

Artesia Advocate.

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ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, JULY 9, 1904.

NUMBER 46

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EDDY COUNTY DEMOCRACY

Meets in Convention at Carlsbad and Nominates a Legislator--The Santa Fe Gang is Scored.

Joint Statement Endorsed.

Carlsbad, N. M., July 2.—The first county convention held in New Mexico for the campaign of 1904, convened at the court house this evening, with large attendance and much enthusiasm.

The legislative delegation was instructed by Mayor, C. R. Brice, being named by that gentleman. The full roster of the delegations is as follows:

Councilman--Delegates, J. T. Patrick, J. T. Cooper, J. O. McKeen, J. D. Walker, M. C. Stewart, J. Mack Smith, T. A. Gray, alternates, A. R. Smith, J. E. Lavery, W. G. Woerner, W. E. Bass, J. T. Rives.

Territorial or Congressional--Delegates, R. K. Jacks, Gayle Talbot, C. D. Cleveland, S. T. Bitting, J. O. Cameron, J. C. Hale, S. W. Gilbert, W. P. Riley; alternates, J. C. Gage, Boston Witt, W. U. Dannelly, W. H. Hull, Dr. J. M. Ross.

Legislative--Delegates, M. C. Stewart, J. L. Emerson, Will Robinson, W. R. Allison, Gayle Talbot; alternates, R. K. Jacks, J. S. Crozier, G. W. Cooke, T. A. Cooper, J. T. Patrick.

The new central committee chosen is as follows: Artesia--Gayle Talbot, McMillan--T. M. Waller, Hope--H. M. Gage, Malaga--C. W. Beaman, Monument--Jack Heard, Carlsbad--Will Robinson, Chairman--J. T. Cooper, Secretary--Will Merchant. The resolutions adopted were as follows:

PREMABLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, the democracy has assembled in this, the biennial convention in and for the county of Eddy, for the transaction of certain business stated in the call, and

Whereas, it is a time-honored principle of the party at such times to outline its principles and beliefs, making such recommendations as may seem to the best interests of the party; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the democratic party of Eddy county, in convention assembled stands ready to abide by the nominees and the platform of the convention to assemble at St. Louis next Tuesday morning, so far as national issues are concerned.

While, as has been indicated, our preference for the presidential nomination is that splendid American and friend of the people, William Randolph Hearst, nevertheless, if a majority of the delegates indicate their preference for any other good democrat, we stand prepared to loyally support him so far as it lies in the puny power of citizens of a territory. The democratic party is greater than any one man, being the real party of the common masses, and we have entire faith that the delegates in convention assembled will pick out the right man to lead the hosts to success at the polls next November, and with that confidence goes another--that in 1908, the democrats of Eddy county will help elect another democrat to the highest office in the gift of the people.

Rather as a matter of principle, and not of partisanship, we hope for stand at the hands of the republican party if that party is successful, and know that we are sure of it if the democrats are successful in November. The republican party has

so often lied to, deceived and betrayed the people in the matter of statehood that we have little faith in its promises, and look to democracy for the realization of our hopes and the recognition of our rights. As outlined by the territorial democratic convention, we believe statehood with Arizona to be preferable to New Mexico alone, because it will have all the advantages of statehood in any form, and none of the drawbacks that would attach to the single state, breaking up the infamous gang that governs at Santa Fe and that for years has held the territory in the hollow of a mighty few hands, shooting the tax rate far beyond reason, and laying the real burden upon the American counties of Eddy, Chaves and Roosevelt. We believe that the proposed state of Arizona would be protected by its very size against such rings and corrupt influences as now hold despotic sway, and would stand in line for the formation of a system of government similar to the greatest state in the union, the best conditioned division of the American commonwealth, Texas.

Not as a matter of politics, but of citizenship, we denounce the arbitrary action of the territorial administration in overriding the appointment of Judge Freeman, the choice of the people for the head of the Sixth Judicial district. Such an outrage is seldom recorded in American political history, and we as citizens feel that the insult is as much for us as for those who indorsed his application, and we pledge our endeavors to make the rebuke to the insult 3,500 strong next November. We commend the manly course of the republicans of Eddy county in resenting the slight put upon them, and assure them that they have shown to us and the world that they have a manhood that rises above the party lash. That is good Americanism above all party, to resent an insult and refuse to bow to the dictation of party tyrants.

We compliment the last legislature on the passage of the law requiring a traveling auditor. Passed originally to catch the rascals in their own part and force them to be honest, it has benefitted the territory at large, and has laid the foundation for cleanliness in territorial government, when such time comes as the territorial affairs are taken out of the hands of a half a dozen bosses at Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

We draw attention to the fact that it is the turn of Eddy county to receive the honor of membership in the lower house, according to the tradition of many years in this district. It is a difficult place to fill, requiring ability as a lawyer, natural shrewdness, unwavering integrity, a keen desire to benefit the people, and the disposition to hold on with the grip of a bulldog, taking advantage of every chance coming to one so hopelessly in the minority, and turning it in such a way as to benefit his constituents and the people of the territory. In looking over the democracy of Eddy county just one such man presents himself, and we hereby declare ourselves in his favor and move that the delegation be instructed to vote for him as a unit.

C. R. BRICE.

We further believe that it is the sense of the democracy of Eddy county that Mr. Brice pick his own delegation, and we heartily concur in such action.

Mr. J. B. Atkeson visited Roswell Wednesday.

ANOTHER BIG ONE.

White & Swearingen Bring in a Magnificent Gusher for Mrs. Robert.

One of the prettiest of all the big artesian wells for which this part of the Pecos valley is famous, is now doing business twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four in Mrs. Sallie Robert's addition to the town of Artesia, one-half block off west Main street. Messrs White & Swearingen, the gentlemen who broke the record recently by drilling a well for Smith & Beckham in twenty-one days, did the boring in this case and they established still another record for others to pattern by. Mrs. Robert's well is nearly 900 feet deep and was drilled in just ten days. Parties who have seen all the wells claim that there is but one other in the valley that can equal the last one. The pressure of water is something terrific and rises in a six-inch column five feet above the casing. Its seething, frothing spray is awe inspiring. The wide ditches leading away from it look like ravines after a series of spring rains. This well is only a few blocks from the business portion of town and visitors to the city are enabled to see one of the wonders without the trouble of a journey to the country. Within a short while the water will be confined and piped over that portion of the city known as the Robert Addition.

A CHANGE IS MADE.

Dr. A. L. Norfleet Retires as Cashier of the First National Bank.

On Saturday of last week the directors of the First National Bank of Artesia held a meeting for the purpose of electing two new officers, made necessary by the resignation of its cashier, Dr. A. L. Norfleet, who disposed of his holdings to Mr. A. L. Ross, of Versailles, Mo. The latter gentleman previously held considerable stock and his later purchases puts him in control of the institution. Mr. S. W. Gilbert, of this place, was elected president to succeed R. M. Ross and Dr. R. M. Ross cashier to succeed Dr. Norfleet.

Dr. Norfleet's friends were surprised to hear of his contemplated retirement from the position he has filled so acceptably to the patrons of the bank. He assisted in the organization of the bank when Artesia was but a few months old, and to his energy and foresight is largely due the prosperity of the house. The bank has about 200 depositors and \$50,000 on deposit, and its doors were opened for business January 15. Dr. Norfleet has extensive land holdings near town, which he wishes to develop. He has let the contract for one well, with probably others to follow.

Dr. R. M. Ross, the new cashier was one of the pioneers of the town, having cast his lot on these prairies before even the first well was discovered. From that day to this he has given intelligent and praiseworthy assistance in every movement looking to the social, commercial or religious betterment of the town. His well known business methods and inherent courtesy, fit him for the trying position in which he is now placed, and no doubt, the remarkable success of the First National will continue.

Presiding Elder Lallance

Of the Methodist church will be in Artesia and preach at the school house on Tuesday night July 19.

One Year Ago Today.

July 9, 1903 was a day that the citizens of Artesia will never forget—that is, those of the present inhabitants who were here at that time—and they were not many. For many days previous, the fate of the town-to-be had hung in the balance. The big rotary drill of Chambers & Heath had steadily, round by round penetrated the earth in search of the life-giving waters. Anxiously, patiently, the few citizens on the barren plain had watched the revolutions. To live, to grow, to prosper was the hope on one side, counteracted by the thought that perhaps it would be necessary to fold their tents and, like the Arab, silently steal away to other fields of speculation. Deeper and deeper the key to the artesian treasures progressed and at the same ratio the hopes of the watchers fell away, when out of the darkness of the night there came the shoutings from the watchman on the tower that told the tidings of joy to the sleepers. In an instant a city was born and the brave-hearted pioneers awoke to celebrate in a manner befitting the occasion. The ever-present six-shooter was brought into glad acclaim and the morning of July 9th, dawned upon the happiest lot of people in the world. At a depth of 740 feet the largest flow ever found in the Pecos valley had been struck and the wise ones knew what the consequences would be. Land offices opened in a night, and from that day to this the Santa Fe railway has done the biggest business in its history. These vast prairies belonged to the government and were free for the taking. By night and by day homeseekers from other states came in and got homes, until at present not an unclaimed acre of ground can be found within many miles of town. Business houses followed each other in quick succession and town lots went like hot buns.

There has been no cessation and the town and country is developing at a more rapid rate today than ever before. On the first anniversary of its birth Artesia can boast of many handsome store buildings, neat cottages, three handsome brick structures, four stone houses in course of construction, a complete and powerful system of waterworks, a national bank, telephones in operation and electric lights to be put in immediately, bonds issued for a \$10,000 school building, two lumber yards, four hotels, a cement block factory and every other business institution that is needed in a live town. The initial well mentioned above (although larger than anyone to be found elsewhere in the valley) has paled into comparative insignificance beside nine or ten others that have leaped from the ground within the last eight months. These last may be classed among the wonders of the world. Where one year ago today was only grass and sand, we see fields of waving corn and alfalfa. Thousands of fruit and ornamental trees have been planted. The transformation is almost beyond belief. No man has touched a piece of land in town or country who has not made money out of it and the tale has just begun. Sufficient irrigable territory has been developed within these last twelve months to prove beyond question that Artesia is destined to be the leading city of the valley before many years. Its natural advantages will compel this growth.

Put your shoulder to the wheel and make next year a more momentous one still.

The Pecos has been on a raise.

ARTESIA, N. M.

The appearance of the ant indicates at the season for picnics is again hand.

No matter how pretty a girl is, she can't afford not to know at least a little something.

If the man who rocks the boat were only one to drown, the mourning wouldn't be so general.

Now is the time for the Russian sets to give us something about "the lines they left behind them."

Joe Jefferson states that comedy is a serious business. We've seen some faces that were painfully tragic.

Lord Lansdowne's statement that he exists in Tibet is somewhat tardy, the Tibetans realized it weeks ago.

Baseball is said to cure insomnia, but what we want to know is what will cure some of the baseball players.

Bishop Anderson's objection to having his salary increased makes him one of the most lone persons in the country.

Considering the number of men who have roasted pianos it is surprising it took so long to think of the idea of burning them.

A New York man was made crazy by consuming an oversupply of lobster. It was simply a case of "becoming what you eat."

The man who is always complaining about his poor health seldom has the satisfaction of hearing anybody ask him how he is.

A contemporary millionaire declares that "control of temper is essential to success." He unfortunately neglects to say whose success.

The New York banks are now said to have too much money on hand. Some of these crooked cashiers will soon correct this evil.

A Pennsylvania woman who died the other day left \$500 for her pet dog. It ought to be easy enough for some sharp lawyer to get that.

Whatever reason the Yale students may have for going barefoot, according to their latest fad, it isn't to save papa the expense of shoes.

A Chicago woman claims that she can read character by the voice. This is probably just her cute little way of saying that money talks.

The fashion arbiters have failed miserably in their efforts to abolish the shirtwaist girl. The boss can't defeat the will of the whole people.

From the way the South American nations have been selling their warships, we may infer that they have decided hereafter to live together in peace.

The Boston papers tell us that the Wellesley girls have been so annoyed by male firings that in order to protect themselves they are carrying revolvers. Where?

A Boston humorist who undertook to scare a night watchman got shot for his pains. Nothing is more dangerous than to suddenly awaken a heavy sleeper.

A man in Dover, Del., recently went to the whipping post for stealing a railroad tie. Had he taken the whole road he would have gone to the winning post instead.

There is to be a scientific collection of mosquitoes at St. Louis. Most people will be far more interested in studying the unclothes ones when the hot weather comes on.

Out in Indian Territory a man was recently blown a quarter of a mile in a tornado. He could have done better than that at one of our little wind-jamming political orgies.

Andrew Lang's effort to wrestle with George Ade is not quite so funny as the earlier English attempt to understand Mark Twain, but it belongs to the same brand of obtuseness.

An old atlas, printed in 1796, says that the climate of this country is a combination of all the other climates in the world. That atlas must have been written in March and printed in April.

Lord Broke, who is only 22 years old, and who has no prejudice against cash, is coming over to this country from England. This particular Broke is a bachelor, but he does not intend to go on so forever.

Treasure in the Sea

An Italian company has been formed to recover bullion sunk in Vigo bay 200 years ago. It has found one of the old galleons at the very outset of its search, an anchor, a chain and some cannon having been brought up. The salvors have hopes of raising the vessel bodily and removing the contents at leisure. Vigo, a town in northwest Spain, has figured at least four times in the annals of English war. In 1589, the year after the invincible armada, Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris wound up an expedition to Portugal by capturing Vigo, burning the city and ravaging the country. It was in 1762, however, in the fighting days of Queen Anne, that the great "affair" occurred. As an old line has it, "in 1762 brave Rooke did strew the depths of Vigo bay with gold."

War had been declared with France and Sir George Rooke, who has distinguished himself at La Hogue and afterward took Gibraltar while in command of the united British and Dutch squadrons, received information that

Spanish galleons richly laden were then anchored at Vigo. On arriving there he found that the commander of the French escort had protected his convoy by placing them behind an enormous boom formed of masts, yards, chains, cables and cables, but undeterred, the Torbay, under Vice Admiral Hornet, crashed through, to be very nearly destroyed, however, by a fire ship. It is said that the latter still had its cargo, which consisted of such aboard, and when it blew up the snuff prevented the flames from making headway.

A complete victory was gained by the allied fleet. According to some accounts five galleons were among the prizes, which had on board 29,000,000 pieces of eight, besides merchandise of equal value. Of the silver fourteen millions were saved and of the goods about five millions. Four millions of that were destroyed, with ten of merchandise, and about two millions in silver and five in goods were brought away conjointly by the British and Dutch.

Where Men Live Long

A person over 100 is a phenomenon in England, and his or her death is an event to be chronicled. All through Morocco, Algeria and Tunis, however, centenarians are as common as blackberries, and hale young fellows of 70 and 80 are regarded as being on the right side of middle age.

Every traveler in the "Barbary States," as they used to be called, is impressed by this remarkable abundance of centenarians. A gray-bearded old man of 70, who is trying to sell curios to a tourist for thrice their value, exclaims:

"By the beard of the prophet, may my grandfather die if what I tell you is not true!"

Looking at his gray beard, you think he is quite safe in calling down that curse upon himself; but when you make inquiries you find that he really has a grandfather living, aged about 110, and that the old gentleman is still going about doing business on market days.

Life is not wearing in Moslem Africa. A man never does anything in a hurry there. Notrally, he does not even grow old in a hurry. When

he is 70 he is beginning to get over the first flush of youth; he is no longer contented as one of the boys. But not until he is at least 90 does he expect people to pay honor and reverence to him as a veteran, and even then he must take a back seat and listen deferentially when the hale and hearty centenarians approach. In the country districts the centenarians are even more in evidence than in the cities, and many of them are of the softer sex.

Many of the "marabouts" or holy men who are to be found at the sacred shrines and tombs which are scattered so thickly all over the Barbary States, live to incredible ages. There is one at Marakesh who is said to be over 150 years old. His body is shriveled up like a mummy's, his face is the color of ashes, and the skin is drawn tightly over his cheekbones, like the parchment on a drum. Yet his eyes are bright and fierce, and he walks with an easy, springing gait to the tomb, where he sits all day long to receive the offerings of the faithful and listen to their petitions.—London Express.

Trees of Vast Age

The life of man seems indeed but a transient hour, hardly long enough "to look about us and to die," when we compare it with the existence of a tree. In comparison to some of the sequoias Metuselah died in infancy.

A United States senator has lately made public certain information received by him about the amount of history stored away in the great trees of California. One of moderate size, fifteen feet in diameter five feet from the ground, reveals the following experiences: In 271 B. C. it began its existence. In 245 A. D. when it was 516 years of age, a forest fire burned on its trunk a scar three feet in width. After 1196 years of placid life in another fire, in 1441 A. D. the tree, aged 1712, received another injury. Another scar followed in 1580 and was not covered with new tissue for fifty-six years. The worst attack of all was in 1787, when the tree, then 2,068 years of age, was attacked by a fire which left a scar eighteen feet wide, reduced by 1890, in 103 years, to fourteen feet. These vast historic crea-

tures are being treated to the fate which threatens so many of our forests throughout the land—the saw mill and conversion into the fleeting materials of commerce. The tree of which we have spoken, after defying storm and fire for over twenty centuries, fell a victim to the desire for money about three years ago.

Only ten isolated groves of these trees remain, and only one grove is protected by government ownership. The nation ought to own them all, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Congress will act favorably upon the president's request to buy two more groves—a modest enough ambition. Some of these trees are twice the size of the one whose age has been ascertained and must be some fifty centuries old now, with possible long lives ahead. If Congress fails to save these ancient monuments and allows them to fit through paltry buildings to a speedy nothingness it will have added one to its disgraceful failures and omitted the opportunity to add one to its acts of wisdom and utility.—Collier's Weekly.

Song of the Fireside

Give me a pipe, a light, a look,
To know the power of tyranny;
To know how I'm monarch here no eye
Of damning deed to fetter me—
"Ah, me," I sigh, "I go to be alive!"
To laugh at fame and scoff at wealth,
To envy none; to feel the free
And joyous snap of my life in health
In easy pulse that beats in me;
To bow my head in thanks to God,
To dream no hope, to strive, to strive,
Ah, me, it were a soulless deed
That is not mine.
To hear a woman's rustling gown,
To bid her come and sit with me,
To dream of love, to love, to love,
But in her heart and memory;
To put my pipe or paper by
To taste the honey of life
Of kisses—ah, 'tis then that I
To dream of hope, to strive, to strive,
Ah, me, it were a soulless deed
That is not mine.
—New York Times.

Just Mad.
A calm serenity of temper, and a self-control which keeps a person unruffled in the petty annoyances and ills of everyday life indicate the possession of perfect mental health. Nowadays people are very fond of saying so-and-so was "just mad," meaning very angry; but it would be well if temper were more often seri-

ously regarded as madness. It may be preventable madness, but madness it is while it lasts, and there is seldom anyone who is made more unhappy by it than the person who gives way to it.
Too much humility and an insincere heart lurk together in the shadows of hypocrisy.

Just a Slight Mistake

"Now, to reward you for coming to see this rainy night," she said, "I'm going to make you something in my coffee dish. I got a new recipe book for Christmas, and I'm going right through it, alphabetically. I've gotten as far as 'D' already."

He hastily disclaimed any desire for refreshment. He had played the "dog" to experiments on that particular chafing dish before. He had gone as far as "D" himself, when on one occasion she had mistaken the red pepper for cinnamon.

"Oh, dat," she uttered. "See, now—you may choose! Don't these sound inviting: 'Damon Sauce, Devonshire Dimples, Devil'd Crabs'—"

"—er—that is, the doctor has forbidden me to eat anything commencing with 'D' he interrupted.

Her face fell. "I'm awfully sorry, because I couldn't skip, you know. I would mix me all up; I'd forget where I left off."

"Oh, no—it would never do to skip," he agreed.

"Well, then, at least let me give you a cup of cocoa," she said, hospitably. As cocoa sounded comparatively innocuous, he accepted the offer, but

without very great enthusiasm. She lit the light under the kettle, poured in a spoonful of cocoa, and measured a brown powder from a tin box marked "cocoa" mixed it with condensed milk, and when the kettle had boiled, filled the cup with boiling water. Then, with a flourish, she set the steaming beverage before him.

Just as she was about to replace the cover on the tin, she gave a start. Something in the color of the powder had aroused her suspicions. She sniffed at it, then tasted it.

"Wait a minute," she exclaimed, hastily. "Oh, you haven't drunk it, have you?"

"Yes," he answered in a hollow voice, seeing his doom written in her horrified expression. It has come at last. He had always known he would die a victim to her culinary experiments.

"But—didn't it taste—queer?"
"No; no queerer than—I mean, I drank it so luckily that I didn't notice."
"Well, it isn't fatal—necessarily," she said, reassuringly. "I'm awfully sorry—I forgot I had put it in the cocoa tin—but it's only the brick dust we use for cleaning the knives."

Bible Written in 7s

The phenomena of the figure 7 and its multiples, occurring in the New Testament, have been touched upon by Ivan Panin, a Russian student of the bible, who for a number of years has made his home at Grafton, Mass. The significance of the "seven" group will not be lost even upon the superstitious who are outside of the pale of scriptural points, and, as Mr. Panin has shown them, their relations of their groupings to the first eleven verses of the New Testament must suggest that they were scarcely chance.

For instance, in these first eleven verses of Matthew, the vocabulary consists of forty-nine words, or seven sevens; of these words there are twenty-eight, or four sevens, which begin with vowels, and twenty-one, or three sevens, which begin with consonants.

"This distribution by sevens between vowel words and consonant words just mentioned has been deemed accidental, but for the fact that

of the forty-nine words forty-two of them are nouns—six sevens—and seven are not nouns," is the comment of the writer. "Of the forty-two nouns there are thirty-five proper nouns, or five sevens, while seven are common nouns. Of the thirty-five proper names four sevens are male ancestors of Jesus and seven are not such. Not only then is the distribution of the forty-nine words of the vocabulary by sevens as between vowel words and consonant words but also as between the parts of speech."

As a further and absolute proof that these phenomena of the sevens are not accidental Mr. Panin points out that the forty-nine words of the vocabulary show fourteen words that are not used but once, while thirty-five of them, or five sevens, are used more than once. His conclusions are an exhaustive arrangement of the "seven" features are that "Not even the choice of the languages in which the scriptures were written was made without marked numerical design at the threshold of the subject."

Art in Telling Story

"I once saw the art of successful story-telling exemplified in a very prominent way," said Senator Foster of Washington, a few days ago in a company of friends. "During one of our political campaigns a speaker had undertaken to tell a story that was intended to bear upon Ignatius Donnelly, who was opposing him.

"That story," he said, "was intended to reflect on me, but it didn't do. Now, my friends," he continued, "I have a little story I want to tell you."

"With that Donnelly retold the story that had fallen flat. It seemed to me at the time that he repeated it word for word, but from the time he began the story until it was ended the audience was convulsed. It was pronounced to be the best story that had ever come out of the northwest."

"Tell us the story, senator," one of his friends suggested, becoming excited to know more of the narrative. "The audience was convulsed by it and laden with the spirit of wit."

"Oh, no," replied the senator. "I have not sufficient confidence in my prepared story for the story as a remarkable one. It would be doubly hazardous to attempt to repeat it."

Senator Foster's friends are willing to offer a reward for that story, either to offer a reward for that story, either dead with fatness or alive doing it to them. They are being consumed with curiosity to know what it is, but the senator cannot be induced to venture upon its telling.

The Purity of Wells.

"The Pollution of Deep Wells" was the subject of a paper before a scientific society, in which was described an interesting experiment conducted by the United States geological survey and the geological survey of Georgia, acting in cooperation, to determine the liability of contamination of the deep wells and springs in the vicinity of Quitman, Ga., by the proposed action of that city in turning the public sewage into an underground stream. To test the matter, the surveys mentioned inserted two tons of salt into the well into which it was proposed to turn the sewage. Samples of water were taken before the experiment to determine the normal chlorin of the water, and at short intervals during and for some time after the experi-

ment. The report concludes that "analyzing the samples it was shown that the salt had entered all of the deep wells in town, thereby demonstrating that the insertion of salt would have contaminated all of the wells in town, and possibly led to a dangerous epidemic." Undoubtedly the water of the wells is often polluted by the age, and the experiment verified the danger, which should help health officers in their work. One wonder, however, if there is not a slight fallacy in the conclusion introduced by the doubt if micro-organisms might not be prevented from permeating the earth filtration, while a solution of salt would be able to permeate the soil. Why for not use pathogenic bacilli themselves for a more conclusive test?—American Medicines.

British Coal Output.
The United Kingdom's output of coal in 1903 reached the record figure of 239,223,291 tons, the greatest increase was in the Yorkshire district. The number of mine employees was

842,066, an increase of 2 per cent over 1902.
Endeavor to promote the happiness of others, and you will increase your own.

ON PICKET

It is easy to stern the redoubt,
When the flag's in air,
And you hear your comrades shout.

It is easy to dare and to die,
When the great guns crash,
And the sabers flash,
And hosts give the battle-cry.

But it's courage—that's more fine
When no drums boom
To face in the gloom
Alone on the picket line.

And it's braver far to stand
At some dangerpost
Remote from the host,
Obeying the word of command,

It's duty that's done apart,
With faith serene,
And courage clean,
That marketh the truest of heart.

—Richard Benedict.

JENNY WHOUSES

BY A. S. JOHN ADCOCK

Lavender row was accustomed to sessions, and would not have been happy without them. But never had the row been so stirred to its grim depths, so blown with notoriety and unholly excitement, as it was on the occasion of Alf Jarvis's sudden departure from it.

One night in autumn, a night of ghostly mists and no moon, Alf failed to come home. As he was not a man of regular habits, this was nothing special. But in the morning his body was found lying out on the mangy green stretch of the London Fields, dead, with a savage gash in the throat that could not have been self-inflicted. While he lived, nobody had been specially fond of Alf except his parents, and they were half afraid of him. A loafing, ill-conditioned ruffian, he had suffered imprisonment for one brutal outrage, and was strongly suspected of others that could not be brought home to him.

Nevertheless, his death was generally accepted in Lavender row as a calamity; he was discussed as exhaustively as if he had been a real loss to the community, and men and women respect glory in a small way by relating his sayings and doings and going as his personal friends.

The police could find no clues to the murderer, and, throughout this thrilling period, of all who rose to local eminence by reason of their acquaintance with Alf, none rose higher than Jenny Cripps, nor took a subtler pride in the elevation, nor appealed there more prevalently to public sentiment.

Jenny lived with her mother in the house opposite to that in which Alf had lodged. She earned a livelihood by work in a chocolate factory, and was a good-looking, vivacious girl, who, for all her native coquetry and love of dress and amusement, had a robust imagination and a ballast of common sense that stood her in good stead in a narrow, worldly world.

She had owned no preference for anybody until she began to walk out with Ben Gillett, and Ben's triumph was not lasting. She quarrelled with him frequently, and at length, offended by some fancied slight, sent him away in a moment of pique and apparently transferred her affections. But Ben was not readily daunted.

ness of her displeasure, smarting under the knowledge that he had a new rival who was far more dangerous than the old.

This new rival was none other than the redoubtable Alf Jarvis. Before his solitary conviction had rendered the undue prominence too risky, Alf had been the leader of a cove of Hooligans who were the terror of the neighborhood; and since his release from durance he had been less daringly lawless, but carried out his exploits with a baffling cunning.



"Give me up, an' I'll swing for it," and secrecy that left the police no chance of entrapping him.

It was no wonder, then, if Jenny was dazzled by the homage of so masterful a man. The wonder was that his dashing airs, the glamor of his crude greatness, the open hatred of one he had killed and several he ignored for the sake of her, turned her head so little as it did.

Suddenly, at this critical juncture, before she could be sure of her own heart, or Alf could overpersuade her, some unknown hand had abruptly thrust him out of her life forever.

His tragic end filled her with horror and affected her with an emotional belief that she had really loved him. The tears she shed were tears of genuine sorrow.

While the development of the situation seemed to make it imperative, she trimmed her hat with crapes and bought herself a cheap black dress, and in these habiliments was treated with distinguished consideration at the inquest, where she sat on a front bench between Alf's father and mother.

Later she was the most attractive figure and a principal mourner at the funeral. Altogether it was a strange and grievous experience, not unmingled with a certain pleasant self-complacency of which Jenny was dimly ashamed even while she indulged it.

No arrests were ever made. Alf had wronged many people and made numerous enemies; moreover, his companions were as brutal and as lawless as himself. He might have been murdered out of revenge, or in the heat of some drunken fight—and by degrees the search began to be abandoned.

Meanwhile, though Ben Gillett had made no attempt to intrude upon Jenny's misery, he had not lost sight of her. But, strong in the importance attaching to her almost widowed state, and too proud to own it in a hurry even if she suspected she had been any way duping herself, she steered her heart against him and discouraged such hesitant attempts as he made to renew acquaintance with her.

Then, as he could endure this no longer, crushed and reckless with despair, he forced her to make up her mind about him, once for all, by calling upon her in her own home.

always open, for the convenience of the various lodgers, he was ordered at will and, before she was aware of his presence, was in the room where she sat at the table sewing, alone.

"You needn't be afraid, Jenny," he said, smiling, "I'm not here and standing with my back to it. I must speak to you. . . . You're breaking my heart. I saw your mother go out, an' came in hoping to find you by yourself. I want you to tell me the plain truth—an' have done with it. I want to know, Jenny—was it only a sort of fancy—are you only sorry for him—or—did you really love him?"

"I shouldn't wear black if I didn't should it?" she cried, resentfully. "But—once you loved me, Jenny—" "No, I never did then!"

"I've been mistaken, then?" "Reckon you have," she tossed her head scornfully.

"You're quite—quite certain?" he urged, anxiously. "Don't fool me any more, Jenny."

"Who's foolin' you? You've no right to come here bullying me, Ben Gillett, an' try to clear you take yourself off the better!"

"I'll tell you, Jenny." His grim calmness seemed to increase with her agitation. "That night Jarvis was murdered, I was comin' across the Fields an' met him. He'd been drinkin', but he knew me an' shouted words it was bitter hard to bear. I went on, but he jeered an' shouted after me. It was something about you—never mind what—an', though I knew it was a lie, I couldn't stand it. I ran back, mad, an' dashed my fist in his face. Next minute he had a knife out and was on me. We rolled over atop of each other—I got his wrist an' wrenched the knife away."

He stopped as she stared at him aghast. "I hated him," he continued, in a strained, hoarse whisper. "I'd never thought to do him harm, though. But . . ."

He paused, panting as if for breath, and presently resumed, brokenly: "Now you know. It was me. An' if it's him you love—an' not me—I don't care to hide it—any longer. I never meant to tell you—but now . . . That settles it! You can give me up, Jenny. That's why I'm telling you. Give me up, an' I'll swing for it! Go on. . . . Here! There it is." With a hasty movement, he flung a long-bladed knife down on the table before her.

He ceased, and stood, duly resolved, his breast heaving convulsively. There was a moment of awful silence. Then the slow tread of Mrs. Cripps returning sounded in the passage. Instantly Jenny started to her feet.

"Ben!" she cried, in an agony, under her breath. "Oh . . . it was my fault! . . . It was never him, really! I did— . . . I never cared—I thought I did— . . ."

She broke off with a warning gesture as the door opened, and, snatching the knife from the table, thrust it into her pocket.—Sketch.

HE WAS KIND, SHE CLEVER.

And Combination Resulted in Her Getting a Seat.

She was a very clever woman, and a past master in the art of strategy. So all agreed who rode down town with her on the Sixth avenue surface car.

She entered the car at Seventy-second street. Every seat was taken, and almost every strap had a man or woman suspended from it.

She looked about hesitatingly for an instant, but every man was interested in his paper. Then she took hold of a strap almost in front of a young man, a very young man, who was blushing guiltily as he pretended to read.

While the young man blushed and the woman thus hung, her handkerchief fluttered, accidentally to all appearances, to the floor. The young man looked up just then and saw the white bit of cambric. The feeling of chivalry which he was evidently trying to stifle would not be suppressed longer.

He arose and stooped for the handkerchief.

This was the woman's opportunity. While his back was turned she gently slipped into his seat.

When he turned about and saw what had occurred he almost collapsed. But every man did not. She took her handkerchief out of his hand, smiling innocently.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly. "You are very kind."—New York Sun.

Blown mist of grey grasses
Into my singing drift;
Kissed me with the muses
With lights that sway and shift;
Bye with the dappled
Your fairy torches lit.

Brown mist of grey grasses
Where red-wings dip,
Each mid the rhythm bending
Each dark pool's yellowing lip—
The sweet avicenna
The careless slide and slip.

Into my plodding measure
That enchantment dim,
Earth of the winds' wild pleasure
And
Yield me but one old treasure,
Then I'll
Gertrude Buck in the Atlantic.

Flour of Mexican Pavilions.
Twenty-five tons of Mexican tiles of various designs were used in laying the floor of the Mexican national pavilion at the world's fair.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Aspiration always seeks service.
Looking is the parent of longing.

A loose life never made a light heart.
The divided spirit cannot do divine service.

The aimless life cannot be the endless life.
A ready-made religion is sure to be a misfit.

A rough diamond is worth much polished dirt.
There is no comfort where no compassion is.

The preacher who is all blow deals sin no blows.
They who put pleasure first are the last to find it.

The higher life is not found on the pedestal of pride.
When a lightweight is lifted up he is sure to be blown away.

The top of the cauldron is more likely to be scum than cream.
There is no promise of pardon for confessing the sins of others.

Finding flaws in the sermon is easier than following it, any day.
The man who is too meek to speak in meeting gets over it before election.

When a man is ashamed of his religion he is generally justified in the feeling.
The man who neglects the primary cannot make up for it in the prayer meeting.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BOOKS THEY READ.
Hogarth was fond of joke books and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

Bach was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

"Papa" Hadyn liked stories, and he said, "The more love there is in them the better."

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

Baxter read only the Bible and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

George III. for many years of his life read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists and imitated their style and language.

Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

Wordsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.—The Booklover.

MUSINGS.
A wise girl is known by the company she doesn't keep.

If you would profit by your own advice be a lawyer or a doctor.

Self-made men and eggs are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

A man's wife believes every word he says—when he talks in his sleep.

Many a first-class kitchen mechanic is made over into a thirty-third class actress.

The trouble with many a young man is that he spends his fortune before he makes it.

When a woman attempts to get off a conundrum she forgets either the question or the answer.

GIRLS, PLEASE DON'T—
Let the boys know exactly how you feel toward them.

Show a desire to keep the young chaps all to yourself.

Fret because the men fall to gush over your appearance.

Try to acquire the reputation of being constitutional flirts.

Get into the habit of bestowing compliments without discretion.

SOME GIRLS—
Talk in a way that makes them a positive bore.

Take delight in making fun of men's choice of neckties.

Are veritable tyrants in the way they command men.

Think men never should complain of financial shortage.

Insist that all men are bartered with self-satisfaction.

A SPINSTER SAYS THAT—

The man who is timid as a hare dom dies game.

It isn't the fast man who wins the race for wealth.

The home of a bachelor lacks one of the best modern improvements.

Satan is the father of lies and matrimony is the mother of excuses.

In the matrimonial game a base player isn't always a good catch.

Hunger is a terrible thing, but so men consider thirst more terrible.

The man who is constantly harp on his virtues has at least one vice.

It is said that every man has 1 price yet lots of men give themselves away.

Every time a man goes to church hears a lot of preaching that he other men.

It is up to a man to remember Satan's fate and be careful how he us his jawbone.

Things often go wrong because men think they know it all and refuse take women's advice.

You may have noticed that the man who says he can take a drink or 1 it alone always finds take it.

It's difficult to find a man who willing to hold the ladder of success while another ascends it.

Every man is provided with sense enough to mind his own business, but few men have sense enough to let go at that.

WIT AND WISDOM.
It is better to be lonesome than sorry.

Money that comes quickly goes more so.

Circumstance trumps nearly every game in life.

A fool's cynicism often discounts a wise man's platitudes.

Idleness breeds crimes in the rich as does poverty in the poor.

The greatest bore on earth is the fellow who always "told you so."

When you get chummy and aim high practice well so that you will be sure to hit the bullseye.

Love is like target practice. You may be a pretty good shot and yet never hit the bullseye.

Men admire the college woman, but fall all over themselves to do homage to the silly little fool.

A papa with hard horse sense is not always able to consult a daughter out of her nonsense.

The woman who thinks she can be taught and sports without danger wakes up with a loud buzzing in her ears!

A woman may do many things which she considers "cute," but in another woman she would pronounce bold with a big "B."—Kate Thyson Marr.

FRIENDSHIP.
Is there a friend more delightful than the friend that is twenty, or thirty, or forty years older than you?

Is there another friend that can rival the wisdom distilled from myriad experiences or the fascinating tale of varied years?

Is there another friend to whom you can give just what is craved and receive again what your own heart yearns for and needs?

Is there another friend on whose mind your desires are so clearly mirrored or in whose bosom your ideas and experiences are so cozily at home?

Is there another friend in whom you confide with the same surety that everything revealed will be buried again forever in a faithful heart's stillness?

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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, V. & N. E. R. R.

ARRIVES ARTESIA:
 Southbound (daily except Sunday) 7:00 p. m.
 Northbound (daily except Monday) 9:15 a. m.
 DEPARTS ARTESIA:
 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. except Sunday
 Sunday hours. 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.

Democratic Nominees.

- For Collector and Treasurer,
J. D. W. LKER, (Re-election.)
- For Tax Assessor,
J. E. EMERSON.
- For Sheriff,
M. C. STEWART.
- For Commissioner Precinct No. 1.
ALLEN HEARD.

A coach load of Artesia folks went to Hagerman Monday to help keep the Fourth unholy and to absorb any of the star-spangled patriotism that might be lying around loose. They subdued the mild-eyed wooden bronchos to the tune of "Mary Was a Lady," drank religious lemonade with commendable patriotism, listened to Sockless Jerry expound the latest brand of populist bombast, and in the afternoon witnessed the tragic event on the diamond when Hagerman and Dexter demonstrated to their mutual satisfaction that they couldn't play ball. Considering the overwhelming crowd present, our little neighbor in the bend of the river did very well. The Artesia crowd had a good, warm time and were refreshed after rest from the rush of business and a day spent among rural shades.

New Well Machine.

A Big American rotary drill was received from the Beaumont oil fields Wednesday by Mr. W. D. Cammack, who recently came to Artesia from that place. It will be moved immediately to Mr. Cammack's 320 acres of land on Cottonwood, eight miles northwest of town, and put to work on a well. Mr. Cammack first came to Artesia last year, just after the first big gusher was secured, and, realizing the great opportunity presented for investment, filed on some land. Time has proven the wisdom of his course and he comes into the field now with a fine machine. A well on Mr. Cammack's land means a considerable extension of the proven artesian field.

Sewing machine needles at the New York Store.

MORE ROOMS NEEDED.

The Hotel Artesia to be Further Enlarged to Meet the Demands of the Public.

One of the surest indications of the constant growth of Artesia is the fact that it is almost impossible to provide hotel accommodations for the visiting public. The improvements in this line have been extensive since Jan. 1st. of this year. During the first part of the year, the D'Arcy Hotel, a two story house was built to help the other two houses feed the visitors. Then the Hotel Artesia received a twelve-room addition to its capacity. About a month later the Hotel Gibson, a two-story brick structure was built. The four hotels have been unable to supply the demand, so J. C. Gage, proprietor of the Hotel Artesia, let the contract Thursday to J. T. Patrick for the erection of an eight-room building adjoining the present building on the west and fronting on Main street. Work began yesterday. A nicely-arranged sample room will be supplied with the others.

To The Public.

Having sold my interest in the First National Bank of Artesia to Mr. A. L. Ross, of Versailles, Mo., I desire to sincerely thank my friends here for their patronage and assure them that I am in hearty sympathy with them in their efforts to reclaim the desert land of the Pecos valley and shall continue to use my very best endeavor to assist them in breaking the chains that have so long bound its fountains of life and bringing into Edenic beauty the richest and best spot in this vale of wells—namely, twenty miles square with Artesia as its center.

Having made a recent published statement of the condition of the First National here, it is not necessary for me to speak of its splendid record and sound condition.

Faithfully yours,
A. L. NORFLEET.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to the citizens of Artesia and community that there will be a call meeting at the office of J. Mack Smith on Thursday July 14, at 4 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of devising ways and means of securing and establishing a public cemetery for the community of Artesia. Let everybody come and join in securing a public resting place for the dead.

- E. H. Gore,
- J. K. Walling,
- A. V. Logan,
- C. D. Cleveland,
- John Richey,
- J. Mack Smith.

We are glad to see Mr. W. L. Caldwell on the streets again, after a protracted illness.

SCREENS! SCREENS!

You know that some FLIES are here, and many more will arrive. Therefore you need SCREENS, and if you want good ones, at prices that are just right, I can supply you. Let me also remind you that at this season

LIME

is very necessary for sanitary purposes. Call to see me and I assure you right treatment, and an appreciation of your patronage.

E. B. Kemp,

DEALER IN

Pine, Oak, Hickory, Lime, Cement, Plaster and Brick.

FOR THE BUILDER.

If you are building or Contemplating building we want to interest you in

BUILDER'S HARDWARE.

Nearly every bill that is brought into our store to be figured calls for the cheapest locks and hinges. Nails are all alike, but there is a big difference in locks. Did it ever occur to you the difference \$3 or \$4 would make on an average sized house? It means

Bronze Plated Mortise Locks

Instead of common steel. Difference in cost not enough to figure, difference in Locks 100%.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILL.

HOFFMAN HARDWARE Company,

Married.

Mr. S. P. Henry, a well known stockman, and Mrs. Amy Turk, were married at Hotel Artesia Tuesday evening, Rev. J. C. Gage, pastor of the Methodist church officiating. There were only two witnesses, Misses Yeargin and Gage. Mrs. Turk is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Turnkett, and her husband, a prominent cattle man, was killed at Hope a couple of years ago.

The bridal couple left on Wednesday mornings train for the Worlds Fair at St. Louis. They have many friends who wish them a happy married life.

Giant Pascal Celery.

Celery—plan is cut back twice. \$2.00 per thousand. 30c per hundred.—Alameda Green House.

Mr. J. P. Church,
Roswell, N. M.

A. O. U. W.

Organizer J. R. Burton informs the Advocate that a lodge of that order will be instituted in Artesia next week. A creditable number of charter members have been secured.

Painfully Hurt.

While working at the well drill Thursday morning young Paul Swearingen was struck on the forehead by a falling chain and the flesh laid open to the skull. The attending physician took a stitch or two and Mr. Swearingen is suffering as little as can be expected.

Rev. E. McQueen Gray.

Divine services and lectures by the Rev. E. McQueen Gray of Carlisbad: On Friday, July 29, prayer meeting and lecture at 8 p. m. On Saturday, July 30, Gramophone concert and lecture at 8 p. m. On Sunday, July 31, Divine services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. A collection will be taken at each of these meetings and services in aid of the public library.

Mr. McNatt to Build.

Mr. E. E. McNatt, the jovial manager of the Pecos Valley Drug Company's house at this place, this week let the contract to J. T. Patrick for the erection of a neat cottage on Richardson avenue. Mr. McNatt is not building the house to rent.

New dress goods, New York Store.

JOHN SCHROCK Lumber Co.

... DEALERS IN ...

All kinds of building material, Builders Hardware, Standard Paints and Oils, Brick, Lime and Cement, Screen Doors, Etc.

Fix to Make Money

If you want some good ranches or small farms or town property, residence lots or Main street lots, now is the time to get in, before the country is developed.

All the land around Artesia will soon be watered. It means high price lands and lots.

CLAYTON & BECKHAM,

THE REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

ARTESIA, N. M.

ROBIN & DYER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—
 HIGH GRADE Saddles and Harness
 We also carry a full line of Collars, Bridles, Whips, Spurs Etc., and do all kinds of repairing,
 All Work Guaranteed.

ULLERY FURNITURE Co.

ARTESIA,

UNDERTAKERS

Caskets and Undertaking Goods a full and complete line, also HEARSE, for which arrangements can be made for use of same in all surrounding country, as well as in Artesia.

CLARENCE ULLERY, } LICENSED EMBALMERS.
RICHARD THORNE, }

By the Board of Health of New Mexico

Artesia Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

H. CROUCH, Proprietor,

I have fitted up commodious stables at Artesia and am prepared to attend the wants of the traveling public. I have plenty of brand new hacks and buggies and my horses are good movers and kept in good condition. Prospectors or travelers desiring to go to interior points can be promptly accommodated.

H. CROUCH.

The First National Bank

OF ARTESIA

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000

OFFICERS: S. W. GILBERT, President; JOHN S. MAJOR, Vice-Pres'd't;

R. M. Ross, Cashier.
DIRECTORS: A. L. Ross, A. L. Norfleet, S. W. Gilbert, John S. Major and R. M. Ross.

Is now open and ready for business and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Deposits received, exchange bought and sold on all points, collections made. Money to loan at reasonable rates on approved security. We will endeavor at all times to extend every courtesy to our patrons, and to conduct our business in such a manner as to merit the confidence of all.

John Richey & Sons.

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, Sec'y

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

Mr. Tipton, a blacksmith of Roswell, is in the city with a view of locating.

Toilet soap, Perfumery and all kinds of toilet articles at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Come everybody and get a box of Clariett and White Star soap at Logan & Dyers.

R. H. Kemp, of Roswell, was visiting his mother and brother in Artesia Thursday.

Will Crutcher and Johnnie Gage invite you to come and get a fine cigar free, today.

Photographs of scenes in the Pecos Valley by Tackett, on sale at Pecos Valley Drug Company.

Messrs White & Swearingen's drill will go to J. C. Hale's land immediately to drill two wells.

Every body keep clean. Just received car of Clariett and White Star soap at Logan & Dyers.

Mrs. R. E. Alexander, of Roswell, spent Sunday with her sisters, Messdames McIntosh and Baskin.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Get good and buy Clariette or White Star soap at Logan & Dyers.

Mr. J. D. H. Reed, of Oswego, Kan., arrived in the city yesterday to make final proof upon his land.

Dr. Lee McIntosh and wife have this week moved into one of the new Roberts cottages on Quay avenue.

R. A. Tombs and B. W. Owen, well known lumber men of Ft. Worth, were in the city this week.

The ladies of Artesia Library Association met with Mrs. Gayle Talbot Thursday afternoon. Ice cream and cake was served.

"Plant Triumph potatoes now for fall crop, seed in any quantity, \$2.50 per hundred, f. o. b. Roswell."

Roswell Produce & Seed Co.
More heavy rains this week and Pecos and Cottonwood have been flooded. The prairies are putting on a beautiful coat of green.

During the sudden rainstorm Tuesday afternoon, lightning struck a young cottonwood tree recently planted on E. F. Hardwicke's lots.

We don't want to see anyone looking unclean with the great water supply and car of the Famous Clariett and White Star soap at Logan & Dyers.

Patronize two worthy boys and buy your confectioneries, cold drinks and cigars from Willie Crutcher and Johnnie Gage. They ask your patronage.

Rev. Hill, pastor of the Christian church at Roswell, began a revival meeting at the tent on Quay avenue Tuesday night. The public is invited to attend.

E. A. Clayton is this week cutting his second crop of alfalfa off the field sown last fall. This is the first years growth, yet there is a heavy stand and three or four crops will be harvested. Each cutting will net as much per acre as a fine yield of wheat and harvest comes every thirty days. No more plowing or planting. A continual cutting through the summer and fine pasture for stock during winter. Verily, alfalfa is the seed of prosperity. No other known crop will bring in such a return for labor.

Willie Crutcher resigned his position in the house of Logan & Dyer this week to engage in business with Johnnie Gage, in the Fenton building. They will handle confectioneries, cold drinks and cigars and should have a liberal patronage from our people, as they are two deserving, hustling boys.

Messdames Linn and Jackson; Misses Henley, Reiff and Linn, and Messrs Swigart and Gilliland, all of Carlsbad, visited Artesia Tuesday as guests of J. H. Warren and R. M. Love. They were well pleased with the big wells, fine young orchards, and the great expanse of beautiful grass land lying ready for irrigation.

Mr. Will Enos, of Coleman, Texas, has made further investments in the valley this week. He bought a one-third interest in the Rose-Davis well and 100 acres of land on the Pecos. Mr. Enos is one of those kind who back their judgment with their money.

The Baldwin rig which finished the Venable well last week, will go to help out the drill at Sigman's ranch, which is a "drop" machine and cannot cope with the great amount of quick sand found in that district.

Miss Polly Yeargin has been elected as first assistant teacher in Artesia public school for the term beginning in September. Miss Yeargin is popular and well qualified and her many friends are pleased with the selection.

Rev. E. McQueen Gray, the talented Episcopal minister of Carlsbad, visited the city Wednesday and accepted an invitation to hold services here the latter part of the month. Notice of same is given elsewhere in this issue.

The J. S. Venable artesian well which came in three last week has attracted favorable attention by increasing in flow. It is a beauty indeed, and stands out against the western horizon like a shaft of snow.

Mr. Ed Darr, the market man, had his collar bone broken and was otherwise painfully injured Sunday afternoon by having his horse to fall with him. His right arm is in splints and bandages and he is suffering considerably.

Rev. John Lane, the evangelist and singer, gave a couple of entertaining lectures at the school house this week, illustrated with stereopticon views. He is an entertaining, talented gentleman and has made a host of warm friends in Artesia.

Mr. Bernard Fos, the well known piano man of Roswell, has been in Artesia several days accompanied by Mrs. Fos. He sold two handsome pianos, one to Dr. Norfleet and one to Dr. Rhodes. Mr. Fos purchased a half section of land near town.

For confectioneries and cold drinks patronize Willie Crutcher and Johnnie Gage, in the Fenton building, Main street. They will handle nothing but nice, fresh goods and sell cheap.

For Sale by "Cleveland Land Agency"—100 acres fine land, six miles west of McMullan, within a mile of five artesian wells, which range from 152 to 300 feet deep and flow from 500 to 1700 gallons per minute.

J. G. Welsh has mountain lumber. Order mountain lumber, J. G. Welsh. Four new shoes put on for \$1.75. J. L. Woodworth.

corn from Walling.
of corn at Walling's.
mountain lumber J. G. Welsh.
all kinds at Pecos Valley
Co.

every day bargains at the New
Store.

mountain J. P. Dyer is in Ama-
this week.

hats, pants and suits at the
Store.

soap with hat on it at
& Dyers.

new shoes put on for \$1.75.
Woodworth.

and shirt waist sets at the
Store.

new shoes put on for \$1.75.
Woodworth.

and Mrs. F. B. Crutcher spent
in Roswell.

umbrellas, silk threads at
the New York store.

the Rawls visited friends in
this week.

H. H. Sigman died in Brown-
Texas, last Friday.

Magazines and Novels at
Valley Drug Co.

Christians will feed you well
your right. Try him.

Geo Baumer was up from
these several days this week.

dealers at all hours, G. W.
in Hardwicke building.

line of reliable jewelry just
at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Colony plants, \$2.00 per
Roswell Produce & Seed Co.

McCreary, Esq., has been
several days this week.

and Mrs. R. H. Gore left
today for their trip to the Fair.

and Isaac, the dry goods man
of Ft. Worth, was in the city Tuesday.

the new and elegant designs
paper at Pecos Valley Drug

received a straight car Clari-
White Star soap at Logan &

rooms at the D'Arcy Ho-
very moderate. G. W.

W. Ferrick, of Bayneville,
arrived in the city Wednes-
day.

Patrick was mingling with
of Democrats about three
this week.

sent messages over the Artesia
telephone line was sent
afternoon.

line of cigars in town is
by Crutcher & Gage, in the
building. Nothing but the
best.

We have opened in the Fenton building, Main
street, a select stock of

Confectioneries, Cold Drinks

and Cigars

the finest line of cigars in town—nothing but the
best. We propose to treat you just right, sell our
goods at a small profit, and will appreciate every
cent you spend with us.

Very Respectfully,

Willie Crutcher,
Johnnie Gage.

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.

DR. ROBERT M. ROSS,

GENERAL PRACTITIONER
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SURGICAL AND
PULMONARY DISEASES.

POSTOFFICE BUILDING, ARTESIA, N. M.

R. G. STOREY, SURVEYING and LEVELING.

Office Next Door to Post Office

Artesia, N. M.

Drayage.

I have bought the Drayage and General hauling business of John L. Papper and am prepared to 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 patronage of the public is solicited.

T. T. KUYKENDALL.

Office in Clayton Building, Main Street

Lee McIntosh, Dentist.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO

Bridge and Crown Work a Specialty and
All Work guaranteed.

MR. WELL DRILLER

You Might Get Hurt.

No matter how skillful.
Even if you are ever so careful.
Provide for the long dreary weeks of crippling
by having the best accident policy known.
The Maryland Casualty Co. with \$2,000,000.00
for the protection of its policy holders, will pay
you indemnity. It will also pay you for partial
disability. Its health policies provide a
salary for you while you are sick.
Get Life, Investment, Accident and Health
insurance that insures, and GET IT NOW.
Call on, or address R. M. LOVE, Agent,
Artesia, N. M.

J. F. RHODES, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Calls answered day or night. Residence and
Office on Main street.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

J. B. ATKESON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Artesia, N. M. New Mexico.
U. S. Band Office practice and final proofs
a specialty.

Do You Want a Surface Well?

I have a machine for boring
shallow wells and will make
very reasonable rates to any-
one wanting a well less than
100 feet deep. I guarantee
satisfaction. See or write
me at Artesia.

W. B. NAYLOR.

LOVE'S AGENCY.

Representing
THE NEW YORK LIFE
Matches Life and Investment Insurance.
Policies incontestable from date of issue.
Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards Co.
Fancher Creek Nurseries, The Cali-
fornia Rose Co. and The Southwest-
ern Nurseries.
Where we get our Government Evergreens
and Forest Trees.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Instruments drawn and acknowledgments
taken. Office with the Cleveland Land Agency.
Call on or address

R. M. LOVE, Artesia, N. M.

Notice.

To whom it may concern: Our
family grave yard will not be made
a public burying ground. We object
to any more burying there.

A. E. Turknett,
J. W. Turknett.

The Fourth at McMillan.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mert Fanning, on Seven Rivers, about seven or eight miles southwest of McMillan, there was a sociable and pleasant celebration as one would wish to attend. Friends and neighbors gathered with well-filled baskets and as nice a dinner as was ever spread in Kansas or Texas was enjoyed by about 300 people. The dinner was arranged on a 40-foot table where pie and cake were abundant and chicken, beef and ham; dressing, salads, fruit and pickles were there a plenty for every one and just baskets full of it left over. The cakes need special mention, from the fact they were so many and so good. By actual count there were 55, all nice, large delicious ones, and more than 100 pies. The Seven Rivers mothers know how to prepare good dinners, it seems, and they surely deserve credit on this occasion. A barrel of ice cold lemonade was under a shade tree, free to all to go and drink when they pleased. The young folks enjoyed dancing during the afternoon and evening, and the table with plenty of eatables was left where they could help themselves as they wished. In all it was a nice, pleasant, sociable affair and we vote Mr. Wilder who suggested that we ought to celebrate this way at least three or four times a year.

Mr. Fanning is an old settler in the Pecos valley, having lived here 25 years. He has a fine ranch of 640 acres, 400 acres of which is under ditch and he has water to irrigate it. He gets one-third of the big Seven Rivers spring which is a close rival of South Springs near Roswell, and it never varies wet years or dry years, always the same. He has considerable stock on the range and is near where he can look after them, and he raised an abundance of alfalfa and other crops too.

I. O. O. F.

All Oddfellows are requested to meet in the Masonic hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock, to arrange for the organization of a lodge at this place. Already the constitutional number have signified their intention to organize.

L. W. Martin, Organizer.

Masonic.

Artesia Lodge A. F. & A. M. perfected organization in their elegant new hall Tuesday night with a full attendance of officers and members. Mr. Robert Kellahan, of Roswell, Deputy Grand organizer was present.

Messrs Sharp and Burns, two health seekers from Bell county, Texas, are camped at Spring Lake this week. They are enroute to Estancia, and will probably be joined by J. E. Moore, one of their neighbors.

Ed Broiles, the expert driller, is now employed with the new machine recently received by Harris Bros.

With a fine flow of water already in sight, Messrs. Robertson & Rawls well north of town is at a standstill because of lost bits. The Hardwicke drill continues to enjoy the same unpleasant experience.

The cement foundation for the new Crouch livery stable was completed this week, and construction work will commence immediately. It is 50x75 feet.

Tallmadge, the Santa Fe immigration man, showed the caboose end of his special car to Artesia for about five minutes yesterday afternoon. It is said that a couple of his men broke through the lines and remained over to look at the best part of the valley.

J. F. and S. P. Stanford, of Oklahoma City, arrived in the city last evening to look after property interests.

Miss Millie Davidson has returned from a visit to Roswell.

Miss Mattie Worthington, of Childress, Texas, is in the city, on her return from a visit to Hope.

J. T. Gillett, of Dayton, was registered in the city last night.

J. C. Hale, J. C. Gage, J. S. Venable and C. D. Cleveland visited the west Seven Rivers country yesterday.

Jerry Simpson came down from Roswell yesterday afternoon.

C. L. Heath, of Hereford is in the city.

N. O. Starks, of Madison, Wis., who last week bought the Strawn tract of land and shallow well north of town, expects to have the well put down deeper as soon as a machine can be secured.

Mr. Timothy Ryan, of Madison, Wis., is still registered at Hotel Gibraltar, and will secure more land before returning.

Lewis Sholars was in Roswell Wednesday.

Levi Joy, of Elk, made one of his occasional trips to the city this week.

Love's peach orchard at Carlsbad, has now placed Mountain Rose perches for sale with Rankin & Darr. Don't fail to leave orders with them. Get mountain lumber of J. G. Welsh.

Walnut Camp No. 26, Woodmen of the World meets first and third Tuesday nights in each month. Visiting sovereigns always welcome.

H. W. Hamilton, C. C.
J. V. Yeargin, Clerk.

Special Clubbing Offer

A man who is fully alive to his own interests will take his local paper, because he gets a class of news and useful information from it that he can get nowhere else.

STRONG-MINDED.

Up-to-date men also want a good general newspaper in order to keep in close touch with the outside world. Such a paper is The Dallas Semi-Weekly News. A combination of the Artesia Advocate and the Dallas Semi-Weekly News is just what the farmer or the stockman needs in order to keep thoroughly posted upon local news, home enterprises, personal items, state news, national affairs, foreign matters. In short, this combination keeps the farmer and his family up to the times on information. For \$2.50 we will send the two papers one year—16 copies. The "Farmers' Forum" in the News is alone worth the money to any intelligent farmer or stockman of this locality, to say nothing of other special features.

FOR A STOCKMAN.

It is the chance of a life time. Title to 500 acres of land, most of which lies under the immense perpetual head of water that is carried five miles in a private ditch 6 feet wide, which belongs exclusively to this ranch. No dam to maintain, no water rent to pay. Ditch receives water from river where ten times its capacity goes by at lowest stage of river. Ideal for alfalfa ranch, with immense free range adjacent. Price \$15,000. Write today to
R. M. LOVE, Agent,
Artesia, N. M.

Wanted—To buy relinquishment on 160 acres or more of land in Pecos valley, not to exceed 6 miles from Dayton. When writing describe land, also numbers of same with lowest price.

B. H. Stahman,
Roswell, N. M.

Buy a meal ticket from G. W. Christian and get first class regular board at a close rate.

The Advocate is under obligations to Will Robinson, the versatile "tenderfoot" of the Carlsbad Argus, for the full report of the county convention last Saturday night.

Mrs. E. C. Cook and son Charley, are spending a couple of weeks with relatives in Oklahoma.

L. H. Hallam, of Roswell was registered at Hotel Artesia Thursday.

C. A. Tignor, of Hagerman, was gapping at Artesia sights Thursday.

Prof. C. D. Thompson and wife, of Roswell, were in Artesia Wednesday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hodges.

Messrs. Harry Stinson, Richey, A. M. Lee and G. W. left Thursday morning for an extended fishing and hunting trip to Sacramento mountains. The well supplied with camping equipment and expect to have a big time. They will visit Lake before returning.

Nice box paper and fine Tablets at Pecos Valley Drug

L. W. MARTIN

Accountant,

Insurance and General Surety

OFFICE WITH

J. Mack Smith.

Do You Want a Well?

All parties desiring artesian wells drilled or to purchase drilling machinery will find it to their advantage to see or write us at Artesia.

Chapman & Sperry

J. T. PATRICK,

Contractor and Builder.

Estimates furnished on all classes of building. One at a distance wishing claim houses built safely entrust the matter to him. Guaranteed work to be first class and rates reasonable.

THOMSON & COOK, REAL ESTATE BROKERS,

McMillan - - - New Mexico

Have a good list of Relinquishments and Deeded to the Shallow Artesian Flow District in the Famed Seven Rivers country and about Lake McMillan

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 beyond and
The Pecos Valley Lines penetrate the heart of the far famed Pecos valley, justly reputed to be the finest fruit district in the United States, connecting closely at Pecos, Texas, Texas & Pacific Ry., for El Paso and all points in Old Mexico. All of our trains make close connection at Amarillo with the North & Denver City Ry., trains both north and south eliminating necessity for stop-overs enroute for passengers traveling over that line.

Write your friends in the East to ask their local railway agents to write home to the Panhandle and Pecos Valley via the Fe System.

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

DON A. SWEET, Traffic Manager,
Amarillo, Tex.

You are Losing Every Day

You are losing money every day by not buying lots in ARTESIA. We have some Main street lots and some residence lots to sell so you can make money on them. Sell on easy terms, Now is the time to buy, before the lots are picked over. Come while you can get bargains,

THE ARTESIA IMPROVEMENT CO E. A. CLAYTON, Manager.