abruptly and went away. "Well, did you get the story?" demanded the city editor eagerly as Holmes entered the office.

"No," replied Holmes soberly, tearing a piece of paper into bits and throwing the bits on the floor. "Nothing in it; false alarm."

"Well, of all fools," remarked the city editor in disgust, "and you've wasted a whole afternoon. Get busy on that Hill graft case. Keep it in two columns."

Holmes occasionally meets on the street a grave and solemn gentleman who modestly picks his way among the jostling crowd. And Holmes always lifts his hat when he meets him. And the grave and solemn gentleman always lifts his hat to Holmes.

PHYSICIANS KNEW EACH OTHER

"Good Thing" to Be Allowed to Remain Undisturbed.

"Listeners," said H. Clay Merce, the oil magnate, in New York, "seldom hear good of themselves. This is especially true if the listeners happen to be rich."

"There was a rich old lady in St. Louis who had been ailing a long time. She liked and trusted her physician, but, becoming alarmed finally, she asked him to call in a famous specialist for consultation."

"The specialist came. He charged \$500. He examined the rich old lady carefully and gently. Then he went downstairs to partake with the family doctor of a sumptuous luncheon that the patient had provided."

"Now the patient, a brave woman, wishing not to be deceived about her health, wishing to know the worst at all costs, induced her maid to hide in a closet in the dining room so as to overhear and report to her the physicians' discussion of her ailments."

"The maid's report was that during the luncheon the specialist and the family doctor had talked of nothing but the Panama canal. Finally, draining his last glass of champagne, the specialist said as he looked at his watch:

"But I must be off. My train goes in twenty minutes."

"Then the family doctor said: 'But how about the old woman upstairs? You must remember she is a good source of income to me.'"

"In that case," said the specialist, as he slipped on his overcoat, 'I won't interfere. The present treatment is an excellent protracting one.'"

The Barley.

The grain stands bonny where the cliffs are sheer
And the blue North sea is sleeping;
The stooks are yellow in a golden ear
With their shadows inward creeping.
The tide lies silent on the sands below
And the autumn mists hang early
To fade in heaven o'er the distant row
Of the long red roofs beyond the barley.

O late last harvest-time, when days were long,
Worked men and maids by the steading;
And gulls sailed landward in a screaming throng.

To the river pastures heading,
Soft was the footstep that beside me trod
In the dew of morning early,
For Love walked there beneath the smile
Of God

And the high blue sky above the barley.

The stalks fall mellow to the sweeping blade
With their weeds laid shorn beside them,
And eyes meet stealthily as lad and maid
Glance over where the stooks divide them.

But mine turn ever while I work alone
Through the long day, late and early,
To a low mound lying by a standing stone
Where the wall shuts out the barley—
Where the Nether Kirk is gray Janet,
By the long blue sea beyond the barley.
—Violet Jacob, in the Outlook.

Her Perquisites.

E. Z. Gross, the mayor of Harrisburg, Pa., was condemning the fees and unfair perquisites which swell unduly the salaries of many unimportant office holders.

"Fees and perquisites," he said, "tend to cause unjust dealings. Even in the kitchen that is so."

"A butcher told me the other day that a young woman, the cook in a prominent family hereabouts, came into his shop and said:

"Gimme a fine large roast o' beef with plenty o' bones."

"Plenty of bones?" said the butcher in amazement.

"Yes," answered the young woman. "Bones is my perquisite."

Georgia's Only Republican Governor.

Rufus Bullock, the only Republican ever elected governor of Georgia and who played a conspicuous part in the reconstruction period, is now spending his declining days in the village of Albion, N. Y., his boyhood home. Although his mind is as brilliant and clear as ever, a form of paralysis which seized him a year ago has made him an almost helpless invalid.

HAD AN UNWELCOME VISITOR

John Philip Sousa has had some experiences decidedly out of the ordinary, but he himself is authority for the statement that he met with the most unusual, and perhaps the most terrifying, in a quiet little town in provincial England.

"It was almost as bad as Edgar Allan Poe come to life," says he, when relating the happening. "It was before I opened at the Alhambra last Spring, and the tour had been most trying. On the night in question I had turned in the very first minute I could get away after the evening concert, and I remember I was so tired that I never touched the fruit and sandwiches always left in my bedroom. I slept like a log, of course, though once I awakened (as I recalled the next morning), thinking I heard the plate pushed about on the luncheon table. I think I sat up in bed and looked around, but I'm sure I saw nothing, and I was asleep again an instant later.

"Next morning I was conscious of the entry of the man with the hot water, but what brought me really to my senses was his exclamation that

the room was 'all in a mess.' It surely was. There were black footmarks everywhere, on the furniture, on the carpet, even on the dresser; the bed itself being about the only spot not trodden upon. The sandwiches were gone; so was the fruit. As I climbed into my dressing gown I had a hazy idea of discovering a tramp somewhere about, but a moment later I had seen that the footprints came from a big climber place and apparently returned there again. 'We'll smoke him out,' said I.

"Before the blaze from the morning's paper had got a good start there tumbled down from that chimney a baboon nearly as big as I am. The way the valet and I got out into the hall was a sight to see. We slammed the door after us and sent in an alarm. Twenty minutes later one of the keepers from a nearby circus was unconcernedly leading off the tamest, meekest monkey of his size in the world.

"But it was a startling thing to have happen before breakfast! There was a little too much of 'The Murderers in the Rue Morgue' about it."

STEEL SQUARES FROM SAWS

The first steel-square was made by Silas Hawes at South Shaftsbury, Vt., ninety-five years ago, and the industry is still carried on at the same place.

Hawes was a blacksmith and wheelwright and was called upon to do some repairing to the cart of a peddler. These fellows were always reluctant to let any hard coin get away from them and whenever possible they paid their bills by making some sort of trade.

On this particular occasion the peddler had in his cart a number of saws which had been discarded as worn past redemption and Hawes, conceiving the idea that he could make use of them, took several of them in lieu of payment for the work he had done. He cut these lengths of metal up into suitable sizes and made squares and rules of them.

The tools became popular at once

and sold for \$5 and \$6, most of the business being done through the peddler who had been the means of bringing the saws to Mr. Hawes.

At first the blacksmith made the tools only at odd times when he had nothing else on hand, but the demand became so great that he had to make special arrangements for their manufacture, and the industry grew into one of rather imposing proportions.

Mr. Hawes had been engaged in the manufacture of the squares for several years before it occurred to him to take out a patent on the new implement. He did this ultimately and began the manufacture of them in earnest, erecting a factory for this purpose.

The plant has been enlarged several times, but steel squares are now made on the site where the first one was laboriously formed by the old blacksmith.

PLAYTIME OF BACHELOR BILL

Our uncle Bill's a bachelor, an' it's an awful shame
'Cuz he knows stories about bears an' knows 'em all by name
An' grows 'st like a really one an' makes you think a bear
Is underneath th' table, but of course it isn't there.
An' w'en he takes you on his knee he talks 'st like a book
An' after w'ile your eyes get big an' you're a-scared to look
W'en he says: "Nen a bear come out an' 'st went Hoo-oo-oo!"
Be'cuz you almost think a bear is really after you.

An' en he plays wild Indian an' hides himself somewheres
W'ile we look in th' corners an' behind th' parlor chairs,
An' peek in th' dark closets an' p'tend we're on a scout
Till after w'ile he makes a hoop an' en' comes rushin' out
'St like he's on th' warpath; an' us chinnern run upstairs
An' hide in mamma's closet an' he makes us think 'at bears
Are comin' in to get us an' he growls 'st like he's one.
An' my! we're turble scart an' yet it's awful lots o' fun.

An' 'en he is a pirate an' he makes us chinnern play
'At we are in a shipwreck an' th' crew is cast away
Upon a desert island w'ere his treasure chest is hid,
An' we are only sailors an' his name is Captain Kidd.
An' w'en we hear him comin' he 'st roars an' 'en we run,
'Cuz he has broomsticks for a sword an' pokers for a gun,
An' after w'ile he kills us all but it don't hurt, an' w'en
He sails away in his big ship we come to life again.

'En after w'ile our mother comes an' taps him on th' head,
An' says it's time for bears an' scouts an' things to be in bed,
An' leads us chinnern all upstairs an' maybe if we keep
Right still she'll let th' candle burn until we go to sleep.
'En after w'ile our uncle Bill comes up to say goodnight,
An' sees how snug an' warm we are an' all tucked in so tight,
An' 'en he kisses us goodnight an' 'en his eyes 'st blur:
I guess we make him sorry 'at he is a bachelor!
—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

DR. WILSON'S GOOD PRAYER

Away back in the forties George E. Brackett and Moses S. Wilson were classmates in college and were also roommates. In after life both became eminent and highly respected members of the medical profession. Many thousand people in Maine and all over New England will remember Dr. George E. Brackett as surgeon in charge of the Cony United States general hospital at Augusta, Maine, during the civil war. Dr. Wilson practiced medicine in Lincoln, Maine, for upward of fifty years.

Both Brackett and Wilson were decidedly of the "wideawake" class of students. Wilson, especially, was of a wild, rollicking nature, not in the least inclined to "serious" thoughts. A revival of religion of more than usual interest, was in progress, and many of the students were drawn into

the vortex. But no one supposed that Mose Wilson could be affected or influenced in the slightest degree by any religious movement.

Brackett one evening strolled into the revival meeting, as much out of curiosity as anything, and, to his great surprise, saw Wilson there on his knees, in the midst of a very fervent prayer, which greatly moved the hearts of all his hearers.

After meeting was over Brackett and Wilson went directly to their room. Wilson's sudden conversion was so surprising that Brackett, out of delicacy, refrained from mentioning the matter to his friend, and the subject was not mentioned by either until, just before getting ready to jump into bed, Wilson, with all the solemnity of an elder, turned to his friend with the question: "Brackett, didn't I make a darned good prayer?"

WHY HE WAS WAITING

Lawyer Charles F. Eddy, a successful practitioner of the old school, has long enjoyed a reputation for dry humor and caustic sarcasm, says a writer in the Boston Herald. He talks in a distinct, deliberate manner, with a deep bass voice, and has a high regard for personal and professional dignity and is scrupulous in his observances of it.

One day a gentleman who was wont to intrude himself upon the old gentleman caught up with him on the street. This gentleman had with him a dog of the Irish setter breed. The youngsters about the streets had taken a fancy to the dog, and at their commands to "set," "charge," etc., he was prone to attend. The company of the man or

the dog was therefore not desirable to Mr. Eddy.

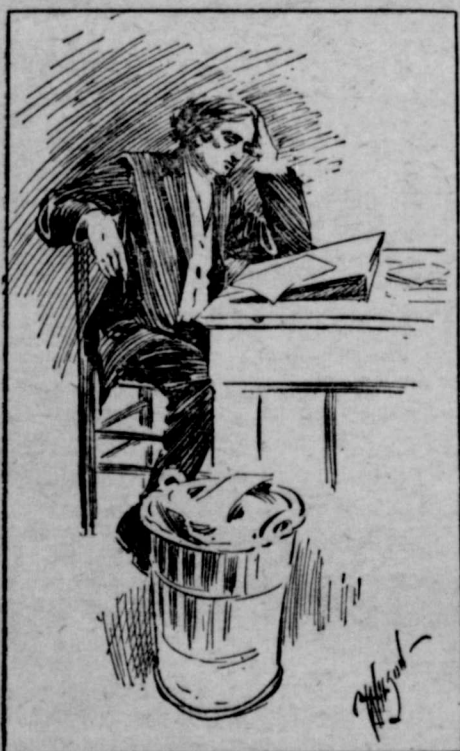
The undesirable man with the undesirable dog having caught up with the old gentleman, an effusive greeting was extended, but not so enthusiastically responded to by Mr. Eddy, who stood still and, with his chin in his hand, appeared to be lost in thought.

After a moment or two the man with the dog asked: "Aren't you going my way, Mr. Eddy?"

"Yes, I intend to go in that direction, sir."

"Well, what are you waiting for, Mr. Eddy?"

"I am waiting, sir, for you and your d-d dog to get up the street."



The man had genius.

needle to the north. She was an occasional helper for Mrs. Simpson, who kept the cheap boarding house where he lived. She entered his life as a ray of sunshine. At the lowest ebb of his fortune she brought warmth and hope and cheer. She laughed at the hopeless clouds which overhung, and she believed in him and his aspirations. Recognizing a sympathetic spirit his starved nature unfolded under the warmth of her appreciation, and he discovered to her depths and shoals and angles which other persons ever had seen or suspected.

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.

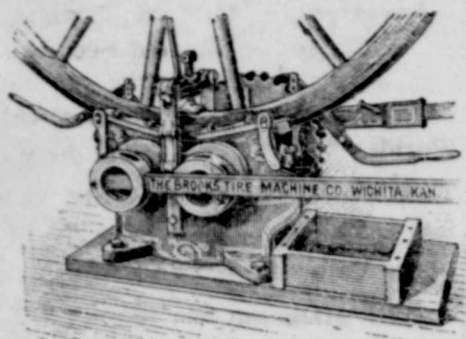
A ton of ice can be put in the top at once. Every part of the room is air tight, but it is so constructed that a continuous circulation of cold, dry air is obtained.

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.

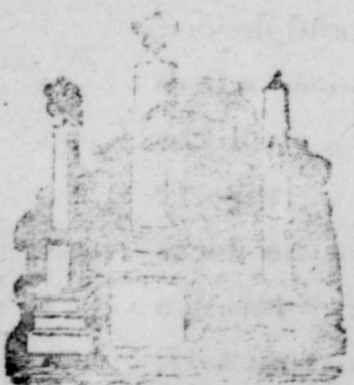
S. P. BAUGHMAN.

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 R. M. Ross.

Birthday Anniversary.

On Tuesday, May 22, there was held a joyful celebration at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bruce east of town. This was in honor of the 83 birthday of Mrs. Bruce's mother, Mrs. Jane Hoagland, who makes the Bruce ranch her home. Mrs. Hoagland has children and numerous grandchildren in other states, but as Mrs. Bruce was the only child who could be with her mother on this occasion, she thoughtfully invited a few special friends to help keep the day in mind.

There were present: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Kinsinger and their daughters, Zola and Georgia, Mrs. John Richey, Mrs. Harry W. Hamilton with little John and Fanny Lou, Miss Ruby Bell Pererend Mathes, Mrs. B. E. McCormick and Myrtle, Mrs. L. W. Martin and Phebe, J. N. Madux and John Chamberlain.

It was a jolly day from beginning to end and Grandma Hoagland was feeling at her best and enjoyed the occasion to the fullest. She received some pretty presents to mark the day. She is a lady of particularly happy temperament and it is a treat to talk with her so full is she of tales of her long and eventful life. She has taken pains to remember the bright and sunny events though she has had tears and plenty of toil. She has relics and numerous interesting trifles and is a prime favorite with the children, because of the interesting stories these and her memory recalls.

Mrs. Hoagland is a native of Pennsylvania, going from Mercer county in that state to Mercer county Illinois at the age of sixteen. She lived for 53 years in Illinois before moving to Iowa. She came to this place with the Bruce's about eight years ago and has seen Artesia and surrounding country develop. She says when they came there was no fence between here and Hagerman.

The Bruce's well was one of the very first in these parts and has been the means of producing wonderful crops on their ranch. The trees are making fine headway and will have a fair crop of peaches and cherries this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce display a generous hospitality that is neither northern nor southern but, better still, New Mexican (if there is truer anywhere we have never found it.) This frank matter-of-course, New Mexican hospitality was what we enjoyed Tuesday at least. The welcome was so spontaneous and the dinner so bountiful and toothsome as to be long remembered. Toward the close of the day Rev. Mathes, at the request of Mrs. Hoagland, offered a touching beautiful prayer. He voiced the thoughts of the guests that all might be the better for coming in touch with the lovely character of the dear old lady whose birthday they had helped to celebrate. A Guest.

For sale cheap—2½ acres land in young orchard 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.

Eastman Kodaks and supplies at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

The ladies of the Christian church who served ice cream and cake in the Schrock & Higgins building Saturday realized about fifty dollars for their trouble.

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.

Messrs. C. E. Herriman, Henry Kloed and F. Fred Beck, of Girard, Kansas, came in on Monday evening's train, with a view of purchasing Pecos Valley dirt. They called on the Advocate Wednesday and expressed themselves as immensely pleased with Artesia.

Tourist's Rates.

Effective June 1 and continuing until September 30, round trip summer tourist tickets to Chicago and St. Louis will be on sale at the rate of one and one-third standard fare to Chicago \$49.48, to St. Louis \$42.13. Dates of sale: daily June 1 to Sept. 30 inclusive. Limit: Continuous passage in both directions. Final return limit Oct 31, 1906. Tickets for return passage must be executed by joint agent for which a fee of twenty five cents will be charged. Children: The rates for children between the ages of five and twelve years will be one-half of the rate for adults.

C. O. Brown, Local Agent.

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

Wall Paper at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

James M. Wood, associate editor of the Graham, Texas, News, is spending the week in Artesia, visiting some of his former neighbors who are living in in Artesia. He gave the Advocate an appreciated call.

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.

G. P. Cleveland has returned from an extensive trip to Texas.

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

S. P. Denning, of Roswell, was looking after waterworks affairs in Artesia a day or two this week.

Money to loan. See L. N. Martin.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, March 29, 1906.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Orville I. Caloway, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 5785, made April 4, 1905, for the NW 1-4 of section 30 Township 16 N., 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 fact which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

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

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 3992. 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 NE 1/4 of section 15, T. 17 N., R. 26 E.

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

Elisabeth Robertson, of Artesia, N. M., John S. Major, of Artesia, N. M., William Hale, of Artesia, N. M., Hart 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. 1576, for the N1-2 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.

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.



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.

SEE OR WRITE

The Cleveland Land Agency

FOR Real Estate and Insurance.

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.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO

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 Advocate

EVERY SATURDAY.

LE 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. 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.

There is no better paying proposition in the way of small factories than a canning and pickle plant, a fact of which our fruit and truck growers should make a note. Almost any member of the Pecos Valley Produce Association could afford to take from \$50 to \$500 worth of stock in such an enterprise, and in this way realize a handsome profit from their product, and establish a market of their own for all kinds of fruits and vegetables. It would also encourage a greater diversification of truck or vegetable crops, many varieties of which can be grown here nine months in the year, a number of varieties producing two or three crops a year.

This issue of the Advocate has been gotten out under difficulties. The office has been shy, one printer and the editor-in-chief—who is general utility man and bottle holder—had a spell with his "innards" and had to go to bed. As soon as competent help can be secured, we hope to bring the Advocate to its usual standard.

Governor Hagerman has issued the first pardon of his administration. The man to be favored by executive clemency is Jim Brown, sentenced for three years from Chaves county for horse stealing, and who has served one-half of the term of sentence. Brown is wanted by the prosecuting attorney in Chaves county to appear against men who were deeper in the crime for which he was sentenced than the convicted man, and the pardon was recommended not only by the district attorney, but by the judge of the district.

Lost.

A bill book containing a water-right deed and abstract. Return to telephone office and receive reward.

Mr. H. L. Birney, who has his habitation in the "dagger flats" west of town, comes forth this week with a timely article regarding the condition of West Main street, and the sidewalks that are supposed to adorn each side of said thoroughfare. Candor compels the Advocate to admit that Mr. Birney has sized the situation up about right—and he might have gone a little deeper without striking bottom. Main street leading west from town is a cause of much worry and vexation of spirit. Every street that crosses this main thoroughfare is nicely graded, so that rapid and comfortable travel is successfully prohibited, even if Main street was presentable within itself. We have seen wagons bogged to the axels right on Main street and if any one has ever been punished for flooding the streets we have not heard of it. While it is wrong for the farmers to drive upon the sidewalks, as before noted, they were probably compelled to do so in order to save their lives and property. We have plenty of laws covering the matter, but they are never enforced.

Some good people about town have criticised the Advocate because it has seen fit to take sides with the settlers of the valley against the professional contest grafters, and that the paper encourages the false holding of land. We have no apology whatever to make for the stand we have taken and intend to maintain. A little investigation will reveal the fact that this paper has never upheld the cause of any entryman, who did not finally win his case on appeal. This is so, for the reason that we have never espoused the cause of any man unless the editor was absolutely certain that the landholder in question was acting in good faith and that the contestant was endeavoring to put him to needless expense. A number of contests have been instituted that this paper has not opposed, because they were founded upon just grounds. We are not going to assist any man in holding public domain contrary to law, neither will we sit idly by and see a lot of professional highwaymen attempt to take the property of an honest entryman. It may not be within the province of a newspaper to take apposition on these questions, but this editor thinks it is, and he happens to be controlling the policies of the paper just now.

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

It is estimated that five thousand persons settled in New Mexico during the months of January and February, mostly farmers. One hundred and sixty thousand acres were entered in the Clayton land office, 61,000 acres in the Santa Fe office, and 75,000 in the Roswell office during those two months. This is unprecedented in New Mexico and indicates that our bureau of immigration and railroad colonization agents are getting heavy returns for their past advertising work. If this keeps up New Mexico will improve faster in the next ten years than it has in the last fifty. Of all these people coming to New Mexico, and especially of the farmer class, there is no doubt the difference in the manner of farming and especially the matter of irrigation will discourage many, but a large proportion, the nervy, brainy majority of them will stay in New Mexico and add to the wealth and progress of this great empire.—Mining Reporter.

Wilson Orr has been appointed U. S. Court Commissioner at Urton, and land filings, contests can be made before him at his office in Urton. Urton is a new town at the old railway station of Kenna, 10 miles southwest of Elida.

R. M. Love placed on sale last Saturday about fifty bouquets of beautiful roses, gathered from the mile of roses which he planted along avenue about sixty days ago. The growth of the flowers has been nothing short of phenomenal. To put roses on the market sixty days after planting is something that cannot be accomplished in any country but the Pecos Valley.

Rev. E. Ward and J. D. McBride this week bought the Bowman ranch of 152 acres near Hope, and Mr. McBride moved to it Thursday. The consideration was \$12.50 per acre. There is an orchard, 5 acres in alfalfa and a water right from the Penasco River. The people of Hope community will find in Mr. McBride a splendid citizen.

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."

The town was filled with people Saturday (election day) and yet not one drunken man was observed on the street. How many towns of this size back in the "civilized" east could point to such a record. The man who comes to the Pecos Valley of New Mexico expecting to find out-lawry and bad behavior stands a good chance to run into a better state of society than he has been accustomed to.

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. R. Creath, Owner.

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

Saturday morning the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clayton got something lodged in her throat and for a while it looked as if the child would have to choke to death. Dr. Farnsworth was called and tried to dislodge whatever obstructed her throat and after several attempts succeeded in dislodging the obstruction. This was very fortunate as the little girl was in a serious shape for a while.—Hagerman Messenger.

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

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

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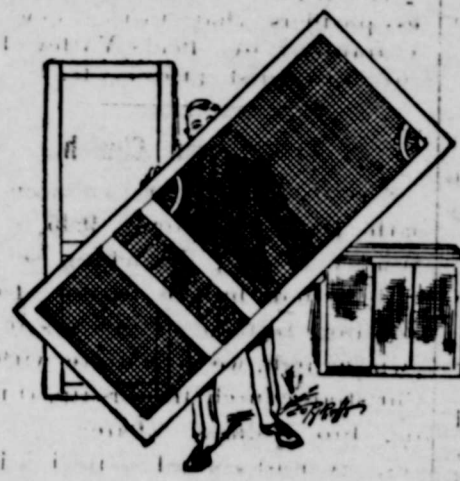
of title to any real estate in Eddy county furnished on short notice at reasonable prices

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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 pounds, 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 "brongs" 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

SCIENCE AND CULTURE APART?

English Journal Denies Impression Very Widely Held.

Definitions have been defined as dangerous things, writes a correspondent, and generalizations are generally no less dangerous. Yet a lady was recently heard to state that no woman who "went in for science" could retain ladylike qualities. No woman scientist, it was declared, had "any manners"—and if she had any they were only bad ones; she didn't know how to dress, she didn't know how to behave at table, and so on. In a word, the path to science (for woman) goes off at right angles from that which goes to culture, and the woman who would attain to one must resolutely turn her back on the other. Science does not, according to the same authority, have ill-effect on men to quite the same extent, but the man who takes to it is at once a marked man. Of such emphatic untruths does after-dinner conversation sometimes consist. What, Mr. Office Window (asks the perplexed correspondent), can one reply to such generalization? It were rude to point out that to generalize is to tell, generally, lies. Perhaps the Tennysonian attitude is best—"perfect silence when they"—London Chronicle.

THE PUPILS HAD REMEMBERED

"Aid to Memory" Scheme That Worked Only Fairly Well.

The newest batch of recruits from the infant class in a Sunday school in a Michigan town seemed hopelessly incapable of remembering the simplest question in the "quarterly." Among other theological problems about which they were extremely hazy was the question of the personnel of the disciples accompanying the Savior when he ascended the mountain. In order to sharpen their wits the teacher tried the "aid to memory" game.

A well known and highly respected local citizen had three stalwart sons bearing the requisite apostolic names. So the teacher said, brightly: "Now, boys, if you just think of the names of the three older Danhof boys—remember, now, the three elder ones—you can't forget the names of the disciples."

On "review" day the urbane superintendent quizzed each class in turn. At last came the query: "Can Miss Lewis' class tell us what disciples were with Christ on the mountain?" The answer was a unanimous response: "All the Danhof boys but Hank!"—Harper's Weekly.

Credit for Brevity.

Much merriment has been caused by the discovery that in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" an ancient declared he had "not inflicted long lectures" on his hearers.

But this is curiously matched by a plea for his soul uttered by Hugh Grove (loyalist) at his execution, May 16, 1665: "Good people, I was never guilty of much rhetoric, nor ever loved long speeches in my life, therefore you cannot expect either of them at my death. All I desire is your hearty prayers for my soul," etc.

In view of the Egyptian discovery, this seems a very close second for England.—Notes and Queries.

Desert Life Cure for "Nerves."

From across the seas comes the announcement that sufferers from the fashionable complaint of "nerves" are now abandoning the "rest cure" and taking to the freer, rougher life of the desert. They go to Biskra, hire a caravan outfit, consisting of camels, donkeys, guides and boys, and, leaving civilization behind, seek in the vast solitary spaces of the desert the much-needed rest for nerves jaded with the rush of modern life. It may be observed that a large majority of the pilgrims enjoy a varied cuisine and other comforts of every day life.

Navel Oranges.

Navel oranges are propagated by budding. From the new growth of a tree the fruit of which is wanted, is cut the eye just before the leaf puts out. This is put in a cross-shaped cut on the stock of the tree to be budded, and a wrapping of oil silk is applied. At the end of ten days the bud will have taken. From the bud is grown a tree that will bear fruit like the tree it came from. The original navel orange was a freak; buds from its tree were used on other trees, and so the present seedless navels are grown.

Kate Field's Views on Marriage.

"A life of ambition is a terrible grind, you say," wrote Kate Field to an aunt who was urging her to marry. "But how about most marriages? Are they not terrible grinds? Do you realize what would happen if I married and made a mistake? I do. Therefore the less said to me about marriage the better. My observation makes me afraid of lifelong experiences."

BUSTARD WENT LIKE BUFFALO.

English Game Bird Succumbed Before Advancing Civilization.

The great bustard is the rarest bird that comes under the category of "game." This bird formerly haunted all the level counties of England, and was particularly common on Salisbury Plain. From the reign of Henry VIII. repeated measures were passed in order to protect it; and it is expressly included under the head of game in the statute of the first year of the reign of William IV., which codified and reformed the laws relating to game.

The close season for bustard shooting was, and is, from the first of March to the first of September.

But the native bustard is now extinct in England. The last was killed at Swaffham, in Norfolk, in 1838. Any that have been shot since have been merely casual visitors from the plains of Saxony. The causes of the disappearance of the bustard are, first, the sport they afforded, for they were hunted with greyhounds, as well as shot; secondly, the increase in the amount of cultivated land.

This largest of European birds, weighing as much as thirty pounds, could no longer find any sufficient support on the closely cropped plains of England.

NOT PLEASED WITH PORTRAYAL

Italian Abbe Saw No Beauty in New England Life.

An American lady residing in Rome, writes the Reader Magazine, recently presented to a friend, who is an abbe, an intellectual man, and familiar with English, although no traveler, a copy of one of Mary Wilkins' New England stories.

"The author of this, my dear friend," she said, "is the best portrayer of New England character we have. No other writer has caught so well the charm of the place and the people. I hope you will like it."

The abbe took the book and thanked her. In a few days he came again and returned it gingerly, saying a word or two of thanks.

"Were you not pleased with the quaint portrayal of the life?" asked the lady.

"You say this is a faithful portrayal of life in New England?"

"Very faithful, indeed."

The abbe sighed and said with deep sympathy: "How sad!"

Stopping the 'Bus.

The horse-drawn 'bus was gallantly spurring the load, making a speed of at least a mile and a half an hour. An elderly lady, emerging from a house on the left, quickened her pace, waving her umbrella frantically. "Ting," went the bell, and, short of breath, the lady hastened up. With one foot resting on the step, and gingerly lifting her skirts from the gutter mud, "Young man," she said—a pause for breath—"young man, can you tell me"—another pause—"can you tell me when the next motor omnibus will be along here?" "Ting, ting," went the bell. "There ain't a word for it," said the conductor, looking apologetically around his expectant audience.—London Chronicle.

Napoleon's Bad Handwriting.

M. Houssaye attributes the muddle over orders at Waterloo to Napoleon's execrable handwriting. This was the opinion of the writing master of Alexandre Dumas: "The emperor never lost a battle except by his bad handwriting. His officers could never make out what he meant. Remember this, Alexandre, and make your down-strokes heavy and your up-strokes light!" Grouchy declares that during the battle of Waterloo he could not make out whether Napoleon wrote "bataille gannee" or "bataille engagee," and he conjecturally read "battle gained."—Andrew Lang in London Post.

Tinselmaker at Work.

Here is an artist's pretty description of a tinselmaker 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 arm's length coiled like a snake about the spinning thread; the sunlight and the gold tinsel together flash up the yellow silken thread, seeming to set it on fire."

Hobbles Worth Encouraging.

Encourage hobbles. They are good for young people, especially when they entail healthy exercise. Butterfly and moth collecting is a good outdoor hobby. It teaches children to notice all winged creatures; also the trees and flowers they frequent. But the children should be taught from the first to destroy life directly the insect is caught by squeezing the thorax below the wings. This kills without pain and does not injure the wings.

ALL TELL UNTRUTHS

LYING NECESSARY AS BREATHING, SAYS WRITER.

Impossible for a Man Consistently to Cling to Facts and Retain Either Friends or Business—But There Are Varieties of Lies.

Everybody lies.

And almost everybody lies about it. There are only a few of us who realize that lying is as natural and as necessary as breathing. Whoever attempted to pass through the world with the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth on his lips must be an unmitigated fool. It is much worse to be a fool than to be a knave.

Those lies are evil which produce evil results. Truths which do the same thing are equally evil. The end and not the means is deplorable. Which would you respect more, the man who told a sensitive but weather-beaten spinster that she looked every day of her age, or the man who insisted that she never had been prettier?

No person who clings to facts persistently can be kind or generous or loving. Such a maniac would not be tolerated in good society for an hour, and his business, if he embarked upon one, would bankrupt him. How long could a doctor or a lawyer or a clergyman exist if he never, never, never told a falsehood? Then why pretend that it is wrong to lie and that you yourself wouldn't think of such a thing?

Mark Twain confesses that his first lapse from the path of veracity might have been recorded when he was two days old. At the age of twenty-four hours somebody stuck a pin into him, he cried, and was petted into quiet comfort. There being neither pin nor comfort the next afternoon, he cried again, thus not only perpetrating a falsehood, but getting a petting under false pretenses.

Books written by sensible men glorify the art of prevarication. Tallyrand said: "Speech was invented to conceal thought." Voltaire remarked: "We must lie to live." A clever American wrote a story entitled "Who Lies?" simply to show the absurdity of truth telling.

There are three kinds of liars—good liars, bad liars and malicious liars. The first two classifications are intended to separate the artist who knows how to falsify from the tyro who doesn't. A clever liar must have ingenuity, imagination, memory, courage, presence of mind and great histrionic ability. A truth teller need not even possess brains. Cameras and phonographs tell the truth.

Women are born liars. Men acquire the knack.

Most fanatics on this subject split hairs to make watch chains for their consciences. They feel honest if they abide by the letter of the law. To them a lie must be oral or it isn't a lie. It doesn't occur to them that anything which creates a false impression is a falsehood, even if it be silence. The worst liar I know of is deaf and dumb. He solicits alms and has a bank account.

Malicious lies are wrong. So are malicious truths. The jealous rival who spreads a report of my failure is equally a skunk whether I have failed or not. The majority of falsehoods injure no one and serve an extremely useful purpose. Whoever urges the contrary helps to make sneaks. Sneaking is the meanest of sins. Let us not sneak. Let us come out in the open and lie squarely, looking into the eyes of the man opposite and prevaricating decently, kindly, courteously and sensibly. That's honest.—Channing Pollock, in The Show.

The Miser.

There once was a miser of laughter and smiles, who hoarded those treasures in fast mounting piles.

He kept them all sealed in an ivory box, and nothing that happened unfastened the locks.

At last, growing aged, from business drift, He planned to enjoy the results of his thrift.

The best of his store he discovered, with tears, Was stolen away by the slow thieving years.

The moth on the smiles had been feasting betimes, And rust had corroded the silvery chimes.

Too late for the miser of laughter and smiles, He wrested the secret of saving and wiles—

To scatter those riches abroad in the air, For moth, rust nor robber can pilfer them there.

—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Test Mal-de-Mer Remedies.

On the occasion of a medical congress to be held at Lisbon in April, the League Against Sea-sickness will charter a steamship, which will start from Hamburg and call at Antwerp, Dover, Cherbourg and Pauillac, on her way to Portugal, for the purpose of testing the hundred-odd methods of overcoming sea-sickness which have been submitted to the notice of the league.

MADE BOLD BID FOR LIBERTY.

Convicts in Berlin Prison Figure in Remarkable Deed.

Three convicts of the Moabit prison, Berlin, recently made an attempt at escape which reads like fiction. The men, whose names are Baranowski, Goldbach and Muller, were serving terms of penal servitude, and occupied adjoining cells. They communicated with each other by tapping out the Morse code on the hot-water pipes, and arranged to carry off the tailor's shears from the workshop where they were employed, to attempt to bore a hole through the walls of the cells. They set to work as soon as they were locked in their cells, and continued their labor for six hours unperceived. Baranowski and Goldbach bored passages into Muller's cell, which stood between them, during which time Muller was at work forcing an opening through the roof. They helped each other through the attic to the roof, by which time day was dawning and diminishing their chances of escape. Out of bits of cloth which they had taken from the workshop they had manufactured a rope, by which they proceeded to lower themselves from the roof 100 feet to the ground. Baranowski and Muller slid down safely, but Goldbach fell from a height of fifty feet and broke both legs. Baranowski and Muller left him where he lay and proceeded to scale the outer wall. Muller, who was the slower of the two, was seen on the top of the wall, and was recaptured, but Baranowski got away.

HORSE PISTOL USED IN 1818.

One of a Lot Made for Uncle Sam's Troopers—Only Three Left.

An interesting exhibition of weapons may be seen in the Free Library at Newark. It consists chiefly of military weapons from the collection of James E. Coombes, who is an enthusiastic amateur collector of such things.

Among the rare weapons to be shown is a lever crossbow gun of the fifteenth century. Another is a Sharp's carbine with a coffee mill in the stock, a third is a flintlock horse pistol made in Springfield in 1818 by the government.

It is said that only three pistols of this type are in existence. The issue was 500 pistols in a time of peace. They were used in fighting Indians on the frontier and in the first Seminole war.

This pistol is 18 inches long, is iron mounted throughout and carries an ounce round ball. It weighs nearly five pounds and was almost as formidable as a bludgeon as a firearm. The original hickory ramrod is in place.

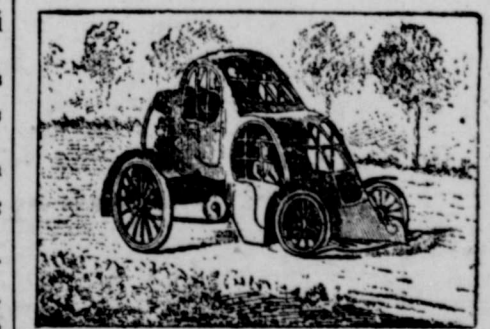
On the inside of the lockplate is the name "S. Dale," who was probably the maker of the lock. Both lock and barrel are dated and the former bears the United States stamp under a spread eagle.

The proof marks on the left of the breech are a V and a P ("Viewed" and "Proved") with an eagle head between the letters.

The S. North horse pistols, which are highly valued by collectors, were made in the Springfield armory the same year. North had moved down from Middletown to enter upon a contract with the government. His pistols have his name on the lockplate.

This is not a North pistol, but is said to be much rarer. It is much larger than the North type and has no brass about it.—New York Sun.

Automobile.



A French design for an automobile which the inventor claims would be much safer than the style used at present.

Harry Allen of Reading, Vt., found a bobcat in his henyard the other day. While he was in the house after a gun the animal made its escape. Allen took the trail with a dog. The trail of the original animal was lost, but another was taken up and Allen returned from the hunt with a bobcat.

Had Stuck Closely to Home.

A man over 55 years of age, who has lived all his life on an island within thirty miles of Portland, Me., visited that city for the first time last month.

HOD SLOCOMB GOT COLD BATH.

Unfortunate Incident Disgusted Him with Ice Cutting.

Hod Slocomb done a fool thing while cutting ice tother day and come mighty near losing his life by it. Hod was hired by Deacon Butterworth to help him cut his ice over to Gootchic Pond and the Deacon and Hod went over bright and early Tuesday morning and went to work. Hod started in sawing and before he thought what he was doing he sawed out a square of ice in the lake on which he was standing and it went under the water with him and he fell and got soaking wet clean up to his



chin and swore until the Deacon had to tell him not to use such language in his presents, and then Hod had to walk all the way to Bingville in them wet clothes and it freezing cold, but he didn't go back. Hod said that if Deacon Butterworth wanted anybody to help him cut his ice, he would haft to get somebody else.—"Bingville Bugle" Items in Boston Post.

Chickens Locked on Perch.

"Chickens and other birds, roosting at night on a perch no bigger than a lead pencil, never fall off. Do you know why?" said a farmer.

"The tendon of a roosting bird's leg," he went on, "is so constructed that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws have to contract—can't open till the leg is straightened out again.

"Thus a chicken gets on its perch, bends its knees to be comfortable, and with that bending locks itself, as with a key, to the wood. It can't fall off.

"Put a chicken on your finger and then make it sit down. Its claws will clamp your finger tight and be unable to let go till the bird stands up again.

"Nature very kindly has so constructed roosting birds that the act of settling down clamps them to their perch."

Man vs. Machinery.



A workman would have to use a shovel this size to compete successfully with machinery.

Boy Follows Relatives in Death.

Arnold Van Ven, 18 years old, upon whom rested the responsibility of caring for six brothers and sisters, killed himself with a revolver yesterday afternoon at his home, Carondelet. He and his sister recently had a quarrel over a trifling personal expense the boy had incurred.

He makes the ninth member of the family to commit suicide. His father killed himself while in Denver, his grandmother also killed herself, as did six of his aunts and uncles. His mother died a few months ago from an overdose of morphine.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mill Has Been Kept Busy.

Not every community can boast of an industry like that of White Bros., of East Jaffrey, N. H. For twenty-eight years it has run continuously and never has shut down for hard times. In all these years the mill has been idle but eight days, and then for repairs.

For Sale.

Poland China and Berkshire Sows, bred to Registered Red Jersey and Poland China Males. Also young Pigs, Stock Hogs and Cornfed barrows.

C. A. P. LAND & CATTLE CO.

PHONE 130.
J. B. CECILL, PHONE 8
AT THE ARTESIA MARKET.

DR. T. E. PRESLEY,

SPECIALIST,
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.
OFFICE:
Oklahoma Block. Roswell, N. M.

DR. J. DALE GRAHAM,

North Side Main Street,
Opposite First National Bank.
Residence Phone 70
Office Phone 60
Artesia, New Mexico.

BAKER & STOKER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEONS.
Office Hotel Artesia Annex. Phone
No. 9. Artesia, New Mexico.

J. G. Osburn,

LAWYER.
Room no. 2, over Bank of Artesia.
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

J. F. RICHARDSON, M. D.

Office over Skaers
jewelry store.
Artesia, New Mex'co.

FOR RENT—320 acres of watered
land near Artesia. L. R. Sperry.

LEE MCINTOSH,

DENTIST.
Bridge and Crown Work a Specialty and all
work guaranteed. Office in Higgins & Schrock
Building, Main Street. Phone No. 5.
Artesia, New Mexico.

DR. M. M. INMAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Brumelsick Building.
Calls answered at any hour.

CHAS. F. MONTGOMERY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office up-stairs in Brumelsick building.
Telephone No. 58. Calls answered
day or night.

DR. J. L. DAVIS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Bank of Artesia.
Office Phone 155. Residence Phone 134.

DR. CHAS. THOMAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office over Porter's Hardware store.
Office Phone No. 5. Residence Phone 3-2R.

Wanted.

Boy or girl to help with cooking
and housework. Telephone
Kennicott Ranch.

Ice, Beers and Soda waters.

Distilled waters.
THE ARTESIA ICE CO.
Jas. A. Martin, Mgr.
Phone 22.

L. W. MARTIN,

Notary Public, Accountant and
Conveyancer. Collections made.
Office in rear of First Nat'l Bank.
Artesia, N. M.

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 smokestacks.

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.

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.

The Woman's Guild will serve ice cream and cake at the Higgins & Schrock building Friday evening, June 8.

Editor Mullane, of the Carlsbad Sun, spent Wednesday in the city and lent his smiling presence to the Advocate sanctum.

Abstract of title Artesia office over Bank of Artesia.

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.

Navajo hammocks at the Pecos Valley Drug Company.

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

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.

Abstracts of title to all lands in Eddy county. Artesia office over Bank of Artesia.

To All Parties Interested.

Capt. J. D. Hunt is today ready to close the contract for the boring of a deep well on his land nine miles west of town provided all parties interested in the development of that part of the country assist to the extent of signing the agreement as previously agreed upon, and which is now at the Bank of Artesia. As soon as this is done work will begin, and if the agreement is not signed within the next few days all arrangements for drilling will be off. Immediate action is necessary.

Millinery Cost Sale.

I will put on sale about three dozen ready-to-wear hats, also a few dress hats. Going at cost. Sale beginning Monday, May 27, closes June 6th. Come in and get you a hat cheap, before this sale closes.

Iva Northcut.

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

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.

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. Lanorgan, 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 its 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, Rotarys, Hoisters, all kinds of Rotary tools, well supplies, wrought iron line pipe and casing.

NOTICE:

Farmers and Well Men, don't throw away your old castings. Bring them to us. We can make them good as new.

ARTESIA MACHINE SHOP.

THE STAR STABLE



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 88.

J. K. WALLING & SON Props.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

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 S 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.