

The Artesia Advocate

VOLUME 4.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, JUNE 30, 1906

NUMBER 1

TRUSTEES MEET IN REGULAR AND ADJOURNED SESSIONS.

Ordinance Passed, Petition and Other Business Considered--Refuse to Act On Saloon Petition.

The town board of trustees met in regular session on June 26, with the following members present:

Wm. Crandall, Earl McBride and W. E. Baskin. Minutes of the meeting of the 12th inst. were read and approved.

Dr. Chas. Thomas and J. C. Gage, members of the Board of Health, were present and asked that the council define their duties which matter was gone over by the board but more definitely to be defined in the future.

An ordinance prohibiting ball playing within prescribed limits of the town was read according to rule the second time and placed on final passage, the vote as follows:

W. E. Baskin - - - - - Yea.
Earl McBride - - - - - Yea.
Wm. Crandall - - - - - Yea.

Total vote cast and yeas, 3. The above ordinance shall be designated as No. 64.

The resolution from Civic League and Improvement Society passed over from last week was taken up and the attorney was instructed to draft an ordinance prohibiting the domestic fowls of the town from running at large.

The bond of Will Benson, as city engineer, returned last meeting was approved.

Petitions from the ladies and business men of the vicinity were read asking that the council refuse action on the subjects set forth in a petition presented by the saloon men at last meeting; these petitions with the previous one was passed over until next meeting.

The application of Dr. Inman for permit to erect building within fire limit was passed over until next meeting.

Police Judge Baird made a report for the quarter ending July 1st, but owing to some necessary corrections and work, the report was returned for correction.

The City Attorney was instructed to prepare necessary papers for assessing lien against lots on which the town has constructed sidewalks.

Adjourned to meet Thursday evening at 4 p. m.

THURSDAY'S SESSION

The town board met in session at 4 p. m. as adjourned from session of the 28th inst. with all members present.

Mr. Galloway representing Joyce-Fruit Co., Mr. John Major representing Wm. W. Majors & Son, Mr. Osburn of the firm of Causy & Osburn, and Mr. F. E. Turner, representing the A. F. & F. Co., were present and presented their interests before the board in behalf of the completion and erection of buildings. After some discussion they were instructed by the chairman that the procedure in the case would be that they each make application for permits to carry out their plans.

Mrs. Thenia Fenton was before the board in behalf of the sidewalk erected by the town upon her property. No action was taken farther than the marshal was instructed to give notice of payment of said claim of the town against said property and

if not paid within five days after serving notice, to file lien against said property.

Mr. Enfield moved that we refuse to act upon the petition presented by the saloon men asking for a repeal of certain ordinances relative to the opening and closing hours of the saloons and the regulation of gambling, seconded by McBride, and roll call resulted as follows:

Wm. Crandall - - - - - Yea.
J. B. Enfield - - - - - Yea.
Earl McBride - - - - - Yea.
J. H. Beckham - - - - - Yea.
W. E. Baskin - - - - - Yea.

Total vote and yeas 5. Motion prevailed.

The report of Police Judge Baird was again presented and claim ordered and allowed after its O. K. by Attorney Osburn.

The city attorney was requested to draft an ordinance prescribing the duties of the members of the Board of Health.

Motion was made by Mr. Baskin and seconded by Enfield, that an ad valorem tax upon real, personal and mixed property be fixed at one-half of one per cent. (5 mills.) Said motion prevailed unanimously.

The applications of Joyce-Fruit Co., Causy & Osburn and Wm. W. Major to complete and erect buildings as per applications, were unanimously allowed.

The application of Artesia Feed & Fuel Co., was granted, providing for the completion of building now standing with corrugated iron but refusing to allow the extension of the present building.

The city marshal was instructed by vote of the board, to have two windows placed in the calaboose, one in each end.

The time of meeting of the board was changed from 7:30 p. m. to 4 p. m. on motion of Mr. Beckham and its adoption.

Mr. Enfield moved and Beckham seconded that Mr. Crandall and W. E. Baskin become a committee for the looking after a more commodious room for hall purposes. Motion prevailed and it was so ordered.

Adjourned.

FOURTH OF JULY RATES.

All agents--You are hereby authorized to sell round trip tickets between points on the Pecos System, between points on the Southern Kansas Railway of Texas, and between points on Pecos System and points on the Southern Kansas Railway of Texas, under the following conditions:

Rate: One fare for the round trip. Selling dates: July 3 and 4, 1906. Final limit: July 5, 1906.

C. O. Brown, Local Agent.

And Alarming Situation

frequently follows from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by Fetherree & Robertson, druggists. Price 25c.

Mrs. A. W. Henry, and Mesdames Miller and Durham, of Dayton, were visitors to the city Monday.

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

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



The above [cut is] made from a photograph of a bunch of grapes taken at Hagerman, last summer, which weighed when taken from the vine three and three-quarter pounds. No finer grapes can be found than those grown in the Pecos Valley.

Christian Church.

Sunday School, 9:45--Subject--Jesus and the Children--Matt. 18 1-14; Church services, 11 o'clock--Subject "Our Duty." Junior C. E. at 2 o'clock; Senior C. E. at 7 o'clock.

On next, Thursday evening from 7 to 9 there will be a Sunday School social at the church. A short program will be given, after which refreshments and a general good time for all. Remember you are invited.

How to Break Up a Cold.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that a severe cold can be completely broken up in one or two days' time. The first symptom of a cold are a dry, loud cough, a profuse watery discharge from the nose, and a thin, white coating on the tongue. When Chamberlain's cough remedy is taken every hour on the first appearance of these symptoms, it counteracts the effect of the cold and restores the system to a healthy condition within a day or two. For sale by Fetherree & Robertson.

If your stomach troubles you do not conclude that there is no cure, for a great many have been permanently cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Get a free sample at Fetherree & Robertson's drug store and give them a trial. They also cure constipation and biliousness.

Earl Cobb, formerly manager of the Joyce-Fruit business at this place, was here this week shaking hands with his many friends.

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

For rent--A neat cottage on Grand avenue, west of the Methodist church, four rooms and a bath. G. R. Ray, Roswell, N. M.

Mrs. Belle Fessenden, of Cherokee, Kas., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. M. Ross.

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

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

The Womans' Guild will meet with Mrs. Julia Cleveland Friday, July 6th, at 3 o'clock.

8-room house in Roswell to trade for Artesia property, either city or country. See L. W. Martin.

A PETITION TO THE CITY COUNCIL.

Following is a petition presented by the citizens of Artesia to the city council at their meeting Tuesday night. Compare it with the petition presented some time ago by the saloon men:

To the Hon. President and members of the Town Council, of Artesia, GREETING:

We, the undersigned resident citizens of Artesia and vicinity believing that the Ordinances passed by the Council last year prohibiting gambling, and regulating the opening and closing of saloons, were ordinances designed to serve the best interests of our town, financially, socially and morally, and as wholesome conditions have existed since the passage of said Ordinances, we are persuaded that repealing of said Ordinances would be detrimental to the progress and growth of our city, aside from the fact that morally and socially, we would place conditions before our people that would jeopardize the lives of a great many and bring into our midst an element of transient life that is not desirable as they are not interested in any of the above mentioned interests.

WHEREAS, A petition has been presented to your honorable body asking for the repealing of said above Ordinances, signed, not in the main by resident citizens and business men but by men of no certain abiding place, and by men from the various towns located within a radius of forty miles.

THEREFORE, We earnestly petition you that you allow the said Ordinances to remain as they now exist, and be rigidly enforced.

Respectfully submitted,

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| J. C. Gage | S. W. Gilbert |
| T. N. Co nell | J. Malterie |
| T. A. Merrill | J. E. Fetherree |
| J. D. H. Reed & Son | E. L. Robertson |
| Ohn H. Ragsdale | Rex Wheatley |
| Hancock, Loving & Roby (D. W. R.) | W. L. Kemp |
| W. P. Galloway | Henry Nimitz |
| J. R. Moore | W. C. McBride |
| W. F. Schwartz | S. F. Ehorn |
| R. M. Ross | Bert Proger |
| Edward F. Phillips | Edwin B. Kemp |
| F. E. Turner | Kemp Lumber Co. |
| Geo. Newton | W. L. McLaughlin |
| S. B. Dyer | W. Roy Williamson |
| Robin & Dyer | J. E. Austin |
| John D. Hunt | J. W. Pinnell |
| S. G. Yeargin | Alf Moore |
| Wm. Idler | E. A. Johnson |
| J. E. Swepstone | G. W. Batton |
| W. A. Swingle | H. Batton |
| A. L. Norfleet | John DeArcey |
| J. M. Enoch | Home Bakery |
| J. E. Acord | J. F. Porter |
| R. E. Dans | American Well & Prospecting Co. |
| Porter & Beckham | Sperry & Lukins |
| L. C. Hale | L. R. Sperry |
| R. L. Speck | G. Gesler |
| J. J. Robertson | E. R. Gesler |
| R. L. Preusser | Gayle Talbot |
| W. H. Watkins | Faris Heath |
| W. H. Clark | T. C. Carnes |
| C. O. Brown | S. A. Walling |
| A. H. Sweetland | H. E. Mull |
| W. T. Bowman | Wm. Allen |
| E. R. Hall | Geo. Kauffman |
| L. R. Meek | A. M. King |
| John McIlhany | G. T. Bané |
| Edward Gessert | W. O. Thomas |
| John B. Pinnell | Arthur Williamson |
| L. W. Martin | A. R. Hancock |
| A. H. Hubbs | B. F. Mullins |
| Charles S. Davis | J. S. Highsmith |
| W. M. Walterschied | J. B. Atkeson |
| Lee McIntosh | T. T. Kuykendall |
| R. R. Beatty | J. R. Attebery |
| M. M. Innon, M. D. | Albert Blake |
| G. W. Danner | W. F. Allen |
| C. E. Kowenhowen | John A. Orr |
| Chas. F. Montgomery | D. D. Temple |
| Sallie L. Robert | W. M. Swisher |
| John E. Robert | J. L. Wilson |
| E. J. Feemeter | R. L. Storey |
| J. Dale Graham | W. J. Williamson |
| L. F. Sudderth | Chas. W. Shoemaker |
| S. W. Myer | I. R. Daniel |
| H. W. McCormick | Ed Bowman |
| W. H. Prue | Bob Orburn |
| P. V. Pardon | R. L. Causey |
| R. M. Love | Mac Osborne |
| W. E. Erwin | D. L. Gage |

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| J. W. Watkins | C. D. Bradshaw |
| Will Benson | Wm. Hale |
| E. B. Simmons | A. M. Heath |
| J. H. Messer | C. L. Heath |
| L. S. Kennicott | E. P. McCormick |
| T. R. Chisholm | Claude E. Tuttle |
| J. K. Walling | D. S. Bay |
| C. Porter | C. D. Ferris |
| T. B. Walling | Jesse P. Va. winkle |
| John Richey | C. F. Ferris |
| C. R. Richey | Jos. Maxwell |
| Blaine Richey | C. G. Eckles |
| Edgar Richey | J. H. Muncey |
| J. L. Sutton | Lee Turknett |
| J. R. Hodges | E. C. Higgins |
| R. A. Eaton | Harry W. Hamilton |
| Will Carson | J. G. Osborne |
| John S. Major | H. H. Hess |
| Chas. Thomas | M. D. W. S. Cavenees |
| C. R. Flook | Otto Harris |
| I. M. Douglas | C. F. Maimbourg |
| G. F. Kauffman | J. S. Campbell |
| R. E. Ferris | Geo. R. Hyde |
| Geo. W. Kerr | A. M. Shockley |
| A. B. Frank | Will Kuykendall |
| J. T. Bond | C. S. Hoffman |
| Will W. Watkins | Jos. Homolka |
| Ewin Walling | August Straus |
| F. C. Johnson | S. W. Hess |
| W. M. Wise | L. F. Strauss |
| Jno. W. Howard | A. B. Callaway |
| R. F. McCormick | L. D. Carson |
| D. H. Wenger | T. V. Edington |
| L. D. Ozmun | Cora Hess |
| A. G. Wright | Mrs. S. H. Hess |
| Dr. Wm. Meeks | J. R. Creath |
| J. O. Gifford | Wm. W. Major |
| S. R. McKee | W. M. Kerney |
| W. J. Phipps | Vetal Bogy |
| H. L. Mitchell | W. B. Naylor |
| Marshall McIlhany | P. S. Ferewilger |
| Homer Bethel | W. R. Read |
| W. D. Poits | Felix Z. Stanfield |
| H. C. Herlacker | Baker & Stoker |
| H. L. Blankenship | F. S. Warner |
| Felix Blankenship | James B. Brown |
| Adelbert Carson | Geo. E. Enochs |
| C. O. Lesley | Dr. M. M. Merrill |
| A. G. Caraway | J. L. Woodworth |
| J. K. Backness | J. J. Henderson |
| C. E. Stull | E. A. Clayton |
| J. W. Riee | S. P. Baughman |
| Geo. Kline | D. L. Smith |
| R. M. George | F. G. Pomeroy |
| E. Ward | J. B. Roach |
| E. S. Bishop | Geo. Shawver |
| Curry Bishop | H. J. Allison |
| A. B. Ebersole | Chas. Gibson |
| C. B. McCree | C. I. Rice |
| J. G. McMahon | D. T. McMahon |
| W. D. Ozmun | H. W. Owens |
| H. D. Martin | E. H. Martin |
| | G. P. Cleveland. |

Death from Lock Jaw

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures cuts, wounds, burns and sores. 2c at Fetherree & Robertson drug store.

If you knew the value of Chamberlain's salve you would never be without it. Here are some of the diseases for which it is especially valuable: chapped hands, burns, frost bites, chilblains, chronic sore eyes, itching piles, tetter, salt rheum and eczema. Price 25c per box. For sale by Fetherree and Robertson.

WANTED--Two helpers and a cook to work with well rig. Apply to this office.

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

WANTED--A woman or girl to do general housework. Apply to Mrs. Gayle Talbot.

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

For paints, oils, varnishes and glass, Linell & Morton have the best.

J. R. Blair has a nice lot of cane seed for sale.

The Hope picnic will look well in a kodak.

PROTECT YOUR BUILDINGS WITH SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINT
JOHN SCHROCK LUMBER COMPANY

THE MENDING OF A VOICE.

BY EDGAR WHITE.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Following the custom of the day, the minister had written a play. Being a clergyman, he had chosen a religious subject. Before entering upon his task he had read diligently. With the production of the drama, fame had come. There were Roman senators and soldiers, kings and queens who were bad, and a Magdalen who was good. The playwright had mined through the substratum and worked his way to daylight. Out of hideous crime and debauchery had come the triumph of faith, and a better life. The prelate author had sought to teach a wholesome lesson, for he placed his part in the redemption of mankind above earthly glory. Unnoticed save by the critical eye of the man of cloth was one weak part in the cast. A young woman of rare beauty and grace could not bring to her lines the proper cadence. The marble columns at the entrance of the king's castle were no whiter than her soul. Yet the grand, melodious chord deep in her heart had never been touched, and until vibrated by the invisible hand, which sears with the white brand of human love, the intonations given the sacred lines sounded like sacrilege to the sensitive author.

The minister had a son attending college. During the Christmas holidays he joined his parents in the city where "The Trinity of the Cross" was being presented. The boy was strong, handsome, manly—like his father. He mingled with the players, who became much attached to him. He was enthusiastic over the play, and told the "governor" he was proud of him. If he observed the "blow-hole" in the cast he did not speak of it. From his point of view everything was perfect. There were delightful little suppers after the show, in which he acted as host and general good fellow. He was an only son, and the ground he trod was sacred to his worshipping parents. In no respect had they ever censured his conduct, and they gave to him sublime credit for an honorable philosophy of life.

The student had not been back to his books three months when the playwright detected an improvement in the derelict's voice.

"Good girl!" he said to her one day; "I knew you could reach it if you tried."

The little actress smiled queerly, and expressed herself as gratified to learn she was pleasing him better.

One night the minister's wife went to the actress' room without knocking, and found her lying face down on the bed, crying. On the dresser was a small photograph of Wendell, the minister's son, which the mother recognized before she tiptoed out of the room. By the kinship of womanhood she understood.

In response to an urgent wire from his father, Wendell hastened to him. The minister met his son at the station.

"Anything wrong, father?" asked the bright-faced boy, anxiously. "Is mother well?"

"We are all well, but I have made a few changes in the play and I wished to get your opinion about them. I want you to go to the theater to-night in disguise. I don't want you to recognize a member of the cast, nor do I wish you to be recognized. I think your views of these changes would be better if you made your observations purely from your own standpoint."

"I understand, and appreciate the honor, sir."

Wendell occupied a box with some press critics, and pretended to take notes of the play.

It was a land wherein no church spire pointed the way to the living God. A heathen court was issuing hideous decrees against the followers of the Nazarene. The white-robed martyrs of the arena knelt in prayer as they awaited the signal from the human tigers in the royal podium to release the four-footed tigers in the cages.

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

A girl with wavy chestnut hair, and a marble white face, reverentially repeated the promise of Holy Writ, as the chains crashed to the floor and the monsters from the Euphrates leaped out. Her arms were around the trembling shoulders of a younger sister, whom she was trying to comfort.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die!"

In the solemn hush preceding the tragedy the tender voice of the comforter vibrated with the celestial melody of the dawning transfiguration. She looked over and beyond the blazing eyes and cavernous jaws approaching her.

"Unto Thee, my Lord and my Redeemer—"

The hot-mouthed beasts were now among the sacrifices, and the tumult of ferocity and agony was on. From the podium voluptuous women and half-drunken courtiers smiled interestedly, and voiced no sentiment of

compassion. The curtain fell on the shambles.

"Do you think it is an improvement?" asked the author of his son, as they seated themselves in a cafe near the theater.

"She is superb!" exclaimed the boy, enthusiastically.

The minister regarded him curiously.

"I wanted to know what you thought about the change of lines in the trial scene?" he said.

"Oh! Why, I—I don't believe I noticed that," returned Wendell, with hesitation. "What were the changes?"

"If you didn't detect them, I'm afraid it would not interest you to relate them now. In the revised version the lines of counsel for the denounced are strengthened."

"I observed that Norton had more to say, and that he did fine; but what interested me most was the power of Miss Carroll in the arena scene."

"Her lines are the same as when you saw her first."

"I know, but she is reciting them in a different way. Before I thought she was perfect. Her work to-night was more; it was an inspiration."

"You are enthusiastic."

"Don't you agree with me, sir?"

The minister meditatively balanced his fork on the edge of the plate.

"Miss Carroll is improving," he said. "I'm sorry we're going to lose her."

"Lose her! How?"

The father did not notice the vehemence of the exclamation.

"Her widowed mother lives in New Orleans, and is lonely. Miss Carroll feels that she must go to her."

A week later, shortly after the porter had made his stentorian announcement of the approaching hour for the Iron Mountain's night train to depart southward, a young woman, heavily veiled and attired for traveling, tripped lightly down the winding stairs into the office. She was immediately joined by a young man who had been waiting at the foot of the staircase.

"The reckoning is made," he whispered, "and our suit-cases are in the carriage, which is waiting at the side entrance."

She took his arm and they started down a small corridor. A man was standing at the door of the carriage, but it wasn't the coachman. The young man thought it was.

"Please open the door," he said.

The man suddenly raised his hat from his eyes, and threw open his coat. It was the author of "The Trinity of the Cross."

"Father!" gasped the young man.

"I'm ashamed of you, sir!" said the minister, severely.

"I know—I know it was wrong," said Wendell, nervously, "but I couldn't help it. I love her so!"

The girl at his side repaid him with a tender look from two lustrous blue eyes, which even the heavy veil could not wholly hide.

"Of course you do," said the father, with astounding acquiescence; "that's not what I'm mortified about; it's you people running off after another minister when I'm in the marrying business myself—I mean when I can get a job of the sort. Now, you two run back upstairs, and to-morrow we'll have a nice little comedy-drama on the side, and I'll see to it that Caesar and his whole profligate court attends to do you honor!"

Women and Matrimony.

Those who keep a close watch on women's ways profess to see a decided falling off in enthusiasm among the fair sex concerning the right and opportunity to cook and to increasing fields in which they may find a chance to earn money or gain a livelihood. "Women are beginning to find out," says a close student of this burning question, "that work is work, after all, and that competition grows fiercer all the time. Young women who come from the country districts with high hopes of independence and ideals about living their own life untrammelled by old traditions soon learn that it is a struggle harder than any they might encounter at home. Then their views change and they begin to think much better of matrimony as a vocation than they did before. It will be some time before this new feeling will have much weight in lessening the present rush of women into all avenues of labor, but there will be an effort in time and the rush will subside. The shadow of independence rather than the substance is all that many women gain, and this is being slowly realized."

Evenly Bad Tempered.

Mrs. Whyte—Is your husband even tempered?

Mrs. Browne—Well, yes, I suppose so. Sometimes he's even bad tempered.—Somerville Journal.

Banks for Mexico.

Los Angeles capitalists will expend \$15,000,000 in the institution and operation of a chain of banks along the west coast of Mexico.

DUTY OF THE SWITCHMAN.

Managing the Intricate System Which Controls an Elevated Junction.

High above the network of elevated tracks and switches at the Thirty-sixth street junction station of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit lines, even above the roofs of the station sheds themselves, stands a small, steel constructed box house perched on the top of two tall iron pillars. The walls are pierced by so many windows of such unusual dimensions that at first glance it would appear that the walls are made entirely of glass. This house, says the New York Tribune, is the new electrical switch tower, from which the intricate system of switches controlling the main New York line, the two junction lines running to Bay Ridge and Coney Island and the ladder tracks of both the new and the old train yards are operated by means of a costly electrical device.

The interior of this tower offers a striking contrast to the old-fashioned type, where there was a double row of huge iron levers, to swing which the strength of two men was sometimes required. Here the small, conveniently placed electric levers can be turned with the strength of one finger. The switchboard occupies the center of the room, having been built in such a position that the operators standing before it have an uninterrupted view of both the incoming and outgoing tracks of all the lines. On this switchboard the levers are arranged in a double row, one below the other, 36 in all. The handles of the bottom row are painted red and control the boards of the semaphores. The handles of the top row are painted blue and black and control the switches and the switch locks. By this means, if a switch is to be turned, the operator first swings the upper lever, which throws and locks the switch itself, and then swings the lower lever, which drops one or the other of the semaphore boards as the case may be, thus giving the signal for the train to proceed on its way.

Directly in front of the operators as they stand by the levers is an exact reproduction in miniature of the tracks, switches and crossovers contained in the ground plan of that section of the road. In the miniature the tracks are represented by little brass strips, and the positions of the switches, semaphores and dwarf signals are painted and numbered on the background of the reproduction. The entire device is electrically connected with the switchboard. When the operators, therefore, turn a switch on the regular tracks, the corresponding switch in the miniature turns also, so that the operators can see at a glance what has been the result of their action, and if by any chance the mechanism should have gone wrong they can take steps to rectify it immediately.

After 9:30 o'clock in the morning, or, in other words, when the morning rush hour has come to an end, the train dispatcher begins to reduce the amount of service on the road from six to three cars all around. These extra cars have to be cut out promptly and sidetracked at either the Culver depot or at the yards of the Thirty-sixth street station. Here they remain and undergo a careful inspection until the evening rush hour begins at shortly after four o'clock, when they are again taken out of the yards and impressed into the regular service to meet the increased demand.

Simple, When You Think of It.

"Do you know," said the cheerful idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning, by the way he carries his bag."

"I never thought of that," said the simple young man. "What is the difference?"

"It is just this way," he went on. "When a man is going away he carries his bag toward the railway station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."—Stray Stories.

WILLING TO PLEASE.



Mrs. Stubb (at theater)—John, I think it an outrage that you should come in wiping your mustache.

Mr. Stubb—All, right, Maria, next time I'll leave the foam on it. If you don't care, I don't.

It has been definitely ascertained that Mrs. O'Leary's cow's hind foot was nowhere near as powerful as the San Francisco earthquake.

THROUGH ENGLAND'S FOGS

Iron Nerve Required by Engine-Drivers and Many Precautions Necessary.

Express trains at 60 miles an hour in a dense fog is the remarkable achievement of railway companies today, as a result of patient experiment and years of experience in fog-signaling.

Engine-drivers require an iron nerve to drive an express train during a fog that obscures the signals, but the man on whom he relies for safe running is the fog-signalman. The sight of these men appearing at intervals along the line inspires him with the confidence that no amount of ingenious appliances could give, for the fogman is in practice a human substitute for the ordinary methods of signaling, which to the driver are non-existent for the time being.

Fogmen are drawn from the gangs of plate-layers, their occupation of repairing the line being too hazardous to follow during a fog. Fogmen are divided into three classes—callmen, fog-signalmen and reliefmen—and, for the purpose of signaling, the line is divided up into sections, the entrance of each section being guarded by a "distant" or "fish-tail" signal. This signal indicates the state of the section ahead, and if at danger the driver knows that he must reduce speed, and be prepared to stop dead at the next, or home, signal, until the section is clear.

Each fogman has a definite post allotted to him, to which he repairs when a fog comes on. On his way to the signal which he is "fogging" he reports to the signalman at the nearest cabin, obtains a supply of detonators, flags, and a hand-lamp. Arrived at his post, he fixes on the rail two detonators, ten yards apart. So long as the signal remains at "danger" the two detonators are kept on the rail, and are exploded by passing trains, the fogman showing the driver and guard a red danger signal with his hand-lamp. In railway phraseology this is known as "shooting the driver," and has the effect of pulling up the train pretty sharply. One of two explosions has the same significance, two detonators being put down as a precautionary measure against the event of one being defective and failing to explode.

As an additional precaution, a plate-layer is employed at the principal signal-boxes to act as groundman. His duties are to watch the trains as they pass, and report to the signalman in his cabin above any unusual occurrence.

Fogmen work 12 hours at a stretch. If called out after an ordinary day's work, the hours of "fogging duty" are limited to six, and the reliefmen take their places. Like soldiers on sentry duty, they are periodically visited by responsible officials, to insure that their duties are being performed efficiently. They are supplied with refreshments at intervals, and each man is supplied with a hut and "fire-devil."

Enormous quantities of detonators are used annually, and as they cost two cents each, this item, added to the wages bill of the fogmen, is a large financial burden on railway companies. To avoid the waste of using two detonators where one would answer the purpose, railway companies have now extensively adopted an ingenious appliance known as a detonator economiser. The feature of this machine is that the explosive force of the first detonator is used to deflect a plate, which revolves a crank, and takes the second detonator off the rail. If the first detonator fails to explode, the second remains on the rail.

At numerous places where fog-signalmen attend to two signals detonator-laying machines are in use, to minimize the number of accidents that have occurred to men crossing the lines.

Orange Trees to Acre.

On orange plantations the trees are usually planted 70 to the acre.

No Railway.

"Perhaps you had some experience in the old country," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, interviewing a greenhorn girl. "Now, how were you trained across the water?"

"O ma'am, 'tis jokin' ye are," giggled the girl. "There's does be no trains. I was shipped across."—Philadelphia Press.

Touching.

"Could yer give a poor man a quarter ter git a bite to eat?" "See here, fellow, you're the same man I gave a quarter to yesterday." "Say, boss, don't folks in your set eat dinner every day?"—Cleveland Leader.

About Right.

Tommy—Papa, what is a consulting physician?

Papa—He is a doctor who is called in at the last moment to share the blame.—Life.

Largest Cities.

Buenos Ayres is the largest city south of the equator. Rio de Janeiro comes next, while Sydney, N. S. W., is third.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

After a splendid series of victories against the leading British covered court tennis experts, J. J. Gould, of Lakewood, N. J., son of George Gould, the American millionaire, met defeat at the hands of Eustice Miles, the world's champion, in the final round in the recent tournament at London. Miles won the match by three sets to one. In speaking of his opponent after the contest, he said:

"Mr. Gould is a bit of sheer whale-bone. I can testify to that. It is simply awful to play against him; he is so relentless. Yet nobody could wish a more courteous opponent. In a few years he will be almost impossible to beat. Not for an instant did he display agitation. Indeed, his whole demeanor was superhuman. And yet he is only 17. At 17 I was a boor. Throughout the match it was just touch and go. It was very touching for me to be congratulated by one who will beat me soon, and to be congratulated without a sign of bitterness or pettiness—just a completely sportsmanlike hand grip twice repeated."

While court tennis is little known in the west, the game is quite popu-



JAY GOULD.

lar in the east. Shortly before young Gould left for England to take part in the all-comers' tournament there he won the American amateur championship by defeating Charles E. Sands and is regarded the peer of all amateurs in this country. While not of a large frame or particularly muscular, young Gould's limbs possess that suppleness and activity so valuable in tennis. He also possesses the audacious confidence of youth, which he puts into his play. He is modest in appearance, has dark complexion and black hair. His brother Kingdon is also proficient with the racket.

The Olympian games for 1906 at Athens have been concluded and the American athletes have been returned victors, winning first place in the total of events and holding the world's championship. The outcome of the competition shows that the American athletes scored a total of 75½ points, 3½ points more than double that achieved by all the contestants from England and her four dependencies. Lacking 7 points, the United States trebled the record made by Greek athletes on their native soil and trebled the showing of Sweden, minus 4½ points. Great Britain got a total of 36 points, Greece 27½ and Sweden 26.

There are many interesting phases of the American success at Athens. In the first place, to send a team to Greece with the limited number of men who must necessarily travel such a distance, and then defeat the teams sent by nations close at hand, who outnumbered the Americans two to one or more, is in itself noteworthy. To have that team meet with an accident that deprives it of the services of two of its surest winners and handicaps others of its number, adds measurably to the achievement. To win by such a comfortable margin that its nearest competitor is left full 30 points behind is little less than wonderful. Then analyzing the factors in that victory, one finds that the champions one would naturally select to win the various events in America were through one or another causes unsuccessful. Climate handicapped some, sickness others, and the long break in training on shipboard others. Then to have second strings to step quickly into the places of the first choices and take the honors they fail to win, is the best evidence of the general superiority of the American athlete over the competitor from any other country. Schick, Hillman, Parsons, Mitchell were names one would look to find in the list of winners; instead, there are Hahn, Moulton, Pilgrim, Robertson. Moreover, one finds Prinstein and Sheridan losing sure victories by reason of accidents met with in the course of the games and others stepping into their places.

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.

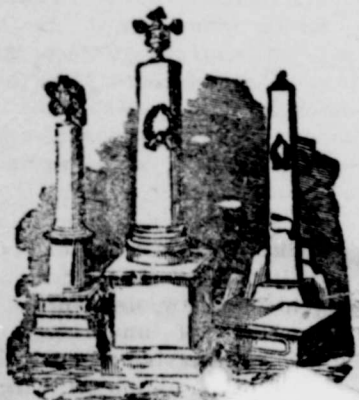
You can't afford to use any other kind, any more than we can afford to sell it.

The Artesia Market Co. Phone 8.

Go To Howell & Hough

For Staple and Fancy Groceries.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
or
Money refunded

Hunter's Cream Flour
A Specialty.



For Foreign and A and Granite Monuments, Tablets and see

J. C. Office Art Room No. 7.

ARTESIA TRANSFER LINE.

LEE TURKNETT, Prop.

All kinds of drayage work and hauling. Baggage transferred.

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

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

H. M. LOVE, Artesia, N. M.

A Communication.

To all interested in the truth I will give a few important references to the Word of God on a very important subject often misconstrued by some good teachers. We have a more sure word of prophecy to which we do well to take heed unto a light which shineth in a dark place until the day dawns. (II Peter 1:79.)

The subject is the sin that is unpardonable. The Law of God by Moses was a type of Christ's Law (Heb. 10:1-2-3-4) The type of the law began in (Leviticus 4:2-13:22-27, 5:17.) (Numbers 15:24-27-30.) (Deu. 17:12.) (Psalms 19:13.) (Heb. 6:4-6, 10:26.) (II Peter 2:20-52) These scriptures show that a wilful sin with a clear knowledge of God's Commandments is against the Holy Spirit; for that is all the Holy Spirit gives to man and as many as walk by the Spirit are guided by the Spirit.

Hoping this will reach many who are a loss to know the truth.

G. W. WILSON,

Artesia, N. M.

Notice to Whom It May Concern.

Parties that have or own dogs in the town of Artesia must apply to the city marshal and pay taxes and procure a tag for their dogs by the first of July 1906 if they want their dogs to run at large, otherwise their dogs will be taken up and killed according to the city laws.

G. W. Batton, Marshal.

Artesia, N. M.

Ralph Story has again decided to lay aside his labor in the Pecos Valley and cast his lot with his former colleagues in Zion City, Ill. He thinks things will soon be running smoothly since overseer Volivar has taken control. If the balance of the followers of Elijah are as good as Storey, the colony can not go far wrong.

The enterprising citizens of Hope have had some attractive circulars printed at the Advocate office this week advertising the Fourth of July celebration at that place. Their many friends in Artesia will be there to get the benefit of the good things to eat and the outdoor sports.

J. C. Elliot last week began the drilling of an artesian well for E. A. Clayton in his new residence addition just west of the city, and the drill has already penetrated about seven hundred feet. The well will supply the Artesia College property.

Dr. Baker was exhibiting a fourteen-pound cat fish on the street Monday morning, which he had caught below McMillan dam, the day previous.

A. H. Hubbs has a nice frame cottage nearing completion on the corner of Second street and Grand avenue.

The pretty residence of J. A. Orr, Missouri avenue is about completed and it is one of the handsome of that popular district.

Chapman, the well known left Wednesday for a visit to Chicago and the home of his father-in-law at LeMotte.

The county will show her patriotism all along the line next week. Hope, Lakewood and Carlsbad will make their celebration public.

There have been many prospectors in the valley this week and they have been much pleased, barring the dust.

Jim Martin, of Brownwood, Texas, is in the city. He is an old acquaintance of City Marshal Batton and J. F. Porter.

Dr. C. E. Lukins has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Roswell, to enter the evangelical field.

Rev. Russell, of Russellville, Ark., filled the pulpit at the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

D. J. Thomas, Esq., expects to leave Monday for Monument and will bring his family back with him the last of the week.

DR. A. M. KING,

OSTEOPATH

Office Artesia Hotel. Phone 36.
Hours 1 to 5 p. m.

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 66

Artesia, New Mexico

BAKER & STOKER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEONS.

Office Hotel Artesia Annex. Phone No. 9. Artesia, New Mexico.

J. G. Osburn,
LAWYER.

Rooms No. 1. and 2. over Bank of Artesia.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

J. F. RICHARDSON, M. D.

Office over Skaers

jewelry store.

Artesia, New Mexico.

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. CHAS. THOMAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Schrock & Higgins building
Office Phone No. 5. Residence Phone 3-2R.

WATSON E. COLEMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor 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.

Ice, Beers and Soda waters.

Distilled waters.

THE ARTESIA ICE CO.

Jas. A. Martin, Mgr.

Phone 22.

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.

The salary of the postmaster at Artesia has been increased from \$1400 to \$1500 per year.

C. R. Brice, Esq., was up from Carlsbad Wednesday.

Joe Spray, the telephone man, is having a neat cottage built on his Richardson avenue lots.

Abstract of title Artesia office over Bank of Artesia.

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, CO.00

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

WE INVITE NEW ACCOUNTS.

DURANGO PRINCE, 2:19.

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

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

J. D. GOODALE.

THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS,

AURORA, ILLINOIS,

Makes High Grade Well Sinking Machinery at Moderate Prices

SPERRY & LUKINS,

of Artesia, New Mexico

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

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.

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.

FARM, ORCHARD & GARDEN



BACK TO THE FARM.

Soon after graduation week
His home he'll hang his hat in,
And give the mule a roast in Greek
A lashing loud in Latin!

But soon he'll strike
The same old song—
"Gee-haw! Gee-haw!"
And "Git along!"

For nothing classic's in the mule,
Whose hide is far from brittle;
He knows more than is learned in school,
Although he brags but little.

He waltzes to
That same old song—
"Gee-haw! Gee-haw!"
And "Git along!"

ALFALFA MEAL.

"A new move in the development of the alfalfa industry is the organization of a company in Omaha which designs to put alfalfa on the market as a protein food in perfect mechanical form," the circular before us states.

It is further explained in the circular that "alfalfa meal is a mechanical preparation of alfalfa. In making the meal the alfalfa is reduced as fine as flour by special machinery. In the process of curing and reducing the protein element of the plant is all retained and made immediately available to the action of the digestive fluids of the animal. Alfalfa meal contains from 16 per cent. to 20 per cent. of digestible protein. It exists in the combinations nature has made in her most perfect forage plant, and in alfalfa meal it is in the most convenient and perfect form for economical feeding."

The plan of reducing alfalfa to a meal and thereby making it available as a dilutant protein food to use in connection with corn meal, and more particularly, to make it suitable for hogs, poultry and other stock which lack facilities for masticating the alfalfa in its natural state, appears to us to be a strictly logical development.

Alfalfa contains five to eight per cent. more protein than "shorts" and three to five per cent. more than wheat bran, and it would appear to need only the mechanical condition of grinding to make the alfalfa preferred by feeders to either of the others. And in case the "alfalfa meal" as meal meets the favor of the stock men as the known feed value of the plant seems to warrant, it will add an element to the stock food supply which will quite dispose of the wheat bran question. In other terms, if "alfalfa meal" shall succeed a wheat bran famine need never again exist, and the corn grower will have at command an unlimited supply of a dilutant protein food to mix with and balance his corn ration.

HOW MUSTARD ROBS WHEAT.

The plant-foods in the soil consist of certain salts or minerals, as common table salt and saltpeter. Certain of the salts are abundant enough in the soil at any one time to feed the crop for a season or many seasons.

Others, such as saltpeter (nitrate acid) are liberated, become available to the plant, or are rendered soluble, only gradually, that is, there may be enough of the saltpeter in the soil to last a crop only a few weeks. As it is used, more of this food is rendered soluble so that it can be used by the plant.

We have this process going on in the soil during the growing season; the humus or vegetable substance constantly yields a certain quantity of the saltpeter, and the growing plants are at the same time using a portion of this. When the growing crop contains weeds, there are two classes of plants drawing on this food substance.

Nearly all the weeds begin flowering and ripening seeds long before the wheat or flax or corn begins maturing its seeds. Now, a plant that is flowering and ripening seeds draws a greater amount of nutriment or food from the soil, proportionately, than does a plant that is merely putting forth green leaves. The demands of the mustard or French weed upon the soil during June and a part of July is greater and more insistent than an equal amount of wheat or other crop, and its demands must be first supplied.

In other words, the French weed or mustard is taking up the excess of saltpeter as rapidly as it is formed, leaving no surplus food to be drawn upon by the wheat or flax when its time comes to blossom and produce seed.

HILL-SIDE ORCHARDS.

The orchard on the top and sides of a hill must have different treatment from that growing on the level or gently-sloping land. The latter may be cultivated annually. The hill orchard cannot be cultivated, as that would result in disastrous washing during heavy

rains. One object in putting an orchard on a rather steep hill is to utilize it in a way that will prevent loss of soil and its fertility by the means of running water. But in the case of the hillside orchard it is not generally necessary to set out the trees on the native sod and leave them to their fate. In many cases, where the soil is composed of heavy clay, drainage is a help. We have seen clay hillsides that would hold water in holes and hollows for a week after a rain. In such soil the excavation made for the tree at the time of setting out will prove a veritable water bowl, in which stagnant water will remain for days to the great detriment of the tree. We call attention to this fact for the reason that many people have the idea that all land with a declivity is naturally well-drained.

The hill orchard will generally have to be kept in sod, but this does not always prevent the use of the spade around the trees. After the ground has become well filled with the roots of the trees it is sometimes advisable to use mulch. This destroys the grass, but does not disturb the soil. To what extent this can be practiced will depend on the conditions of soil, slope of land and rainfall.

HARVEST TIME COMING.

The harvest season is nearing, the time when old mother earth awards prizes for faithful and intelligent work and punishment to the lazy and shiftless. It is to be a fruitful season. The well-headed wheat, oats and barley make a beautiful picture as the fields bend to the summer winds and wave up and down as the billows on a summer sea; the pastures are covered with the snow of the white clover bloom loading the air with a delicate fragrance that mingles with the breath of the crab-apple and plum groves of the spring; the red clover fields are a cardinal red, heavy as seldom ever before, a lordly crop above ground, while they have richly stored the earth with food for a succeeding crop. The crop has fairly reveled in the heat and moisture of June and its green uniformed rank on rank will soon be out with tassel and ear, the golden wealth of a great state. Fruit is abundant, the bees all in the clover surfeited with honeyed richness, young roosters just trying to crow are advertising their fitness for the frying pan and their untimely end, the flowers are all on dress parade, the red of the roses, the royal purple of the wistarias, while the grass is a velvety green. Fine country to live in and fine time to live. "He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed shall doubtless return rejoicing bearing precious sheaves." This is the time of rejoicing.

FROG RAISING.

Can you give me any information regarding the raising of frogs for market? Possibly you can refer me to some work on the raising of frogs. We are thinking of starting a frog ranch and would like to gather all data we can before giving it a trial.—J. J. T., Colorado.

Every year or so this "frog ranch" idea is started. It is much like skunk farming! Most of the frogs and all the profits are started by lead pencil in some newspaper office. Thousands of pounds of frogs' legs are sold every year in the large cities. In New York there is a good demand for these "dainties," but so far as we can learn the frogs are caught one by one by people who make a business of hunting them in creeks and swamps, chiefly in northern New York and New England. So far as we can learn there is no such thing as a frog ranch—which we take it is a place where frogs are to be bred and cared for artificially. The scheme will not succeed, largely because the big frogs eat the little ones up and pay no such prices for the privilege as humans will. The United States fish commission at Washington has issued a pamphlet on the frog which is worth reading. We have no desire to start frog farming. The loss that would surely come from it would make croakers out of every one.

A mash composed of two quarts of oats, one quart of bran and a half pint of flaxseed makes a very good stimulant for young horses. Put the oats in the bucket first, over which place the flaxseed, pour boiling water over this and then put in the bran. Cover and let stand for four or five hours before feeding.

A farmer friend of ours the other day told us that ten years ago he began building up his herd of cattle with a registered sire. It worked so well that he has now a registered herd of cattle, hogs and sheep. It paid him well. It will pay others to do likewise.

It never pays to rush out to farm work right after eating dinner. Take a few moments to rest. More can be done in this way before night and with less fatigue.

CARE IN FERTILIZING ORCHARDS.

It is hard to get the soil too rich, or too full of vegetable matter for the best production of vegetables. With fruits the case is different. To secure the best results on thin land orchards must be fertilized, but it must be done with care and judgment. Excessive applications of stable manure, or other nitrogenous fertilizer, should always be avoided, especially after trees reach bearing age. Such applications induce a rank, sappy growth that makes pear trees much more liable to blight, and will surely cause destructive rotting of the stone fruits. With apples there is less danger, and they may safely be fertilized quite heavily. Excessive wood growth is, however, never desirable in a bearing orchard of any kind. The trees should be carefully watched, and be given such treatment as will give a crop of well-developed fruit; and, at the same time, a moderate growth of well-matured wood. The leaves should always be of a dark rich green, for pinched yellow foliage indicates starvation.

A NIGHT PASTURE.

During the cool of night after the sun's glaring face is hidden and those incessant flies have hidden away for a few moments of rest—this is the time for the over-heated and much-worried dairy cow to do the major part of her pasturing. Many experienced cow men keep the cows in the barn all day and allow them to pasture by night only. By providing good ventilation and darkening the windows with old gunny sacks the flies give comparatively little trouble. Though this is well it is not to be advised unless one is intensively in the dairy business. Then he should give the method a fair trial. Keep account of quantity of milk given by the herd for a week on pasture by day and yard by night and then barn by day and pasture by night for another week, then again for a week same as first week, or, divide the herd equally and alternate the two halves. I think there will be little doubt that the night feeding will show up better than the day, but whether there will be enough difference to warrant the extra labor remains for each man to decide for himself.

EGG-EATING CURED.

Egg-eating is not merely a naughty habit in fowls. It is rather a natural impulse to correct mistakes in feeding. We have never failed to cure the most inveterate egg-eaters by giving them plenty of albuminous food, in cut green bone, meat, worms, etc., and a sufficient supply of sharp grit in oyster shell, pounded glass or crockery, etc. Sometimes we have seen fowls entirely broken of egg-eating by giving them a supply of ground oyster shell or other gritty stuff alone. Constructing nests in such a way that eggs deposited therein will roll away from the hen and slide through a hole in the bottom of the nest, into a drawer underneath, is taking needless trouble, even if the nests are made to work well. Hens do not like to lay in such nests, and will not if they can help it. Furnish all their needs of food, etc., and the hens will not have to try to find unnatural substitutes for their natural requirements.

WHITEWASH FOR THE POULTRY HOUSE.

It is a good plan to whitewash the interior of the poultry house at this season of the year to assist in keeping down lice and vermin that infest the poultry house during summer.

We herewith give a good recipe for a whitewash that may be used on the inside. It is made by slaking one bushel of good slaking water, keeping it for a day; then strain and add one-half peck salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds brown rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting and one pound clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix this all thoroughly with the slaked lime and let stand for several days. Apply as hot as possible with a clean brush.

SOIL FERTILITY.

Few soils are so lacking in fertility that they would not grow crops could the mineral plant food which they contain be unlocked and brought into fit condition for use. This important operation, as well as nitrification—or the conversion of nitrogen compounds into the form of nitrates—can proceed only in the presence of moisture. Crops plowed under for green manuring, and barn manures, can be made available only when there is sufficient moisture in the soil. There is a constant movement toward the plant roots to restore the equilibrium, or to make good that use by the plant. This movement of the moisture brings to the roots the soluble plant food.

It is well for a farmer to keep up his muscle, but not with the milking stool applied to the trembling cow's back. This method costs more than practice in a gymnasium.

BURNING MINES OF UTAH.

Veins of Coal That Have Been Afire Since They Were Discovered by White Men.

Through a long line of cliffs from Colorado to central Utah, and then southwest toward Arizona, extensive beds of coal are found, and recent geological investigation into this coal formation of the far west has developed what may be termed burning mountains, or coal beds, a fire with surface indications of constant combustion for ages past.

These coal fields of Utah are somewhat widely separated, and even the known fields have been comparatively little explored; therefore very little is known of their productive area.

The edges of these beds come to the surface in these cliffs nearly 1,000 feet above the bordering desert, and in ages past this coal has burned into the mountain cliffs until smothered by the accumulations of ashes and covering of superincumbent rocks. In places the heat of this burning coal has been so intense as to melt the rocks.

From surface appearances the fires have gone out in these cliffs, but at one point in the canyon of Prince river, where the coal is being mined, the rocks are found to be uncomfortably hot and the miners were compelled to retire for fear the fires would again break out.

Other coal fields lie in the desert west of Green river. At two places near tributaries of the Fremont river the coals are burning, and have been without cessation since they were discovered by the earliest explorer. The origin of these fires has been the subject of much speculation.

Three explanations are commonly heard among the Mormons, who inhabit this peculiar country where the mountains burn.

One explanation is that lightning has by chance struck the edges of these coal beds at various times since these mountains were lifted up.

Another is that forest fires raging in the mountains came in contact with exposed coal. The more thoughtful point out that the forests in this desolate region are too sparse for forest fires to occur.

Still another and more common explanation is that the Indians built their campfires under the protecting ledges of the mountains against the coal, and it was thus ignited. They point to the fact that there are ruins of the habitations of cliff dwellers here, and that in their day the coals began to burn.

Artificial Storm at Sea.

The inhabitants of Aboukir, near Alexandria, were recently treated to a wonderful spectacle. It became necessary to destroy some 16 tons of powerful dynamite, and the explosives—sufficient to blow up a town—were taken to sea and placed beneath the water. Something like a submarine earthquake followed the explosion, which was heard for miles around. A waterspout shot into the air to a height of about 2,000 feet, and fell back in dazzling spray. Simultaneously the sea became a whirlpool of seething water, as if agitated by a hurricane.

She Was Forehanded.

A wealthy Parisian, tired of supporting his nephew, determined to get him married off and settled. He called upon a matrimonial bureau and looked over an album of candidates. To his horror he found one of his own pretty wife. Her and demanded a divorce. "I do not deny it," she said. "Last year, when, as you had been given to me."

"Young man, said the friendly adviser, 'whatever you do avoid debt.'"
"I guess that's what I'll have to do," was the answer, "unless my credit gets better."—Washington Star.

Politeness.

The little girl had been assiduously instructed in the arts and graces of courtesy, and when she told her mamma how the strange boy at the party had kissed her she did it with a demure, reserved air that would have delighted her mamma under other circumstances. "And he kissed me," she said.

"Kissed you!" the mamma exclaimed. "And you, Gladys—what did you do?"

"Mamma, I didn't forget my politeness. I said 'Thank you.'"—Judge.

Consolations.

Traveler (at railway junction, four a. m.)—Is there a telegraph operator here? I just got in and want to send a message immediately.

Train Caller—No; but if you had been here any time up to midnight you could have sent it.—Judge.

Rent the Bell.

The fire commission of New Britain, Conn., have decided to continue to rent a church bell rather than buy one, on account of the exceedingly high price of bell metal at present.

The Artesia Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GAYLE 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.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

- For Probate Judge,
ANANIAS GREEN.
- For Probate Clerk,
W. R. OWEN.
- For Sheriff,
J. D. CHRISTOPHER.
- For Collector and Treasurer,
W. H. MERCHANT.
- For Tax Assessor,
JOHN O. McKEEN.
- For Superintendent of Education,
M. P. KERR.
- For County Commissioners,
A. C. HEARD,
GEORGE WILCOX.
- For County Surveyor,
JOE CUNNINGHAM.

Gov. Hagerman has appointed W. C. Reiff, Republican, to fill out the unexpired term of Judge Ananias Green, deceased.

Under the apportionment for June, Eddy county gets \$253.88 from the Territorial school fund. There are 2081 children of school age in the county.

An exchange says: "Every part of the hog is now utilized; the packing houses used to pack all but the squeal, and now they are certainly putting up the squeal."

"It appears that you have our county commissioners in rather a bad box," remarked a prominent business man of Lakewood to the Advocate editor the other day. This is a mistake. The commissioners did that themselves, and the Advocate only called public attention to the act.

The following recipe for cooking carp is respectfully referred to Editor Deering, of the Lakewood Progress:

Clean the fish nicely, let it dry in the sun for two days. Nail the fish to a pine board, cover with salt, and after standing two days longer put in the oven and bake slowly for six hours. Then draw the nails out, throw the carp away and eat the nails and board, which are said to be the best part of the fish.

We have been at a loss to understand why the Lakewood Progress should be such an unusually bright and interesting sheet, but the mystery is solved. It is said that Editor Deering eats fresh fish from the lake every day. Wonder if he would trade a few pounds of brain food for some of the streak-of-lean-and-streak-of-fat that shows up on the Advocate board so often?

Farmers living west and north of town complain very bitterly of the depredations of the hordes of range cattle. The big cattle companies have turned thousands of them loose on the range without making any provision whatever for water. They come in droves to the farms and no fence is sufficient to keep them away from the wells. A number of fields have been destroyed and the farmers are patrolling their fences night and day. Of course, many cattle are dying for want of grass and water, but a few hundred more or less make no difference to the companies and no attention is paid to the right of the farmer.

A certain politician about town would question the Advocate editor's fealty to the Democratic party because he sees fit to criticize the official action of a Democratic commissioners court. Fortunately, the writer is his own judge of what he considers good democracy. We have never seen printed in any Democratic platform or heard preached from any Democratic pulpit that the party is committed to a policy of unfairness or a direct violation of law for revenue. Whenever these planks are inserted, then we fall out. We are a democrat because it is a party of equal taxation and no special burdens to any one. In order to maintain its standing in the regard of the public we must conduct affairs in a business-like and fair manner. The party's welfare demands that this be done—even if we have to sacrifice an office-holder once in a while. We cannot afford to uphold wrongful acts, simply because it happens to be a Democrat who commits them. The sensation of being robbed by a Democrat can not be more pleasant than giving up your valuables to some alien. The commissioners court of this county is attempting to take from forty to fifty dollars per year from about one hundred and fifty farmers of Eddy county without authority of law and this writer's party affiliation does not compel him to countenance the crime. No Democrat who has the interest of the party at heart will do so. The Democracy is in authority in Eddy county, and must give the people honest government if we expect to hold the reins.

The Artesia Advocate objects to the assessment of artesian wells on unpatented lands for the same reason that it objects to the assessment of a tax upon anything else not called for by law. That is the proposition in a nut shell. If it is not authorized by law, it is wrong, therefore we object. The editor of the Sun is a man well informed in Territorial affairs and necessarily well versed in Territorial laws and should know whether such a tax is called for by statute, without any "whys" and "ifs." It is even said that he aspires to the position of law maker from this legislative district. The Advocate has a reward of twenty-five dollars hung up for the first man who produces a Territorial statute which calls for a tax of one thousand dollars or any other amount on artesian wells. Would it not be fairer to the people Mr. Mullane would represent if he would show his familiarity with the present statutes, rather than ask questions in an effort to defend the acts of an unfair court, while at the same time he could be earning twenty-five dollars as a fee?

The editor of the Advocate still retains the twenty-five dollars he offered to the county commissioners two weeks ago provided a statute was produced that authorizes the collection of an ad valorem tax on artesian wells. The honorable commissioners seem to be vying with each other in an effort to say nothing on the subject. Their own action has convicted them and there is no defense to offer. They knew there was no law authorizing the tax when they put it on and their lack of regard for the rights of the people who elected them prompts them to carry out the robbery. This is straight talk, yet the Advocate will give twenty-five dollars to the man who can prove that the tax is not unlawful—therefore robbery.

The Tucson Star, one of the leading papers of Arizona, says that the sentiment in Arizona is by no means unanimous for the rejection of the joint statehood proposition. The Star believes that the Territory of Arizona will now vote with New Mexico in favor of the measure, and that the time has come at last when there is no other course to pursue. The Star believes that it is now wisdom on the part of the people of Arizona to accept statehood in the form it is offered.



You Are Going to Wake Up

Some bright morning before very long, and find the 4th of July staring you right in the face, then you'll start on a search through your wardrobe and most likely find that you're short some item or items that probably you had never thought of before. Maybe it is just a tie, pair hose, just a nice fresh clean collar, suit of underwear, cool negligee or dress shirt, probably an extra pair of trousers, fancy vest, nice cool pair of low shoes, or have you examined that suit, likely it might not look quite as well as you think it does and you may be disappointed.

BEGIN TO FIGURE NOW

Tell us your troubles, and we will set you going right. We've got the right goods, the right styles, and our prices are right. We are convincing people of this fact every day, we would like to have the pleasure of at least showing you through.

It Pays Others, It Will Pay You, Get the Habit, Go To The

Grand Leader

ONE PRICE - SPOT CASH

Sheriff Cicero Stewart says the report that he will be a candidate for representative is a false alarm—that he wouldn't have the job under any consideration. The Advocate desires to withdraw the accusation.

While passing through Lakewood the other day, the editor of the Advocate was struck with the many avenues lined with young shade trees. They have all been planted systematically and what a beautiful home place the City-by-the-Lake will be one of these days.

The poorest excuse for a citizen in any community is the fellow who stands around and grows and doubts the success of every public enterprise. And the most valuable citizen is the one who boosts. Artesia has a few of the former and a splendid lot of the latter.

The Artesia Advocate objects to the assessment of artesian wells on unpatented land. The law provides for the taxing of improvements on unpatented lands and wells of all kinds are taxed all over the United States on unpatented lands. Why should an artesian well be exempted and another well taxed? This howling about the taxing of artesian wells, is as sensible as objecting to the taxing of fencing or breaking.—Carlsbad Sun.

While drilling a well five miles southwest of Alamogordo C. H. Haynes brought up a piece of wrought iron from a depth of 46 feet. It has been unmistakably fashioned by the hands of man, yet before the drill struck it two layers of rock were passed. It has attracted considerable comment. Some see it in the shape of an ox shoe. It is badly rusted and must have lain under the ground for hundreds of years.

By no means start to the mountains without a kodak.

W. U. Dannelly, of Carlsbad, was in the city Monday looking for a car of oats. He was agreeably surprised to see such magnificent fields of small grain. To the Advocate editor he said: "I do not understand why the farmers of the lower valley have not planted small grain in the past; Artesia farmers have certainly demonstrated that it will grow to perfection." The editor remembers that only three years ago it was said that Indian corn could not be grown here on account of the lack of rainfall. Artesia farmers proceeded to show the doubters different, and today we have a mill that advertises as a special feature its Pecos Valley June corn meal.

Unknown Friends.

There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication. These people, however, are none the less friends of this remedy. They have done much toward making it a household word by their personal recommendations to friends and neighbors. It is a good medicine to have in the home and is widely known for its cures of diarrhoea and all forms of bowel trouble. For sale by Fetherree & Robertson.

A good rain fell up on Cottonwood creek Tuesday night and the farmers are rejoicing, because it means that the herds of range cattle can get water without depreeding on the farms.

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

Does any one suppose that a tax would have been prescribed against artesian wells had there been such wells all over Eddy county? We pause for reply.

Executive Officers Elected.

The Board of Directors of Artesia Club met at the Club rooms Monday night and elected officers as follows: J. G. Osburn, President. H. W. Hamilton, Vice President. Olin Ragsdale, 2d, Vice President. L. R. Gaidry, Treasurer.

The Very Remedy for Bowel Trouble.

Mr. M. F. Borroughs, an old and well known resident of Bluffton, Ind., says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as the very best remedy for bowel trouble. I make this statement after having used the remedy in my family for several years. I am never without it." This remedy is almost sure to be needed before the summer is over. Why not buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by Fetherree & Robertson.

Methodist Church South.

Our meeting resulted in nineteen additions. We must work harder for the Master than ever. Our League and Sunday School are growing all the time. The teachers in our Sunday School are so faithful. The pastor will preach this Sunday at both services. A cordial invitation to all. J. H. Messer, Pastor.

Deadly serpent Bites.

are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a remedy: Electric Bitters; the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by Fetherree & Robertson, druggists. Price 50c.

E. I. Allen, whose homestead is eight miles west of town, had the misfortune to lose his house and contents by fire a few days ago. He was away with the McBride thresher at the time. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

For Sale—A good business between Roswell and Carlsbad, doing \$1800 business per month. 6 months old. Best location, best business. Address this office.

Constable Patrick went to Roswell Sunday after a man who was charged with obtaining money on misrepresentation from Mr. Daugherty, of Dayton.

Successful well men and farmers have their work done at the Artesia Machine Shop.

WE NEED NOT COMMENT on the merits of our Cold Drinks and Ice Cream. They speak for themselves. A trial will convince you they are the best. Trade with us, we need the money. Yours for "A Square Deal,"

FATHERREE & ROBERTSON
THE LEADING DRUGGISTS

The Marriage of Muggsy

By W. H. ALBURN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So it happened that Muggsy and Mary Ann the waitress became engaged. Muggsy was to borrow some money from a friend, and get a job, and be married.

Now, it is hard for a burglarious loafer to get a job. It is harder still for him to borrow money. But after five days of tramping the streets and visiting mills and factories, and striking old friends intermittently for pecuniary aid, he obtained the promise of work in a foundry, to begin the following Monday, and a former "pal" lent him \$10 to begin housekeeping with. So he was to be married on Sunday.

It was Saturday night, and Mary Ann's fiancé was strolling through the streets, restless and happy. To-morrow he would be married. It seemed impossible, and yet there could be no doubt of it.

Muggsy found himself staring vacantly into a shop window. The shop was closed, for it was late; and the lights in the windows were dim. There were three gilded balls over the door. Then Muggsy's gaze fell upon a tray of rings in the window, and he started. The awful truth flashed upon him. When people get married they use wedding rings! And he had forgotten the ring.

There was an old shoe lying in the street. In a moment he had seized the shoe, rested it on the glass above the crack, inserted his left elbow in the shoe, closed his fist and struck it a powerful blow with his right hand.

He took only one ring; once he would have taken the whole tray. He was triumphant, but he was in danger. He ran quickly down the street to a passageway he knew of, leading to an alley and thence to another street, where he would be safe.

But suddenly a blue uniform loomed up, and an excited voice ordered the fugitive to stop. A pistol shot added force to the command. Muggsy was frightened. He darted into the passageway, the patrolman after him in full chase. A fence had been built there since last he came that way, and he was cornered.

Muggsy was a man of peace. The game was up, and he surrendered. When the turnkey searched him at the police station he still had the ring. It went into an envelope marked "Exhibit A."

There was a big docket in police court on Monday morning. An endless line of "drunks" shuffled out of the reeking "bull pen" and stood, nervously expectant, before the bench where the magnanimous Judge O'Rourke dispensed fines and imprisonment for the protection of society.

"Well, well!" ejaculated his honor, with a broad grin. "Not very cheerful this morning, Muggsy. What is it now, Mooney?"

"Burglary and larceny, your honor—at 'is old tricks—smashed a jewelry window an' copped a ring—a wedding ring, too." The court officer smiled indulgently and the prosecuting attorney inspected the ring, while the clerk read the affidavit, and the spectators craned forward with interest—for the prisoner had many acquaintances present.

The proof was too easy. The prosecutor yawned, and held up the ring for the inspection of the court.

"Why didn't you take the rest?" he asked. "This ain't worth much, and there was a whole trayful."

"I didn't need any more," muttered Muggsy.

"Didn't need any more?" repeated the prosecutor, while the court attaches and police reporters showed signs of interest. "Then you confess to the theft?" he shrewdly added.

"Naw, I don't confess not'in'."

"Needed a wedding ring, did you, Muggsy?" queried his honor, with a smile that lit up the court-room.

"That reminds me," remarked Lieut. O'Hara. "We found a marriage license in his clothes—Exhibit B over there. It's got his name on, too, only he says it's for a cousin as has the same name as he has, an' was to be married yesterday. I wonder—" and while he was wondering, a light suffused his massive face.

Meanwhile a reporter was inspecting the marriage license. He was a tall, lean scribe, with a lazy, far-away look, and wore an eternal stogie in his mouth. He leaned over to the judge.

"The girl's name is Mary Ann Evans," he said. "Maybe she's here. She'd make a good witness."

Now, his honor had great respect for this particular reporter. Besides, he was under obligation to him for certain unnamed favors.

"Have you any witnesses?" he asked the prisoner.

"Me? Naw."

The judge handed the license to the court officer.

"Is Mary Ann Evans here present?" roared Mooney.

Muggsy jerked himself erect, his square jaw set, his eyes flashing, and his fists clenched.

"Stop that, Mr. Officer!" he cried. Mooney started back, and the court-room stared in astonished silence.

"I don't want that there name mentioned in this d—d p'lice court!" the prisoner gasped.

The judge's bland smile had congealed. The reporter critically poised his stogie and emitted a low, thoughtful whistle.

Then the spell was broken by a commotion beyond the railing among the spectators, and a little figure with curly hair and freckled face almost hidden beneath a faded shawl darted past the officer at the gate and stepped to the judge's bench. A young lad about to follow her was denied admittance.

Muggsy was abashed. His figure slumped back to its normal posture, and again he gazed at the floor.

"P-please, sir, I'm here," faltered the figure under the shawl, while a pair of greenish-yellow eyes roved back and forth between judge and prisoner.

"Are you Mary Ann Evans?" asked his honor.

"Y-yes, sir. An' I came here this mornin' because Jimmy—that's my brother—seen in the paper that Muggsy was arrested, an' he said they'd try him this mornin'. An' I thought maybe I could—do sumpin'—fer 'im." Further elucidation was interrupted by the necessity for stopping a flow of tears with one corner of her shawl.

"Is it this man, or his cousin, that you were going to marry?" asked the judge.

Mary Ann checked an impulse to answer, and looked to the prisoner for guidance. Muggsy's eyes slowly rose from the floor, met hers, and read their honest appeal. That look shamed the duplicity out of him. He stepped nearer the judge, while the little group narrowed around the affianced pair, and he addressed the judge in a voice firm, but low, so that the curiosity-mongers beyond the railing might not hear.

"I'll tell ye the truth, yer honor," he said, "an' it'll be the first time I ever told it to ye. I lied w'en I said the license was fer me cousin, an' I lied about breakin' the windy by accident. This little girl had promised to marry me, yer honor, an' the weddin' was to 'a' been yesterday. An' w'en I happened to think how I didn't have no ring, an' how I needed one, and didn't have no money to buy one, nor not'in', w'y I don't know how it was, yer honor, but I just couldn't help fergittin' I'd reformed, an' gittin' a ring the best way I could. An' now I s'pose I got to go to the Works again, an' I don't care much, fer I don't s'pose Mary Ann'll have anything to do with me now—fer she's a decent, respectable girl, yer honor, an' not like me. Only, I don't know what she'll do, on account of bein' out of a job, an' nobody to take care of her. But it's all up now, an' you might as well give me the sentence right away, yer honor; fer there can't be no weddin', an' my job's lost, an' it's no use, I guess, tryin' to be decent."

"What job's that?" asked the prosecutor. The suggestion of Muggsy at work, following close upon the revelation of Muggsy in love, staggered him.

Thereupon the prisoner filled in the details of the story. His narrative was supplemented by the testimony of a policeman who recognized Mary Ann and had known her father.

"Are you still willing to marry him?" asked the judge, curiously.

"Why, of course!" and Mary Ann stared at him in surprise. "I know he'll never do such a thing again. An' I guess I can git along somehow till he gits out, an' gits another job."

"Well, in view of the circumstances, I won't make it so long as I otherwise would," began the judge, as he resumed his judicial air. "It will be—"

But the reportorial face had suddenly approached his honor's ear, and there was a quiet little conference, in which the prosecutor presently joined.

"It will be—ahem!"—resumed his honor, when the heads separated—"three months and costs." He paused, impressively. "And, in view of certain extenuating circumstances—the workhouse sentence is suspended during good behavior, and the fine to be paid at the convenience of the prisoner."

Muggsy stared stupidly.

"Go on!" said Mooney, nudging him good-naturedly. "No, not that way," as the prisoner started back toward the "bull pen." "Out here, with your girl. You're free, as long as you behave yourself. See?"

Muggsy saw, and with a radiant smile overspread his ugly face as he grasped Mary Ann's hand, and they turned away, too happy for speech.

"Wait a minute," whispered the tall reporter. "Your job?"

The smile faded.

"It was mighty hard to git, and now I've lost it," Muggsy faltered. "I was to report fer work this mornin'."

"Won't you sign this, judge?" asked the scribe.

His honor took from him the sheet of official court paper and read:

Foreman of the — Foundry: The presence of Mr. Maguire has been required at an important trial this morning. He informs me that as a result of rendering the court this service he may lose the employment you have promised him. Allow me to request that his enforced absence may not deprive a deserving man of the means of earning a livelihood for himself and family.

The genial smile broke out again, and the judge signed the letter. When he handed it to Muggsy there was a bank note folded in it.

"You can pay this back some time, if you feel like it," he said. "Now, get married; and then report for work, and give the boss this paper. It'll be all right. Mr. Jones!"

An old colored minister, who haunted the police courts and rescued the black sheep of his flock from frequent trouble, arose and bowed with rheumatic dignity.

"Take this couple into my private office and tie them up," ordered the judge.

The bridal pair followed the aged pastor from the courtroom amid a roar of applause, and the court officer called the next case.

TYPEWRITERS CATCH COLD

Machines Soon Get Out of Order If Left in a Chilly Atmosphere.

The employer looked on with a puzzled expression while the new stenographer carried the typewriter across the room and placed it on a chair in the immediate neighborhood of a steam radiator, says the New York Press.

"I'll be ready in just a minute, Mr. L.," she said. "The typewriter got cold while the heat was turned off and it sticks dreadfully."

"Does the cold affect them?" he asked. "That's something new."

"Yes, sir. I find that it does, very much. Some machines regularly take cold if left long in a cold room. It's especially hard on old machines that are pretty well worn, making them very unmanageable sometimes. I've known the cold to remain in an old one until it had been several hours in a warm room, when it gradually became better; but usually a machine yields to three or four minutes of warmth."

Facts About Santo Domingo.

Such is the present day situation at Santo Domingo. It is a magnificent island, one of the beauty spots of the world, and has the finest climate ever seen. It is inhabited and misruled by a mongrel population, which, in spite of many virtues and abilities, is not, and I fear never will be, of a type strong enough and vigorous enough to control its own destinies and advance in the paths of civilization of its own initiative. For its own good, and for the good of the world in general, it should be controlled by a stronger nation. It knows this, and wants that nation to be the United States. But it is superstitious and sees ghosts—and they always wear the German helmet. —New England Magazine.

Living on Six Cents a Week.

"Man wants but little, in very truth, in Burmah," writes William G. Fitz Gerald, the well-known traveler, in the Technical World Magazine. "As is also the case in India, most of the peasants live at a cost of five or six cents a week—chiefly, of course, on rice. Of this cereal no less than 150 different varieties are grown in Burmah. Agricultural methods and appliances are exceedingly primitive, but the soil is so rich that with the introduction of up-to-date agricultural machinery the production of rice could be easily quadrupled."

Plenty of Industry.

Mr. Quiller-Couch certainly cannot be accused of lack of industry. It is not very long since he brought out "The Mayor of Troy"; he has two serial novels running in magazines; he is preparing to publish a collection of verses and little essays under the title of "A Cornish Window," and he is at work on a school history of English literature arranged on a plan of his own.

Faith and Works.

Giles—I had occasion to call on Deacon Easychap this morning. I found him in the dining room praying for warmer weather.

Miles—What was his wife doing? "She was shoveling snow off the front walk."—Chicago Daily News.

Not Called a Lawbreaker.

The man who dodges about the country for the purpose of evading a constable with a subpoena may not technically be a lawbreaker, but it is difficult to keep from suspecting that he has no overpowering desire to see justice done.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Drawler—My ten-ants an-ny me im-mense-ly. Sharpe—Ten aunts! I should think so. I've only one, and she drives me nearly silly.

THE DREAMERS.

BY SYLVIA ST. JOHN.

(Copyright, 1906, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)

There was once a boy who took a dreamy-eyed, pure souled girl for his wife. The vision of death, cold and naked, of eternity, terrible and never-to-be-ended, had cast a sudden pall over his world, and his soul, smitten with the emptiness of its delights, reached out for something real—something that would endure. He found the girl. She had waited for her lover—the strong man of her dreams—all her life. True, it was but a little tale of childish years at best, and when the boy—the boy with the soiled soul and the sin-smear'd life—told her of his love (and, indeed, he thought that he loved her), she questioned not, but gave herself to him, glad and free.

For a little while all was well. The boy kept the memory of the shroud, the marble brow, the pulseless breast, the nameless terror of the hereafter; and the girl wife, so calmly unafraid, was love and life to him.

But slowly the vision faded. The din of the world broke in upon him—the arise of the tumult that he loved. Clamorous voices called to him, and would not be denied. "The girl wife, with her artless love, her transparent sincerity, her dreams and her absurd ideals, became hateful to him. He called her a hypocrite, but he knew in his soul that he lied.

Of all this, he told her nothing, and she, sweet soul, being a dreamer, dreamed on. She dreamed that his love for her, like her love for him, was rooted in infinity, and had neither beginning nor end. However changed he was, and O, he was changed!! However her heart might grieve over him—and, O, the grief was bitter! One thing she never questioned—his unchanging love.

It was hard for the boy, these years, harder than for her. He had to endure her love, when every fiber of his being loathed her. The chain that bound him to her dragged heavily.

He wondered sometimes that he did not break it, once for all. But he could not; there was human goodness in him still; something of the primal man—man before the fall. Children were in the home, and each one was a mighty link, forged by nature, to hold him in the toils—he loved and hated them. The wife, too—the girl of dreams—he loathed her, yes—yet, there was the jealousy of possession—she was his—his to protect and care for, though despised. Still the girl dreamed on, and sickened him with her kisses.

But the day of awakening was at hand—awakening for both. He, too, was a dreamer, though his dreams were evil dreams.

She was brushing his coat one day, caressing it as if it were a living thing, and singing softly to herself, when a paper dropped from one of the pockets. She took it up—it was an envelope, addressed in his handwriting to one whom she knew well.

A sudden pang smote her through the heart. She opened the letter—there were fresh violets in it—and read—only a word or two, but enough! Ah, God! The girl who had kept her girl heart and her dreams through the long years, would never dream again! She was a woman, now, with a woman's knowledge, and her infinite capacity for suffering.

How long she sat there, conscious only of a mortal wound, a dull throbbing in her ears, a blindness in her eyes—she never knew. A careless whistle aroused her. The boy had come back for the forgotten letter. There sat his wife, and the letter had fallen at her feet. She stooped and handed it to him; and as she lifted her eyes to his, he saw that there were no dreams in them, but only memories.

"You have read it," he said, mechanically, not as a question.

"Yes."

"It is all over, then," he said. There was an accent of despair in the words. He had lost her, and with instant realization he knew that in earth and heaven there was nothing so dear to him. Her simplicity, her sincerity, her sweet unworldliness were jewels worth the ransom of a soul, now, to the fool who had despised them. But it was too late. There was a fire smouldering on the earth. He raked the coals together and threw the letter in—the midst, violets and all, watching with a fierce delight as it shriveled into ashes.

At last he turned his fixed gaze from the hearth. He moved toward her and took up his hat, holding it in his hand as a chance caller might, before he went away. Yet he delayed, as seconds ran into minutes. He could not go until she knew, though it was too late now. But his tongue failed him—the ready tongue, so glib at lies, halted at the truth.

"I cannot ask you to believe me," he said—the words were heavy, indistinct, but truth spoke in them; "I have lost all claim upon your confidence; but I love you—you only. I have been mad—besotted—but—I love you, now. I ought to be sorry for you, but I am thinking of myself. I shall never look upon your face again. Oh! my God!"

He had awakened from his dream of sinful pleasure. The boy had grown to be a man in that hour, and knew that in all the world there was no one so good, so beautiful, so altogether to be desired, as the wife he had despised.

"Good-by," he said, with despair in his voice, and would have passed out, but she stayed him with a gesture.

"Wait!" she breathed, difficulty. "God give me light!" And crossing to her room she shut the door. Like a criminal who knows the verdict, and yet, perforce, awaits the sentence of the judge, the man sank into a chair.

The little children cried in vain for mother that night. The eldest, a girl with her mother's dreamy eyes, gave them her bread and milk, and hushed them to sleep.

Down on her knees, the stricken woman crouched, not praying, but waiting for light—longing, hoping, but resigned to God's will, whatever it might be. Must she condemn him—now, when he loved her? The broken marriage law witnessed against him.

He had despised and rejected her—a wife of youth—but oh, she loved him! Must she send him away, homeless, without a wife or children—where there would be none to watch for his comfort—none to be glad of it just for love's sake? Could the good God require of her this merciless justice? When she sent him away she took from him his last hope of a renewed life, and doomed him to sink lower.

Oh, if she might but keep him, guard him, love him, forget the broken law! Women never forgive this sin—women who loved righteousness and hated sin. She would obey God, though she perished—though he perished, which was infinitely more terrible to contemplate. But, oh, if she might forgive him!

There was the written Word—with sudden, trembling hope she rose from her knees and got her Bible from the table. She opened it and laid her finger, at random, on a passage. At first she dared not look. When she did, her face, red with weeping, blanched white. God had indeed spoken—her finger pointed to a section of the old law, Lev. xx:10.

There was no appeal from that—the words seemed spoken in her ear—he must die. It was the law. The struggle was ended—she could not fight against God.

Once again she read the dread sentence, fingering each word as a child might, and this time a reference, in finer type, caught her eye. It was John viii:3. With trembling, uncertain fingers, she found the reference and, awed and humbled, read again that wonderful story of divine forgiveness. She read it through, to the great absolute. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." He, the pure God, the anointed Christ, could forgive, for His great love. Surely, then, she might, nay, she must. Sobbing with awed joy she fell upon her knees and broke into thanksgiving.

Day was breaking when she stepped into the outer room. Her husband sat huddled up in a great arm-chair, before the fireless grate. He had fallen into an uneasy doze. Love, love unutterable was in her eyes as they rested on him and noted the marks of suffering on his face. Noiselessly she kindled the fire, and when the light and the returning warmth awoke him to a sense of renewed comfort she was standing before him, her loving arms outstretched.

"Neither do I condemn thee, my darling, my darling!" she cried, and falling on her knees, she hid her face upon his breast.

What of the years before them? Will he, as the memory of that bloody agony grows dim, take that divine forgiveness as a light thing, or will he, indeed, "sin no more?"

Will the world seem void—unanswered—now that she faces it with awakened eyes? Will she look backward, longingly, to the Land of Dreams, and forget to "march breast forward" with those who "fall to rise?"

Who dare say? Yet, marvelous as life or death, is the mystery of forgiveness—limitless as eternity—fathomless as the heart, is the miracle of love.

Learning Monkey Language.

A chair for the study of monkey language is to be established in Chicago university. Three dozen monkeys from Central Africa are now on their way to Chicago, there to become the prey of professors, to be forced by kindness to deliver up their conversation. By degrees, it is hoped, the rudiments of monkey talk will be reduced to writing.

His Little Claim.

Mrs. A.—Don't you know, I really have an attachment for this piano.

The Maid—Yessum, and the gentleman who was here while you were out said he had an attachment for it also.

Mrs. A.—Indeed! Who was he?

The Maid—The sheriff, mum.—Chicago Daily News.

LORCHARD & GARDEN



WEEDS.

by Prof. Shaw, of Experiment station, how to Eradicate "In good farming be tolerated at all, the useful plants of their due share they also injure them and shading greatly add to the labor usually not of much and (5) they frequently a regular rotation." added that the long-to grow unchecked, the work required to them. Weeds feed the same kind of food ants amid which they are nearly always of gathering food. When found growing before, they deprive or the crops that one, of precisely that nance which they con- the period of their quantity of plant food. Weeds take from the will be in propor- in which they are could it be forgotten and externally applied. much cost, as in the ferical fertilizers, will be weeds quite as readily as od naturally available in

GOOD THING FOR THE GARDEN.

ner should offer every pos- to make the toads e and comfortable upon his ve them bits of board here burrow under away from the midday sun, and if they wandering off in search of ers, no doubt he would be nted in considering this a nevolent assimilation," and the truant back to his own their mutual benefit. The etus Experiment station has ad the subject of some study es the following concern- s and the perils in which

feeds continuous- night, consuming in ount of food equal in four times the stomach

examination of the con- tomachs of a large number ed that 9 per cent. of its imal matter—worms, in- even per cent. of the toad's ed of insects and spiders ndirectly helpful to man; nsects and other animals ous to cultivated crops e ways obnoxious to man. It ed that a single toad destroys nsects which, if they had ht have damaged crops to the about \$20."

CHARCOAL AS A REMEDY.

of weather approaches pou- ble to diseases of the are human beings. A change s good; as also is charcoal. wood from the stove, says s an excellent aid in arrest- oubles.

he hens have not had a vach- e grain partly burnt af- e change, and serves e same purpose as charcoal. wheat or even bran will be n by hens when they have rly fed on a sameness of h food will greatly aid in rrrhoea or other bowel dis-

periments made to determine ts of charcoal in feeding, if turkeys were confined in a ed on meal, boiled potatoes, and four others of the same e at the same time confined ar pen and fed daily on the eles, but with one pint of fine- ized charcoal mixed with their e had also a plentiful sup- n charcoal in their pen. The killed, and there was a dif- one and one-half pounds in ose supplied with charcoal. e the fattest, and the meat or in point of tenderness and

OR CLOVER, OR BOTH.

pendent writes: "I have a o town. The soil has been ally robbed for years. I can nure hauled out from town at a load. If you had the place ave the manure hauled out you seed the land down to nd clover?" d do both. In a case of that ould buy or hire a manure and give the land about seven

or eight loads of manure per acre. Less would do. We would plow in August and thoroughly pulverize it, preparing a fine seed bed, would seed to rye and timothy early in September, or as soon as the soil had sufficient moisture, which it would have if plowed in August and thoroughly pulverized even if the weather was dry. Then we would drill in the rye, going north and south, and next spring as soon as the ground would work we would sow clover and timothy and harrow them in. This method we think would go far to insure not only a good crop of rye but a good stand of timothy and clover. If the timothy and clover were pastured for two years he would have nothing to complain of about the land, if it ever was good. We do not know of any poor land in that part of the state.

HELPS IN HAY MAKING.

All will admit that the ideal place for keeping good well-cured hay is in a hay barn. But often it is impossible to provide such barns owing to a large amount of hay and to the expense attending the construction of such a building. Much hay and even forage for feeding next winter will be stacked out of doors this summer. Hay keeps better with a smaller per cent. of waste in large stacks than in small ones. This applies with equal force to forage crops, such as cornstalks, sorghum, kafir, corn, etc. Therefore, an investment in a stack cover will pay. These covers make it possible to leave the stock open for several days and can be made to fit any size stack at a small cost. Where alfalfa is cut it often requires several days to cure the hay and perchance, a rain follows the cutting much damage results.

CRIMSON CLOVER.

A subscriber in southwestern Iowa writes: "What can you tell me about Crimson Clover as a cover crop? Will it do well in my latitude?" Crimson Clover is an annual which is sowed in July or August, and early the following spring is harvested in time for a late spring crop. It does not thrive well in the corn belt states, as it winter-kills badly. It is grown quite successfully as a cover crop in southern Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, where the winters are not so severe as in the central west. It grows quite luxuriantly in the fall and during the mild weather in the winter, making a dense covering over the ground. Where grown, it is either cut for hay, pastured, or turned under for green manure. It has no place as a crop on Iowa farms.

POLLENIZATION BY BEES.

It has been assumed that the blossom of various fruits are pollenized by the winds as well as by bees and other insects; but now the experiment station authorities throw doubt on the question, and Prof. Waugh states positively that pear and plum pollen cannot be conveyed by the winds, since it is sticky and gummy. Whether the pollen of strawberries and raspberries, grapes and apple blossoms can be conveyed by the wind remains to be seen. Most farmers are positive that the pollen of corn is conveyed by the wind. If the wind does not carry pollen from one fruit blossom to another, we must certainly encourage bees to do this work. Possibly all fruit growers will have to keep bees.

DAIRY NOTES.

Patrons of all factories where milk is consumed should support the managers in making a fight for good milk. It frequently happens that the buyers do not dare reject the milk of certain patrons for the reason that to do so would make them powerful enemies. It is unfortunately the case that patrons frequently side with a patron when he is in the wrong. Especially is this so if the factory managers or butter or cheese maker be a new man. The patrons need to be stirred up on this matter.

SCALES ON THE FARM.

Did you ever stop to think that there is more money in knowing than guessing? Scales should be found on every farm. The old proverb "Deliver all things by measure and weight" wears well. To be dealt with fairly and to deal justly is a good plan. Run the stock over the scales, weigh the grain, hay and fertilizers. By this system of checking things the seller is on a level with the buyer, and vice versa. The investment in a platform scale will pay for itself in a short time by the saving effected in weighing everything bought and sold.

Buying a cow is like courting a girl. It is well to know the pedigree and record of her mother. A cow with a poor milk record cannot produce a heifer calf that will prove a profitable milker.

BAGGING GRAPES.

We enclose part of our grape crop in paper bags to produce fancy clusters. Paper bags of the size used to hold a pound of coffee and the next size larger are put on at any time after grapes are well set until half grown. The lower corners are cut slightly so that moisture can escape. The top of the bag is gathered together and fastened around the stem with string, short wire, or pinned. The bags protect the fruit from the birds. The fruit comes out of the bags beautifully clean and free from dust and cobwebs, with all the natural bloom of the grape undisturbed by moisture and with every grape perfect and free from disease. The spores of fungus disease floating in the air cannot reach the fruit when it is thus covered. Bagged grapes ripen more evenly, receiving the heat of the sun slightly tempered by the paper, and are not sunscalded. They show a more perfect color than when ripened naturally.

MAKING OAT HAY.

In many farming sections where natural grasses do not abound, and clover and timothy are not grown a considerable quantity of oat hay is cut for hay. A correspondent living in North Dakota asks us to tell him when to cut oats for hay and also to give its feeding value.

Oats to make the best hay should be cut while the heads are in the milky stage. Cure the same as for hay. A good way to feed oat hay is to pass it through a fodder cutter. Oat hay has about the same feeding value as blue grass or timothy and clover hay. Of course if the rust should strike the oats before time to cut for hay it will not pay to cut the crop. In that case it would be better to harvest the crop for grain.

COWS IN FLY TIME.

Here is something that should be preserved by every reader that owns cows, especially, and good for other cattle also in fly time. The Country Gentleman gives it from its veterinary editor, who says it is a cheap, reliable remedy used on his cows for years, and found to be lasting in results, easily used, and such a comfort to the animals that they could stand and be milked in the field, if necessary: Pine tar, one pound, lard, six pounds. Melt the lard and stir in the pine tar. Keep an old sponge in the pail, and smear a little on back of cow's head, along spine and on brisket twice a week, or when necessary.

THE LIVING ROOT.

The living root itself has the power of disintegrating and decomposing the particles of soil and of dissolving and extracting some of the plant food. This powerful action, by which the solid rock is broken down and its plant food liberated and by which even polished marble can be corroded, goes on only in the presence of moisture. Supply the plant with moisture and its roots are able to set free from the particles of the soil a part of the mineral elements required for its growth. Supply even our sandy desert plains with abundant moisture and immediately they change from a desert to a garden.

LAYING BY THE CORN.

The fullness of next winter's crib depends largely upon how corn is laid by, and when. Don't plow deep. That should have been done, if at all, earlier. Don't hill up to give the wind and sun a chance to dry out the soil. Don't quit too soon. Keep stirring the top soil until the corn is big enough to shade the ground, and don't leave weeds, big weeds, at all events, but try to give the corn a chance to do its best.

FOR THE FAMILY ORCHARD.

Choice of varieties of fruit for the family orchard is a matter of a great deal of importance. The mistake is frequently made of choosing too few varieties for this orchard. The commercial orchard should have but few varieties, but the opposite is the case in the family orchard. It is best to select well-known varieties, of which there are enough to satisfy any epicure.

Do not leave stock in a pasture where there is not plenty of running water and shade. It is not only cruel to do a thing of this kind, but it will stunt the growth of young animals to treat them in this way. Also remember that water in a pond in which the stock stand most all day and fight flies is not fit for any horse or cow to drink. This is especially true of dairy cows. Cows that drink large quantities of such water can never give clean, sweet, wholesome milk. One had just as well milk in the swill pail as to let his cows drink such filth. Cows cannot drink filthy water and give clean, sweet milk. It is an impossibility.

With so much green feed pork can be made cheaper at this time of year than at any other. All the swine on the farm, sows, shoats and pigs, should have a chance to rustle for a large share of their living.

Good Jokes

Full of Human Interest.
Naggus—What are you working at now, Borus?
Borus—I am writing a story in which there is neither hero nor heroine, no love making, no villain, no detective, and not a particle of plot.

Naggus—That ought to be interesting.
Borus—It ought to be more than that. I hope to make it touching and pathetic. It's a hard-luck story, written for my landlord's exclusive perusal, and sets forth in detail the reasons why I shall have to ask him for another extension of time on my rent.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Awful Dread.
"Why dost thou weep, fair maiden?"
"My lover, kind sir, has gone on a foreign trip, and he will not return to me for a whole year."
"Cheer up, pretty one. A year is quickly sped, and he will return to thee."
"Ah, yes, I doubt not his return. But what if some man should come along and marry me in the meantime?"—Cleveland Leader.

His View of It.
"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high-browed and melancholy youth.
"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth 50 cents."—Washington Star.

His Joke.
There was an old man in Hohokus Who, showing intention to jokus Said: "The flower of my flock Is a crocus, don't knock— A rooster, you know, is a crow-cuss."—Houston Post.

RULES AND ETIQUETTE OF GOLF



"A ball lying in the fork of a tree must be played or the player shall lose a stroke."

A Lucky Cast.
She was a freckled country maid. She did her mother's duty. A city fellow married her To get a speckled beauty.—N. Y. Sun.

Increase of Poverty.
Mistress—That young man who called to see you last night, Jane, stayed very late.
Jane—It was me brother, mum.
"But, Jane, I have noticed 37 different men in your company within the past two years, and each one, you said, was your brother."
"Yes, mum. Poor folks allers have large families, mum."—N. Y. Weekly.

Explained.
Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a mass of conceit.
Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest.
"Modest? What about?"
"About his spelling."—Tit-Bits.

A Professional Objection.
"So you saw Niagara falls?"
"Yes," answered the veteran member of the fire department. "I've waited all these years and I saw it at last."
"It is wonderfully big and impressive, isn't it?"
"Yes. It's all that. But I'm blessed if I can see the good of playing all that water where there isn't any fire."—Washington Star.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.



"How can I marry that man? I abhor, despise, abominate him!"
"There, there, dear! You can tell him all that after you've married him!"

Who?
"Please, pa," pleaded Bobby, "just one more."
"When he's old enough to qu' writ—"Well, say, pa," b "who is going to " "what dies?"

His View of It.
"Do you think that a commercial career is to be compared to a literary career?" asked the high-browed and melancholy youth.
"My boy," said Mr. Cumrox, "in business you can write your name on a piece of paper no bigger than a postal card and make it worth thousands of dollars. In literature you can write up reams of paper without making it worth 50 cents."—Washington Star.

His Trophies.
"Did you kill all those animals yourself?" asked the visitor who was admiring the fine deer, elk and moose heads that were stuck up in the new mansion.
"Yes," proudly replied his host.
"By the way, why have you had that old cap fastened above the door?"
"That was worn by a man whom I mistak for a deer."—Judge.

**Smart Wife—Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper to-day, showing how to get up a family dinner for one dollar, and I took it around and the editor gave me a dollar.
Husband—That's a rare piece of good luck. What are you going to do with the dollar?
"I'm going to try that recipe myself, and see if it will work."—N. Y. Weekly.**

A Busy Family.
"Whah's you all's father?" asked the visitor.
"In the woods shootin' squirrels," answered Pickaninny Jim.
"Whah's yoh brother?"
"Down town shootin' craps."
"Whah's yoh mother?"
"On de 'scursion, shootin' de chutes."—Washington Star.

More to the Point.
HE.
To you I sing
Of spring.
SHE.
Oh, spring some other thing!
HE.
To you I bring
A ring.
SHE.
You're shouting now, by jing!
Cleveland Leader.

THOSE FOOL QUESTIONS.
Brown—Hello, Smith! Got the tooth-ache?
Brilliant Part.
Manager—What? You want a role in such a romantic play as "Romeo and Juliet"? Why, your face is as round as a full moon!
Fatty Hamme—That's just it. I thought perhaps you would let me stick my face through the canvas sky and be the moon.—Chicago Daily News.



Too Many Heads.
"There ought to be but one head to every household," shouted the orator.
"That's right," muttered a worried-looking man in the audience.
"You agree with me?" shouted the orator, singling him out.
"I do; I have just finished paying for the Easter bonnets of my nine daughters."—Houston Post.

Couldn't Help Him Any.
Mr. Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance whom he has met at a swell party)—If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I'm frightfully hungry.
Chance Acquaintance—Me! I haven't any influence with Mrs. Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn.—Tit-Bits.

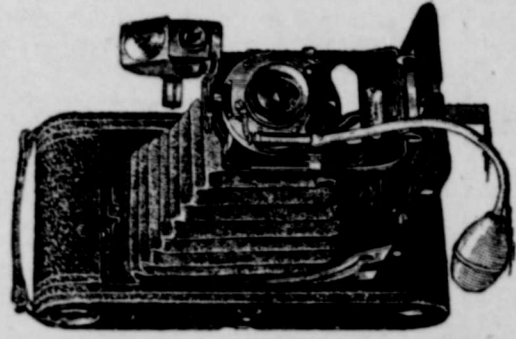
Household Needs.
Wife—I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house.
Husband—What are they?
Wife—Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?—Tit-Bits.

Her Light.
Mrs. Jones—M "and is the H of my life.
Mrs. Smi "who kind that night—"

Are You Going To The Mountains

Your Vacation Will Not Be Complete Without a Kodak.

Brownie \$2.00
No. 2 Flexo \$5.00.
No. 1. A Folding Pocket Kodak \$12.00
No. 3. A Folding Pocket Kodak \$20.00
No. 5 Cartridge Kodak \$35.00.



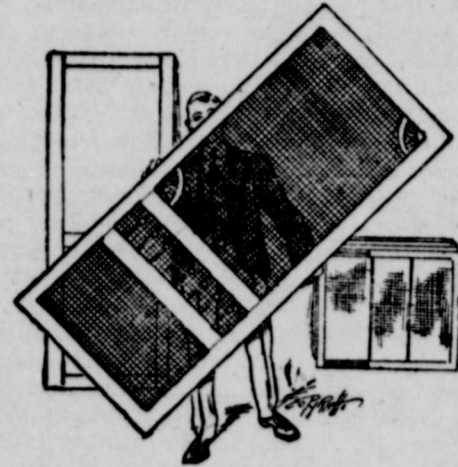
We keep a full line of Films for all sizes Kodaks and solicit your order.

THE FOURTH AT HOPE OR CARLSBAD WILL LOOK WELL IN A KODAK

Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Screen Yourself

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



Screen

now, until they have seen the claims of the screen and ceiling.

Why left the window open? It is the subtlest and most insidious way of getting the mosquitoes and houseflies into the room. They are more capable of finding their way through the screen than you are.

Kemp Lum

Wall Paper, Wall Linell & MORTON

Wish to announce that they have just received a complete line of latest novelties in Wall Paper. Also a LARGE LINE MOULDINGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES, ETC. cheerfully furnished on all in and out of town work. material guaranteed to be first class. SIGN WRITING SHORT NOTICE.

PRICES THE LOWEST

Call and see us. Opposite Ullery Furniture Co.

The Best In The Club Street

Gives its patrons. We keep none but Strong, Springfield the best Vehicles that can be procured. Are equipped with our equipment, and our constant effort is to please. will appreciate your patronage and guarantee to give service to be had in Artesia. No "brongs" or balky horses are offered the public in any circumstances. Give us a call.

CHRISTOPHER & PRICE

FOURTH STREET.

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, Secy

Notice to the Public.

I have taken the contract to erect the school house at Hope, and I am alone authorized to make contracts for material or labor in said work. I will not be responsible for any material purchased or debts contracted by other parties.

C. K. Kouenhoven.

A Bargain in Land.

Forty acres of land with one-fourth interest in big well, four miles from Artesia. \$40 dollars per acre.

R. B. Kishbaugh.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church, will meet at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Dyer next Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Full stock Sherwin-Williams Paint and Varnishes. John Schrock Lumber Co.

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.

G. H. DANNER

Has purchased the blacksmithing business of Jack T. Johns and is ready for the trade at the old stand in rear of Artesia Hotel. He respectfully invites the public to call and see him when in need of horseshoeing or any other kind of work. He will appreciate your patronage and guarantees to give the utmost satisfaction.

Get Linell & Morton's prices on wall paper before buying.

FOLLOW THE FLAG.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's Few Discovery for Konsumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and lung diseases. Guaranteed at Fatherree & Robertson's, druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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.

Lee Turcott has added another pair of big horses to his transfer line and there is nothing too heavy for him to haul. His wagons are stout and there is no danger of wrecks when he does your hauling.

J. S. Highsmith informs The Advocate that he has at least two hundred bushels of fine plums that will be ripe and ready for market next week.

The Sunday School class of J. E. Swepton enjoyed a hay ride to Spring Lake Thursday evening.

The Rev. E. McQueen Gray of the Episcopal church, will hold services both morning and evening on Sunday, July 8th, in the Baptist church. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

For Sale—A one-half interest in a first-class rotary well machine. Apply to J. C. Elliot.

Wanted—Experienced hotel waiter or waitress. Apply at Advocate office.

Latest styles of picture frame mouldings at Linell & Morton.

Haying Outfit

for sale or lease for the summer. John R. Hodges.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLD'S Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

Fibre Rug



Neatest, brightest, always clean, wear out, especially adapted for eastern use. All from

\$1 00 to \$1 50

ULLERY FURNIURE

J. E. SWEPSTON FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY. NOTARY PUBLIC.

GENERAL ACCOUNTING.

OFFICE IN BANK OF ARTESIA BUILDING

PHONE 140.

ARTESIA

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE



Showing the devastation caused by the recent calamity at San Francisco. For days following the fire many families made their homes in street cars, glad even of this temporary shelter.

BEHANZIN, DEPOSED MONARCH OF DAHOMEY, REMOVED TO ALGERIA

American visitors to the charming island of Martinique will no longer be able to gratify their curiosity and pay their respects to a real live king of Africa, for Behanzin, the former king of Dahomey, has departed under the direction of the French government for Blidah, Algeria, where he will remain a prisoner, close to that other royal captive, Ranavaloo, queen of Madagascar.

King Behanzin has been interned at Fort de France since 1894 when he was captured by Gen. Dodds and the Dahomey uprising quelled. The life of the old warrior here was a sad and melancholy one notwithstanding the fact that his three wives two daughters and only son, Prince Wanilo, were his constant companions, and the further fact that his movements in Martinique were not restricted. He was free to move about the city and surrounding countryside, yet while the possibilities of escaping from the island were remote, some one, whose business it was to know, could always account for him. He was often seen driving out accompanied by his favorite wife and Prince Wanilo. Once each month he appeared at the governor's to receive the allowance made him by the French government. He always appeared in public attired in his kingly robes and invariably smoking a cigar in a very long pipe.

The government allowed him a house, too, where he and his family lived peacefully, sadly and always with with longing for his former do-

mine came to Martinique many were more anxious to see Behanzin and hobnob with royalty than to look upon the many scenes of beauty and interest for which the island is justly celebrated. He was indeed a royal exile.

The exiled king returns to Africa, but not to his own country. In Algeria he will still be an involuntary exile. People here will now be more interested in the voluntary exiles, of whom there are a number, such as former President Simon Sam, of Hayti; Lafontant, former minister of finance, and several deputies and generals, all of whom have been condemned to death by default in the Haytian republic and are here waiting the passing of President Nord be-

fore it will be safe to return to the black republic.

Behanzin's son, Prince Wanilo, is an illustration of what education can do for man. Educated in the common schools and the Lycee of Martinique, he compared favorably with his black and white fellow students in his studies, and this in a country where the standard of education is very high. Wanilo in late years was always present when the king deigned to give an audience. He is the mouthpiece of his dethroned father and translates his native tongue into beautiful French.

Of Behanzin's three wives one is his favorite, of course, the youngest. His favoritism is indicated by her constant presence at his side, and she is always seen holding an umbrella over her regal spouse. She shows her devotion, also, by holding for him a small glass dish like a finger bowl, half full of sand, always ready for such use as a smoker might have for a vessel of this kind.

ENA'S FINE CASTLES

PRINCELY PALACES OF THE NEW QUEEN OF SPAIN.

After Her Marriage to King Alfonso She Will Find Herself Mistress of Half a Dozen Magnificent "Homes."

When in June the English princess, Ena of Battenberg, becomes the wife of King Alfonso and entitled to the title of queen of Spain, she will find herself mistress of at least half a dozen magnificent castles and palaces in Spain.

First of all there is the splendid royal palace at Madrid, a great pile similar to Versailles, built by Philip V. It is a massive building some 500 feet square and its most striking feature is a magnificent marble staircase. Some distance outside of the capital is the ancient palace of Escorial, irreverently known as the gridiron on account of its curious shape. It has rooms and corridors totaling 120 miles in length. At Aranjuez there is a brighter and more pleasant dwelling place, much more often visited by the Spanish court, while near San Ildefonso is the palace of La Granja. Then King Alfonso has a delightful shooting box at El Pardo and a beautiful seaside home, the Miramar palace, at San Sebastian.

Among the rules which Princess Ena is likely to find somewhat irksome is one requiring that the queen shall retire at ten o'clock in summer and half-past eight in the winter. Should the king wish to visit the queen's apartments after dark he must wear slippers over his shoes, have a black mantle thrown over his shoulders and a shield over his arm. He must also carry a lantern and a long sword and go unaccompanied. Two guards whose service begins at 11 o'clock pass the night in the ante-chamber to the queen's room. The king himself has a nocturnal guard. It consists of six gentlemen of the city of Espinosa. They wear a curious uniform comprising a blue jerkin, short braided trousers, silk stockings and a sort of a silver trimmed opera hat. Each carries a fine Toledo sword. When the king retires to his room these guards take charge of the key and give it up to no one until the next morning, when it is delivered to the grand master of the palace after the king has arisen.

Perhaps the most trying feature of the life at court so far as the queen

is concerned is the extreme lack of privacy. At one time even her religious confessions had to be made in the presence of the king and, although this restriction has now been done away with, still the minutest detail of the day's proceedings is mapped out in advance. It is said that the queen mother seldom has more than ten minutes at her disposal during the course of the day.

In accordance with the custom of the Spanish court, the royal trousseau will be exhibited for the inspection of the public. This, however, will not take place in the royal palace, which is the residence of the bridegroom elect. It has not yet been decided where the display will be made, cer-



EXERCISE GARDEN IN PALACE.

tain buildings in the vicinity of the palace being under consideration, such is the ministry of marine, the senate or the palace of the council of state. The trousseau of Queen Maria Cristina was shown in the ministry of marine, but that building is not at the moment in very good condition, and it would not be strange if another building would be chosen. The senate adjoins the marine ministry and its salons are very large. If the cortes are closed the government will decide in favor of the senate building, as it offers innumerable advantages for such a show, not the least being the absence of steps to its approach. According to the usage of the Spanish court all the articles of the trousseau are exhibited down even to the most intimate details of household linen, the dresses on lay figures and the jewelry and other articles in glass cases, the whole being under the care of the halberdiers.

Modest Gray In High Fashion

In the spring a young girl's fancy earnestly turns to thoughts of gown to wear on the momentous occasion she receives her diploma, and it is none too early to consider frocks of this character. The June bride, the July graduate, the summer girl, all take deepest interest just now in filmy finery.

And filmy it is to be sure, summer stuffs so fine and thin and cobwebby. Colored slips will be worn under the transparencies, the wearer of course, choosing the most becoming color; bravely eschewing fashionable rose shades if they make her look blowsy, keeping to that old standby—pale-blue—if it is most kindly to her complexion.

In the gowns here illustrated we have two distinct styles, the princess

and lapsels of lace. The sleeves come just to the elbow, and are edged with a modest lace frill. The original (and many that are copied for street wear) has a neat little belt of kid, but for more elaborate occasions a girdle of flowered silk ribbon should be chosen, the girdle narrow and with a dip at the front.

Many skirts are trimmed elaborately, some scarcely at all. A nice white voile had as the only adornment some nun's folds on the skirt and a little good lace on guilme and short sleeves. One may pay a shilling a yard for one's frock, or ten times that sum—and after all there does not appear such a great difference in the finished product. A dotted Swiss makes up very prettily and is so fresh and dainty looking.



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

effect and the lingerie blouse that has reigned so long. The princess is a modified one, and is well adapted to the slender, girlish figure. The unattractive short waist line is hidden by trimming. There is a lovely fancy yoke of bands of valenciennes insertion, and fine tucks shape the bodice to the figure. A broad inset band of lace and medallion constitutes the girdle. The skirt is very full at the bottom, and is trimmed with insertion and lace ruffles. The material used is the sheerest lawn.

Materials employed for such dresses are batiste, lawn, organdies, handkerchief linen, organdies, China and India silks. A soft white silk frock is very suitable for the sweet girl graduate, and no doubt not a few of this season's graduates will appear in the accordion-plaited silk dresses that are called after that charming actress Fritz Scheff, who wore the original "Fritz Scheff" in the opera "Mlle. Modiste." It is a simple little frock, but very fetching, the skirt a frilly accordion plaited affair depending from a short yoke. The bodice is also accordion plaited and has a chemisette

Make the skirt with a Spanish flounce, having a small heading and perhaps a couple of tucks at the bottom. New skirt patterns for wash dresses are not the regular circular skirt, but the dress when finished looks very much as though made after the circular pattern and is better because it will not sag.

Most elaborate embroidered dress lengths may be bought at the stores and the fashioning of a dress therefrom be a simple matter; but for our part we care more for the sheer materials and fluffy trimming than for heavy elaboration. This, of course, is a matter of individual taste.

The girl graduate of 1906 may wear posies in her tresses, for there is a return to adornment of the coiffure. Such dear little garlands of rosebuds form a half-wreath about the great coil of hair worn low on the neck, or a single large rose may be tucked in one side high piled tresses worn pompadour style. Flowers are again worn in the corsage, too—this year we shall have the good old conventional fluffy summer girl, posies in her belt, posies in her hair.

"Graduating" and Summer Frocks.

In the show windows of the big stores we see beautiful gray stockings on display, there are show cases full of gray hand-bags, gray gowns fill the streets, and in millinery gray is noticeable to an unusual degree.

Gray and white would once have appeared a rather colorless combination, but to-day is exceedingly chic. Gray tulle bows adorn neckwear on gray gowns, gray veils float from gray hats. To be sure, the gray hats as a rule are brightened by some intense color, cerise or coral, or it may be yellow or green. Gray and green make an effec-

en's lead; gray rules at present in men's apparel.

If one does not care to array oneself all in Quaker tones, one may use but a touch of gray and attain desired style. A gray veil or chou or gloves or belt, is suggested. And in hand-bags the variety of beautiful things in gray appears infinite; as gray is a color that may be used with any costume, a gray bag is an economical investment. Another good investment will be one of the pretty new silk frocks in gray, simple and dainty and neat. These promise to enjoy great favor, and the new gray mohairs are equally good. The latter are indistinctly plaided, but the effect is gray. A new black and white silk has a gray line running through it, giving it the stamp of fashion.

There are nice gray mohair petticoats, some gray and black striped ones, lovely gray silk skirts, and pongees in neutral tones. So many gray voiles being worn, a petticoat to match is essential and all shades are offered, from dull gun-metal to softest pearl gray. A changeable gray is very pretty.

We recently observed a gray and white transparent frock—could not make out just what the material was, looked like a silk muslin, but seemed to have more body; the skirt trimmed only with wide tucks, the blouse simply with a little filmy lace. This frock would be very pretty worn with a white chip hat having a gray feather across the back and a wreath of white roses about the crown. One of the new long veils might be draped about it, the draping long veil restored to full favor. No doubt as the season advances we shall have numbers of gray wash dresses, and these will be selected not only by the gray haired dame, but also by the apple cheeked maid.

ELLEN OSMONDE.



GRAY STRAW WITH YELLOW ROSES.

tive contrast, and when the colors are becoming the result is charming, just the tones to give refreshing on a warm day.

The gray shoes are likewise charming; there are gun-metal tones, pearl gray suedes, dull finished kids in several shades of gray, and gray canvas ties. Of course, gray spats are procurable. Then, to jump from shoes to parasols, over my lady's head floats and dips a gray parasol—this surely a novelty. There are gray silk umbrellas, too, gray belts, gray petticoats—gray everything. And, as they always do, the men have followed in the wom-

L. W. Martin,

REAR OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

Accountant, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Col-
lection Agency, Loan Agency, Real Estate, Life
and Accident Insurance.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico,
March 27, 1906.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Samuel W. Eakin, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 3859, made April 2, 1882, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 33, Township 17 S., Range 23 E., by James W. Sisk, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said James W. Sisk 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 the said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman or marine during the war with Spain or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 2 o'clock p. m. on July 16, 1906, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.
The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed June 9, 1906, set forth facts 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.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico,
April 3, 1906.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Pierre C. Getzwiller, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 2987, made July 10, 1902, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 33 Township 17 S., Range 23 E., by W. A. Ballard, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said W. A. Ballard has never established his residence on said land, and has abandoned it 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 as a private soldier, officer, seaman or marine during the war with Spain or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 2 o'clock p. m. July 25, 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 May 1, 1906, set forth facts 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.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 11, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that William E. Baskin, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1631, for the Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16 Sec. 1, T. 17 S., R. 24 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Tuesday, the 30th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
James H. Beckham, Jr., of Artesia, N. M., John W. Price, of Artesia, N. M., Jonce Moore, of Artesia, N. M., Williams, Morgan, of Roswell, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 5, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Sarah K. White has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 925, for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 8, T. 17 S., R. 23 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Wednesday, the 18th day of July, 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
William L. Lightfoot, Joseph T. Fanning, George A. Beckett, Jesse C. Richards, all of Hope, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 5, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Olive M. White of Hope, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 924, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 8 and SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 9, T. 17 S., R. 23 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Tuesday, the 16th day of July, 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
William L. Lightfoot, Joseph T. Fanning, George A. Beckett, Jesse C. Richards, all of Hope, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Felix M. Duckworth, assignee of Henry Robertson of Artesia Eddy county, N. M., has filed notice of his intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1021, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 33, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M. on Wednesday, the 11th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John W. Skaer, George U. McCrary, John W. Watkins, Robert B. Kishbaugh, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 4463.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 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, New Mexico, on July 12, 1906, viz.: Felix Z. Stanfield, of Artesia, N. M., for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 23, T. 16 S., R. 25 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land:
James H. Beckham, Jr., Ethelbert A. Clayton, Charles S. Buck, Charles S. Davis, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
(Homestead Application No. 4336.)
Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, May 26, 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 July 12th, 1906, viz.: David M. Low, of Hope, New Mexico, for the South East Quarter of Section 14, T. 17 S., R. 21 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: Hugh M. Gage, John Bloom, Ben Miller, William O. Gray, all of Hope, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
(Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico, May 16, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Felix M. Duckworth, assignee of Barnard Pos, assignee of James F. Rhodes, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of his intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1277 for the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 33, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Comr. at his office in Artesia, New Mexico, on Wednesday, the 11th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John W. Skaer, George U. McCrary, John W. Watkins and Robert B. Kishbaugh all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
Homestead Application No. 2890
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
May 3, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed a 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.: Jesse P. VanWinkle, of Artesia, N. M., for the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 24, T. 17 S., R. 24 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Tuesday, the 17th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:
W. W. Bennett, of Artesia, N. M., J. L. Sutton, of Artesia, N. M., Tom Weldy, of Artesia, N. M., John B. Cecil, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 5, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Simpson S. White, of Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 926, for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 17, T. 17 S., R. 23 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Wednesday, the 18th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
William L. Lightfoot, Joseph T. Fanning, George A. Beckett, Jesse C. Richards, all of Hope, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 5, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Joseph H. C. White, of Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim, No. 927, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 17, T. 17 S., R. 23 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Tuesday, the 17th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
William L. Lightfoot, Joseph T. Fanning, George A. Beckett, Jesse C. Richards, all of Hope, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 2682.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 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, New Mexico, on July 11, 1906, viz.: James A. Barnes, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 23, T. 17 S., R. 25 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:
John T. Boyles of Artesia, N. M., E. A. Clayton of Artesia, N. M., Norman Owens of Artesia, N. M., Sallie L. Roberts of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Alfred H. Hubbs, assignee of Walter M. Waskom a signer of Sarah D. Bryson, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1069, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 8, T. 18 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia New Mexico on Thursday the 12th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
George A. Davison of Hagerman, N. M., Eugene F. Walker, Edward B. Walker, Carlton B. Flook, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland Register.

Notice for Publication.
(DESERT LAND—FINAL PROOF)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that John W. Skaer of Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 2005, for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 and S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 29, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on the 11th day of July, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
George U. McCrary, Felix M. Duckworth, Clarence H. Wilson, Everett N. Skaer, all of Artesia, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice For Publication.
DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF, NO. 985.
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 14, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Eugenia C. Clayton, of Artesia, Eddy County, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 985, for the S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20 and N $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 29, T. 17 S., R. 26 E. before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Wednesday, the 25th day of July 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Gayle Talbot, of Artesia, N. M., John Price, of Artesia, N. M., Jack Porter, of Artesia, N. M., E. F. Blackmore, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Mattie Reese, assignee of George W. Teiford of Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 923, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32, T. 17 S., and Lot 1 Sec. 5, T. 18 S., R. 23 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Thursday, the 12th day of July 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Frank Wickoff, Richard M. Bell, Samuel W. Eakin, David T. Reese, all of Hope, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.
(DESERT LAND—FINAL PROOF)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
May 26, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Sarah F. Woodworth of Artesia, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1684, for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 13, T. 17 S., R. 25 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Thursday, the 12th day of July, 1906.
She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Hugh J. Alison, Thomas R. Chisholm, Thomas A. Merrill, Thos. W. Whitted, all of Artesia, New Mexico.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 22, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Samuel W. Myer, assignee of Blanch Durr, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 2208, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 25, T. 17 S., R. 25 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Saturday, the 11th day of August, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
James B. Brown, Henry F. Priest, Roy Hopkins, E. O. Witmer, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
(Desert-Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 22, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Wm. E. Clark, assignee of Agnes M. Clark, assignee of James W. Cain, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1291 for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 8, S $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 9, T. 16 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Saturday, the 11th day of August, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
Enos P. McCormick, Benjamin N. Bell, E. G. Maitland, Henry C. Owens, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
(Desert-Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 22, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Samuel C. Tucker, assignee of Elizabeth Hodges, assignee of Jasper N. Poteet, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1009, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Saturday, the 11th day of August, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John R. Attebery, Charlie Fleming, Charles F. Montgomery, Clarence Disney, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.
(Desert-Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 22, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that Samuel C. Tucker, assignee of Elizabeth Hodges, assignee of Nora B. Clayton, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1002, for the S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 4 and N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 9, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Saturday, the 11th day of August, 1906.
He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John R. Attebery, Charlie Fleming, Charles F. Montgomery, Clarence Disney, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

R. M. Love gave the editor, Monday, a couple of fine, ripe peaches pulled from his two-year-old trees on the corner of Second street and Richardson avenue. Contrary to expectations, the peaches are not the small, undeveloped affairs that usually come from trees of this age, but they were very large and juicy. By the way, we neglected to note last week that Mr. Love had received, after long delay, one of the silver medals given by the St. Louis world's fair for excellent peaches. The fruit was sent from the Love orchard at Carlsbad. The medal is very pretty in design and highly treasured by the recipient.
When you want your horse lots or yards cleaned and the trash hauled off telephone Lee Turknett. He is now running two teams and guarantees to do you good service and "do it now."
The warmest day of the year was experienced at Carlsbad on May 28, when the thermometer registered 101 degrees in the shade, according to government reports.
Take a KODAK to Carlsbad the Fourth. You will see many funny sights.
There will be services at the Catholic church tomorrow, July 1, conducted by Father Juvenal. Everybody invited to attend.

Help Settle Your Own Country
Send us the names of your Old Friends Back East.
Some of them may want to change their location and come west. A little help from you will assist us in reaching many who are looking for new homes.
We will mail your friends truthful literature about your part of the country and place their names on the complimentary mailing list of "The Earth," an interesting monthly, devoted to the South-west immigration.
Don't put it off. write this week to
C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, 1115 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

Notice Water Users.
All persons using water from the Company are hereby notified that they will be expected to pay water rent quarterly in advance beginning July 1, 1906. Pay at office across street from Artesia Hotel.
Artesia Water, Power & Light Co.
S. W. Gilbert shipped a car of oats from Glengarry ranch to Roswell last Saturday. This is the first car from Artesia this season.
To the Public.
I will be in Hope, N. M. until July 20. Anyone wishing stone for foundations or buildings call at the feed mill near depot or communicate with me. I. R. Daniel.
Carlsbad is to profit by Artesia's good example. The ladies of the town will institute a free reading room.
Hart Crouch had a fine stack of alfalfa to burn last Saturday.

ROSE LAWN
Suburban Tracts: Ideal for Homes and Small Orchards.
If you are looking for small orchard tract, 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.
R. M. LOVE, Proprietor.
Rose Lawn Suburban Tracts. Artesia, N. M.

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.
For Sale.
The cobblestone 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.

DOG TROUBLES RAILROAD.

Likes Woolly West, Escapes from Car and Avoids Capture for Long Time.

One bow-legged pup, with a lengthy pedigree and an adventurous spirit, has been the cause of more gray hairs to the baggage men, telegraph operators and station masters of the Union Pacific during the last three weeks than have ever been caused by their reflections upon past sins. The animal in question is a \$1,000 prize Boston terrier, owned by Lynn Sutton of Seattle.

Some three weeks ago he was placed in charge of Bob Schmalling, train baggage master, and started on his way to the coast. Being from Boston, his Barklets was intensely interested in everything which smacked of the wild and woolly west, and when the train stopped at Cheyenne he surveyed the town through the door of the car with every expression of animated pleasure. "How refreshingly picturesque," said he to himself. "There is nothing in Schopenhauer at all like it. Were it not for these irksome bonds I really believe a tour of exploration would be productive of both pleasure and profit."

Thus cogitating, he hastily chewed at the rope which bound him until it separated and gave him his liberty, whereupon he eluded the baggage man and joyfully departed to make his acquaintance with the life of the frontier. That started the trouble and the wires have been hot ever since.

"Bulldog billed to Seattle get loose at Cheyenne," wired Schmalling to Denver.

"Catch bulldog billed to Seattle," wired the local agent to the station master at Cheyenne.

"Bulldog billed to Seattle declines to be caught," was the reply.

"Where is my bulldog that was shipped from Denver four days ago?" wired Mr. Sutton from Seattle to his friend, George Ady, local passenger agent of the Union Pacific.

"Bulldog liked Cheyenne and got off there. Will try to convince him Seattle is a better town. Have patience," replied Mr. Ady.

At intervals the station master at Cheyenne reported by wire: "Have caught bulldog," only to follow it a few hours later with "Bulldog chewed his rope and got away again," until the local baggage agent began to lose weight and talk in his sleep.

Finally, in an unwary moment, the cause of all the trouble, allowed himself to be captured, fastened with a heavy piece of telephone wire and shipped back to Denver. Here he arrived and was rebilled through to his master, dirty, thin and tired, but still enthusiastic over the west.

GUARDIAN OF THE TRACK.

Pat McAduo was the boss of the gang that worked on the section at Bates. The work on the track caused him many a pang.

For he dreaded the speed of the freights. The rules of the line were exceedingly plain.

Providing safe limits of speed. But the rules were ignored again and again which made Patsy's heart fairly bleed.

The section of road under Mr. McAduo's care was called by the trainmen, "fast track"—which signifies safety for trains to get there.

So the freight trains each gave it a whack. Foot Pat and his men were as busy as bees repairing and raising low joints in summer's warm weather and midwinter's freeze.

They looked for and fixed the weak points. The roadmaster once was inspecting the track.

When the Pink Palace Flyer flew by, its speed caused astonishment. Turning to Mac, he asked: "Does that beat the Pink Palace Flyer?"

(The pet of the line was the Shoo Fly Express. The finest train under the sun).

"The Shoo Fly? The Devil!" Pat answered with stress.

"'Tis the meat thrains ye ought to see 'r-run!"

—One Brown, in Kansas City Star.

TRAIN AND TRACK TALK.

Sir Charles Metcalfe, the consulting engineer of the Rhodesian railways, claims the world's record for rapid construction on the railroad above Victoria falls. Five and three-quarters miles of track were laid in 12 hours.

William C. Brown, who has just been chosen first vice president of the New York Central lines, with a salary of \$75,000, the best paid vice president of a railroad in the United States, was in the early '70's a telegraph operator and messenger boy in Sioux City, Ia., receiving messages and delivering them himself.

Andrew Jackson Buchanan entered the Western & Atlantic railroad shops at Atlanta 67 years ago last October. His name is still on the pay roll as a competent mechanic, though he is nearing his eighty-seventh birthday. The old gentleman shows few signs of age, standing as straight as he did at 40, and moving with a wonderfully elastic step.

A York, Pa., man wished to be buried in white ducks and a straw hat. What a life he must 'a' led!

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS

Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private ills, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many



continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female ills, Mrs. Pinkham can advise sick women more wisely than the local physician.

Read how Mrs. Pinkham helped Mrs. T. C. Willadsen of Manning, Ia. She writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude in words. Before I wrote to you telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady, and spent lots of money in medicines besides, but it all failed to do me any good. I had female trouble and would daily have fainting spells, backache, bearing-down pains, and my monthly periods were very irregular and finally ceased. I wrote to you for your advice and received a letter full of instructions just what to do, and also commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I have been restored to perfect health. Had it not been for you I would have been in my grave to-day."

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

HOMELY PHILOSOPHY.

It isn't always lucky to trust people who trust to luck.

Romance is sweet sixteen, religion is sixty if she's a day.

Happy is he who never knows when he gets the worst of it.

A great achievement doesn't need a brass band accompaniment.

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

Those who yield to temptation are generally looking for a chance.

The optimist looks forward to tomorrow, the pessimist sighs for yesterday.

There might not be so much room at the top if there were fewer cushions at the bottom.

Most of us are dissatisfied, some with what we have and some with what we haven't.

The present gets away from a lot of people while they sit on park benches worrying about the future.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sole and Wholesale Agents, 23c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Her Legal Status.

The Dominine—Are you your mother's little darling?

Baby Ethel—Only half the time. You see the court decided that papa was to have me for six months every year.—The Wasp.

Test Its Value.

"Simmons' Liver Purifier is the most valuable remedy I ever tried for constipation and disordered liver. It does its work thoroughly, but does not gripe like most remedies of its character. I certainly recommend it whenever the opportunity occurs."

M. M. Tomlinson, Oswego, Kas.

When you see a man reading "How to Make Easy Money in Wall Street," it's time to collect that quarter he owes you.—Puck.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigarette of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Love of graft also laughs at locksmiths.—Puck.

FACE ALL BROKEN OUT.

Troubled Almost a Year—Complexion Now Perfect and Skin Soft, White and Velvety.

"I had been troubled with a breaking out on my face and arms for almost a year and had the services of several physicians, but they didn't seem to do any good. Some time ago one of my friends recommended Cuticura to me. I secured some, and after using it several months I was completely cured. I can highly recommend Cuticura Soap as being the very best complexion Soap made. It creates a perfect complexion, leaving the skin soft, white and velvety. I now use Cuticura Soap all the time and recommend its use to my friends, Maud Loggins, R. F. D. No. 1, Sylvia, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1905."

ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

Exuberance of Love Spasmodically Manifested Results in Mortification.

She was seated in the gloaming, a happy smile on her pretty, pensive face, when her elderly aunt entered. Then, as she looked upon the kind old face, a feeling rushed upon her that she must share her wonderful news with somebody—she must let someone into the secret which till then had been the sole possession of herself and Harold. She sprang up and flung her arms about her aunt's neck.

"Oh, auntie," she cried impulsively, "you do love me, don't you? Kiss me, auntie, and tell me you do—kiss me!"

But only an alarming gurgle came from the old lady for a moment. Then she said, gasping indignantly:

"Kiss you, if you ain't careful I'll shake the life out of you. You very nearly made me swallow my teeth!"

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are ladies' smoking cars on English railways.

Alligator, a popular native dish in India, tastes like veal.

The wood used in the best pianos has been seasoned 40 years.

Those who reach 30 in good health are likely, statistics show, to last to 73.

Over 200,000 pounds of human hair, valued at \$500,000, is sold annually in Paris.

The majority of criminals can draw and paint. That is why artists can rarely get credit.

In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffins and undertaker free of cost.

This Is No Joke.

Hunt's Cure has saved more people from the "Old Scratch" than any other known agent, simply because it makes scratching entirely unnecessary. One application relieves any form of itching skin disease that ever afflicted mankind. One box guaranteed to cure any one case.

SENTIENT SENTENCES.

Close quarters—the miser's.

A difference in terms—congress and jail.

Holding a meeting does not deter its progress.

Government bonds—in the United States prison.

Even a muddy stream can leap clear over the falls.

It doesn't take much cultivation to raise a big howl.

A burglar is likely to put out the lights when he lights out.

Try and keep pleasant even when you come to the cross roads.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Perplexing.

"Vot a kveer langviches!" exclaimed the foreigner, who was trying to learn the American tongue. "You say de man is 'all in' ven you mean he is all owdt!"—Chicago Tribune.

Easier to Do.

"Some o' de gloomy conversation," said Uncle Eben, "is caused by de fact dat it's easier to talk hard times dan it is to do hard work."—Washington Star.

Concrete Definition.

Tommy—Paw, what is pessimism? Mr. Tucker—It's—it's something like rheumatism, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

According to the eternal fitness of things, the father of twins should be doubly thankful—but somehow he isn't.

When wisdom doesn't declare dividends we call it "folly."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

NO KOWTOWING FOR HIM.

Hotel Man Who Was Not to Be Overawed by Dignitaries of State.

They tell this one on former Gov. George Hoadly of Ohio:

Once upon a time, in the midst of a campaign, Mr. Hoadly was to deliver a speech at a little town in the great and glorious Buckeye State. When he reached the one hotel the town boasted he walked up to the register and wrote his name. The proprietor-head-porter-steward-headwaiter-depot-runner was behind the desk in his shirt sleeves, his hat on the back of his head, and a cigar stump held between his teeth. When the visitor had put down his John Hancock, the factotum turned the register around, read without the flicker of an eyelid the name there written, wrote "10" beside it with a lead pencil, and said:

"You kin jest take y'r grip right up that stairway there an' back down the hall clean to th' end. Yer room's right on th' left hand side of th' hall, in th' corner—number 10."

With considerable astonishment and not a little injured dignity Ohio's chief executive pointed to his name, smiled faintly, and said:

"I am George Hoadly."

"Yep; I notice," said the rustic without turning a hair. "An' yer room's right there at th' end of th' hall—number 10. Can't miss it."

With more hauteur, and almost quivering with outraged importance, the guest said impressively:

"I am George Hoadly, governor of the state of Ohio!"

Turning, then, with a look of exasperated impatience on his face, the hotel man exclaimed:

"Well, what d'ye expect me t' do—kiss ye?"—Judge.

He Didn't Rise.

"Indeed," the lecturer went on in a quizzical way, "I believe I am justified in asserting that nine women out of 10 practically propose to the men they become engaged to. As a test, I would ask all married men in the audience whose wives virtually popped the question to them to arise."

There was a subdued rustle in the auditorium, and in the dense silence that ensued could be heard sibilant feminine whispers in concert, "Just you dare to stand up!"—Judge.

Where Others Failed.

"Each spring for five or six years I broke out with a kind of Eczema which nothing seemed to relieve permanently. Finally I tried a box of Hunt's Cure, which promptly cured me. Two years have passed by but the trouble has not returned."

Mrs. Kate Howard, Little Rock, Ark.

Laconic.

She wrote: "Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to reject your offer of marriage. Yours, etc."

He wired: "What circumstances? Reply prepaid."

She wired: "Yours. Collect."—Cleveland Leader.

Bum Restaurant.

"Paw, what's that orchestra playing here for?"

"Money, Tommy. They couldn't possibly be playing for the kind of meal they would get here."—Chicago Tribune.

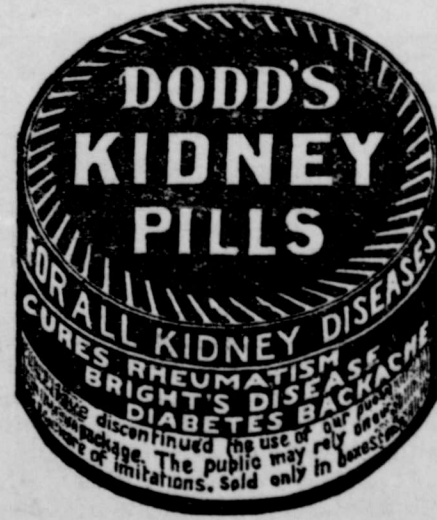
No Whiskers.

"How immaculate everything is kept around that soda fountain."

"Yes, even the ice is freshly shaved every hour."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It makes a man of 30 feel awfully old to hear a boy of 16 talking about the things he used to do when he was a kid.

The original chauffeurs, it seems, were robbers. Which is another instance showing the descent of man.



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant, of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."



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

Just a Tip.

Miss Country Maid—I was reading in a magazine that in the city hotels one often sees palms about the dining rooms. What kind of palm is the most prominent?

Mr. Dineout—The waiter's.—Chicago Daily News.

Best in Existence.

"I sincerely believe, all things considered, Hunt's Lightning Oil is the most useful and valuable household remedy in existence. For Cuts, Burns, Sprains and Insect Bites it has no equal, so far as my experience goes."

G. E. Huntington, Eufaula, Ala.

When a woman buys glasses she usually says it is due to astigmatism. But it is oftener due to oldageism.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Cash is the cold cream that can beautify even the plainest face.

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

Bargains break many a man's bank account.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.



W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

It'll take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas's \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$2.50, \$2.00, Boys' School & Dress Shoes, \$2.50, \$2.17, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitutes. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and home—in dining-room, sleeping-room and places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat, will not soil or injure anything. Try them once, you will never be without them. If not kept by dealer, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATENTS for PROFIT

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

MINERAL WATER THE BEST. Mineral Wells, Texas.

CRAZY

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 22, 1906.

This signature For FREE Trial Package, Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR RESTORER. Price, \$1.00, retail.



Extra Special Sale

Commencing Monday, July the 2nd and continuing throughout the week we place on sale our entire line of high grade and up to date stock of

Oxfords and Slippers

STYLISH TIE

That lends a dainty touch to dress



For Ladies, Misses and

Children at extra low prices. Buy now while the run of sizes are still complete.

\$3.50 to \$4.00 Grades

\$3.00

\$3.00 to \$3.25 Grades

\$2.65

\$2.25 to \$2.50 Grades

\$1.85

\$1.75 to \$2.00 Grades

\$1.50

\$1.50 to \$1.75 Grades

\$1.35

\$1.25 to \$1.40 Grades

\$1.00

\$1.00 to \$1.15 Grades

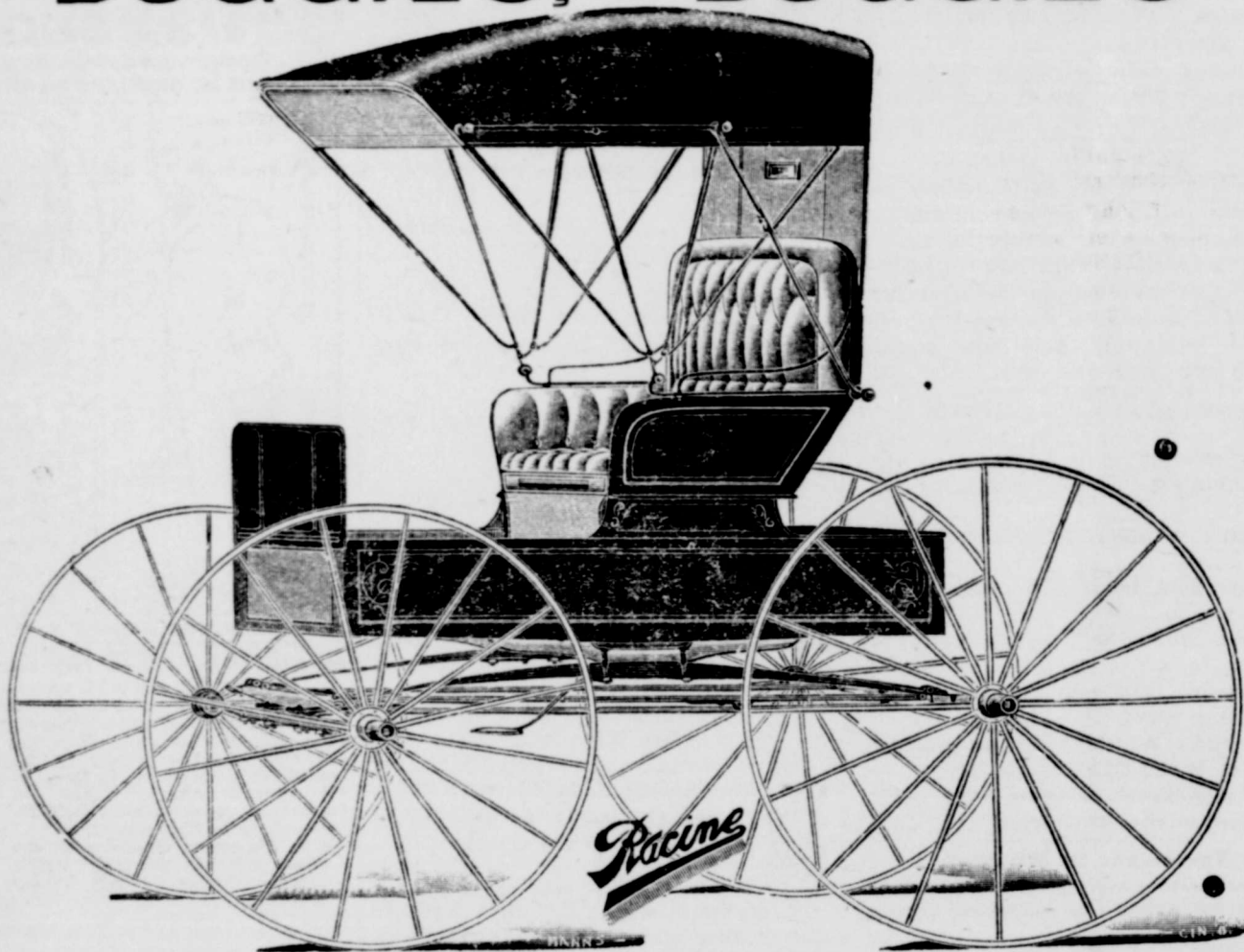
75c

75c to 85c Grades

50c



BUGGIES, BUGGIES



We have the Racine the leading buggy of the Pecos Valley with a guarantee for one year. Every spoke second growth hickory. Also the celebrated Racine Wagon.

ROBIN & DYER

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 27, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas I. Norfleet, assignee of Bernard Pos, of Independence, Jackson county, Mo., has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1553, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 30, T. 16 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Monday, the 13th day of August, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
John P. Lowry, John B. Enfield, James E. Swepston, Abram L. Norfleet, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

B. B. Gatlin is in Deming.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 27, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Marie L. Norfleet, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1529, for the S $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 32, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Tuesday, the 14th day of August, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
George Fisk, George P. Cleveland, J. C. Gage, A. L. Norfleet, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Kodaks at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 27, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Marie L. Norfleet, assignee, of Charles S. Davis, assignee of Oliver A. McBride of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1024, for the S $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 32, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, N. M. on Tuesday, the 14th day of August, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land:
George Frisk, George P. Cleveland, J. C. Gage, A. L. Norfleet, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

TWO SPLENDID GUSHERS.

One of the finest artesian wells brought in near the corporate limits of Artesia in a good while was completed by J. C. Elliott's drill yesterday on the grounds of the Artesia College, one half mile west of town in the Clayton addition. The water was secured at a depth of 840 feet and the flow is nearly three feet over a six-inch casing. The well was drilled from top to bottom in ten days, including the casing of it. The casing is down 740 feet and the water was as clear as crystal as soon as the tools were removed.

H. E. Mull, manager of the American Well & Prospecting Co.'s rig, this week completed a well for Alexander Ault, one mile north and one mile west of Cottonwood Springs. A flow of six inches over the casing was secured at only 480 feet, and no attempt was made to go on to the deeper and larger flow. The drilling was done in the remarkable short time of three days. The same drill is now going down on another well about one mile from this one for Dr. Yater. Until recently, it was thought that the artesian flow could not be secured so far west as this, but it is proving to be an unusually shallow field.

Eddy County Summer Normal.

County Superintendent of Schools, M. P. Kerr, writes the Advocate yesterday that the Eddy County Summer Normal will convene in Carlsbad August 13, with Prof. B. F. Brown, of this place, and Prof. Powell, of Roswell, as conductors. Teachers interested can secure course of study by applying to the superintendent. There will be examination of teachers at close of normal.

Mrs. Dyer's Cream.

Now that a supply of ice has been received, Mrs. Dyer wishes to announce that on an after today she will be able to supply the public with that same delicious ice cream for which the "Home Bakery" has become famous here lately. Give her cream a trial and you will take no other.

Ordinance No. 38.

Adopted by the Board of Trustees of the town of Artesia, May 31, 1906.

Sec. 1. That five days after the publication of this ordinance the owner or agents of all premises within the said town whereon are situated privies or water closets not having a pit or cess pool for the reception of all excrement therefrom, shall within thirty days from the time this ordinance goes into effect, construct and maintain a pit or cess pool therefor, at least six feet deep, two wide and long enough to run the entire length of such privy or closet; and all privies or water closets hereafter constructed within said town shall conform to said requirements.

Sec. 2. That drawers, boxes, cans, or buckets now used or that may be used for such purposes are hereby prohibited within the said town.

Sec. 3. That lime or equally as good disinfectant shall be used and maintained in said privies or water closets so as to keep the same clean and free from all foul odors at all times, and where it may become necessary to clean in order to purify the same, it shall be done between the hours of 8 and 12 o'clock at night.

Sec. 4. Any person or agent violating any provision herein shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall on conviction be fined not exceeding \$10 or imprisonment in the town jail not exceeding ten days or both in the discretion of the court trying the case, and each day's failure to comply with the requirements herein shall be deemed a separate offense and subject to a like penalty.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 28, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that John W. Watkins, assignee of Thomas Runyan, of Artesia, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1231, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 4, T. 18 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner, at his office in Artesia, New Mexico, on Tuesday, the 14th day of August, 1906.

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

Robert B. Kishbaugh, Jesse H. Muncy, Gayle Talbot, George P. Cleveland, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Mr. Hamilton is Appointed.

Just before going to press, the Advocate is informed by Mr. H. W. Hamilton that he has received the appointment of postmaster at Artesia, to succeed Mrs. Julia R. Cleveland. Mr. Hamilton is a very competent man, indeed.

255,000 Fruit Trees

Grown at Artesia and free from Disease.



I have now growing on my grounds east of the railroad, 255,000 Apple trees, comprising the popular commercial varieties, such as

JONATHAN,
WINESAP,
MISSOURI PIPPIN,
ARKANSAW BLACK,
BEN DAVIS,
GANO.

They are perhaps the finest, healthiest lot of trees ever offered the orchardists of the Pecos Valley, because they are each one sound and healthy and at home in our valley soil. They will need no acclimating, but will never stop growing when replanted.

There are 30,000 2-year-olds that are as fine as ever grew and not a blemish on them. 225,000 1-year-olds.

I have prepared to fill the needs of the Artesia farmers the coming season. There will be no need to send away for anything in the apple line. I have all the popular commercial varieties growing nicely and no foreign concern can beat me on prices.

Do not place your orders until you have seen my stock. Come and see the trees before buying. Take no risks of getting deceased stock.



J. S. Highsmith,

Artesia, New Mexico.

BALL PLAYING PROHIBITED.

Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Artesia, New Mexico:

Sec. 1. That after the passage of this ordinance it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to participate in a game of base ball, pitch, ante-over, or any game or form of amusement wherein balls are thrown from one place to another, or from one person or persons to another, or other within the following described limits of the city of Artesia, New Mexico, to-wit:

Beginning at a point where the east line of the right of way of the Pecos Valley and Northeastern Railway Company intersects the south line of Richardson avenue, thence running west along said south line to where said line intersects the west line of Fifth (5th) street, thence running north along said west line to where said line intersects the north line of Chisum avenue, thence running east along said north line to where said line intersects the east line of the right of way of the Pecos Valley and Northeastern Railway Company, thence south to place of beginning.

Sec. 2. Any person violating this ordinance, or any clause thereof shall be fined in the sum of five (\$5) dollars and cost.

Sec. 3. This ordinance shall have full force and effect from and after five days after its passage.

Passed, June 29, A. D. 1906.
Attest: Wm. Crandall, Chairman
J. E. Swepston, Clerk.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
June 27, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas Sandham, assignee of Joseph C. Elliott, assignee of Madison W. Hall, of Roswell, Chaves county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 1808, for the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 14, and E $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15, T. 16 S., R. 25 E. before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, N. M., on Monday, the 13th day of August, 1906.

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

Henry B. Hunter, Thomas C. Rickets, Santos Yobengo, William J. Phipps, all of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Cow Peas.

Now is the time to plant them. Buy from Roswell Seed & Produce Co.

A WIFE TO ORDER.

BY LOUIS D' LANGE.
(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

William Beattie was a lonesome man even as he had been a lonesome boy. All through his lonesome youth he had the most ardent feelings toward the girls with whom he came in contact, but something in his retiring nature forbade him to express these feelings or to get on even friendly terms with the objects of his admiration and desire.

In the meantime he was most faithful and efficient in business and prospered accordingly. At 30 he found himself comparatively a rich man, with boundless prospects before him. But he was not satisfied. Far from it, he was restless, morose—savagely angry with his fate.

"What boots it that I have success, money, the respect and fear of men," he said to himself, "when I cannot have the love of woman—the one great thing I have wanted all my life?"

"You have not tried," replied his inner self, relentlessly. "I cannot," he responded, savagely. "Nature left some void in my make-up, and try as I will, I am tongue-tied in the presence of women."

William Beattie, however, realized thoroughly the value of wealth, of hard cash. He knew its power over men and women, and in his business dealings he never made any mistakes in dealing with women any more than he did with men. It was only when he attempted to put himself into personal relations with women that he became tongue-tied and impotent.

Finally at 30 he made a great resolve.

"I can never win a woman's love—that is clear," he said to himself, "and a woman's love is the only thing in all the world that I want. I have achieved business means. I have all the money I will ever need—and plenty more coming. Nothing can stop that. I have never failed in a single enterprise to which I gave my mind and energy. Why not give this same mind and energy to secure what I want more than all else—a woman's love. To feel soft arms about my neck, to have languid eyes look into mine, to have a clinging, yielding form in my arms. To have children clamoring about my knees—for all this I would work harder, sacrifice more, than I have ever done. In fact I would give all I have acquired and all I hope to acquire."

"Why don't you do something about it?" inquired his inner self, relentlessly.

"I am going to," he replied, sharply. "I am going to devote all my energy and brains hereafter to securing a woman to complete my life. Since I cannot win a woman, I will start out at the beginning and rear one for my own purposes. I will buy a baby girl and have her reared and educated for the express purpose of becoming my wife."

And with this determination he started out. He haunted orphan asylums and lying-in hospitals. He sought the poor districts, where children are, of necessity, a burden. It was long before he found what he wanted, but eventually he did find it.

It was in St. Anthony's orphan asylum—and the face of the little girl—a child of five or six—attracted and thrilled him. Her dark, passionate eyes, her olive skin, her jet-black hair, her lithe young figure—all gave promise of glorious womanhood.

Inquiry developed that she was the daughter of a poor Italian girl of marvelous beauty, who had been brought to the lying-in hospital across the way by a big-hearted stranger, with plenty of money, and an air which bespoke blue blood. He had paid all her expenses liberally in advance, and then had faded away and was heard of no more.

After her recovery, the young mother, being unable to take care of the child, had placed it in the orphan asylum across the way. Beattie eagerly sought the mother. Though worn by years of coarsening toil, and still more coarsening associations, she still retained a remnant of a passionate type of beauty which put Beattie's nerves on edge and made his pulses bound. Not at all intellectual was Anita Mat-fiori, not educated or refined or intellectual, but she possessed all the splendid latin possibilities of love—and showed it in every motion.

"If she were 16 instead of 30, and fresh instead of being a worn-out wreck, and young and pliable and tractable, I would marry her to-day and defy the world."

He heard her pitiful story—the old story of a pretty and voluptuous young Italian girl, a debonaire man of the world—and a child without a name. Who the handsome stranger was who flashed across her orbit for a brief moment, and then passed on, she had no sort of conception, except that he was a gentleman, and that his dalliance by the wayside with her was a distinct concession on his part, and a cause for pride on hers.

Here was the proper combination. The girl gave promise of all her mother's Latin beauty—and it was fair to

assume she inherited some of the good blood of the father.

A bargain was quickly struck, and for a comparatively small sum—but one which exceeded the mother's wildest dream of avarice—little Anita became the ward of Beattie. At once he removed her from the asylum and placed her in most competent hands. The finest schools, the most exclusive surroundings, the most expensive clothes—money without stint, music, art, travel, literature, bright companions, all were hers.

And ever was instilled into her ear that she was growing up to be the bride of the great and rich Mr. William Beattie. He made no mistake. He saw her but seldom, and always at his best. He lavished nice things upon her. He surrounded her with clever people, who sung his praises and filled her with wonder that so rare a web of fate should have been spun by the gods for any girl.

Finally after school days were over and the trip abroad had been made, she was brought to him like a ripe peach for the eating. And never had he seen so tempting a sight. His cup of happiness was overflowing.

He had been very careful that Anita had met no other men. That had been the one relentless and uncompromising rule of her educational days. Now he proposed to clinch matters before any untoward incident could occur. He had his little talk with her, and she acquiesced to his programme with a slight blush on her perfect olive cheek, but with no strong tumult in her breast. She had known all about it for years. She was not at all opposed to the programme. In fact, she liked it immensely. But there was no passion in the equation—on her part.

First and foremost there was to be a great betrothal reception, at which Anita was to be presented to society as the future Mrs. William Beattie. The wedding was to follow almost immediately. Beattie proposed to take no chances.

But fate has strange and unaccountable freaks. There drifted into that betrothal reception one Richard Lombard, a young mining engineer, only two years out of college, and those two years spent in hard work in Mexico. A great, towering, splendid fellow was Lombard, with the birth and breeding of a gentleman, and a magnetic presence—possessed of those things which attract women everywhere. His two years of outdoor life had bronzed his skin and given him that touch of magnificent masculinity which nothing but the hand-to-hand conflict with nature can give.

The moment his blue eyes met the black orbs of Anita both knew that something was happening within them. There was opportunity for but few words, but the eyes spoke the only language worth listening to, and when late in the evening Lombard came and offered his arm "for a breath of fresh air on the veranda," she took it as a matter of course, her heart thumping so hard as to make her afraid it would be heard.

What happened on the veranda, or on the moon-lit lawn, nobody knows. Only this is known: On the following morning William Beattie found a note on his breakfast table. It read:

"Mr. Beattie: I thank you for all your kindness and your devotion, but I have a life to live as well as you. When you receive this I will be the wife of Richard Lombard and 500 miles away. I would rather be his wife for one day and live in a tent with him, than to be mistress of your mansion and your millions for a hundred years. Girls may be won, but not bought. Forgive and forget me, Anita."

Wives Wanted.

Why will the women remain east when such remarkable opportunities for love and marriage await them in the west? In Nevada, Wyoming and even Kansas the school teachers are snapped up as fast as they are appointed, so scarce and desirable is the feminine contingent. Now from far-off Alaska comes the cry for wives—pretty wives, if possible; intelligent ones will do, but wives of any sort will be taken and no questions asked. Women who go to Alaska as clerks, teachers, cooks or dishwashers speedily find themselves asked in marriage by strapping men who have discovered that gold dust is not the only desirable and valuable thing on earth. Woman in Alaska seems almost worth her weight in gold, and if she be passably good and young and pretty, she will have the widest possible range of matrimonial choices.

Nasty Cat.

"That artist who is doing my portrait," asserted Grayce, "has no imagination."
"What makes you think so, dear?" inquired Mayme, sweetly. "Can't he make a pretty picture of you?"—Cleveland Leader.

ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

Enormous Growth of the System—Fast Encroaching on Steam Traction.

It is now 18 years since an electric motor propelled the first street car through the streets of Richmond, Va. As time passed this motor became the propelling force of the suburban lines, then of the interurban and recently there have been many electric roads constructed to parallel the steam lines. The more general use of this motor is due to the fact that the old 15-horsepower motor has been superseded by motors having from 400 to 500 horsepower.

The enormous growth of the electric railways, therefore, has led many steam railroads to utilize the latest system and practically every trunk line railroad company has already begun the installation of electricity on its lines, or is making preparations to do so in the immediate future.

Of the largest steam systems it is noteworthy that the New York Central railroad is equipping its main line with an electric system to run trains from the Grand Central depot in New York city up into the state of New York as far as Albany. At a recent meeting of the directors it was decided to issue millions of additional stock to be used in extending their lines in New York by electric roads.

The Pennsylvania railroad has operated electric trains for some time on its Long Island division, and this work is being extended constantly. This company is said to have recently made another contract for the electrical equipment of its line from Philadelphia to Atlantic City.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford contracted recently for 30 electric locomotives to be installed on its line between New York city and Stamford, Conn.

The Erie, Grand Trunk, Illinois Central and other roads are also making preparations for the introduction of electricity, and the electric locomotive may be said to have become a great propelling agent for railroad trains.

The progress made in the propulsion of cars by electricity is certainly remarkable and fulfills the predictions of the electricians made a dozen years ago that this system would be adopted ultimately in whole or in part by the steam roads. The managers of the steam roads naturally have been conservative and have watched carefully the development of the electrical system. When the largest railroad systems in the country, however, which have been furnishing the finest and speediest trains ever run in this country, begin to substitute electricity for steam as a motive power, it is evident that no such radical step has been taken without the closest investigation and with a view to the best business management.

The electric system is being brought forward, therefore, to bring about faster travel. The steam roads with their accustomed enterprise, do not hesitate, but are willing to try anything that will suit the great throng of travelers. Hence about \$500,000,000 has been appropriated by various railroad companies in the United States to be used in the purchase of electrical machinery.

No More Crop Failures.

Science conquers fickle chance and defies the uncertainties of storm and flood. The secretary of agriculture has said confidently that there will be no more crop failures, and America need not fear famine. This seems like a reckless challenge to fate, remarks Youth's Companion, and indeed Mr. Wilson does not pretend that we are insured against the possibility of unusual floods or of frosts in midsummer. But under normal fluctuations of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, the usual causes of crop failure are all foreseen, and can be met and overcome. Crops may fail here and there, individual farmers will suffer now and again, but the country as a whole has learned how to farm under all probable conditions.

MOST LIKELY.



"To tell the truth, papa, I did not think much of the close of the sermon."
"Probably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congregation."

A sausage four feet long and one foot thick formed the wedding-cake at a Hanover butcher's wedding.

GAME AN OLD ONE

"POLICY," AS PLAYED BY CHINA-MEN IN AMERICA.

Scheme Is Simple, and Lucky Gamblers Can Make Much Money If They Mark the Right Numbers.

The game of "policy," as played by Chinamen in America, though it has a strong resemblance to policy, is not the same game at all. It is, in fact, the great-grandfather of the policy game, and its origin is lost in antiquity. It has been played in China from time immemorial.

The game is a lottery, of course, and is played with square slips called the "box kop bu" or "white pigeon tickets," on which are printed in green ink a set of 80 Chinese characters; these represent objects—birds, houses, ships—and 20 of them are drawn for one drawing. From the fact that the Chinese play them on superstitions rose the policy custom of playing numbers in that game supposed to be foreshadowed by dreams, or forewarnings vouchsafed to intending players. One hears of the "baby gig" or the "money gig" or the "horse gig."

A player at the Chinese lottery game takes a ticket and marks ten of the characters on it as his choice. He writes his name on the margin and a memorandum of the amount he plays. Then he turns ticket and money into the clerk of the game. The mystic number is 80; there are 80 characters, and 80 tickets are sold on each drawing.

Separate characters, each on a slip of paper, are rolled into pellets and



Player's Ticket Marked for Bet.

put into a jar or pan. A disinterested person shakes them up and puts 20, taking them at random, into each of four bowls. Into another bowl or covered box are put four other slips of paper marked with Chinese characters representing the numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. The bowls with the characters in them are numbered correspondingly.

The croupier takes one of the four numbers from the bowl at random, and the bowl corresponding to it in number contains the 20 characters of the drawing. A clerk takes these out and reads them off; another marks out a large blank ticket, posted in a prominent place, the characters drawn.

The player who has succeeded in naming five of the 20 numbers actually drawn receives \$2 for \$1; he who names six gets \$3 for \$1; the man



Ticket with Numbers Marked On It.

with seven right lands \$200 for \$1; eight, \$1,000 for \$1; nine \$2,000 for \$1, and the man whose whole ten are correct wins \$3,000 for \$1 staked.

The bets are paid later, and it is said that the Chinese gamblers never attempt to hold out on their patrons who have landed a bet. The tickets are printed in China, and are imported to this country in millions every year.

In the tickets shown it will be seen that the player whose ticket is here marked made a pretty good shot. Eight of the characters he spotted appeared in the ticket as drawn; in other words, in actual play this ticket would return \$1,000 for \$1 staked.

Hounds and Fox Imprisoned.

A curious incident in connection with the Tipperary (Ireland) fox-hounds is related. Two of the pack went to ground with a fox in a deep culvert and were imprisoned for 50 hours.

They were found 30 feet below the surface, completely exhausted and badly injured. One died soon afterward. The fox was discovered perched on a ledge just out of reach of the hounds, and at once bolted on receiving his liberty.

LAMB WALKS ON NOSE.

Without Hind Legs, Unfortunate Animal Has Queer Method of Locomotion.

This unfortunate lamb was born with only poor, half stumps to do duty for a pair of sound, well-grown hind legs. Naturally this unfortunate animal



found it rather difficult to move about, and since it couldn't get much assistance from its tail, it tried what help its nose could give it. In this picture you see the lamb in the act of walking on its two front legs and its nose.—N. Y. Herald.

HAVE NO USE FOR AGED

Baboons Prove Themselves Thorough Believers in Policy Advocated by Dr. Osler.

"In certain parts of South Africa," said Thomas Asbaldstone, of Johannesburg, "there are baboons which carry into practical operation the doctrines of Dr. Osler. These simians have no earthly use for the aged of their own tribes and when one of their kind gets too old to help himself the rest ostracize him completely, neither tolerating his society nor helping him to sustain life."

"Never was there an exhibition of such callous and cold-blooded indifference as these 'baboons' show to their helpless old. One of our scientific men who had made a study of this phase of their life told me that in this treatment of the aged by the baboons the theory of Darwin was vindicated, and that there need be no further search of the 'missing link.'"

MAKE PET OF OSTRICH.

South African Bird, Tamed by Trainers, Takes His Meals from the Dining Car.

Frequent travelers on the train from Buluwayo to Mafeking, in South Africa, are well acquainted with this



ostrich, which always comes on the run as the train pulls up at one of the stations and makes straight for the dining car, where he is fed by the cook.

Cheese Diet for the Stout.

The new treatment for bringing stout people to slim, elegant and comfortable proportions consists in the first place in eating all manner of cheeses, to the exclusion of all other foods, save non-fattening biscuits, fruit and a limited quantity of meat once a day. You may breakfast on cream cheese, lunch on Gorgonzola and Camembert, take Cheddar sandwiches for tea, and a light supper of Stilton and Brie; but at dinner you must have only a "soupcon" of meat and nothing rich.

Taking the First Step.

The Bashful—Ah! I am so happy. I wouldn't let myself even hope that you would accept me.

The Girl—Well, you see a fortune teller told me yesterday that my second marriage would make me happy and wealthy, and you know, of course, I had to get my first marriage over with.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hold "Shoots" on Sabbath Day.

As a revival of the old English custom of shooting at the butts after Divine worship, the Amberley (Sussex) miniature rifle club is open on Sunday afternoons, and is very popular.

15 DAYS ONLY

**J. P. Dyer's
Great Semi-Annual
Clearing Sale**

**Sale Commences at 9
O'clock a. m.
Monday, July 2, 1906**

All Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Furnishing Goods, Ladies, Gents and
Childrens, Low Cut Shoes, will go at
Absolute Cost.

Every morning during this Great Sale from 9 to 10 o'clock will sell
10 yards of Standard Calico for 25c. 10 yards only
to each customer.

I mean business and will do as advertised. This is without doubt the
greatest opportunity you have ever had in Artesia
to buy goods cheap.

I NEED THE MONEY

J. P. DYER
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO