

# The Artesia Advocate.

12.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

NUMBER 13.

**For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior,  
Office at Roswell, New Mexico,  
November 12, 1904.  
Whereby given that the following  
has filed notice of his intention  
to make final proof in support of his claim, and  
will be made before the Register  
at Roswell, New Mexico, on  
November 23, 1904, viz: Stephen W. Gilbert,  
application No. 3089, for the  
SE 1/4 Sec. 18, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.

Following witnesses to prove  
residence upon and cultivation  
of said land:  
Elizabeth M. Rogers, of Ar-  
tesia, N. M.; Robert H. Gore, of Artesia, N. M.;  
Howard Leland, Register.

**For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior,  
Office at Roswell, New Mexico,  
November 5, 1904.  
Whereby given that the following  
has filed notice of his intention  
to make final proof in support of his claim, and  
will be made before the Register  
at Roswell, New Mexico, on  
November 16, 1904, viz: James Newell,  
application No. 3090, for the  
SE 1/4 Sec. 18, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.

Following witnesses to prove  
residence upon and cultivation  
of said land:  
Stephen W. Gilbert, of Ar-  
tesia, N. M.; Robert H. Gore, of Artesia, N. M.;  
Howard Leland, Register.

**For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior,  
Office at Roswell, New Mexico,  
November 5, 1904.  
Whereby given that the following  
has filed notice of his intention  
to make final proof in support of his claim, and  
will be made before the Register  
at Roswell, New Mexico, on  
November 16, 1904, viz: Frank Lattin,  
application No. 1115, for the SE 1/4  
Sec. 24, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.

Following witnesses to prove  
residence upon and cultivation  
of said land:  
James E. Newell, of Dayton,  
N. M.; John Fournier, of  
Artesia, N. M.; Howard Leland, Register.

**For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior,  
Office at Roswell, New Mexico,  
November 5, 1904.  
Whereby given that the following  
has filed notice of his intention  
to make final proof in support of his claim, and  
will be made before the Register  
at Roswell, New Mexico, on  
November 16, 1904, viz: Thomas Lattin,  
application No. 1114, for the NE 1/4  
Sec. 24, T. 18 S., R. 26 E.

Following witnesses to prove  
residence upon and cultivation  
of said land:  
James E. Newell, of Dayton,  
N. M.; Eugene J. Fournier, of  
Artesia, N. M.; Howard Leland, Register.

**For Publication.**  
Department of the Interior,  
Office at Roswell, New Mexico,  
October 10, 1904.  
Whereby given that the fol-  
lowing has filed notice  
to make final proof  
of his claim, and that said  
proof will be made before the Register  
at Roswell, New Mexico,  
November 23, 1904, viz: White, upon Homestead  
No. 1242, for the North  
of Section 25, T. 17 S.,  
R. 26 E.

Following witnesses  
to prove residence  
upon and cultivation  
of said land:  
T. Fanning, of Hope,  
N. M.; Davis, of Hope,  
N. M.; S. Gibbs, of Hope,  
N. M.; A. Beckett, of Hope,  
N. M.; Howard Leland, Register.

Mr. C. E. Biles, who moved in last week from Sharon, Tennessee, has this week purchased six residence lots and is a fixture in Artesia. Mr. Biles was mayor of his home town, editor of the Sharon Tribune and manager of the local telephone exchange. Needless to say, he is alive, and Artesia is glad to have him on its working force.

Indicative of the rapid rise in value of Artesia real estate may be cited the case where a twenty-five foot lot on West Main street this week sold for \$400 that brought only \$75 a few months ago. If you want property in Artesia, you'll have to pay well for it in future.

Mr. G. P. Updike returned Wednesday from Roswell, where he has spent the entire fall packing apples in the Hagerman orchard. He says the output of the orchard this season is about one hundred and forty cars, besides what was made up into cider and evaporated fruits.

No one enjoyed Thanksgiving holiday more than the proprietors of Artesia's lumber yards. They have been unable to supply the demand for building material here of late because of long freight hauls, and were glad of the opportunity to close the gates and get relief from the wail of customers a few hours. A dozen or more houses are partly finished at this writing, awaiting finishing material.

The Ullery Furniture Company has shown its proverbial enterprise this week by putting on a cityfied delivery wagon and a white horse to match. This firm is enjoying a good business and has great faith in the future of Artesia.

The Carlsbad Oil and Development Co was born at the office of Bujac & Brice Saturday afternoon and the infant is growing vigorously with W. G. Woerner as president and A. R. O'Quin as secretary and treasurer. They have numerous claims in the Seven Rivers country and an unlimited supply of faith right here in Carlsbad.—Current.

Work has begun on Dr. Clary's brick office building opposite the First National Bank. Instead of one story, as was contemplated, the building will have two, and every room in it has been rented in advance of erection. This shows something of the demand for rooms in Artesia. At no time in the town's history has there been such a scramble for houses as now.

A party of prosperous and enterprising prospectors from Alean, Michigan, spent Tuesday in Artesia. They were W. H. Noggle, Fred Little John and Dr. Hughs. They were driven over the country and expressed genuine surprise at the up-to-dateness of so young a western town. All three gentlemen expect to make extensive ranch investments.

Mr. J. C. Hale is off for a visit to the World's Fair and other points in Missouri. J. C. took an active part in politics while a citizen of Missouri (having been register of deeds of Butler county a number of years) and is at a loss to understand why that fighting Democracy should have fallen from grace so soon after he left.

Mr. Meyers is having a large tract on the land formerly belonging to Mr. Chambers broken out. He expects to develop artesian water there before spring, and it looks as if there would be something doing on his farm by that time.

If you want hauling done or fences built, see Martin Gamblin.

## AVD STILL THEY COME! This Week It Is a Kentuckian and A Texan Made Happy.

Almost every week in the Artesia country an artesian well springs from out the ground and a farm is made. The transformation from a worthless waste to rich agricultural land is a question of but a few days labor. The man who has land valued at two or three dollars per acre today may have a ranch worth fifty dollars per acre tomorrow. It is all a question of securing water. Our sunshine does the rest. Among the ambitious gentlemen who came to Artesia this year to build pleasant homes and farm without fear of droughts and famine are Messrs. E. A. Cox, of Kentucky, and Judge Eakman, of Austin, Texas. They bought land contiguous, and last Saturday White & Swearngen brought them in a magnificent artesian well. It is one of the regulation gushers and throws its silvery torrent three feet above its six-inch casing. A half section of land will be watered with the well. Mr. Cox already has a large acreage well set in alfalfa, planted a couple of months ago, and, assisted by his brother-in-law, Mr. Sloan, is fast making his prairie place look like a farm. To say that the gentlemen are elated over the well is putting it mildly. This is no doubt a happy Thanksgiving time for them.

Mr. Durr, southwest of town, is changing the appearance of the landscape by the erection of a neat dwelling house and outbuildings. Mr. Durr is a new comer, but he takes hold of things with the zeal of one who had been here longer. Be it known that those who know these parts best are usually the enthusiasts, though we are to give credit to many new spirits, too.

Mr. R. W. Davidson came in this week from Columbus, Kansas, and will proceed to improve the 480-acre tract of land he bought southwest of town. He and Mr. E. R. Gessler have purchased a large well drilling machine. Mr. Gessler is a florist of Galesburg, Illinois, who recently bought the Hitchins land, south of town.

**Painfully Burned.**  
Levi Anderson, meat cutter for Irby & Deas, had his hands painfully burned last Saturday, while extinguishing a fire which had caught his wife's clothing. Mrs. Anderson escaped with but slight injury.

**Quarterly Conference.**  
Presiding Elder French has written pastor George R. Ray that he will be in Artesia December 17th and 18th to hold quarterly conference of the Methodist Church.

**A Big Sale.**  
The largest single purchase of land in the lower valley has just been made by George Wettig, a prosperous farmer of central Kansas. He purchased the David W. Runyan 640 acre tract of patented land three miles south of Artesia, the consideration being \$10,500. Mr. Wettig is a thorough-going practical farmer and one who will be a great lasting benefit to the valley in every way. He is very enthusiastic about the future of the Pecos valley and says though he has bought many pieces of land during the past thirty years in nearly every state in the middle west, he regards his present purchase as the best he has ever made.—Roswell Record.

Merchant A. W. Henry left a few days ago for a visit to his former home in Arkansas.

A delightful Thanksgiving service was held at the school house Thursday morning. It was a union service in which all denominations joined and the audience present was a large one. The program:  
Song—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' name."  
Prayer by Rev. R. H. Gore.  
Responsive song by choir.  
Reading Twenty-third Psalm—L. W. Martin.  
Song—"Holy, Holy, Holy," by congregation.  
Scripture reading—Dr. R. M. Ross.  
Offering.  
Anthem—"Be Thou Exalted."  
Vocal solo—Mrs. Jas. Hamilton.  
Discourse by Rev. George R. Ray.  
Solo—"Not a Sparrow Felleth,"—Mrs. Beckham.  
Remarks by Rev. J. C. Gage.  
Song—"God be with you 'Till we Meet again.—congregation.  
Concluding prayer.

**As a Reward of Merit.**  
The first duty up to the New Mexico legislature is to pass a bill permitting Eddy county to have a term of court some time in February. Then the next thing it should do would be to find the blooming idiot who drew the present bill providing for the spring term of court in Eddy county to be held on the fifth Monday in March of each year, and confer a janitorship upon him.—Carlsbad Argus.

Thomas Sandham, from Alpena, Michigan, is here with his son, for the benefit of the latter's health. He talks of locating permanently.

Bill Geaton, convicted of the murder of Henry L. Jones at Roswell, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Rev. George R. Ray is to preach at Hagerman tomorrow.

Henry Nimitz spent Thanksgiving in Carlsbad.

Mr. R. W. Yeorgan has been very sick several days this week. He is much improved at present.

John S. Major is rubberin' around the World's Fair grounds at Saint Louis.

Milton Brown, of Oklahoma City, arrived in Artesia last evening to visit his sister, Mrs. Gayle Talbot.

Several parties have made their final proofs this week. Among them are J. D. Macy, George Spencer, and R. H. Gore. Mr. Spencer is soon to have one of the prettiest places in the country, his new artesian well being the key to the situation.

The Smith & Beckham well just west of the city has been on a rampage all week. It was capped recently and the pressure of the water was so great as to tear the joints of the six-inch pipe asunder about fifty feet below the surface. Various methods have been resorted to to control the torrent of water, but to no avail. Adjacent lands have been flooded and a liberal quantity poured out upon city streets.

One brick building started on Main street and another billed to begin in a few days. Verily Artesia is rapidly assuming the appearance of a city.

Rev. J. C. Gage is having an addition built to his residence on Quay avenue.

Mr. L. R. Smith was down from Roswell a day or two last week helped to subdue his big well.

**Thanksgiving.**  
Mrs. James Hamilton, of Roswell, has visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Richey, this week. She and her sister, Mrs. Harry Hamilton, rendered a pleasing vocal duet at the Thanksgiving service Thursday morning.

## Should Make the Most of Life.

We have but one chance at this life. We shall not pass this way again. As far as we know, this is our farewell appearance upon earth. What we get we must get as we go along. What we do we must do now. The past has a habit of not coming back to us. No man has ever seen a yesterday. It is wisdom to stimulate living, to apply reason and common sense to the common life of the common day. People take things so seriously. We live our lives under too high a pressure. Childhood is forced, youth shortened and the marks of age and decrepitude are premature. The President used the right word; it is a "strenuous" life.

The accessories of life are esteemed more than life itself—business, pleasures, strenuous pursuits, success in a material way, influence, power, renown—all these things are esteemed more highly than life, and life is made subservient to them. The one big thing is life; the one important thing is to stay here. Life ought to be regarded as an end, an end in itself and not a means to something else. As a matter of fact, the average length of life is slightly increased over what it was a few generations ago but the extent of it is by no means commensurate with our advance in sanitary conditions and the progress of medical science.

Life ought to have a chance for leisure, for delay, sweet, gracious hesitation, beautiful reluctance. Life ought to have a chance to stop and look itself, squarely in the face and to commune with itself, to get acquainted with itself; and you rock the cradle in the shadow of the tomb. There ought to be more months of leisure, flashes of silence, divine and gracious solitudes when life, untrammelled and unafraid, could weep if it wants to weep or laugh; could think, dream, wonder and aspire; could pray or swear could feel itself supreme and unafraid.

Very many people take the world too seriously. They think they are absolutely indispensable to this world. They are not. There is no man that is so useful, there is no man so necessary but this world will be able to struggle along after he has gone. A great many people shorten their lives and sacrifice is with just that kind of unconscious egotism.—Swiped.

At a depth of 300 feet, the first flow of artesian water was obtained in Daniell Brothers' well last Saturday. It is four miles due west of town on a high hill and in unproven territory. The artesian belt continues to widen and the ultimate grandeur of Artesia it is impossible to foretell. That it will be the best town in the Pecos valley is not disputed by anyone.

Messrs. Gage and Moore, who went to the Guadalupe mountains on a hunt for deer last week, were partially successful. They got a taste of venison, but their horses got away and it took four days time to find them.

Mrs. M. W. Majors and daughter, Miss Lillian, returned this week from from an enjoyable trip to the world's fair. They were accompanied home by Miss Grace Major, of Kansas City, who will spend the winter in Artesia.

**Some Buyers Coming.**  
We are expecting a number of buyers next week who want farming land near Artesia, and we would like to have some special bargains to offer them. Let us have anything you want to sell.

**Cleveland Land Agency.**  
Mrs. Edgar McNatt returned from her visit to Roswell Tuesday. She was accompanied home by her sister, Miss Irma Totzek.

QUICK RESULTS.



W. J. Hill, of Concord, N. C., Justice of the Peace, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved a very efficient remedy in my case. I used them for disordered kidneys and backache, from which I had experienced a great deal of trouble and pain. The kidney secretions were very irregular, dark colored and full of sediment. The pills cleared it all up and I have not had an ache in my back since taking the last dose. My health generally is improved a great deal."

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

The Unobtrusive Prof. Roentgen.

One of the least self-advertised of great men is Prof. Roentgen, who discovered the marvelous rays which now bear his name. The professor has never been interviewed, never been banqueted, and he has even refused immense sums of money offered him by American publishers for a book on what he himself modestly styled "a new kind of ray." Though 60, he carries his years gallantly and looks more like a man who has led a healthy outdoor life than one who has spent the whole of his manhood in investigating strange problems.

Wrestled For Japan's Throne.

The throne of Japan is probably the only one in the world which has been wrestled for. Wrestling is the historic national sport of Japan. In the ninth century a Mikado died, leaving two sons who disputed the succession. Instead of plunging the country into civil war the sensibly agreed to accept the arbitration of mimic battle. Each chose a champion, and the one who proved to be the better wrestler won the throne for his patron.

Best in the World.

Cream, Ark., Nov. 7.—(Special).—After eighteen months' suffering from Epilepsy, Backache and Kidney Complaint, Mr. W. H. Smith of this place is a well man again and those who have watched his return to health unhesitatingly give all the credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In an interview regarding his cure, Mr. Smith says: "I had been low for eighteen months with my back and kidneys and also Epilepsy. I had taken everything I knew of, and nothing seemed to do me any good till a friend of mine got me to send for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I find that they are the greatest medicine in the world, for now I am able to work and am in fact as stout and strong as before I took sick."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys cleanse the blood of all impurities. Pure blood means good health.

Wealth Increasing.

In 1860 the per capita wealth of the United States was \$513. In 1900 it was \$1235, and it has been steadily increasing during the past four years. Individual incomes as well as individual possessions are larger than they were forty-four years ago, and with increased incomes has come a more generous style of living. The families of working men would not be content with the style of living which prevailed among workers before the war. They have now, because they can pay for them, more of the comforts and even the luxuries of life.

Any man who gets married a second time didn't deserve to lose his first wife.

A man who has no time for charity in this world, will have time to burn in the next.

Surgeons to Form New Ribs.

Raymond Moore, 13 years old, recently underwent an unusual surgical operation at Baltimore University Hospital, Baltimore. Pneumonia left him with a formation of pus in the pleural cavity. To relieve him, Dr. Hamilton Brown removed the sixth and seventh ribs on the right side, and in their places put hard rubber tubes to drain the chest. Dr. Brown says that in about six months new bones will form.

Hords of the Incas.

Almost everywhere in the land of the Incas are the ruins of their cities and the great burial mounds of that mysterious race. The searcher in them is rewarded by finds of gold and silver ornaments and jewels, or ancient pottery and clay idols. Much gold and silver has been taken from them in past times, and even to this day, but there still remains much to be explored, and the hidden hoards are by no means exhausted.

Cakes Looked Like Books

As an illustration of the thrift and foresight of the housekeepers of the early period, Halsey P. Clarke, the veteran town clerk of Richmond, tells this story, says the Providence Journal: His father, David Clarke, was in Providence at one time, and being obliged to stay over night, for in those days the means of travel was by horse and wagon or horseflesh, which was necessarily very slow, he put up at a tavern, and in the room he occupied were four beds, for there was not much space wasted in the bedrooms of the old-time taverns. Before retiring for the night Mr. Clarke and a friend who was with him struck up an acquaintance with another occupant of the same room. The friend of Mr. Clarke whispered to him not to tell the stranger where they came from and to try to find out whence he had come; so they inquired of him where he had come from, and he told them he had just been down in South country, in the town of Richmond. He said that when he arrived in town it was bearing dusk, so he drew up at a tavern and inquired of the landlord for lodging for the night.

The landlord replied in the affirmative and sent a boy to take his horse, as he was on horseback. The gentleman went with the boy and removed the saddlebags and brought them into

the house and, throwing them down in the kitchen, stepped up to the fireplace to warm himself. Over the fireplace was a mantel shelf, which was nearly half as long as the room itself, and upon looking up he saw on the shelf what he supposed to be a row of books.

While he was wondering why there was such a number of books in this tavern—more books, he thought, than were in the entire town—the woman of the house came in and stirred up the fire preparatory to cooking the evening meal. He inquired of her: "Why is it that you have so many books here in the kitchen? Is the town's library here, or what is it?" "Books!" exclaimed the astonished woman, "I don't see any books. Where are they? Show me them." "Right here on that shelf," replied the man, "over your head." "Books!" said she. "Oh, la! them ain't books; them's johnnycakes. We expect the town council here to dinner next week, and we've baked them johnnycakes so's to be ready when they come." Whether he mistook the johnnycakes, packed neatly on end upon the shelf, for books or not, it is hard to say, though there is no doubt that the story did not lose anything in the telling, but by actual count there were seventy-nine johnnycakes on the shelf.

Lucky Flier in Stocks

It was a hot night in the first week of last August. The pharmaceutical chemist was sitting among the bottles and test tubes and mortars in his laboratory. His family were in the country and he wished that he was with them. He happened to be in his laboratory because there wasn't any other place he wanted to go and because he had some work to do. About 10 o'clock his friend Quill dropped in for a nip of the doctor's Scotch on his way home.

"Say, Doc," said Quill, "do you want to take a little flier in the market?" "I'd rather take a flier into the country," was the reply. "But since I can't do that, let's hear your proposition."

"Buy a little International Power," said Quill. "It's a stock with a history, I know, but I got it pretty straight that on or before Oct. 15 it'll be selling at 52 or better. It comes so straight that, if I had some money to gamble with, I'd buy a little myself and hold for about a ten point rise, just to have leeway enough."

"I'll think about it," replied the doctor, and after a nightcap with his friend, Quill, he went home. The next day Quill dropped into the laboratory and the doctor said:

"In in, got a hundred at 35, and my broker was curious to know who put me on."

Proof That Ants Think

Lord Avebury, the naturalist, insists that ants possess minds and display a high order of intelligence. "The social habits of ants afford arguments which seem conclusive," he says.

"Take first, their relations with other insects. Those between ants and aphides, which have been called ant cows, are indeed most remarkable. It is not merely that the ants milk them, tend them, defend them from attack, sometimes protect them by earthen inclosures from too great summer heat, but over and above all this, they collect the eggs in autumn, keep them through the winter and plant them out on their proper plant in the spring. Some of the root aphides may always be found in ants' nests, but I was much puzzled years ago by finding in ants' nests some black eggs, which obviously were not those of ants. Eventually I ascertained that they belonged to a species of aphid which lives on the leaves and leaf stalks of plants.

"These eggs are laid early in October on the food plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants, yet they are not left where they are laid, exposed to the severity of the

Last night Quill dropped in at the laboratory and the doctor remarked:

"Say, neighbor, remember that International Power tip? Well, she touched 52 on Wednesday and I let her go. I cleaned up just \$1,700, thanks to you, but that isn't the best of it. On Oct. 19 the Missus and I will have been married seventeen years. A good many things might happen between now and the 19th, so I thought I'd cinch the anniversary with a little something to make it worth remembering. Therefore, having banked the seventeen hundred, I drew a check for the amount and gave it to the best part of me this morning, and she wanted to know what it all meant, and I said:

"Well, honey, as an investment pure and simple, I've calculated you've been worth to me at least \$100 a year for the last seventeen years, so I thought I'd better settle." She gave me a bat over the ear and did some other stunts in which you wouldn't be interested, and, womanlike, she wanted to know where I got it, but all I said was:

"Now, you're commencing to begin again."

"If you have any more like that, bring 'em around. The Missus likes what she knows about 'em."—New York Sun.

weather and to innumerable dangers, but are brought into their nests by the ants and tended by them with the utmost care through the long winter months until the following March, when the young ones are brought out and again placed on the young shoots of the daisy. This seems to me a most remarkable case of prudence. Our ants may or may not, perhaps, lay up food for the winter, but they do more, for they keep during the six months the eggs which will enable them to procure food during the following summer, a case of prudence unexampled in the animal kingdom.

Dr. Forel gives these examples of the mental processes of ants: "While success visibly heightens both the audacity and tenacity of the ant will, it is possible to observe, after repeated failure or in consequence of the sudden and unexpected attacks of powerful enemies, a form of dejection which may lead to a neglect of the most important instincts, to cowardly flight, to the devouring or casting away of offspring, to neglect of work and similar conditions. There is acute discouragement when a combat is lost."

The Frigate of Eternity

Suggested by reading Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Soldiers' Last Chantey" in "The Seven Seas." The earth is a huge frigate, riding Along the shoreless sea of Time. A man of war her Helmsman guiding, She surges with a sweep sublime. Cosmopolite her crew will muster, The numbers be in the hold. The steerage holds the men that cluster The mariners so stanch and bold.

The ship is stout, and stanch the seamen, In every age a dauntless crew Has manned the craft, and sons of freemen. Are still on deck to see her through! Let changelings prate, and cowards palter. Let tonguesters shriek, and shriek in vain. Let crafty cowards cringe and falter. She holds her course in fierce disdain. Through wind, through rain she minds the Master. And plunges through thin, aerial foam, No North's ark to meet disaster. No Flying Dutchman faint for home. No reef she fears, or hidden treason: The stars her beacons through the night. Serene she rides through stormy season, The wind and wave are her delight.

When seas run high like mountains swelling, She forges through thin silvery spray, Proud music of the storm is welling. The thunders growl hoarse roundelay. The lightning's lance is redly flashing, And yearning like some fiend in pain. Big brooding clouds like Titans clashing In argosies drench hill and plain. Like some great frigate nobly sailing, Some transport for Elysian strand, Wan wintry winds are weirdly wailing, The pilgrims yearn for native land. Through summer's soft salubrious season, Through shaggy winter's sleet and snow, Through April's tears and autumn's treason, She bears our hopes, our joys, our woe. What harbor will she touch, I wonder? What port will greet her as a guest? Celestial cannonades will thunder When she drops anchor—ends her quest. Dear vanished friends will greet the stranger. Shy, roseleaf faces frown before, And soft-eyed sleep will soothe the ranger. His peril and Life's voyage o'er! JAMES E. KINSELLA. Registry Division Chicago Post Office.

Secretary Morton a Rustler.

Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, is the youngest and most hustling member of the cabinet. It has been noted in his department that he makes decisions and reaches conclusions with lightning rapidity, apparently acting on intuition. A few days ago Samuel W. Bogan, son of a Washington physician, secured an interview with the secretary and without the slightest preliminary said: "Mr. Morton, I have been trying to get the marine corps for almost four years. I can't get anybody to back me up, but I am very much in love with the service and I would try mighty hard to make a good officer and serve the United States well." The secretary looked the young applicant over from head to foot—Bogan afterward said he felt as if somebody has turned an X-ray apparatus on him—and asked: "Were you ever designated before?" "No, sir," said Bogan. "I'll designate you to-morrow," said the Secretary. "Thank you. Good morning," said Bogan, bowing himself out. Needless to say, Mr. Morton kept his word.

The Elephant as a Worker.

Anyone who thinks the elephant a slow, clumsy beast would have cause to change his opinion on seeing him at work along the rivers of Northern Siam. The rainy season, which begins in April, is the time when the teak logs, cut during the dry season in the forests about the upper waters of the Menam river, are floated down to Rahang, where they are caught and rafted to Bangkok. Instead of red-shirted, spike-shoed "river drivers," such as handle the logs in their down stream journey to the sawmills on the Penobscot and Kennebec in Maine, the "lumber-driving" of the Siamese rivers is done by barefooted, half-naked men on elephants, and the "bone" labor and much of the thinking involved in the operation are done by the elephants.

If a man does not make acquaintances as he advances through life he will soon find himself alone.



Mrs. Mary E. Meserve, of Salisbury, Mass., was cured of Anæmia, a disease in which there is an actual deficiency of the blood, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

She says: "The first symptom was an unusual paleness. Later the blood seemed to have all left my body. I had shortness of breath, fluttering of the heart; was depressed, morose and peevish. I suffered for two years. Physicians gave me little good but I am now a well woman because I took twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills really make new blood and have cured obstinate cases of rheumatism, scrofula and erysipelas. They are especially useful to growing girls.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not cover their mistake until they are married.

When You Buy Starch buy Defiance and get the best for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

The same woman who rules a household with a rod of iron would why her husband is always broke.

A politician thinks he is entitled to as many kinds of opinions as he needs in his business.

Advertisement for Potash or Lye. Features a rabbit logo and text: "Your first introduction to THE Potash or Lye. pleases us, your further acquaintance pleases you. Sold everywhere. None genuine without trade mark PICTURE OF A RABBIT. A Beautiful Match Safe Free. Illustrated in five bright and permanent colors, sent to your address free for just one Lye label and name of this paper. Get a label and write to-day. E. Myers Lye Co. 402 S. 3d St. St. Louis, Mo."

The average man can hear the ring never forget it; neglect to flatter others and they'll never forgive you.

Flatter some women and they'll of a silver dollar farther than he can hear a church bell.

A Grateful Customer. "I suffered for four years with eczema on the ends of eight of my fingers. Had it so long my fingers drew up and could do nothing at all at times, and I tried almost everything that I ever heard of, including several largely advertised ointments, spending many dollars for them. Never a thing did it any good at all. At last I saw in home paper Hunt's Cure was being advertised and tried only a part of one box, which cost me only 50 cents, and it cured them. Now I can wash or do anything which before I could not without my fingers bleeding, burning and paining me very much. If this ever comes back I surely will know just what to get. I wish every friend and stranger that had anything of the kind could have seen my fingers before I used this and see them now. It is the best Ointment on earth. That 50 cent box was worth a hundred dollars to me. You deserve all thanks that can be given you for that wonderful salve, Hunt's Cure."

Mrs. J. I. Blalock, Miles, Tex., July 2, '04. To A. B. Richards Med. Co., Sherman, Tex.

It's as difficult for some men to say what they mean as it is for others to mean what they say.

Before marriage a woman clings to a man's neck. After marriage she walks on it.

Unity depends more on purpose than on proximity.

The landlady is very sentimental. She says that in summer she likes to sit in the gloaming and watch the fireflies. She's great on saving gas.

Clay? Yes, man is clay and particularly malleable in the hands of power. At first, like mud; then he continues to harden in composition until he sometimes becomes ossified.

Sensible Housekeepers will have Defiance Starch, not also because they get one-third more of the same money, but also because of superior quality.

A cheap religion never made a valuable character.

No man can hold back the hands of God's clock.

Advertisement for Britton's Bad Cold Breaker. Text: "AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION. BRITTON'S BAD COLD BREAKER. PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO ANTONY. Your Druggist or Britton Drug Co., Dallas or by Mail."

Advertisement for Texas Midland Railway. Text: "THE DIRECT AND SCENIC ROUTE BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND GULF OF MEXICO IS VIA Texas Midland Railway. In connection with Houston & Texas Central Railroad and Frisco Railroad (via Paris and Ennis, Tex.) forming close connections in Union Stations at intermediate junctions and operating F. U. L. M. R. R. D. I. T. A. W. I. N. G. R. O. O. D. SLEEPERS through without change between Houston and St. Louis. Cafe cars—meals a la carte—and Harvey Dining Rooms are conveniently provided en route. For rates, schedules and sleeper reservations apply to Ticket Agent, or address F. B. McKay, C. P. A., Terrell, Texas."

Advertisement for Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup. Text: "BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds."



**Fairbanks tells how ne-**  
**of warning symptoms will**  
**prostrate a woman. She**  
**is woman's safeguard is**  
**E. Pinkham's Vegetable**  
**Compound.**

AR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance  
 neglect are the cause of untold  
 suffering, not only with the  
 health but with the chance of a  
 did not heed the warnings of  
 es, organic pains, and general  
 ss, until I was well nigh pros-  
 I knew I had to do something.  
 I did the right thing. I took  
 E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
 Compound faithfully, according to  
 ons, and was rewarded in a few  
 to find that my aches and pains  
 pared, and I again felt the glow  
 through my body. Since I  
 seen well I have been more care-  
 also advised a number of  
 k friends to take Lydia E.  
 am's Vegetable Com-  
 and, and they have never had  
 to be sorry. Yours very truly,  
 MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th  
 Minneapolis, Minn.

is one of the most successful and  
 salaried travelling saleswomen  
 West.)—\$5000 forfeit if original of  
 ter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

E. Pinkham invites all sick  
 en to write her for advice.  
 has guided thousands to  
 h. Address, Lynn, Mass.

aint heart is considered an easy  
 by the leap-year widow.

was many ways to vin famous  
 because a man mit a black eye  
 man of mark.

**LEWIS**  
**SINGLE**  
**BINDER**  
 STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR

You Pay 10c.  
 for Cigars  
 Not so Good.

F. P. LEWIS Peoria, Ill.

**WEATHER COMFORT**

I have used your FISH BRAND  
 Slicker for five years and can truth-  
 fully say that I never have had  
 anything give me so much com-  
 fort and satisfaction. Enclosed  
 find my order for another one."  
 (NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

can defy the hardest storm with  
 Tower's Waterproof Oiled  
 Clothing and Hats

GUARANTEE IS BACK OF THIS  
 ON OF THE FISH  
 J. TOWER CO. TOWER'S  
 U. S. A.

OWER CANADIAN CO. FISH BRAND  
 MONTGOMERY, CANADA

**MEXICAN**  
**Mustang Liniment**  
 cures Sprains and Strains.

**CRYSTAL WHITE**  
**LAUNDRY SOAP**

largest Pure 50 Bar.

**Strawberry and**  
**Vegetable Dealers**

Passenger Department of the Illinois  
 Railroad Company have recently issued  
 tion known as Circular No. 12, in which  
 cribed the

territory in this country  
 growing of early strawberries and early  
 ables. Every dealer in such products  
 address a postal card to the undersigned  
**buque, Iowa**, requesting a copy of  
 No. 12.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
**CURED WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS**  
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use  
 in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

Once there was a man who acquired  
 a lot of money because he never told  
 a lie and was perfectly honest. He  
 got rich posing as a freak in a dime  
 museum.

**Do Your Clothes Look Yellow?**  
 Then use Defiance Starch. It will  
 keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

A rich man wears old clothes be-  
 cause he can afford to and a poor man  
 wears fine clothes because he can't.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after  
 first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restor-  
 er. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise.  
 Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 311 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is no harm for a man to think a  
 woman is older than she says, pro-  
 vided he doesn't think out loud.

Write **MURINE EYE REMEDY Co.**, Chicago. If  
 your eyes are sore or inflamed, and get oculist's  
 advice and free sample **MURINE**. It cures all eye-ills

The engaged girl takes delight in  
 telling how long she will be away on  
 her bridal tour.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible  
 medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL,  
 Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Der thoughts of a hot hereafter  
 compulsions some peoples to live a  
 cool present.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
 For children teething, softens the gums, reduces in-  
 flammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Only mit an airship can some peo-  
 ple rise high enough to be on der  
 level mit demselves.

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces  
 in a package, 10 cents. One-third  
 more starch for the same money.

Der man dot knows ven to beat a  
 retreat is der same man dot some-  
 times beats der house.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country  
 than all other diseases put together, and until the last  
 few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great  
 many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and  
 prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing  
 cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.  
 Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional dis-  
 ease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.  
 Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney  
 & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on  
 the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10  
 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood  
 and mucous surfaces of the system. It offers one  
 hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send  
 for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.  
 Sold by Druggists, etc.  
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

I am not sure whether bleaching of  
 the hair leads to softening of the brain  
 or the softening of the brain leads to  
 bleaching of the hair.

**Senator Culberson in New York.**  
 With many prominent people from  
 Texas, Senator Charles A. Culberson  
 has been making his home while in  
 New York at the new and beautiful  
 Hotel Cumberland, Broadway and  
 Fifty-fourth street.

The Cumberland is but two blocks  
 from Carnegie Hall, where the Sen-  
 ator made such a hit in his recent  
 speech in favor of the Democratic  
 ticket.

An informal reception was tendered  
 the ex-Governor on his return to the  
 hotel by his many friends.

No man is a hopeless fool until he  
 has made a fool of himself twice in  
 the same way.

**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.

A man may feel as young at 40 as  
 he did at 20, but he knows that he  
 doesn't know half as much.

**PILLSBURY'S BEST**

Takes Three Grand Prizes  
 At the St. Louis World's Fair.

The Grand Prize for the highest  
 grade of flour, a Grand Prize for the  
 finest exhibit and a Grand Prize for  
 the best loaf of bread.

Remorse is like a wooden leg; it  
 helps a man on his way, but he can  
 see where he'd be happier without it.

The Best Results in Starching  
 can be obtained only by using De-  
 fiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz.  
 more for same money—no cooking re-  
 quired.

A widow usually thinks she is an  
 example of the survival of the fittest.  
 than ever.

**Blanke Coffee Wins Everything.**  
 St. Louis, Nov. 8.—World's Fair  
 gives C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.  
 highest award, grand prize and gold  
 medal, on coffee, also five additional  
 highest awards on Grant Cabin Tea,  
 Quaker Ceylon Tea, China Tea, Shid-  
 zuokaken Japan and Formosan Teas,  
 making greatest number grand prizes  
 ever awarded one firm.

Liquor affects a man's brain—if he  
 has any. If he hasn't it tangles his  
 feet.

**Where Licorice Comes From.**  
 Pretty nearly \$2,000,000 worth of li-  
 corice is used up in this country every  
 year from the lands bordering on the  
 Mediterranean. Most people think that  
 licorice is made from the wooden  
 twigs and branches of a tree. But in  
 reality the licorice wood is the root  
 of a very pretty, dainty plant, which  
 has beautifully shaped leaves that are  
 colored bright green on one side and  
 pale silver green on the other. The  
 licorice plant is a perennial, and in  
 England, where they are trying to  
 make an industry of raising it, the  
 experimenters plant it in rows between  
 cabbages and potatoes. In the Medi-  
 terranean and Oriental countries great  
 plantations are given up to it alto-  
 gether. The licorice plant throws out  
 immensely fleshy roots, full of juice  
 when they are fresh. They spread and  
 burrow far into the earth and a good,  
 big hole has to be dug to get them  
 out. The licorice wood, as we see it  
 here, represents only about half the  
 original weight and size of the root,  
 for fully 50 per cent of the juice is  
 lost in drying it. Therefore the li-  
 corice dealers are getting to be more  
 and more in favor of squeezing the juice  
 out of the roots on the spot and then  
 shipping this extract.

**Don't Forget**  
 A little cough may not wear off, but,  
 if neglected, result in that king of ter-  
 rors, consumption. You cannot afford  
 to take chances, especially when a  
 quick and sure remedy like Simmons'  
 Cough Syrup is obtainable. It stops  
 the cough right where it's at, and  
 starts you up from there.

A woman's affection is often a cloak  
 to her confusion.

A man may be self-possessed and  
 still not pay any taxes.

**Try One Package.**  
 If "Defiance Starch" does not please  
 you, return it to your dealer. If it  
 does you get one-third more for the  
 same money. It will give you satisfac-  
 tion, and will not stick to the iron.

If you hear a man say that every  
 man has his price, that man is anxious  
 to sell out.

**A NOTRE DAME LADY.**  
 I will send free, with full instructions,  
 some of this simple preparation for the  
 cure of Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displace-  
 ments, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or  
 Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot  
 Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping Feeling  
 over the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all  
 Female Troubles, to all sending address.  
 To mothers of suffering daughters, I will  
 explain a Successful Home Treatment. If  
 you desire to continue, it will only cost  
 about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure.  
 Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask.  
 If the above interests you, for proof address  
 Mrs. M. Summers, Box 13, Notre Dame, Ind.

Politics is vore a politician gets it—  
 sometimes in der neck, sometimes in  
 der bank.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES**

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri**

A man seldom meets another man  
 who is smarter than himself.

She who travels far for riches may  
 find a gold mine beneath her own  
 house.

**Catarrh of the Bladder and Kidney Trouble**  
 absolutely cured by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite  
 Remedy. World famous for over 30 years. \$1 a bottle.

The eccentricities of the artist are  
 his manifestations of the small way  
 in which he enjoys life.

**WORLD'S FAIR.**  
 For low rates to the World's Fair  
 via the Texas and Pacific Railway ask  
 any ticket agent, or write E. P. Tur-  
 ner, General Passenger Agent, Dallas.

Every time a man throws a bouquet  
 at another he expects a whole flower  
 garden in return.

Every housekeeper should know  
 that if they will buy Defiance Cold  
 Water Starch for laundry use they  
 will save not only time, because it  
 never sticks to the iron, but because  
 each package contains 16 oz.—one full  
 pound—while all other Cold Water  
 Starches are put up in ¼-pound pack-  
 ages, and the price is the same, 10  
 cents. Then again because Defiance  
 Starch is free from all injurious chem-  
 icals. If your grocer tries to sell you a  
 12-oz. package it is because he has  
 a stock on hand which he wishes to  
 dispose of before he puts in Defiance.  
 He knows that Defiance Starch has  
 printed on every package in large let-  
 ters and figures "16 ozs." Demand  
 Defiance and save much time and  
 money and the annoyance of the iron  
 sticking. Defiance never sticks.

If some men knew themselves they  
 would be ashamed of the acquan-  
 tance.

**UNCLE SAM—“A Remedy That Has  
 Such Endorsements Should  
 Be In Every Home.”**

**Election Returns That Interest All Parties.**

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3.50 SHOES**

**W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.**

The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excel-  
 lent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the  
 shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would under-  
 stand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear  
 longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the  
 sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$43,242,040.00.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—  
 take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers every where.

**SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.**

"I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute  
 satisfaction. I find them superior to all other shoes in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from  
 \$2.00 to \$7.00.—S. M. C. C. Co., Inc., Newark, Richmond, Va."

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Calfskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Calf is conceded to  
 be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively.

**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.**

**WINCHESTER**  
**RIFLE & PISTOL CARTRIDGES.**

"It's the shots that hit that count." Winchester  
 Rifle and Pistol Cartridges in all calibers hit, that is,  
 they shoot accurately and strike a good, hard, pen-  
 etrating blow. This is the kind of cartridges you will get,  
 if you insist on having the time-tried Winchester make.

ALL DEALERS SELL WINCHESTER MAKE OF CARTRIDGES.

**NOW  
 DON'T  
 FORGET**

Don't forget when you  
 order starch to get the  
 best. Get **DEFIANCE**. No  
 more "yellow" looking clothes,  
 no more cracking or breaking. It  
 doesn't stick to the iron. It gives satis-  
 faction or you get your money back. The  
 cost is 10 cents for 16 ounces of the best  
 starch made. Of other starches you get  
 but 12 ounces. **Now don't forget. It's at  
 your grocers.**

MANUFACTURED BY  
**THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.,**  
**OMAHA, NEB.**

**Plantation Chill Cure is Guaranteed**

To cure, or money refunded by your merchant, so why not try it? Price 50c.

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.

ABBREVS ARTESIA:  
 Southbound (daily except Sunday) 7:00 p. m.  
 Northbound (daily except Monday) 9:15 a. 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.

Carlsbad's public school opened up again last Monday, as the diptheria scare had about subsided.

Dr. E. J. Mellish, of El Paso sued Ed Pennebaker to recover a fee of \$246 alleged to be due for surgical treatment during an attack of appendicitis. Pennebaker filed a cross action for \$900 for loss of his veriform appendix, declaring it was removed unnecessarily.

Another advertising grafter, the first since the El Porvenir delegate, put in the week in Carlsbad, and most of those who were victims of the Denver concern, bit cheerfully this time. That is one charming feature about our business men. They come up smiling and lay hold of all foreign schemes of this kind like they liked it. Afterward they do not like it so well.—Carlsbad Current.

The first flow in the Lake Arthur townsite well was struck at a depth of 300 feet Monday. While this first flow is always small, the quality is excellent, and the townsite promoters may not sink the well further at present for fear the deeper flow will prove to be sulphur, as is the Sigman well, only one mile to the west. The sulphur water is all right to irrigate with, but the taste is not agreeable to all palates.

Jerry Simpson, the politician, was down from Roswell Tuesday dabbling in Artesia real estate. F. M. Giltner tells of a chance remark of Simpson the other day that illustrates the ready wit of the erstwhile sage of Medicine Lodge. A lady friend met him Saturday for the first time since the Democracy got its plexus punch, and asked "Are you still a Democrat, Mr. Simpson?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "No, I am a still Democrat." For the first time in his variegated career, Jerry realized that silence was not demonetized.

The statement of the First National Bank published in last week's issue of the Advocate, has called forth much favorable comment in business circles. Our people are glad to note the bank's prosperous condition.

Fooled the Old Timers.

Brother J. C. Gage tells a pretty good joke on himself and Dave Runyan. When the first batch of land boomers and townsite promoters came to what was then Miller (consisting of a section house and store) less than two years ago, they found Gage and Runyan already here. They had come years ago and had nice comfortable stock ranches and could not be convinced that this country would ever be fit for anything but a cattle range. Soon the Hotel Artesia, a building about 36x56 was put up and one day the two pioneers named above, were in the office, "joshing" the boomers about the farce then being enacted. Runyan said all the farms then being put in would be abandoned shortly and he would have all the free wire he wanted to fence his range, Gage agreed with him fully and added "yes, I need a house and will just move this hotel building down to the ranch to live in." The gentlemen no doubt thought they had things sized up correctly, but what is the sequel to their prophecy? Within less than twelve months Brother Gage had given four thousand dollars for that hotel and is getting a handsome income from its lease. Runyan sold his home section for \$10,500 and has bought residence lots preparing to become one of the enthusiastic boomers of Artesia.

An article by George P. Cleveland upon the "Artesia County and its Water Supply" has been printed in the Roswell Record and Register this week. It is an able diagnosis of the source and supply of the great artesian flow and was issued in pamphlet form from the Advocate press some weeks ago. This paper will reproduce it at an early date.

The Advocate has in contemplation the installation of a fine Cranstion power press in the near future, and will be prepared to give Artesia a paper worthy the pride of its people. We hope to have it put up within the next thirty days.

Advertised Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Artesia postoffice for the month ending, October 21, 1904.

- Mrs. Annie Brantley.
- W. F. Cochran.
- R. E. Dunlap.
- Geo. B. Hodgdon.
- Pearl Johnson.
- W. H. Lsn, 2.
- J. B. Reed, 2.
- L. V. Robinson.
- Joe Reed.
- T. Y. Shear.

These letters will be sent to the Dead Letter office November 30, 1904 if not called for. In calling for the above please say "advertised." All advertised letters due one cent. Daisy F. Ross, P. M.

E. B. KEMP,

DEALER IN

LUMBER

Shingles, Doors, Sash, Mouldings,

LIME

Cement and Plaster.

Artesia, - - New Mexico

The stock men who have reigned supreme in the Pecos valley for the last half century have watched the encroachments of the farmers with regret and chagrin. It has been hard for them to realize that these desert plains could ever be made habitable for the man with the hoe. One by one the settlers came and one of them more venturesome than the others secured artesian water. That day the doom of the cattle man was sealed. The farmers came by families and trainloads and the last "round-up" the Pecos valley will ever know took place a few weeks ago. All stock were pushed to the plains in the west where is some of the finest grass range in the world. It has been a happy and prosperous reign for the cow-punchers and we hope the future will not hold less of good cheer and prosperity than the past.

White & Swearingen have moved their machinery to W. M. Carson's land south of town, and will bore an artesian well for that gentleman. Mr. Carson is a well-known stockman and a resident long before the town of Artesia was thought of.

Bain Wagons

The Bain wagon has been on the market for more than 50 years and as it has already been made "to be used," and not merely "to be sold." It has earned the well known title, "The Best Wagon on Earth" made with Hickory Axles, Oak Wheels and Poplar beds, and the best metal and paint that ready cash can buy, have always been features in construction of the Bain.

Canton Clipper Plows

Are made to meet the many peculiarities of this soil. All shares have extra heavy steel points and we keep duplicates of all sizes in stock. When you buy a "Canton Clipper" you do not buy an experiment. We carry a full line of

Harrows, Sulky Plows, Middle Breakers, Etc.

In fact everything you need to bring this land into cultivation.

HOFFMAN HARDWARE COMPANY

A Thanksgiving Spread.

Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Gore entertained a number of their friends with dinner on Thanksgiving at their country home two miles south of the city. The foundation of the feast was the regulation bird of the season, browned in gravy and trimmed in all the sweet alurements that women folks always know how to prepare. It was a five-course affair and was served in a most gracious manner by the hostess, assisted by Mesdames Allison and Woodworth. The guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Kemp and Mrs. Annie Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allison, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atkeson, Mrs. Edward Upham, of Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Talbot.

This is to advise our entire line is now open. But from the present we will not run through trains to Pecos. Trains between Carlsbad and Pecos will run on following schedule. Leave Carlsbad each week day at 7:30 a. m., arrive at Pecos 12:25 p. m. Leave Pecos 2 p. m., arrive at Carlsbad 6:45 p. m. Trains east of Carlsbad will run on present schedule.

W. L. Eakle, Agent,  
 P. V. & N. E. Ry.

Fruit Trees

First class trees at lowest prices. We make a specialty of commercial orchards of varieties that have made the MOST MONEY for the Pecos Valley Orchardist.

JOHN RICHEY & SONS, Agents for  
 OKLAHOMA ORCHARD & NURSERY CO.

Robert Addition.

Lots for sale in this Addition at prices that will soon double.

JOHN RICHEY & SONS

S. W. GILBERT, President;

JOHN S. MAJOR, Vice-President

R. M. ROSS, Cashier.

The First National Bank of Artesia

At Artesia, New Mexico.

Capital Fully Paid - - \$25,000.00  
 Surplus and Undivided Profits, 3,000.00

This bank invites the accounts of banks, firms and individuals promising at all times courteous treatment and careful business methods, with the utmost liberality consistent with conservative banking. Collections made on all points. Exchange sold at moderate rates.

Protected by Fire-proof vault, Time-lock Safe and Insurance against Burglary and Robbery.

The Library Board will meet with Mrs. Talbot Thursday, December 1, at 2:30 p. M.

Mr. F. M. Giltner, of Winfield, Kansas, came in Saturday night to dispose of some real estate near town. He has a very valuable piece of land southeast of the city.

E. H. Baugh was up from the Seven Rivers Oil fields yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. W. L. Eakle visited in well this week.

The latest addition to the real estate dealers in Artesia is E. Clark. See his ad in another column.

Mrs. Florence Bonner visited Carlsbad a day or two last week.

W. M. Willkerson is back at post at Ullery's, after a week spent at Roswell.



How to be well dressed at a reasonable price, is the problem that confronts men of moderate means. We have solved the problem. We are showing Ed V. Price & Co's line of Woolens and will take your Measure for a Suit at from \$16.50 to \$35.00 that's good enough for a million-

aire to wear. The WORKMANSHIP is in these garments. They retain their shape, and remember, we GUARANTEE A FIT.

We have a very attractive line of

### LADIES SKIRTS

at from \$2.50 to \$12.00 and a lot of

Ladies Long Coats and Jackets

in correct styles at from \$4.50 to \$13.00

Reliable Goods--Right Prices.

Phone  
46



Phone  
46

Remember We Want Your Order For Groceries.

## TWO THOUSAND ROLLS

Is quite a lot of

### WALL PAPER

that is the size order we made last week. This includes Ingrain, Moire, Tiles and ordinary paper ranging in price from

5 Cents to \$1.00 Per Roll.

Our Paints and Glas

line is better than ever before.

Pecos Valley Drug Co.  
Holiday Goods.

A business house to rent. Apply to this office.

Judge A. V. Logan is in Austin, Texas, this week on business with the state land department.

Messrs. Allison and Cook, of the Lakewood Townsite Company, were in Artesia Wednesday afternoon.

Don't fail to see Samuel Snooks in the Deestrick Skule next Friday night.

Taylor Clark expects to leave in a few days for Lambert, Oklahoma, to spend the winter.

Dr. Lee McIntosh, the dentist, now has a residence phone, No. 39, and will answer calls at all hours.

The Advocate neglected to mention last week the advent of a babe at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bethel.

It is currently reported that S. H. Mount, drilling in the Seven Rivers field, has struck the first oil strata at a depth of 300 feet.

If you want something nice, try some of the Farmer Jones sorghum at Logan & Dyer's.

S. W. Gilbert is having still another nice cottage erected on Richardson avenue, which will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Phillips.

If you want to laugh and feel better for having laughed, go to see the Deestrick Skule next Friday night at the school house.

Logan & Dyer have this week received a carload of fresh California dried fruit. Call and get something nice.

Bryant Williams, the grocery salesman, this week bought a forty-acre tract of land, southeast of town, from G. W. Witt.

Editor Ryther of the Portales Herald, passed through the city Tuesday morning, en route home from the Irrigation congress at El Paso.

Come to the Deestrick Skule, Friday night, December 2, at the school house. Admission, adults, 35 cents, children 20.

Mr. W. W. Bradley, of Rayville, La., arrived Thursday to get the benefit of our Pecos valley air and sunshine. He is an old friend of W. E. Baskin.

E. A. Clayton has bought three lots on First street, facing the railroad. The old Beckett store house will be moved upon them and used as a ware room.

Hamilton was in Roswell  
Frazier left yesterday for  
dill pickles at Logan &  
W. Dent went to Hagerman  
Johnson is visiting her daughter  
S. C. Gage.  
Sallie Roberts was a Roswell  
Tuesday.  
Mining location notices for  
the Advocate office.  
was a dance in the new Bas-  
ilding Thursday night.  
Tom Danner is in Hagerman  
his wife, who is ill.

Artesia has three meat markets.  
Mrs. Annie Scoggin has erected a  
small tenant house on Grand avenue.  
Try some of that fresh sour kraut  
at Logan & Dyer's.  
Mr. J. D. Macy made final proof  
upon his homestead Tuesday.  
Farmer Jones sorghum, the finest  
in the land, at Logan & Dyer's.  
Rev. Robert H. Gore preached an  
able sermon at the school house last  
Sunday.  
Fifty more combination lock boxes  
were placed in position by Postmaster  
Ross this week.  
S. P. Denning, of Roswell, was  
looking after his contracts in Artesia  
this week.

## Don't Forget the Old Deestrick Skule

Next Friday Night

The Old Boys and Girls will all be there  
and the Fun they will Make  
will be a Plenty.

You Can't Afford to Miss it

## Special for One Week

### ULLERY FURNITURE CO.

Nice Sewing Rocker - - - \$1.50  
Nice Comfortable Arm Rocker - - - \$2.75  
Can Seat Dining Chairs, per set - - - \$6.00

Mail Orders Attended to  
RETAILERS AND JOBBERS

### Large Well Casing.

About 400 feet of extra heavy ten and five-eighths inserted-joint well casing for sale at \$1.25 per foot F. O. B. cars Roswell. This casing has never been used.

Clifton Chisholm.

## John Richey & Sons. I

### REAL ESTATE.

Write for Information Concerning

THE PECOS VALLEY AND ARTESIA COUNTRY.

8 years experience farming and improving lands in the Valley.

## 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

### SEE OR WRITE

## The Cleveland Land Agency

FOR

### REAL ESTATE & 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

## Artesian Wells

Can be made quicker and surer with machinery  
tools manufactured by the

AMERICAN WELL WORKS,  
AURORA, ILLINOIS.

Than with any other. See CHAPMAN &  
SPERRY, Artesia, N. M., for Well Sup-  
plies, Casing and Pipe.

### Stop and Think

before you purchase your tickets for points north, east, south or west.

### The Southern Kansas Ry., of Texas

is the only direct route to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and points beyond and

The Pecos Valley Lines penetrate the heart of the far famous Pecos Valley, justly reputed to be the finest fruit growing district in the United States, connecting closely at Pecos, Texas, with the Texas & Pacific Ry., for El Paso and all points in Old Mexico.

All of our trains make close connection at Amarillo with the Fort Worth & Denver City Ry., trains both north and south eliminating the necessity for stop-overs enroute for passengers traveling over that line.

Write your friends in the East to ask their local railway agents regarding homeseekers' rates to the Panhandle and Pecos Valley via the Santa Fe System.

A full line of descriptive literature of the Panhandle and Pecos Valley always on hand which may be obtained free by application to this office.

A. L. CONRAD, Traffic Manager,  
Amarillo, Texas.

Somebody must have shot the dove of peace.

Dr. Wiley's "poison squad" is to resume its experiments, but it will not tamper with wood alcohol.

It seems that no matter how many attempts are made to revive hoop skirts, the ladies sit down on them.

A Chicago woman says her husband is right in style, as he has a dark brown taste in his mouth every morning.

A New South Wales woman has a scheme for curing consumption with hot air. But hasn't this been tried ineffectively before?

All the married women are getting their lives insured. Will the husbands continue to warn them about drafts and damp feet?

There is sound sense in that decision to keep on remarrying divorced people. Business in that line is getting bigger every year.

It is simply wonderful how much some American railway officials can forget about their business when they get on the witness stand.

The whole state of Connecticut should rise as one man and run down the miscreant who is trying to destroy its armor plate namesake.

Cornell students are being expelled for hazing. Evidently the authorities at Cornell have decided that it is about time to take hazing seriously.

A fashion paper says that the Fall gowns will contain thirty yards of material. We can readily understand why some men are driven to divorce.

About the best thing that can be said for war, as the discussion now in progress indicates, is that sometimes it is a bad way of getting good results.

The doctors say free lunches serve to spread diseases. There are people who will insist that anyone who would tackle free lunch deserves to catch diseases.

A Chicago milkman has sued a stock company for the value of certain shares in which he invested \$200. Presumably there was too much water in the stock.

Automobiling may cause the legs of its devotees to waste away and become useless, but it tends to cultivate strength and activity in the legs of ordinary pedestrians.

A Chicago girl has been awarded \$40,000 damages against a street car company after nine years of litigation. The question now is, How long will it take her to collect it?

Whether man descended from the monkeys or from the gods is not nearly so important as the question of his present conduct and the promptness with which he pays his bills.

An esteemed contemporary says there is a "marked conflict of views as to the remarriage of innocent parties to divorcees." What is an "innocent party to a divorcee?"

If Jupiter has any inhabitants they must have been more or less interested lately in observing the transit of an insignificant planet, known here as the earth, across the sun's disk.

Witbol, the chief of the Hottentots, has declared war on Emperor William and the German nation generally. William has got good fighting stuff in him and we believe he is going to win.

"An epidemic of rabies has struck this town," wrote an editor, but the printer spelled "rabies" with a "b" instead of an "r" and now the editor blushes every time he appears upon the street.

Even the London Times says it can't understand Mr. Kipling's latest book. This is probably the first time on record that the Times has admitted its inability to understand anything and everything.

"Jack Root predicts that Jim Jeffries will be champion until his teeth fall out," says the San Francisco Bulletin. And a chap will face him some day ere long with a punch that will make 'em fall out.

To a man like the sculptor St. Gaudens the loss by fire of his studio, with its irreplaceable treasures, emphasizes with peculiar pathos the significance of the truth that "Life is short and art is long."

# Fought Japan in 1862

In 1863, the British squadron, under Admiral Keyser, in Japanese waters, was compelled to take measures of coercion against one of the Damios, or holy independent princes of Japan, which involved the loss of many lives. In September, 1862, a murderous assault had been made on an English lady and two gentlemen in the territory of the Prince of Satsuma, and a Mr. Richardson, who was riding with them, was slain. The English government demanded that the tycoon—the temporal sovereign of Japan—and the Prince of Satsuma should pay the sum of £100,000 as compensation. After much parleying, the tycoon agreed to pay; but the prince could not be brought to reason, so our squadron sailed to the prince's capital—Kagoshima, and no answer being received by Aug. 15, 1863, three valuable steamers were seized by the British. About noon on the same day, as the vessels lay in line with springs on their cables, the shore batteries suddenly opened fire upon the Euryalus, which was the only ship within range. Just at that time the wind, which had been gradually growing stronger, rose to something like a hurricane or typhoon, and burst upon the squadron. Being unable to bring the Eu-

ryalus' broadside properly to bear while at anchor, the admiral, who had fortunately before ordered the steamers to get up steam, now signaled that the prizes were to be set on fire and the whole squadron to weigh and form in line of battle. Taking the lead, the Euryalus steamed slowly past the batteries, engaging them with great effect, the other vessels, following in her wake, doing the same. The batteries, for a time kept up a very heavy fire, in the heat of which Capt. Josing and Commander Wilmot were killed by the same shot, while standing against the admiral on the bridge of the Euryalus. Having come abreast of the last battery, and the weather continuing boisterous, the admiral signaled: "Discontinue the action," and ordered the ships to seek shelter. The gale continued all night, but the squadron made it out well. On the next day, the town having been set on fire and mostly burned down the day before, the prince's palace or castle was bombarded and destroyed, and on the 17th the squadron worked its way out of the bay, and returned to Yokohama, having lost sixty-three men killed and wounded. Before the end of the year the Prince of Satsuma paid the compensation money demanded.—Spare Moments.

# Training of a Horse

Expert horsemen believe that a horse can be taught to do anything that it is possible for an animal so formed, and to be utterly fearless. Thus, of horses rushing into battle with a fearlessness that is magnificent, although in the beginning of their lives they may have been foolishly timid, shying at everything unusual that happened to be seen in their travels.

In order to teach a horse fearlessness he must be accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds. He must come to know that because something that he sees or hears is unusual it does not follow that it is harmful. For it is the unusual things that frighten him. The horse is an animal of one idea at a time, and is not able to discriminate, so say the men who have made a study of the horse.

While he will travel along quietly close by the roar of a train he may tremble at the flutter of a piece of loose paper flying in the wind. It is not the frightfulness of the object that seems to alarm him, but the unfamiliarity of it. Horse trainers say that the mistakes made in "breaking"

and training a colt is that it is too often done in the seclusion of some country road, instead of amid the sights and sounds that the animal must necessarily become familiar with later.

As soon as the horse becomes familiar with anything and has learned to believe that it will not hurt him, he will stand quietly or trot along peacefully, even though all sorts of noises and queer sights are about him. Thus the artillery horse will stand amid the roar of cannon, being used to the noise and not knowing that the sound predicts anguish and death. It is well to accustom a horse to unusual sounds as soon as possible after he is trained for riding or driving. It renders him safe and docile, even though he be a spirited animal.

A certain trainer of horses said that an ideal school for horses would contain thrashing machines, pile drivers, steam drills, electric, steam and elevated cars, a band of martial music and a gang of quarrymen blasting rocks. A horse that was drilled among such a bedlam as this would, indeed, prove immune to strange noises.

# Reason in All Animals

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the celebrated naturalist, writes: "If many are prone to exaggerate the intellectual powers of dogs and horses and elephants, others go to the opposite extreme. Descartes, we know, looked on animals as mere automata. Even recently Bethé, Uexkull and other writers have denied the existence of any psychic powers, at any rate, in invertebrate animals, which they explain as reflex machines. I confess, indeed, that I cannot understand how any one who loves animals, or ever has devoted any study to them, can doubt that they possess some power of reason. Many of their actions are unconscious and instinctive; so are some of ours, as we may see by watching a child, but practice enables us to walk or run almost automatically.

"Mr. Gladstone told me," continues Lord Avebury, pursuing his theme, "that once when he was forming one of his governments he had some difficulty in arranging the places. He

and Mr. Gladstone wrote down the titles of the offices and the names of the liberal leaders on pieces of paper and tried all the evening, but in vain, to fit them together. At last they gave it up and went to bed. When Mr. Gladstone awoke in the morning everything was satisfactorily arranged in his head; his brain had worked it out for him during his sleep. This was not conscious reason and certainly was not instinctive. Dr. Carpenter gave to such action the name of unconscious cerebration."

In further proof that man does many things almost automatically Lord Avebury gives this incident: "I have been for over forty years a director or a company, which changed its offices twenty years ago, and I have not since had any occasion to enter our old house. One morning this summer, however, I was going to a committee in our present house, but thinking of other things, I walked past our door and two or three intervening houses and into the porch of our old office."

# Longings for Old Town

Wish I was back in our old town; I want to be where some one knows me. Why, I could meet a man I owed. As gladly as a man that owes me. I want some one to slap my back. An' say, "Well, how's old Bill this mornin'?" I want to meet some one that smiles. An' don't pass by with scowl an' scornin'.

I wish I was in our old town. Where if you've luck they're sure to know it. An' if it goes the other way They've got some feelin' an' they show it. I want to stand and have the dogs Come up an' sniff with tails a-waggin'. I want to hear the roosters crow. An' hear Jack Wilson's jokes an' naggin'.

President Skillful With Foils. According to Genenso Pavese, said to be the champion fencer of the world, President Roosevelt has more ability with the foils than many of the foreign ministers and attaches in Washington who have handled the flexible steel rods since their youth. Signor Pavese has been instructing the president for the past year, and declares that he is his aptest pupil. For a time the lessons have been discontinued, he says, but they will be resumed about the middle of December. "Mr. Roosevelt," says the fencer,

ing master, "is wonderfully quick and is finely developed physically. His arms are rounded and sinewy—in fact, he is a perfect specimen of manhood."

Caught by Automobile Fever. Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil man, although nearly 70, has become a victim of the automobile fever. Until a short time ago he declared that he would not have one of the machines about his place, but now his favorite amusement is to go touring about in a monster red car

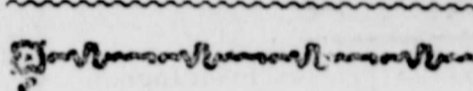
# CHANT ROYAL OF THE TURKEY



Bird of all birds! No one can thee deride; Bird of two meats, the salient brown, the white; O democratic bird, our Nation's pride. In thee might prince and potentate delight. Hail to thy bosom, plump and brown and fair! Hail to thy drumsticks and thy side-bones rare! Hail to thy heart and liver—rich morsels! Hail to thy wishbone and thy bishop's nose! All hail again! Accept this votive lay, O bird that comes with coming of the snows. Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.



Ye gods, To sniff the juices as they slide A low thy breast! To mark with eyes grown bright; Each movement of the knife and fork that glide. Around thee in a sacrificial rite; The incense of thy stuffing fills the air, And holds the senses in its fragrant snare; Rich lebor from thy rosed body blows, That even would tempt one in dyspepsia's throes. Not now shall pneumogastric ills delay; When thou art near we banish all such foes. Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.



Let others chant of capons, grilled or fried— Of partridge baked with truffles, which unite; Their sapid flavors and become allied. In tidbits fair to agustatory sight; Let others prate of pickled peach and pear. Let those who will by cakes and puddings swear, Or who, like Omar, praise the wine and rare. "Chaucun a son goul," as the proverb goes; And yet were Vatel—or the great Dupre— Alive, they, too, would praise thee in fondeaux.

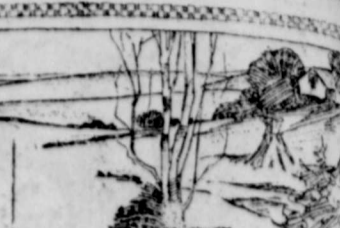
# Farmer Cuisine's Turkeys

It all came about through Farmer Cuisine's reprehensible habit of discussing his affairs with all the world and his wife. It was natural that Cuisine should swell with pride as he viewed his flock of Thanksgiving turkeys. They were birds, fat and feathery, with a strut like the foreign nobleman of cheap melodrama, they basked in the sunshine of local popularity and were rightly voted the finest in the county. So far all was well and the goose hung high in the Cuisine household. But fate, at the eleventh hour, a favorite time with fate, brought the turkey farmer in juxtaposition with his undoing, and so kindly provided this story for the edification of the public.

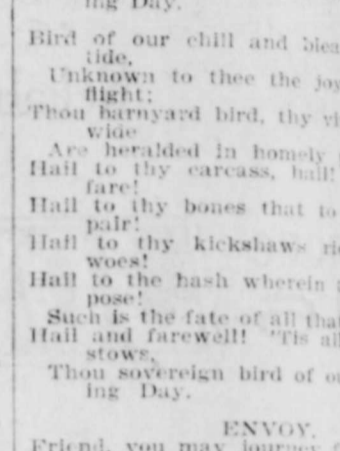
Cuisine made the mistake of underrating turkey intelligence when he held forth one day to an admiring audience of friends and relatives on the astonishing success of his efforts at turkey breeding. "Look at that big fellow," said Cuisine, pointing at a gobbler, who stalked disdainfully past with tall feathers elevated. "I have been fattening him especially for the table of President Roosevelt. He's bigger than anything around here, and I'm going to have him weighed and sent to the White House for Thanksgiving. Them newspaper fellers will get a hold of it and my name will be in print from New York to the Golden Gate. I shall kill him in a day or two from now. The others are all booked to go this week. I expect to do right well with 'em all."

Thus thought Farmer Cuisine, with an eye to the shekels after the killing. It never occurred to him the gobbler might be listening. Nor did he dream for a moment that turkeys were intelligent fowl and would just as soon continue to strut the carth as be trussed for the table. Had he understood the birds better, or had he attended a mass meeting of gobblers called that evening on the stone fence behind the barn, he might have refrained thereafter from taking the domestic fowl into his confidence when discussing his plans.

The meeting was called to order by the gobbler already referred to—he of the disdainful stalk. In a few well-chosen gobbles he retailed to the silent audience the story of their fate, repeating mournfully the remarks made by Cuisine concerning his plans. For them the speaker, or rather gobbler, explained the days were numbered. The glorious season of unlimited corn was drawing to a close. He pierced the haze of the future and there beheld the terrible apparition of a headless turkey, trussed and tuffed and garnished, borne aloft like a sacrifice while a hungry multitude



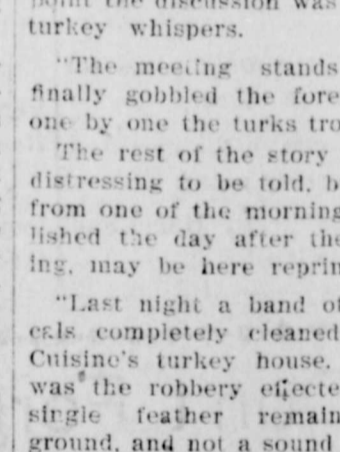
Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day. Of old the poets praised the side. The hawk's wreathed head with tusks beak'd. The roasted oxen served with hide. The pigeon's brains to urge the haunch of half-dressed rump of bear. The salmon, haddock, and the joints of venison, the sturgeon and the pie of best. The wassail bowl, the mead, the whey— But thee they praised not or hee. Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.



Bird of our chill and bleak side, Unknown to thee the joys of flight; Thou barnyard bird, thy virtues wide. Are heralded in homely phrase. Hail to thy carcass, half a fare! Hail to thy bones that to the pair; Hail to thy kickshaws rich in woe! Hail to the hash wherein thou pose! Such is the fate of all that are of stows. Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day.



ENVY. Friend, you may journey far, as there! All menus try, essay all bills of fare. With the Germans or the Danes. And as a sycarite or gourmand. But in the end you will return. As I do now at this chant royal. "Thou sovereign bird of our Thanksgiving Day." —New York.



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# THE LITTLE ANIMALS

Plus Coll in Chicago Record-Herald Sunday Magazine

mare stands at my kitchen  
 ily shakes her head  
 of apple, pinch of salt  
 ared crust of bread,  
 or the little wooden horse  
 in a corner to-day,  
 little groom that straddled him  
 him out to play!

maps on the shaded porch,  
 his great, brown, kindly eyes  
 to the garden gate  
 ck to my bread and pies,  
 for the cotton dog on wheels  
 mped on the velvet floor,  
 little master that shall come  
 ly with him no more!

ish cock with the crimson comb,  
 he hears my feeding call,  
 ers with a flap of wings,  
 for the plaster cock that crowed  
 ny baby pressed the spring—  
 noultryman that hauled  
 und upon a string!

I love the calves in the pasture-plot  
 And the cattle in the barn,  
 The geese that squat by the water-  
 trough  
 And gabble through the barn.  
 But, oh, when the evening shadows fall  
 And the ache of the lonely dark,  
 I turn to the painted animals,  
 In a little wooden ark!

And, one by one, I take them up,  
 And cuddle them to my breast,  
 For the love of the careless little Noah  
 That set them here to rest—  
 Here by the sunny window-seat,  
 In a corner of his room,  
 Where curious roses climb and peep,  
 And wonder into bloom.

I have mothered many an orphaned lamb  
 For the faint and fallen ewe,  
 And many a downy duckling housed  
 From the weasel and the dew;  
 But now, that every mother's babe  
 On the farm is safe at rest,  
 I turn to the little wooden sheep  
 And fold them to my breast!  
 —Argyshire Call in Chicago Record-Herald  
 Sunday Magazine.



## Cost of White Plague

Phthisis causes annually more  
 1,000 deaths in the United  
 States than any other disease,  
 the average of 35 years. At  
 the normal after-lifetime is  
 75 years, so that the real loss  
 covered, measured in time, is  
 40 years, or 4,800,000 years per an-  
 nual death. If we assume that the net  
 life expectancy of a human after  
 35 years is at least \$50,  
 the loss to the nation resulting  
 from this disease (a large proportion  
 of which is known to be needless)  
 is estimated at \$240,000,000 per  
 annum.

astounding and almost in-  
 conceivable figures are far from  
 an exaggeration, but let us as-  
 sume that only one-half of this mor-  
 tality is preventable, and we have a  
 possible saving to the nation of  
 \$120,000,000 per annum. This esti-  
 mate does not take into account the  
 moral and sentimental value  
 of at least 100,000 lives, which, under  
 present conditions, might reasonably  
 be expected to continue for many years.  
 The mortality from tuberculosis is,  
 therefore, a problem compared with

which all other social problems of a  
 medical character sink into insignifi-  
 cance, and it is safe to say that the  
 possible prevention of a large portion  
 of the mortality from this disease is  
 justly deserving of the solicitude, the  
 active personal interest and liberal  
 pecuniary support of all who have the  
 real welfare of the people of this na-  
 tion at heart.

Biggs estimates that New York city  
 sustains an annual economic loss of  
 \$23,000,000, and that the nation at  
 large must sustain an annual loss of  
 \$30,000,000 because of tuberculosis.  
 There are nearly 10,000 deaths from  
 consumption in New York city. Seven  
 thousand persons died in Illinois in  
 1903, half of them between the ages  
 of 20 and 50 years, while the esti-  
 mated loss to the state alone, because  
 of this disease, was \$30,000,000, and  
 the medical authorities of that state  
 have found that consumption is re-  
 sponsible for more deaths than  
 typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diph-  
 theria, all forms of bronchitis, influ-  
 enza, measles and smallpox combined.  
 —New York Medical Journal.

## Test of Devotion

to New York girls, near friends,  
 to love with the same young man.  
 One should think for a moment  
 any censure attaches to him,  
 he should be said that he was not at  
 all to blame. The girls are both so  
 sure that it is absolutely impossible  
 any man who has the use of his  
 mind to meet them and not capitulate  
 to them. They got to comparing notes  
 the other day. Finally one of the  
 girls vowed that the young man con-  
 sidered cared more for her than he did  
 for her chum, who promptly asserted  
 the reverse of the proposition.  
 They agreed to test it, and soon hit  
 upon a plan. Each was to write the  
 other a note asking him to call  
 at a certain hour. And, seeing that  
 she could not obey both commands at  
 once, it was to be conclusive proof  
 of the girl whom he favored was  
 the possession of his heart. After this  
 test was carried out,

Just as their decision was reached  
 the subject of their dispute happened  
 along. He spoke to them for a mo-  
 ment, but about all he had to say was  
 that he had lost his umbrella and was  
 looking for it.

The girls then adjourned to their  
 respective homes to write the notes,  
 which were both to the effect that  
 they wanted him to call that evening.  
 When No. 1 was safely ensconced in  
 her boudoir she made up her mind  
 that she would win, even if she had  
 to stretch matters a little. Therefore  
 she indited this note:

"Dear Fred—I am very sick. Per-  
 haps I may die. Come this evening."  
 The time of trial arrived, and, re-  
 markable as it may seem, Fred called  
 on No. 2. The explanation of the  
 whole matter, however, is contained  
 in the other note Fred got. It ran  
 thus:

"Dear Fred—Come up to-night. I've  
 got your umbrella."

## Smoke Turned Out Well

reader of the "Odd Tales of the  
 man" who is a subscriber to the  
 London Times, which, just now, is  
 publishing items that appeared in  
 the paper 100 years ago to a day,  
 is the following as a sample, says  
 Baltimore Sun:

Some ill-timed pleasantry was  
 uttered off a few days ago at Brighton  
 by a respectable law officer and his  
 wife, who have made a summer ex-  
 cursion there. An invitation, couched  
 in a form and bearing all the marks  
 of authenticity, was sent to them  
 by the company at the pavilion  
 that evening. The gentleman and  
 lady, justly proud of the distinguished  
 honor thus conferred on them—they  
 did not know—attended at the ap-  
 pointed hour and were ushered into  
 a saloon, in which were many per-  
 sons of fashion, to whom they were  
 wholly unknown. Some embarrass-  
 ment necessarily ensued, but it was

increased to a tenfold degree when  
 they were announced to the illustrious  
 master of the house, who had no re-  
 collection either of his guests or of  
 the invitation in his name. An explana-  
 tion ensued, when his royal highness,  
 with all that urbanity which distin-  
 guishes him as the most finished  
 gentleman in Europe, was pleased to  
 declare that he felt himself much in-  
 debted to the ingenious person who  
 (by forging his invitation, in order,  
 perhaps, to sport with their feelings)  
 had afforded him the pleasure of their  
 society and acquaintance, however un-  
 expected, and that he was perfectly  
 happy in the opportunity of receiving  
 them. His royal highness conducted  
 himself toward them during the whole  
 of the evening with the most liberal  
 and marked attention, and thus con-  
 verted a rencontre, which was pro-  
 duced by the most malignant motives,  
 into a source of honor and perfect sat-  
 isfaction."

**He Knew Him.**  
 Giggins has a new girl; she's dark-  
 complexioned, he says.  
 "I'll bet you a good deal he didn't  
 know that at all."  
 "I'll bet you anything—"  
 "Hold on! You'd lose. I'm ready  
 to bet all I own that he said 'dark-  
 complexioned.'"

**A Fine View.**  
 Two smart young men from London  
 once came upon a decent-looking shep-  
 herd in Argyleshire, and accosted him  
 with:  
 "You have a very fine view here—  
 you can see a great way."  
 "Yu ay, yu ay, a ferry great way."  
 "Ah! you can see America here, I  
 suppose?"  
 "Farrar than that."  
 "How is that?"  
 "Yu jist wait tae the mists gang  
 away and you'll see the mune."

**County Without a Theater.**  
 Cornwall is the only county in Eng-  
 land which has no theater. A scheme  
 is on foot to build one at Falmouth.

## Her Glove



A little glove lay on the floor  
 Beside a chair;  
 He halted 'neath inside the door,  
 And saw it there.

He picked it up and looked around  
 With anxious eyes,  
 And kissed the treasure he had found—  
 He knew her size.

With leaping heart he heard a stir  
 The curtain swayed;  
 He turned to tell his love to her,  
 The splendid maid.

Her mother, beaming on him there,  
 Said anxiously:  
 "I've lost my glove. I wonder where  
 The thing can be?"  
 —S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.



# THE NURSE

BY ROBERT RAJOU

Captain Rodary was taking his  
 daily walk along the Marne. In spite  
 of his seventy years he still carried  
 himself erect and hardly leaned on  
 the cane which he carried since he  
 had lain down the sword.

At the bridge he was hailed by a  
 fisherman whom he had known for  
 several years.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Cap-  
 tain, that your nephew has passed his  
 examination with honor."  
 "I thank you, Paul."  
 The captain continued his walk, lost  
 in thought. Without knowing it the  
 man had touched a tender spot. The  
 young Rene Dubinsson had indeed  
 passed his examination ahead of all,  
 and thereby gained the right to enter  
 Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, and the  
 old Captain was justly proud of him,  
 but there were other things which  
 people did not know.

To give the man an education the  
 Captain had made great sacrifices,  
 and now he did not know wherefrom  
 to get the money to pay for him  
 while at the Ecole Polytechnique.

The young man was really not his  
 nephew at all, but only his waru.  
 There are in life people who lose and  
 people who find.

Eighteen years before, while the  
 Captain was stationed at Vincennes,  
 he had found a baby boy on his door-  
 step one morning, as he was leaving  
 his house.

Three months before he had lost  
 his only child, a little girl of three  
 years, and so he and his wife decid-  
 ed to keep the boy and gave out that  
 he was their nephew.

Then came the time when the Cap-  
 tain was pensioned, his wife died, and  
 the education and maintenance of  
 Rene cost quite a little money, espe-  
 cially as his nurse, Juliette, had remain-  
 ed in the house.

The budget was painfully small—a  
 pension of 2,500 francs a year and  
 200 francs from the Legion of Honor.  
 His wife's dowry had all gone to pay  
 for the education of the boy.

And now he would have to go to  
 Paris to study, and that would mean  
 50 francs for his equipment and 1,000  
 francs a year for tuition and board.  
 Where was all that money to come  
 from?

from the mayor's office, where he had  
 made up his mind that to save the  
 wages which he was paying the nurse  
 he would have to let her go and then  
 borrow the necessary money either by  
 pledging his pension or by mortgaging  
 his house.

But who would lend him the mon-  
 ey? He had few acquaintances in the  
 town, and the very idea of asking  
 anybody for a loan made him blush.

And still that would be easier than  
 to discharge Juliette, who had now  
 been in his house for eighteen years.  
 His thoughts went back to the day  
 she came. He had just returned  
 gone with his wife to register the  
 child.

When they came in the baby, who  
 was evidently hungry, was yelling at  
 the top of its voice. He was on the  
 point of going to the intelligence of-  
 fice for a nurse when the doorbell  
 rang. A young and unusually pretty  
 girl of twenty stood blushing on the  
 doorstep.

"I beg your pardon. I am afraid I  
 have made a mistake."  
 "What do you wish?"  
 "I was told that somebody in this  
 house wanted a nurse."  
 "We do, indeed," the Captain re-



"If you have sinned, you have suffered."

plied. The girl was evidently strong  
 and healthy, though she was unusu-  
 ally pale. She told of how she hap-  
 pened to be looking for a position and  
 was engaged on the spot by the Cap-  
 tain, who had not heard one word of  
 what she said.

They had never regretted engaging  
 her. No mother could have loved  
 Rene higher than she did.

And now, because of the miserable  
 question of money, he would have to  
 send her away. But it was for Rene's  
 sake and the sacrifice must be made.

He went to the window and called,  
 "Juliette!"  
 "Monsieur le Captain."  
 He asked her to come in and sit  
 down, and with a voice trembling just  
 a little he said:  
 "Juliette, I have something to tell  
 you which may hurt your feelings,  
 as it hurts me to say it, I am forced  
 to ask you to leave us."  
 She turned deadly pale. "What  
 have I done to deserve this, Monsieur  
 le Captain?"  
 "Juliette, you ought to know that  
 you have done nothing to displease  
 me, but there are times when one is  
 forced to do unpleasant things be-  
 cause it is necessary. It will cost  
 much money to send Rene to Paris  
 and keep him there and I must econo-  
 mize. I shall be perfectly frank with  
 you—I have not the money and do not  
 know where to get it. Shall I sell the  
 house where we have all been so  
 happy or shall I pledge my pension?"  
 Juliette's face brightened. "Oh,  
 Captain, how you scared me. I could  
 not think that I should have to leave  
 your house, the only house I have.  
 What should I have done? I am too



His daily walk.

garden, he heard the voice of Rene  
 and Juliette outside.  
 "Oh, Monsieur Rene, you do not  
 know how proud I am of you and how  
 happy that you are to study in the  
 great city."  
 "My dear old Juliette!"  
 "I am only afraid that you will be-  
 come so proud that when you come  
 back you will have no more thought  
 for your old nurse."  
 "Shame on you, Juliette. You  
 know that I will always love you just  
 as much as I do now."  
 The Captain's brow darkened when  
 he heard these words. He had just

old to take a new position, but now  
 when I know that it is only for my  
 wages, I am happy again. I do not  
 want any wages, and you know how  
 little it costs to keep me here."  
 The Captain listened, deeply moved.  
 "Oh, Captain," she continued, "I  
 could never bear to part from you and  
 Rene, whom I have nursed and seen  
 grow up. I love him as if he were my  
 own son. I have five thousand francs  
 in the bank which I have saved out  
 of my wages and I beg you to take it."  
 "That I could never do, Juliette.  
 You are still a young woman, and the  
 day may come when you will marry  
 and have your own home and need  
 the money, and I might not be able to  
 return it right away."  
 Juliette looked up, and in a voice  
 trembling with emotion, said:  
 "You need never give it back to  
 me. My family, my home, is the boy  
 that I have nursed at my bosom, at  
 whose bed I have sat night after night  
 when he was sick, and you, Captain,  
 who have always been so good to me  
 and your dear wife, who now sleeps  
 beneath the sod! My life could not  
 repay you for what you have done for  
 me."  
 "You exaggerate, Juliette; it is I  
 who must be thankful to you for stay-  
 ing with an old man, but I will call  
 Rene, and let him decide what we  
 shall do."  
 "Oh, no, please do not do that. Rene  
 must never, dare never know. You  
 can accept my money; it almost be-  
 longs to him already. I can say it  
 now; it is for him that I have saved  
 all these years, and I thank God that  
 you need it."  
 Suddenly the old officer understood  
 and when he looked at the woman  
 who stood before him, her eyes filled  
 with tears, he was sure.  
 "He is your son?" he asked. She  
 did not answer, but sank back in the  
 chair sobbing. The old captain went  
 over to her, bent down and kissed her  
 forehead.  
 "You need not hide your face for  
 anybody. If you have sinned, you  
 have suffered, and the present has  
 buried the past."—Chicago American.

**LONELINESS OF THE PRAIRIES.**  
**Trackless, Treeless Waste Without  
 Water or Human Habitation.**  
 "I had almost as soon be set adrift  
 in a small boat in mid-ocean as to be  
 dropped down on the vast prairie near  
 the Kansas-Colorado State line," said  
 a man who is familiar with the West.  
 "One cannot realize the loneliness  
 of the Western plains until he has  
 crossed them. There are very few  
 human habitations, comparatively  
 little of the land is under cultivation,  
 and water is a scarce and precious  
 commodity. In every direction nothing  
 meets the gaze of the eye except a  
 trackless, treeless waste which is  
 bounded only by a lowering sky.  
 Prairie dogs are the chief denizens  
 of this region, and as the train whirls  
 past they perch themselves on their  
 hind legs and sit bolt upright as im-  
 motionless as a statue. There are a few  
 houses, but they are at wide intervals.  
 The one single advantage that a lone-  
 ly pedestrian has in that region is  
 that by following the railroad track  
 sufficiently far he will reach a town  
 some day; but walking at this season  
 under the burning prairie sun and in  
 a waterless country is by no means  
 pleasant.  
 It is positively tiresome to the eye  
 to ride across the prairies in a com-  
 fortable Pullman car surrounded by  
 all the luxuries of life. This being  
 true, it must be next to appalling to  
 have to tramp over this region with-  
 out food or water, except what one  
 begs at the way stations along the  
 route. I have never been able to see  
 anything picturesque or inviting about  
 the wide stretching plains."—Birm-  
 ingham News.

**Etiquette in Warfare.**  
 That now-famous offer of the mika-  
 do to allow the noncombatants to  
 leave Port Arthur is one of those  
 amenities of which warfare between  
 civilized powers furnishes many ex-  
 amples. The duke of Wellington was  
 a stickler for etiquette in this connec-  
 tion. It is on record how, after giving  
 Junot "a good beating," he sent to in-  
 quire concerning his health, the friend-  
 ly message being accompanied with a  
 present of vegetables, which were said  
 to be scarce in Junot's camp. The  
 great duke was especially punctilious  
 in any manner affecting the comfort  
 or convenience of women and children.  
 Soult, during the peninsular war, hearing  
 that there were many wounded  
 English in an adjacent village, sent  
 forth to their assistance; and all the  
 times Charles Napier was a prisoner  
 he was treated as an honored guest,  
 particularly by Baron Clouet, Ney's  
 aid-de-camp. When, after three  
 months' uncertainty, the British gov-  
 ernment sent to ascertain what had  
 become of Napier, Ney, learning for  
 the first time that his gallant opponent  
 had a blind and widowed mother,  
 said: "Let him go and tell her him-  
 self that he is alive."

**New Sport for Children.**  
 Ryde, Isle of Wight, has a new sport  
 —a regatta for children. In shallow  
 water, where drowning was impossi-  
 ble, the children race in skiffs, canoes,  
 small craft fitted with paddles and in  
 tubs, and have great fun.

Harry W. Hamilton. L. W. Martin.  
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 Hot and Cold Baths.  
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 Physician & Surgeon.  
 Professional calls answered day or  
 night. Office Main Street, Adjoin-  
 ing A. W. Henry's store.  
 ARTESIA, NEW MEX.

Carlsbad is to have a big race meet  
 Christmas. One of the attractions  
 will be the steer-roping contest be-  
 tween Schoonover and McGonnigle.

**For Lease for 1905.**  
 130 acres of fine land with water.  
 Apply to R. M. Ross at First National  
 Bank.

It is stated as a fact that Talmage  
 Brothers have taken hold of the  
 townsite proposition in the Seven  
 Rivers oil fields and will boom the  
 proposition to a finish.

**Big Red Apples.**  
 All kinds of apples for sale and all  
 kinds of prices at the Day Ranch on  
 the Penasco. Come while you can  
 get them cheap.  
 J. Walter Day.

S. N. Bridgeman, a well known  
 business man of Wichita, Kansas,  
 was looking after his property hold-  
 ings near Artesia this week.

**For Sale.**  
 A first-class steel windmill, 10 foot  
 wheel, only \$50.  
 J. A. Rawls.

J. W. Rice, of Wichita, Kansas,  
 came in with C. H. Higday Thurs-  
 day evening. He is well pleased with  
 his investments made some eight  
 months ago and has placed scrip on  
 320 acres northeast of Artesia.

**Big Red Apples.**  
 I have lots of big red apples for  
 sale at the Day ranch six miles south  
 of Artesia on the Penasco. Come  
 now and get something choice.  
 J. Walter Day.

The Advocate is gratified to learn  
 that the members of the Christian  
 church expect to have their house of  
 worship under construction within a  
 very few days. About \$2000 of the  
 necessary money is already in sight.

**Fine Land for Sale.**  
 480 acres of fine valley land, three  
 miles southeast of Artesia, all pat-  
 ented. No Alkali or overflowed land.  
 W. M. Carson.

Two more local stock men have  
 recognized the inevitable and will get  
 ready to turn their attention to ap-  
 ples and alfalfa instead of sheep  
 and cattle. W. M. Carson is having  
 an artesian well bored and J. W.  
 Turknett expects to do likewise.

**Let Me Do Your Plumbing.**  
 I am employed by the Artesia  
 Waterworks Company to attend to  
 the making of connections through-  
 out the city, as well as all repairing.  
 I am prepared to do all kinds of  
 plumbing and will be glad to answer  
 all calls for my service. Leave or-  
 ders at Walling's store.  
 Jesse Walling.

Walter Morris, of Wichita, Kansas,  
 has been in the valley for the past  
 few days, looking over some invest-  
 ments that he made recently and  
 making others. He has shown his  
 faith by placing scrip upon over 1400  
 acres of land near Artesia.

**Water Notice.**  
 A limited number of Water Rights  
 are offered for sale until Jan. 1, 1905,  
 at \$60 each, at which time the price  
 will be advanced to \$100 each. All  
 parties not owning water rights, but  
 using water from the Company's  
 hydrants will be charged at the reg-  
 ular rental prices after January 1st.  
 Artesia Water Power & Light Co.  
 John R. Hodges, Secy.

Mr. R. P. Love, the well known  
 horticulturist of Carlsbad, came up  
 to spend Thanksgiving with his son,  
 Robert M. It was Mr. Love's first  
 visit to Artesia and he was surprised  
 to see such a progressive little city.  
 He thinks the Advocate has been  
 very conservative in its reports of the  
 progress of the town from time to  
 time.

**ROBIN & DYER,**  
 —MANUFACTURERS OF—  
**HIGH GRADE Saddles and Harness**  
 We also carry a full line of Collars, Bridles, W  
 Spurs Etc., and do all kinds of repairing,  
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 —AND—  
 SURGEONS  
 Calls Answered Day or Night:  
 Office in Hotel Artesia, Annex.  
 ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

**Drayage.**  
 I have bought the Drayage and General haul-  
 ing business of John L. Pepper and am prepar-  
 ed look after the wants of the public. I have  
 had experience in this work and will exercise  
 care in handling all kinds of freight. The pa-  
 tronage of the public is solicited.  
**T. T. KUYKENDALL.**

**J. B. ATKESON,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
 Artesia, - - - New Mexico.  
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 I have a machine for boring  
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 very reasonable rates to any-  
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 satisfaction. See or write  
 me at Artesia.  
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Don't wait until you see some one else  
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 If so I ask the privilege of submitting a bid on the work. I believe  
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