

The Artesia Advocate

VOLUME 3.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, JANUARY 13, 1906.

NUMBER 24.

A BABY IS MURDERED.

Mother is Charged With the Death of Her Child on North Seven Rivers Sunday Night.

THE FATHER PROBABLY KILLED ALSO.

There comes from Seven Rivers, eight miles west of Lakewood, this week, one of those tales of crime that cause a feeling of sorrow to creep in with the horror of it all. An innocent child is foully murdered and its mother is in jail to answer a charge of killing her own.

The facts of the case as brought out by the inquest, are given the Advocate by Justice of the Peace Byron J. Field, of Lakewood.

Some months ago, a man and wife and their two children, drove into the Seven Rivers country in a covered wagon. The man gave his name as Roberts and claimed to hail from some point in Oklahoma. They took possession of an unused adobe house near the home of Mr. Penington, and Roberts secured occasional work from nearby ranches up to about three weeks ago, when he mysteriously disappeared. He left his wagon and team, and his wife said he went away on foot. Where, she did not know. The woman has lived alone since that time. The neighbors were curious, but said nothing at the time. In view of later events, a search will be made for him.

About 11 o'clock Monday morning, Mrs. Roberts came to the home of Mr. Penington and told a tale that brought forth an investigation with startling results. She said that on the night previous (Sunday) a strange man came to her door and demanded admittance, and was finally let in after he had threatened to demolish the door. Once inside, he claimed to be a kidnapper and said he was going to take one of the children out and kill it. According to her story, the mother fainted about that time and the child was taken away. That was Sunday night, and it was eleven o'clock on Monday before Mrs. Roberts went to Penington's house, only a short distance away.

Mr. Penington summoned neighbors and they made a search of the premises. Beneath the snow, which had fallen during the night, a mound was found some fifty yards from the house and only a few inches under it the body of Mrs. Roberts' one-year-old baby boy. Indications were that it had been dragged to the shallow pit and smothered beneath the sod. In one of the child's hands was gripped a short mesquite stick and in the other a tuft of grass, as if it had clutched at the ground to save its life. Its mouth was filled with dirt, and so were its nostrils, as if the damp earth had been pressed to its face to smother off its breath. No marks of violence were upon the body, except congealed blood beneath the surface of the skin where the body touched the ground.

Magistrate B. J. Field was notified and summoned a jury of inquest, and the findings were as given above. When giving testimony before the Magistrate, Mrs. Robert exhibited but little concern about the affair, and no grief whatever over the body of her baby lying before her. She answered all questions fully and readily. At this time she said her husband's name was not Roberts, but Aikin, and that he was a refugee from justice. She was later arrested, and is in jail at Carlsbad pending examining trial charged with the

crime. No one seems to attach any importance to her story about the kidnapper, as none of the neighbors saw a man in the country. It is a thinly-settled community, and any strange character would be seen and remarked by everyone. There is an unconfirmed rumor to the effect that two passers-by saw a man in the house with the woman on the day previous to the murder, but the rumor is not yet authenticated.

Mr. Field informs us that a search will be made for the father as soon as the fall of snow has disappeared. Some neighbors are inclined to think that he went the way of the child.

The older child, about eight or ten years of age, is being cared for at Lakewood.

It hardly seems reasonable that the mother could have committed this horrible crime. If so, her demeanor later would suggest that she is crazy beyond the shadow of doubt.

City Council Meeting.

The board of town trustees met in regular session Tuesday afternoon. Present Richey, Cleveland and Runyan. Mr. Gage was absent because of sickness in his family. Mr. S. B. Dyer, who had been elected a member of the Board to succeed E. B. Kemp, declined to qualify, stating that his home was not in the corporate limits of the city.

Mr. Cleveland placed the name of Wm. Crandall before the board as a worthy citizen for the place and the gentleman was chosen to fill the vacancy.

C. L. Heath, treasurer of the town of Artesia, presented an itemized report showing the receipts and disbursements of the administration since the town was incorporated last year. The total receipts were \$2477.44 and disbursements \$2031.56. This left a balance on hand Jan. 1st of \$446.88. The council had passed an order some days ago calling for the building of several crossings on Main street, which will cost about three hundred dollars.

Several small accounts were allowed.

On request John R. Hodges was given permission to use the town's road grader to use on the streets of Lake Arthur.

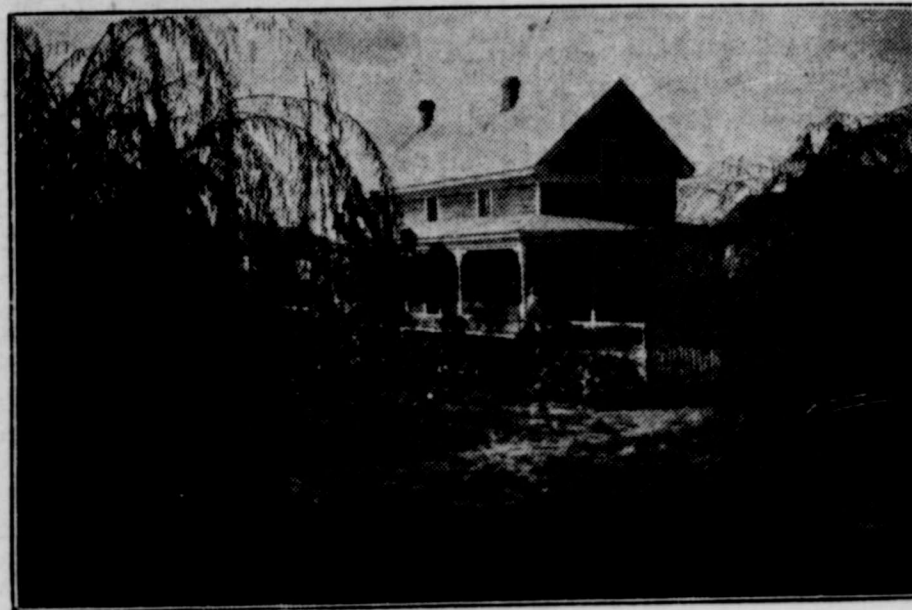
The Board will meet again, next Tuesday afternoon.

Procrastination Costs Money.

"I have just bought a tract of land west of Artesia," said John Ford, of Leavenworth, Kan., "and I figure it out that I have lost several thousand dollars on the deal. It all came about this way. Two years ago, when I first came to the valley, the same tract was offered me at a much less figure, but I went home without closing the deal, with the thick-headedness that I generally have. When I came back this time, it had exactly doubled in value, and I bought it before it went any farther. Two days after it was mine I was offered a thousand for my trade, and if this sort of thing keeps up, my losses will be wiped out in no very long time. I saw when I landed here the possibilities of this country, but like all slow wagons, did not move fast enough. The Artesia country is one of the finest sections of the west, and even you folks who think you know it will be surprised by its future development."—Roswell Tribune.

The Knights of Pythias lodge will install its new officers at Castle Hall to-night.

In Fairest Artesia



RESIDENCE OF E. A. CLAYTON, QUAY AVENUE.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION. TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY. CERTIFICATE OF COMPARISON.

I, J. W. Reynolds, Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico, do hereby certify that there was filed for record in this office at nine o'clock A. M., on the fifth day of January A. D. 1906.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION. ARTESIA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. (No. 4204);

and also, that I have compared the following copy of the same, with the original thereof now on file, and declare it to be a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the Territory of New Mexico, at the City of Santa Fe, the Capital, on this fifth day of January, A. D. 1906.

J. W. REYNOLDS, Secretary of New Mexico.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF ARTESIA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

1. The corporate name of said association shall be: "ARTESIA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION."

2. The object for which said corporation is formed is the maintenance and operation of a Library for the use and benefit of those who may desire to avail themselves of its advantages; for the general enlightenment and dissemination of knowledge among the people of the community in which said corporation is located; said corporation being formed as a charitable and educational organization.

3. The location of said corporation and its principal office or place of business shall be at Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico; Daisy F. Ross, Agent in charge.

4. The time for which said corporation shall exist shall be twenty-five (25) years from the date of incorporation.

(SIGNED)

Belle C. Dyer, President, Artesia, New Mexico.

Margaret B. Talbot, Vice-President Artesia, New Mexico.

Beverly L. Benson, Secretary, Artesia, New Mexico.

Wilhelmina D. Atkeson, Treasurer, Artesia, New Mexico.

Nancy Cleveland, Librarian, Artesia, New Mexico.

Mary B. Kemp, Artesia, New Mexico.

Lou M. Blair, Artesia, New Mexico.

Elizabeth Hodges, Artesia, New Mexico.

Daisy F. Ross, Artesia, New Mexico.

Lucile E. McCrary, Artesia, New Mexico.

Blanche I. Major, Artesia, New Mexico.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO } ss

COUNTY OF EDDY

On this 30th day of December, A. D. 1905, before me personally appeared Belle C. Dyer, President; Margaret B. Talbot, Vice President; Beverly L. Benson, Secretary; Wilhelmina D. Atkeson, Treasurer; Nancy Cleveland, Librarian; Mary B. Kemp; Lou M. Blair; Elizabeth Hodges, Daisy F. Ross; Lucile E. McCrary, and Blanche I. Major, to me known to be the persons described in and who executed the forgoing instrument and acknowledged that they executed the same as their free act and deed, and for the purposes therein expressed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and fixed my official seal on this the day and year in this certificate first above written. (Signed) R. M. LOVE,

Notary Public, (Seal) Eddy county, New Mexico.

ENDORSED: No. 4204, Cor. Rec'd. Vol. 3. Page 358.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION ARTESIA LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Filed in office of Secretary of New Mexico, Jan. 5, 1906, 9 a. m.

J. W. REYNOLDS, Secretary.

Compd. M. to O.

Methodist Church.

Sunday school at ten o'clock. Let us have a full attendance at Sunday school.

Preaching at 11 o'clock by the pastor. Subject, "Prayer," and at 7 p. m., "The most touching scene in the Bible." Especial preparation has been made on both sermons. We take pleasure in giving a cordial invitation to all. Don't forget to come to the Epworth League.

J. H. Messer, Pastor.

Mr. John E. Robert, of this city, will next week become a law student in the offices of Judge W. W. Gatewood, the eminent Roswell attorney. He finished his college education in Germany last year, where he had been a student eight years, and can speak and write French, Spanish, German and English. He is a native of Artesia, being the son of Mrs. Sallie Robert, who was a Chisum and one of the pioneers of the Pecos Valley. We predict a successful future for Mr. Robert, as he is full of the energy that it takes to "do things."

DEVIL CARS.

New Automobile Mail Route to Torrance Started.—Much Earlier Mail.

This afternoon at 1:30 occurred an event of considerable importance to Roswell, the starting of the new Automobile Mail Route to Torrance. Promptly at 1:30 the big "Devil Car" left the postoffice with its load of mail and without passengers, and guided by B. G. Cambell dashed down the street toward Torrance. It was all accomplished without ceremony, but it means that more than twenty-four hours have been cut off the mail schedule within the Western part of the Territory.

The schedule as arranged provides that the cars shall leave Roswell at one o'clock p. m. and arrive at 12, and leave Torrance at four in the morning and arrive at eight in the evening. The car which was due to leave Torrance at four this morning had not arrived in Roswell up to 2:30 this afternoon, probably delayed by the snow.

It is contemplated that a trip shall be made each way daily, and to daily, and to facilitate this, stations have been established at both Torrance and Wire Lake, where cars will be changed. When the full equipment has arrived, two cars will be kept in Roswell, two in Torrance and two at Wire Lake.

So far as known, and the post-office records have been examined, there is no other automobile mail route in the United States, although there is one in South America. The home route is an example of the push and enterprise of the people of the Pecos Valley.—Roswell Record.

The Best Kind of an Insurance Policy.

The best kind of a life insurance policy that a man can take out is a well conducted ranch or farm in the Southwest, in which he has given his family something besides a working interest, and has made them intelligent partners, not only in the labor but in the results of it. Such a man is wise in his day, and he has no cause to fear, when his liver is out of order, that the worst is about to happen, and that the premium may not be paid when due. The crops pay the premium now, and the principal later.

Compliment to Swebston.

The hosts of little boys and girls belonging to the Junior Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, formed a combination on the sly the other day and bought a handsome gold watch chain and charm for Mr. J. E. Swebston, president of the League. The gentleman values it above all his Christmas gifts.

Pay You Poll Tax.

The annual poll tax of one dollar for each man between the ages of 21 and 65 years, was due January 1st, and W. B. Ward has been appointed collector for Artesia school district. Every one of these dollars goes into the school fund and they should be cheerfully paid.

Theodore Martin, of Hagerman, spent Sunday with friends in Artesia.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Price returned from Texas Tuesday evening.

The family Rev. E. H. Holmes, pastor of the Christian church, came in from Texas Tuesday night.

There is a Seed House in the Pecos Valley.

Send for our 1906 Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Field and Garden Seeds. Mention this Paper. ROSWELL, N. M.

Roswell Produce & Seed Co.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

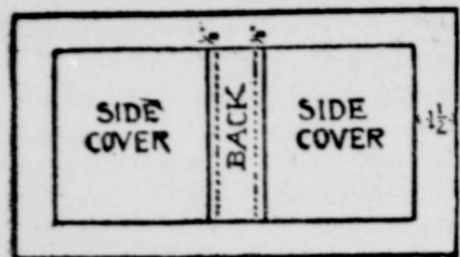


Sunrise Magic.
 Along the silent, sleepy street
 The houses, gray and old,
 Bloom into castles, ruby-peaked,
 Their windows paneled with gold;
 And rose-lights flicker where but now
 Were shadows, deep and cold.
 The shafts of ashen smoke that swept
 From chimneys, tall and grim,
 Now wind, in coils of violet
 And purple, soft and dim,
 Then roll away in broken wheels
 With amber spoke and rim.
 The sun's red wand has made a court
 Of every barn and byre,
 And with a single flashing gem
 Has tipped the village spire,
 And turned the snowballs on the lawn
 To balls of carmine fire.
 —Youth's Companion.

Neat Cover for Books.

There comes a time when every boy or girl has some cherished book he or she would like to preserve, but cannot do so very well, because the cover is of paper. If the book had a good cloth binding, it could be easily saved, but with only a paper cover it is a hard matter to keep it from coming to pieces if much handled.

It is very easy to make a good, stiff cloth binding by the means of glue, cardboard, cheesecloth or muslin—and



a little ingenuity. First, get the exact size of the book. Then procure a pasteboard box and cut from it two covers one-quarter inch larger all around than the edges of the book, except at the back, where they should be even. Now cut one-eighth strip each of the backs and then lay them on the piece of cloth, each one-eighth inch farther apart than the thickness of the volume, which is shown by dotted lines (figure 1).

Cut the cloth around the covers, leaving one and one-half inch margin. Paste the cloth to the covers in this position, and then turn them over the margin, which is also pasted down smoothly. Cut a third piece of cardboard the same size as the back of the volume. Paste this to the cloth, and when all parts are thoroughly dry, glue the back of the volume firmly to the pasteboard back, as shown in figure 2.

If the paper cover of the book still remains, you can cut it out neatly, and paste it on the front side of the binding, as shown, and the same can be done with the paper title back, both parts being removed, of course, before the pasting is done. Thus if you pick out a color of cloth that is harmonious with the color and design of the paper cover, you will have quite as attractive looking a volume as you would find at the book store for double the money yours cost.

This Man Has Tamed Fish.

Dr. Rudolph Fastenrath, of Appenzel, Switzerland, has what are probably the most unusual tame pets in the world. They are fish; and they are not merely tame in the sense that they will come to the surface and take food from his hands. That would be nothing new. Dr. Fastenrath's fish come to him when he is in the water, and they swim around him, allowing him to touch them and stroke them.

His queer achievement had its beginning one day when he noticed that there was a great swarm of fish near a cliff just in front of his house. Every day these fish were seen in the same place by him and he decided to try to tame them.

So he selected a sunny day when the water was warm and sat down in it, holding a big piece of bread in each hand under water. The fish would not approach, however. He repeated the process that evening and again next day, sitting perfectly motionless as long as he could. After about a week a few of the smallest fish ventured to dart at him and snatch bits of the water-soaked bread. Gradually others did the same, and at last all the fish had become so confident that big and little ones would swim up to his hands and take the bread.

By the end of the past summer the fish had become so tame that they would swim up to the doctor the moment he entered the water. They glided around between his hand and did not even wriggle when he touched them, so that finally he managed to stroke them without frightening them in the least.

Every day through the warm weather the doctor could be seen in the water with from 100 to 150 of his queer pets swimming all around him and darting at his hands and face in play.

A Trick.

Try this trick when you have some friends to dine with you:

A boy, Tom by name, tried it, and his friends thought him very clever. Just when dinner was nearly over Bridget quietly announced that the grocer must have forgotten to bring the nuts and raisins. The company were all more or less disappointed, but Tom, the host, seemed very angry at this omission. Impatiently he said to Bridget, "Fetch me the dish in which the nuts and raisins should have been served."

Pretending to be very much annoyed, he flourished his napkin vigorously over the empty dish. Then carefully lifting the napkin, much to the surprise of all, the dish was revealed full of nuts and raisins.

This is how Tom managed the trick: He had gotten Bridget to sew two napkins together all around the edges and to slit one across the middle. The space between the napkins made a bag, into which Tom had slipped the nuts and raisins. He held the bag between his knees, with another napkin over his lap. While he was gesticulating in apparent disappointment, he had quickly changed napkins. The trick was a clever bit of home-made sleight of hand, and all shouted at Tom's cleverness.

Acting Proverbs.

In this each player may take a part, or, if thought preferable, the company may divide themselves into actors and spectators. The actors then each fix upon a proverb, which is to be represented by each one of them individually. There is to be no connection between them in any way. Each one in turn has simply to act before the rest of the company the proverb he has selected. The first player might, for instance, come into the room holding a cup in his hand. Then, by the way of acting his proverb, he might repeatedly make an appearance of attempting to drink out of the cup, but being prevented each time by the cup slipping out of his hand. Thus, in dumb show, illustrating the proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." If really good acting be thrown into the game, it may be made exceedingly interesting.

Arithmetic in Days of Old.

Those of you who hate to study arithmetic might grow if you had been a little Roman boy back in the days of Caesar or earlier when our Arabic numbers were not used. Imagine, for instance, writing 88 LXXXVIII, and then adding long columns of such numbers. No wonder boys counted on their fingers and grown-up men had to go to a teacher of arithmetic or public calculator to have their accounts made out.

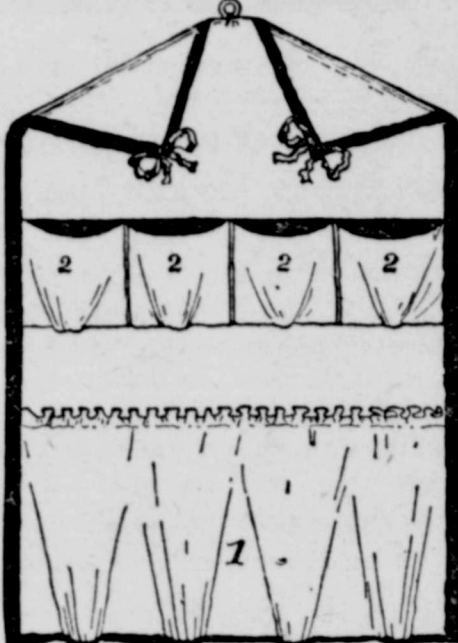
Counting on the fingers was a regular system for the young Romans. They would make eighteen move-

ments with the left hand for the numbers below one hundred, and eighteen with the right hand for those above. Two kinds of counting machines, called an abacus, were also used. One was a board strewn with sand on which geometrical figures were drawn. The other was a frame with balls moved in grooves to represent figures, with a special contrivance for doing fractions. As teachers were not very patient in those days, arithmetic might be said to have been learned less by rule than by ferrule.

The great Horace, whose works all of you who study Latin will read, wrote that his fellow-teacher was a man of many blows. After all, it is pretty fine to be a twentieth century American, is it not?

Something for Christmas.

To make a pretty shoe bag, take one yard of wide red and cream bed-ticking. Cut from one side enough to leave the piece 22 inches in width.



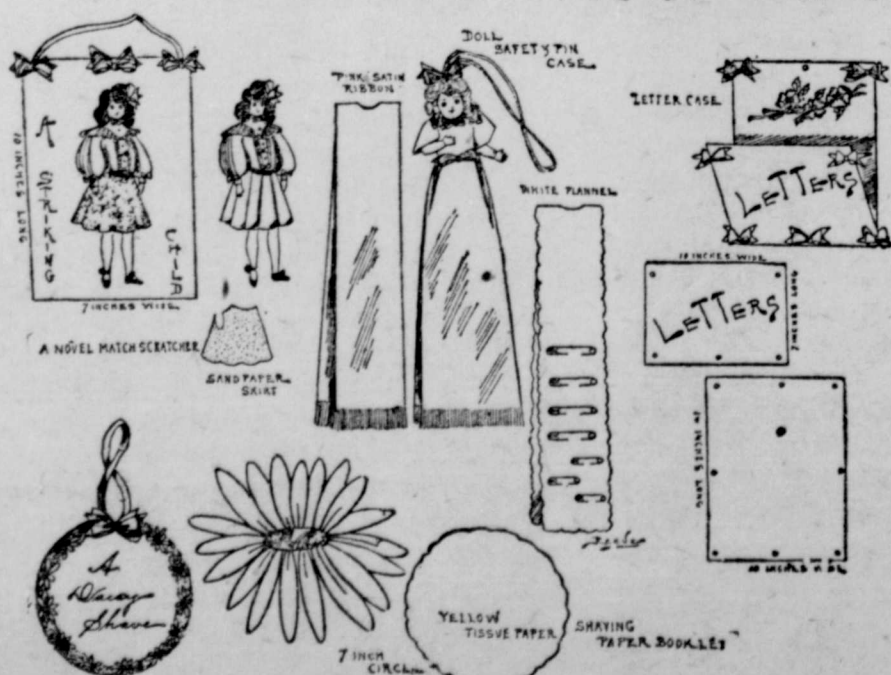
Place this on the back with turkey red calico. A pocket (1) for hose is made of turkey-red box-pleated to the bottom of the larger piece. Stitch this to the foundation, gathering the extra fullness at the top of the pocket.

Take the ticking which was cut from the side and bind it with black velvet (that from an old hat answers nicely), then fold it into four parts. Box-plate the bottom and stitch to the foundation. This makes four (2) pockets for shoes. Turn over each of the top corners and fasten with a bow of red ribbon. A brass ring is secured at the top to hang the bag by. Fasten it to the inside of clothes-press door. The illustration will make the idea clear.—Exchange.

Something Every Day.

Every day a little knowledge—one fact in a day. How small is one fact—only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand, six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for. Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, on the street, at the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find an opportunity every day for usefulness.

A FEW INEXPENSIVE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS THAT MAY BE EASILY MADE BY CHILDREN.



BRONCO JACK'S PRIZE BEAUTY

Splendid Animal, but a Little Particular as to Who Rode Him.

Should any resident of Riverside drive arise sufficiently early to attend the "milkmen's matinee" he may see a beautiful black horse with finely drawn lines and full red nostrils prancing up and down in front of a cart which was once white.

This particular horse was, not many days ago, the property of a railroad manager we may call Wheels. Mr. Wheels is such a lover of good horses and of horseback riding that it affects his entire existence. During the latter part of the Summer the genial manager and other officials went to Dakota to look over the territory ahead of the new Pierre extension. As usual, Mr. Wheels had his eye open for a fancy sample of horseflesh, and Bronco Jack, of Deadwood, saw him coming.

One fine morning in Pierre, while the general manager was taking his morning run on the back of a livery stable horse, he saw something coming down the street that held his attention. It was as handsome and spirited a horse as he had ever seen, and he was ridden by a genuine cowboy, who knew how to ride. An exclamation of delight escaped the general manager as the Westerner and his mount swept past him in as fine a single-footing exhibition as the railroad man had ever seen. Bronco Jack heard the general manager's exclamation, but permitted his horse to go some distance before he gracefully turned him without checking speed, changed his gait, and swung back at full canter to the point where Mr. Wheels was standing.

When the railroad man asked the cowboy what he would take and Bronco Jack said, "A century and a half," Mr. Wheels closed with him for fear he would back out. He did not even wait to try the horse, so anxious was he to annex him to his stable.

The Western wonder arrived "dead-head" from Pierre in good condition. At the club, at home, in season and out, Mr. Wheels sang the praises of his new possession. As soon as the

difficulty. When he reached the ground there stood his black beauty not far away with dejected mien and sad eyes gazing into his.

"You miserable brute," shouted the exasperated owner. "I'll teach you who your master is. John, bring me my '44 Colt's. I'm going to win this battle right here."

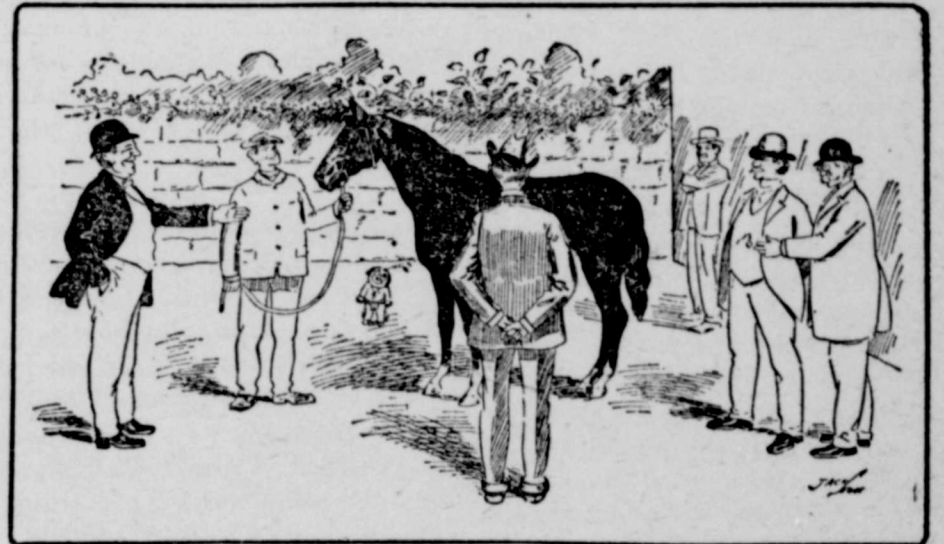
Instead of doing as he was told, John took the horse away, and the



His head went to the ground and his body bounded abruptly into the air.

next day led him out to pasture. He had strict orders from Mr. Wheels not to try to ride him, but John disobeyed. Several times the stableman sneaked out to the lot and the Western beauty permitted him to saddle and mount and then went through his pretty galts without a slip. After several successful attempts John brought the horse to the stable and informed Mr. Wheels that he had "tamed the brute," which was as gentle as a kitten.

John was soon in the saddle. Some-



A select coterie of prominent citizens went over to the Wheels stable to look him over.

horse was in the stable a select coterie of prominent citizens went over to the Wheels stable to look him over.

In due time a morning riding party was arranged. When his guests were mounted Mr. Wheels started to swing into the saddle. He missed by about a foot, however, as something had swung before he did, and there stood the new horse facing him, with head down and meek and lowly look in his

For the first time, Mr. Wheels had a foreboding. He made up his mind, however, to make a sure thing of it at the next attempt, and, to his surprise, the black beauty stood perfectly quiet and permitted him to vault into the saddle.

Mr. Wheels cheerfully clucked to his mount and gently tightened the



Prancing up and down in front of a milk cart.

There was nothing doing. The persuasion was repeated. Same result. Just as he began to wonder vaguely what Bronco Jack was doing with that \$150 there was a sudden change in the attitude of the Western wonder. His muscles became rigid and his legs stuck out like the four posts of a sawhorse, his head went to the ground and his body bounded abruptly into the air with the force of a battering ram. Totally unprepared for such a denouement, Mr. Wheels shot into the air, and when he came down he found himself in the top of a young maple tree, from which he was disengaged with some

how or other the galvanic battery got to work again and John found himself describing a parabolic curve through space. When he alighted there was no friendly maple tree around and his collarbone met the curbstone. The curb didn't break.

A family conference was held that evening, and it was decided that it would not be safe to give the black beauty to any one but a real cowboy. Accordingly this advertisement appeared in a morning daily: "Wanted, to see a cowpuncher. Call at room 429, 00 Broadway."

There was a response to the advertisement before the day was over, and after the presentation was made the general manager said:

"You may or may not be a cowpuncher, but if you're not it looks to me like certain death for you to ride that horse I'm giving you."

"Don't want to ride him," was the laconic reply. "He goes into the milk business."—New York Telegraph.

Best Place for a Shirtwaist.

A shirtwaist is all right in its place. It is useless to state where its place is. One good place is in your arms. You should never forget that one shirtwaist in your arms is worth a dozen hanging on a clothesline. In fact, a shirtwaist floating around in a wash-tub is a sad and solemn sight. It is calculated to remind you of the dear one gone before or behind. The bustle and hoop skirt live only in memory and old barrels, and when I gaze upon the limp form of a 50-cent shirtwaist in soap suds it makes me feel that the time will soon come when it, too, will be gathered to its fathers and mothers. Yes, my friends, the shirtwaist is all right on a woman, but I call on all healthy, able-bodied men to rise up in their might and help me keep it off the men. It is hateful enough to see women wearing men's clothes, but when it comes to men wearing women's garments, then I want to crawl off into some thick patch of woods and die.—Rural Retreat, Va., Times.

Hoffman Hardware Company, Artesia, - - - New Mexico.

What Makes Paint Wear?

The oil, just pure linseed oil. Nothing that mortal man has been able to invent can make any paint wear longer than the linseed oil in which it is mixed. They put lasting color and "body" into Kinloch Paint, but you add the durability yourself when you mix your own pure linseed oil. There is no substitute for pure linseed oil. There is great temptation to increase profits by doping linseed oil with petroleum, rosin, or cotton oil. When its done the paint won't last. Buy Kinloch; only \$1.40 a gallon with oil, and take no chances. Sold in Polka Dot Cans only.

We carry a full line of Oils, Turpentine, White Lead, Red and Yellow Ochre, Barn Paint, Shingle Stains etc. We have bought a big stock of this line. We want your business and will make prices that you cannot afford to pass by.

Look Here.

Galvanized Flues, per foot, 65 cents.
American Hog Fence 39 cents rod.
Drag Harrows \$14.00.
Ventilator Flues, each 50 cents.
1 inch Galvanized Pipe per foot 10 cents.
Building Paper 500 square feet for 1.00.
Poultry Netting 18 inch, per roll, \$1.25.
Poultry Netting 30 inch, per roll, \$2.25.
Stove Pipe, per joint, 15 cents.
Stove Boards, 60 cents.
Good Lanterns, 75 cents.

Iron Work. Plumbing.

Don't forget we have in our employ a thorough mechanic. A man that understands the making of Heavy Tanks, Vats, Flues and Cisterns. We make a specialty of Galvanized Flues, line them with No. 24 iron, this makes them extra heavy and they will last for years. Our prices are the same if not cheaper than you pay for the cheaper kind.

If you want any kind of galvanized iron work its dollars in your pocket to see us. We know how to make them and have the tools to make them with.

HOFFMAN HARDWARE COMPANY.

WITH THE HUNGARIAN GYPSIES

Down in some grassy valley about an open wagon the family has its camp and here the mother sews and putters over the cooking while father and sons fell the giant Lombardy poplars that make beautiful this section of gypsy land, says Felix J. Koch in the Pilgrim. These trees, be it said to the shame of Croatia, the government is now selling to the gypsies at an average price of \$2 apiece, for the nomads to fell and cut up into timber, to be sold to manufacturers of wooden wares.

Picturesque, indeed, are these men with their long hair braided across the top of the head, so that approaching them from the rear, as they repose for a moment from their labors, it is difficult to tell the men from the women. Others are horse trading, as are most of their kin in Turkey proper (not a few are itinerant smiths besides), whom one meets traveling the roads with long trains of steeds that take one back in fancy to the Arabs of the desert, or with a portable bellows

like those seen on the New England pikes. Now and then the women come into the villages to beg or barter, or, as the village folk hint, to steal; telling fortunes to those who may harken, as incentive to other business.

Seated on one of the crude rock walls that hem in the flats of corn land in the shadows of the Lombardy poplars, these gypsies, men and women, smoking their pipes and chattering in their curious lingo, ever tempt the much-abused camera. For background there will be some old Magyar castle, its turrets peeping through the aisle of trees, and with the sentinel at its gate—a soldier in uniform but a gypsy at heart, for while they pay no taxes in Hungary, they are forced to do military service, much as they rebel against it.

Less and less each year grow the number of the gypsies, less and less frequent their visits, until it will doubtless not be long before, like the Arabs, they will have folded their tents for all time and silently stolen away.

DISPOSING OF ADIPOSE TISSUE

A man has actually appeared upon the scene who says that he has hammered off his adipose tissue with a mallet and at the same time hardened his flesh to the proverbial consistency of nails. It is rather difficult to feel convinced of the truth of this statement, in view of the fact that a similar kind of xylophone gymnastics is daily practised upon all beefsteaks of the boarding house variety for the purpose of rendering them juicy and tender. Though the mosquito may seem entirely irrelevant to the foregoing, it rather obviously pops up and into the argument, and in so doing suggests the question as to whether or not this winged auger could penetrate the leathern envelope of a subject so hammered into the pink of cast iron perfection; and also if an expert with a pair of antifat mallets could not, while discoursing impromptu moonlight fantasies on his anatomy with the same, hit the mosquitoes as they light upon him, and thereby

cause them to explode and scatter to the misty realm of elsewhere. It is rather a difficult question to answer satisfactorily on the fly and without a considerable investment of thought. In fact it may be regarded somewhat in the light of a reconditio proposition in view of its importance from both a physical and a hygienic point of view; for when the performer gracefully caroms on himself and the persistent pest he rids himself of worthless fat and destroys a natural conservator of malaria, thus killing two birds with one stone, or rather two mosquitoes with one hammer. It only remains to add that there is a colossal fortune awaiting the man who can find in the above a suggestion upon which to produce a hammer which shall prove to all lovers of good government an instrument with which the fat can be ruthlessly whacked off a political sinecure while it flattens the skulls of the human mosquitoes that would convert the body politic into a fountain of unadulterated financial joy.—Exchange.

OUTLAW HORSES DYING OUT

The outlaw horse, for years past the hero of broncho busting in the South and West, says the Denver News, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and in ten years will be more scarce than the fast-dying buffalo and the old-time cowboy, according to John M. Kuykendall, who makes a specialty of collecting the wildest horses that can be procured for bucking contests.

"Ten years ago the outlaw was as plentiful as jack rabbits," said Mr. Kuykendall, "but I have only been able to get about thirty real buckers that will put up a good fight out of 50,000 horses that I have looked at during the past year.

"The outlaw horse comes from the poorest blooded that roam the ranges of the West," he continued. "He is a criminal among horses, just as surely as men who go wrong have had blood in their veins. His parents are in nearly every case mustangs, and the stock is the same as that which roamed the plains of the West in the early days and the stock has simply de-

generated through uselessness.

"Nearly every horse will buck," he declared, "if you turn him loose in a pasture for several months and then try to ride him, but he will only kick up a few times and then quit. The outlaw will buck, though, after he has been ridden successfully, just as soon as another man gets on his back. It takes years to break him of the habit, and he is never safe. If he ever gets a chance he will start out bucking again, and he is always dangerous.

"You rarely hear of a famous buckner now, although ten or twenty years ago every large range had several outlaws that nobody could ride. The cowboys can ride as well as the old time boys, and they are not degenerating.

"The breed of horses throughout the country is improving steadily, and this is the death knell of the outlaw. It will take away some of the most picturesque Western life when they go entirely, but that is going rapidly anyway, and horse owners will be the gainers."

HIS FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH

"Spatters's" father was to deliver a stump speech at San Diego in his own behalf as a candidate for governor of California. While practicing the speech, mounted on a hoghead, he fell in and broke his leg.

Spatters had been a rapt listener to his father's eloquence and in the evening the little boy appeared before the meeting to deliver the speech from memory:

"Gentlemen, I know the speech and it's a corker. This is it: 'Friends, San Diegans, behind us lies the past; before us lies the future.'" His freckled little right hand stretched to the future while the left pushed back the past. "It has been nobly said that we shall reap as we have sown; in many cases, therefore, we must reap the fruit of poisonous seeds. But each year brings its new sowing; what do we now choose to plant?"

The crowd was surging toward the platform in its enthusiasm, but Eary and Bill held it back and motioned to the child to proceed.

"The choice is worthy of consideration," the speech flowed on, every word, every gesture as he had heard and seen. "The whole country will hail the day," he cried, and finally, "Arise, San Diegans; I stand here before you to emphasize—to emphasize—"

He turned cold with fear. He could not remember what came next. He struck the platform savagely with his right foot, struck it over and over, but the gesture did not bring the words. Then he remembered why. "Oh, I didn't hear no more," he said, forgetting the paternal warning. "That was where dad fell into the hoghead." Big tears began to streak his cheeks. "Oh, if I could only say the rest I could make you vote for us sure," he burst out, "but won't you do it anyway? I'll be an all-right governor's son and he'll make the best governor you ever had 'cause he's an A No. 1 dad."—Sarah Comstock in Lipincott's Magazine.

THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT

A wonderful fellow was he whom I sing,
So courteous, manly and clever,
Who scorned to retort with a sarcastic fling
And spoke with cold irony never;
Though, of course, you have ne'er with
this paragon met.
Since he lives in a past that's been
buried,
His virtues you're never allowed to forget—
The man whom your wife might have married.
He never spoke crossly, he never complained
When things weren't in apple-pie order,
And when she was worn, languid, nervous
or pained
He sat on anxiety's border;
Her wish was to him inexorable law

And her cares on his shoulders he carried—
You've been taught to believe that he hadn't a flaw—
The man whom your wife might have married.
He was gifted indeed, he could both play and sing,
And he sketched with the art of a master.
He could fashion a verse of most metrical swing,
Or carve his reliefs out of plaster;
Since you've often been thrilled when, in poet, she'd repeat
His list of accomplishments varied,
What a pity it is that your wife can't hope to meet
The man whom your wife might have married.
—New York Press.

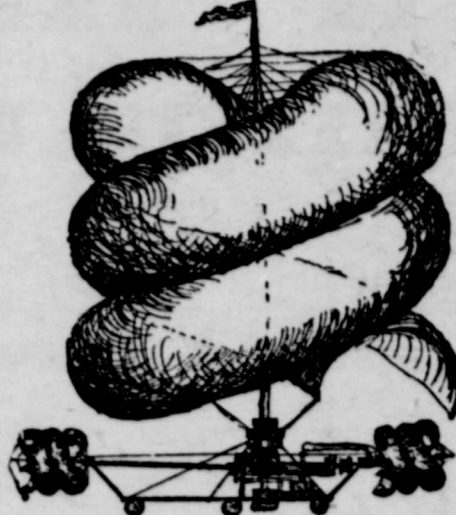
EXPERTS BELIEVE IN AIRSHIP.

Invention of New Yorker May Solve Old Problem.

The patent office in Washington has been overrun with applications for patents applying to aerial navigation. Few if any of them are admissible.

Here is the latest effort of the kind invented by John Mason Jones, a New Yorker. The fact that Col. C. E. Crecy, the attorney who secured funds from the government to build the Holland submarine boats, has taken an interest in this invention, and that practical engineers have indorsed its probabilities, entitles it to attention.

It consists of improvements in the plan of propellers now in use, more especially adapted for aerial navigation.



tion designed to be used in connection with an airship.

Such is the basis of the idea as the inventor describes it.

It claims the advantage of being an air vehicle which does not depend on a gas bag or balloon, aeroplanes or kites, to raise it from the ground.

According to the inventor's drawing, it consists, for experimental purposes, of a whirling propeller, or sail, made preferably of aluminum, attached to a steel mast set in a light car about nine feet long.

A gasoline engine or motor in the center of this car propels this said, comprising semi-tubular chambers which curve from end to end, the under portions of which are open from end to end. The whirling of this metal sail fills it with air, the motion accomplishing with air what the propeller does for a ship in water. Smaller semi-tubular chambers attached at each end of the car serve to push or pull, being whirled by the same motor as the big one and serving dirigible purposes.

Mr. Jones claims that the speed of this propeller in the air will regulate the speed of the car and control its distance from the earth.

Novelty in Lifeboats.

Outside the Captains' Room at Lloyd's, New York, Mr. Ole Brude is exhibiting a model of his life-saving boat, the Uraed, which he sailed across the Atlantic from his native town, Aalesund, to America. It looks like a dish-shaped submarine, and is intended to be carried on the deck of a ship. In case the ship sinks the passengers enter the lifeboat and close the manhole after them. When the ship goes down the Uraed floats off her deck, and may then be navigated



The Uraed.

to the nearest port, being fully provided with sails and stores of provisions and water.

Woman's Vision Aided Justice.

There has seldom been a more mysterious crime than the murder of Mr. Stockden, a London victualer, a great many years ago, and the mystery would have remained unsolved to this day had it not been for the intervention of a Mrs. Greenwood, who came forward with the statement that the murdered man had appeared to her in a dream and had conducted her to a house in Thames street, where one of his assassins was to be found; while in another dream Stockden appeared and showed her the likeness of the man. On the strength of this dream clue the man indicated was arrested, and not only confessed his guilt, but betrayed his accomplices—three criminals being brought to the scaffold as the result of these visions of the night.

SAY SNAKES COMMIT SUICIDE.

Indian Theories of Why the Country Is Not Overrun With Reptiles.

In the dialect of the Maine Indians the word which stands for November contains eight o's and six i's, and its meaning is "the month-in-which-the snakes-commit suicide." So far as Indian observation goes, there is no creature which preys upon snakes from preference. A few small hawks will eat snakes when very hungry, but all other creatures of prey reject them.

As the female snake lays from sixty to eighty eggs every year, all of which hatch, the prospects of having the woods and fields overrun with snakes would be excellent, the Indians say, were it not for a suicidal habit, which takes them just before it is time for them to crawl away and spend the winter in sleep. In remote meadows and lots the lean snakes climb into crab apple trees and hawthorne bushes, where they pierce their own bodies with the sharp spines and remain dangling until they are dead. In the country towns the snakes crawl into the wheel tracks and are run over.

The Indians account for this by saying that none but the fattest and most vigorous snakes can withstand the cold of the northern winters, and that the feeble members of the race prefer suicide to a lingering death.

PUT ALL RECORDS TO SHAME.

Irishman Thought His Long "Lape" Was a Marvel.

Last summer, when excursions were being run from Providence to Newport, R. I., an incident occurred that created considerable laughter. Patrick McGuire, a small, good-natured Irishman, was hurrying down the street to the wharf, when he met a few friends, who talked with him until the boat was about to start. "Pat" ran down the street, and as he reached the wharf the boat was pulling out into the stream.

Not intending to get left, he made a



"Jabez, What a Lape!"

jump, just cleared the rail, and, landing heavily on his head, was rendered unconscious for a few minutes.

When he recovered he stood up, looked back at the wharf and exclaimed, "Jabez! what a lape."

Curious Coal Cellar.

In the churchyard of a certain Welsh village a unique storing place is provided for the coal used to heat the churchyard during the winter months. In the churchyard stand four large yew trees, prominent landmarks known to all the villagers. But these grand old yews are not only ornamental; one, at least, serves a good purpose, for in a hollow in one of them, which is protected by a door, is stored the church's supply of coal.

Rainmaking in India.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

Gibbon's Fall.



This silhouette of the histoffian's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" shows the reason of his unhappy lot in love. When he proposed to the Duchess of Devonshire he fell on his knees, and at her rejection was unable to get up again until two strong women had been called to help him.

FUNNY BUT NATURAL MISTAKE

Artist Was Not Familiar With Lingo of the Sea.

Dr. B. B. Norland of Wheatley, Minn., is said to hold that mosquitoes bring about marriages, the same mosquito, in the summer time, biting a young man and a maid, and thus causing a transition of blood and a mutual affection.

"I did say that mosquitoes caused marriages," admitted Dr. Norland the other day; "but the statement was a facetious one. To take it seriously is a mistake—a ludicrous mistake, like that which Black, the artist, made.

"Black lived near here. He was a handsome chap, but poor. He fell in love with Nancy Lee, a rich sea captain's daughter.

"And his suit prospered, though he pressed it very timidly, fearing that rich old Skipper Lee would not care to see his darling Nancy marry a poverty-stricken artist.

"As to Nancy's mind, there was no question; she loved Black ardently.

"He sat with her one night in the parlor, with the light lowered, when suddenly, from the next room, Capt. Lee's gruff voice shouted:

"Leggo that painter!"

"Poor, timid, mistaken Black drew away from the girl, grabbed his hat, and darted out into the road; but Nancy, overtaking him, explained that her father was talking in his sleep, and that a painter, in sea language, meant only a small rope."

Senator Alger's Story.

Senator Alger of Michigan tells a story about a "call-down" one of his friends received at the hands of a Kansas farmer some years ago. The senator was speeding through Kansas on a return trip from California, where he has immense timber interests. Seated with him was a friend from Michigan, and as they passed through Kansas a prosperous farmer came into the car and took a seat just opposite them.

The senator and his friend were discussing the relative value of Michigan and Kansas lands when the former said: "I think that is a mighty good farm," and he pointed out the window at a typical Sunflower plantation.

"It may be good enough," said Senator Alger's friend, "but I wouldn't take it as a gift."

The Kansas farmer, who had been listening to the conversation, said, addressing Alger's companion:

"Did I understand you to say you are from Michigan?"

"Yes, from Michigan," replied the Wolverine traveler.

"Well, I want to remark," replied the farmer, who had been stung by the slight on Kansas, "that you are the first Michigan man I ever saw who wouldn't take everything in sight, gift or no gift."

Monarch Up to the Times.

As the fearless white man entered the kraal of the native king, a salute was sounded on a drum of serpent skin, and six warriors, with necklaces of human teeth rattling about their ebony throats, led him before a rough ivory dais, on which sat a majestic and formidable figure.

"Hail," said the white man.

And, without loss of time, he took out one of his brass watches, wound it up and showed its works to the dusky monarch.

"This marvel," he said, "I will give your majesty, making you the envy of all men and all tribes, in return for only six tusks of not less than seventy pounds' weight each."

The king took the watch, produced a monacle from a pouch hidden in his shield, and, after a moment's study of the brass trinket, returned it with a languid smile.

"Last year," he added, "in London, I exchanged an old wooden warclub for a bushel of these things, and, by Jove, there wasn't one of them that ran above a week.

A Demonstration.

The superintendent of a factory went into the storehouse one day and saw the storekeeper tugging at a big case of goods. His face was red and the muscles of his neck were bulging out.

"Hold on there, Jack," cried the superintendent, "allow me to demonstrate to you the power of brain over muscle." He grabbed a hook that was on a shelf and stuck it in the case, gave a quick jerk and toppled over into a pile of rubbish. He got up, looked at the storekeeper, and said: "Blame it, the handle was loose."

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, "that's why I didn't use it!"

Lavish Gifts of the Mortons.

Former Vice President Levi P. Morton has given to Rhinecliff, near which his home, Ellerslie, is situated, an industrial home and reading room, to cost \$50,000. The new building will have a gymnasium, baths, reading-rooms, library and assembly hall. In the same village Miss Mary Morton, a daughter of Mr. Morton, has established a holiday farm, where the convalescent crippled poor of New York are cared for.

NOT TOO LATE

For the purchase of a nice Comfort or Blanket. You will have plenty of time to derive good use of one before the winter is over. The cold days just here are only forerunners of those sure to come in the next two months. Why sleep uncomfortable, when we can furnish you with good warm bed clothing at such

Reasonable Prices.

We Carry One of the Largest Stocks in the Valley.

ALL WOOL

Nice, White, Colored Bordered Blankets, large sizes \$5.00 to \$9.50.

ALL WOOL

Mottled and Plain Colors 10 1-4 to 12 1-4, extra good values \$3.50 to \$12.50.

Cotton Blankets 10 1-4 to 12 1-4, 75c to \$2.50.

Cotton Comforts, good ones from 75c to \$3.50.

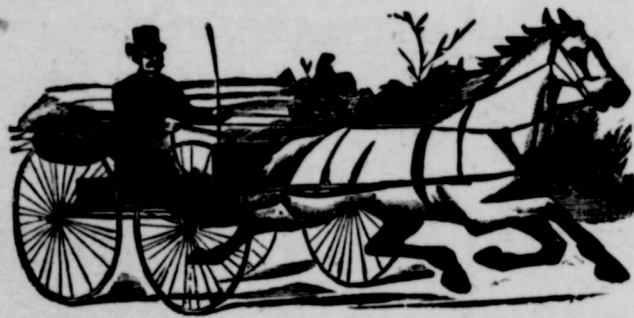
Eiderdown Comforts each one a beauty, price \$5.00

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46.



Phone
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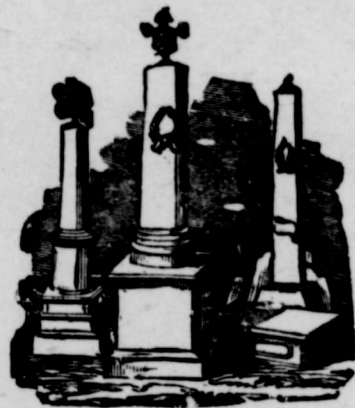
NEW LIVERY STABLE.



Walling Bros., Props.

Centrally located, south of Gibson Hotel. Fresh Teams, New Vehicles. We are here to please. Nothing too good for our customers. Calls answered promptly day or night. Horses boarded get best of treatment. If

you want to drive, give us a call. PHONE 88.



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

J. C. BAIRD, Agent.

Office Artesia Bank Building, Room No. 7.

ROSE LAWN

Suburban Tracts: Ideal for Homes and Small Orchards.

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

FOR SALE. WANTED.
LOST and FOUND.

For Sale—5 good residence lots and 2-room house close in at a bargain. J. C. Meek, one block north of stone yard.

Wanted—A man to gather corn. Two weeks work. Apply this office.

FOR SALE.—A good pony, gentle for anyone to drive. Apply at J. P. Dyer's store.

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

FOR SALE.—Single buggy, and rubber tired trap. Mrs. Welsh.

Miss Carrie Childress visited her friend, Mrs. Perry Wagnon, several days the past week. Miss Childress is teaching in the Artesia school and returned there Monday night. Her many Hagerman friends greatly enjoyed her visit and hope she will find an opportunity to come again.—Hagerman Messenger.

Mrs. S. E. Robertson, of Artesia, and friend of Chas. L. Brooks and wife, came up Saturday and spent a couple of days visiting the preacher's family.—Hagerman Messenger.

Messrs. Whitaker and Gage, merchants of Hope, were visitors to Artesia Sunday.

When you go to have your cement walk put in, figure with J. T. Patrick. He will do the right kind of work and of course that is cheapest.

More than 200 families in the Pecos Valley are paying for homes through the Southwestern Savings Loan and Builders Association.

Maxwell & Bromelsick, Local Agents.

Messrs. George Shawver and John O. Lee arrived last week with their families from Lewiston, Ill., to make Artesia their future home. They are having a well put down on their land east of the Pecos. The Advocate is glad to welcome these people to Artesia, because they come with a will to accomplish things. Its the "doers" that we need in the Pecos Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Roby left for Alva, Oklahoma, Wednesday. Mr. Roby will return with the excursionists next week.

To Protect Your Bank Account, Your Appetite and Your Appreciation of Good Meats.

Buy where nothing but pen fed cattle and hogs are handled, where home made pork sausage, bologna, weine worst, hog-head cheese, liver, sausage, lard warranted to be made from nothing but pork fat, Swift premium bacon and hams.

We haven't time to write you about the cleanliness of our market. We only ask you to call and inspect it yourself.

Notice our cutter as he displays his mastership of his trade.

We call your special attention to the weight of the meat you buy, watch the scales, follow us and if there is any mistake we are always ready and more than glad to make it right. We are not here to load you on our fancy goods. We are here to give you weight, to give you your money's worth of the best that can be bought in the city and to make a living for ourselves.

We compete with anybody on prices on halves or quarters of beef or pork.

Model Meat Market, S. P. HENRY, PROP.

Messrs. J. J. Burge and J. B. Hancock are in Old Mexico to buy a gold mine for a company composed of Artesia, Carlsbad and Oklahoma parties. They expect to be absent all winter—or until the right kind of a mining proposition is secured.

Bert Roby has purchased the D'Arcy hotel property on First street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster returned Tuesday night from their Christmas visit to Alvord, Texas.

We have the services of a first class plumber. Prices the lowest. Hoffman Hardware Co.

Northern-fed beef—Artesia Market.

Cicero Stewart, sheriff of Eddy county and candidate to succeed himself, was doing the agreeable in Artesia Monday.

Robert Kellahin, lecturer for the territory of the Masonic grand lodge, has appointed L. O. Fullen deputy lecturer to assist him in the work in this portion of the territory. Mr. Fullen's duties will be chiefly connected with the lodges in Carlsbad and Artesia.

Dr. Chas. Thomas and J. L. Davis have formed a co-partnership. See their card elsewhere in this issue.

J. F. Porter will leave today to attend the National Hardware Men's Convention at Kansas City, Mo.

Anyone wanting fencing, plowing or ditching done should see us.

B. B. Gatlin, W. H. Christian.

"Seal Shipped" Oysters—Artesia Market.

Dipping vats, tanks and cisterns made at reduced prices, made up in factory style.

Hoffman Hardware Co.

The firm of McLendon & Co., composed of R. W. McLendon and Charley Rascoe, decided not renew its saloon license on January first and voluntarily retired from business. Mr. McLendon will continue the pool hall and Mr. Rascoe will move to Dayton, we understand.

Clinton Idler took a census of Artesia this week. Within the radius of one-half mile square he enumerated 1165 people.

For Sale—Pure-bred Barred Plymouth Rock chickens and White Holland turkeys. Box 21, Hagerman.

Shredded Kaffir corn for sale. The very best of feed. Come and get it at \$3.00 per ton or \$5.00 delivered. W. C. McBride.

George Johnson visited the county seat Wednesday.

S. E. Russ, owner of considerable real estate in Artesia and a stockholder in the First National Bank died in Roswell Monday.

Wm. F. Wise, of Rock Island, Ill., has moved to Artesia for the benefit of his wife's health. He bought two lots from J. H. Beckham and will build a residence. We are glad to state that Mrs. Wise is improving rapidly.

Go to Clayton for town lots. He has most any kind you want, and in any size blocks. In acre property, he has 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 60 or 80 blocks joining the town. So get you an ideal home before they get too high. These properties are bound to increase in value. It will be a pleasure for him to show you what he has.

On Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2 p. m., the Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church will meet at the home of Mrs. Baker.

Read the big ad of the Hoffman Hardware Company in today's Advocate. Mr. Hoffman never fails to talk right straight to the point.

Nicely printed envelopes, with a picture of a big artesian well, two packages for 25c, at Advocate office.

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

Mr. J. S. Cannon, the well known Main street groceryman, returned this week from San Angelo, Texas, and brought back a bride, who was Miss Alice Welch, of Stiles, Texas. Rector Cannon accompanied them home. We extend hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cannon.

Earl Cobb left Tuesday for his home at Canyon, Texas. His many friends wish him well.

Buy your sand for sidewalks from Jim Conner

Jim Conner has plenty of sand on hand.

J. R. Blair was a visitor to Roswell Tuesday.

"Have you observed," said the merchant to the customer, "the handsome advertisement I have just painted on the fence?" "No," replied the customer, "but if you will send the fence to my house I will try to read the announcement and maybe my family will look at it. We read the papers but don't have time to run about reading signs." And the merchant scratched his head.—Liberty Vindicator.

EDDY COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY,

(INCORPORATED D.)

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

Complete Abstracts of all Lands in Eddy County.

WRITE US

F. G. TRACY, President.

C. H. McLENATHEN, Sec'y

THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS,

AURORA, ILLINOIS,

Makes High Grade Well Sinking Machinery at Moderate Prices

Chapman & Sperry

of Artesia, New Mexico

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

JIM CONNOR

General Drayage and Transfer

Bus Meets all Trains

Good Teams, Big Wagons

And accommodating men. Will appreciate the patronage of the public and guarantee to use the utmost care in handling goods.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

GAYLE TALBOT, PUBLISHER.

ARTESIA, - - NEW MEXICO

The pessimist insists on his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of misery.

Sir Archibald Geikie predicts another deluge. All right, Sir Archie—"after us."

If all that is printed about Kubellik be true, it is his head, not his hand, that needs a muff.

It is unnecessary to add that the London man who says that disease is a blessing is a physician.

A girl may weigh 200 pounds, and still think of herself as a ray of sunshine in some fellow's life.

It will be necessary, however, to reform football gradually. Otherwise, there might be danger of a riot.

As between a battleship and a new bonnet there is some doubt as to which more quickly becomes obsolete.

Christmas and a cold wave are both coming, but there should be no cold wave for the children on Christmas day.

It is said there is a scarcity of small bills. We have also noticed a scarcity of large bills, such as the dollar bill.

There are several beautiful young ladies in Europe now building royal castles in Spain, who are sure to be disappointed.

The bridegroom who tried to travel in his bride's trunk will probably never be able to cut loose from her apron string.

The captains and the kings are curious to know what Spain can possibly want to do with those rapid fire guns lately bought.

After reading the stirring account of the hunter who was treed by a deer, sympathy runs to the four-footed animal by a large majority.

A man with a microscope and an investigating turn of mind has discovered a new variety of mosquito. He is in mighty small business.

A Washington editor says, "Give us the woman who can talk." All right. Send address, in confidence, at once.—New York Herald.

It is always well to look on the bright side of things. St. Petersburgers do not have to tip the waiters while the waiters are on strike.

The woman who burned \$15.00 because her husband had turned cold might have gained better results if she had given him "money to burn."

Kingdon Gould was blackballed by members of a college society for refusing to be hazed. However, Kingdon is alive now, which is some compensation.

Japan's bill for services rendered in driving the enemy out of Manchuria will call for enough yen to offset an claim for damages that China may present.

Residents of a Delaware town have been forbidden to take a bath for one month. Some places do go to desperate lengths in order to advertise themselves.

The centenary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin ought to be especially celebrated in Franklin, N. H., and at the other places through the country that are named for him.

Four million dollars' worth of whisky was destroyed by fire a few days ago in a Pennsylvania town, but the shortage this makes in the visible supply is not worth mentioning.

What will they think a thousand years from now, when our successors on this continent dig up that forty-ton steel ingot which was buried with funeral obsequies in Pennsylvania?

When two preachers met at Richmond, Va., a few days ago they hugged each other so fervently that one of them retired with a broken rib. This shows that even brotherly love can go too far.

Not since Dr. Syntax's celebrated tour in search of a wife has there been anything to compare with King Alfonso's swing around the circle inspecting the marriageable princesses of Europe.

A Chicago woman got a divorce because her husband insisted upon playing the piano. Now he ought to marry the woman who got a divorce a few weeks ago because her husband made her play the piano.

TRACTS IN MANY LANGUAGES

Feats of Printing Done Here for Missionary Work Abroad.

One of the most difficult of all publishing tasks is accomplished by the American Tract society, which prints not only tracts, but also books in native African languages such as Mpongwe, Bulu, Umbundu, Benga and Fang. Inasmuch as these tongues, though spoken by millions of blacks, were not written—or, at all events, were not written until recently—the problem of rendering such works as the "Pilgrim's Progress" into their vernacular in printed form is beset by many obstacles.

For the copy dependence must be had upon the missionaries, who write it out in typescript. It has to be sent all the way to New York to be set up in type, and, as a matter of course, care must be taken that it shall be as close to perfect accuracy as possible.

The languages are not understood either by the men who set the type or by the proofreaders, and so the editors, who are equally ignorant on the subject, must follow copy slavishly. As far as possible the typewritten words represent phonetically the spoken words as uttered by the natives.

Having thus translated their vocal speech into print the missionaries have taught the blacks to read their own languages, an accomplishment which has helped greatly in their mental and moral elevation. They have not only simple dictionaries, but also primers illustrated with excellent woodcuts.—New York Sun.

Cleveland and the Women.

When Grover Cleveland was president a young woman from Cleveland, who had been a schoolmate of the president's wife, was a guest at the White House. A matter of large public moment was up for the president's decision, and Mrs. Cleveland and her guest brought it up for discussion at the breakfast table.

Their views were of the radical, persuasive order, and were quite emphatically expressed. Mr. Cleveland listened with an amused smile behind his newspaper. Finally the girl from Ohio said to him:

"Now, Mr. President, you have heard our views. Are you prepared to indorse them?"

The president folded his paper and arose.

"You girls," he said, with a smile "can beat me all to pieces in millinery and dressmaking. But when it comes to my end of the house, I feel under obligations to do my own thinking."—New York Tribune.

Suzannah.

When de dew on de grass am a-fallin', An' de stars am a-twinklin', too. O, it's den dat meh heant am a-callin', O, meh HT' yallah gal, fuh yo'; Suzannah, O-o-o Suzannah, Meh heant am a-callin' yo'.

Now de light's fallin' sof' on de rivah, 'Fom de moon high up in de sky, An' 'is watchin' de watah a-quivah Ez de night wind goes passin' by; Suzannah, O-o-o Suzannah, De night wind's a-passin' yo'.

O, de katydid done stop a-singin' Caze de glowwo's he shine so bright On de bundle of love yo's a-bringin' 'Tuh yo' own niggah dis night; Suzannah, O-o-o Suzannah, Yo' bundle of love dis night.

Now de fishies am shinin' out brightah An' dey's liftin' dey night lamps high Jes' tuh make all de pathway lightah; Caze dey know yo's a-drawin' nigh; Suzannah, O-o-o Suzannah, Dey knows yo's a-drawin' nigh.

'Fom de ole grapevine swing in de thicket An' meh heant it do sing wid de cricket, Caze I wants yo', meh honey, I do; Suzannah, O-o-o Suzannah, I reckon yo' wants me, too. —Ella Middleton Tybout in Lippincott's.

Where Words Fail.

"What is the color 'chatain'?" a certain young man asked a venerable Creole lady, whose hair was white as snow.

She rummaged through her mind for terms of explanation, being a little liable to forget English words at times.

Finally, however, she replied: "Chatain," dat is the color of my hair, you understand, when I was young!

And then she smiled with satisfaction at the exact manner in which she had explained the term, while the questioner still wondered what color "chatain" was.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Texas Railways.

Texas is building or planning so many new railroads that it is next to impossible to keep track of them all. When they are all completed Texas will not fall far short of having 50 per cent more main track than Illinois, which was the state of greatest mileage until recently, when the iron horse took a fresh spurt over the boundless areas of the Lone Star State.—St. Louis Republic.

Two Breaks from Party Lines.

William Travers Jerome of New York is not the only man who won at the recent election without having any party nomination. In Massachusetts John B. Moran, who ran for district attorney of Suffolk county (Boston) on the indorsement of the requisite number of voters, was elected over the fusion nominee of the Republicans and Democrats.

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. G. Davis of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Backaches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong and my general health better."

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

We who are not grinding an ax for some one are using some one to sharpen ours on.

A woman is never so afraid of catching cold in the wet when she has on low shoes and openwork stockings as a man is in rubber boots.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR.

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders—Suffered Agony for Twenty-five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

"For twenty-five years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulders, discharging matter of such offensiveness to sight and smell that I became an object of dread. I consulted the most able doctors far and near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured. For this I thank Cuticura, and advise all those suffering from skin humors to get it and end their misery at once. S. P. Keyes, 149 Congress Street, Boston, Mass."

Juggling Geography.

Sir Frederick Pollock, according to the Indianapolis News, used to tell this story about the Dillettante Society: The qualification for membership was that the candidate had been met in Italy by the proposing member, but once it happened that a candidate was elected who had been met at Avignon. The error was discovered, and the society proceeded to vote "that, in the opinion of the society, Avignon is in Italy." This, however, seemed a ticklish precedent to establish, so they gravely laid their heads together and solemnly resolved in a further motion, "that, in the opinion of this society, Avignon is the only town in France which is in Italy."

An Orphanless Orphanage.

The Irish duelist who laments having "as pretty a challenge as ever was penned, but no one to whom to give it," was in the same trouble as the municipality of Paris. The city has a fine orphanage, liberally appointed and with an ample staff, but with no orphans. A Mme. Tamices left nearly a million and her villa at Orsay to be maintained as an orphanage for girls of the Eighth arrondissement. The girls were to be provided with a dowry on leaving. Paris has searched the highways and byways of the district, and but two orphans have been found.

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved.

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack.

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains all the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

Light on the Subject.

A fire occurred on premises rented by Jews in London. The circumstances were somewhat suspicious and an agent of the insurance company with which the property was insured was sent to investigate, also the junior partner, as to the probable cause of the fire. This was his report: "I find that the senior partner thinks it was caused by an arc light on the second floor; the junior partner thinks it was caused by an incandescent light on the first floor—but my opinion is that it was caused by an Israelite in the basement!"

School for Backward Children.

Miss Olive Jones has established in the heart of the heart of New York's swarming East side a school for backward children. The children in each class will be of practically the same age and will have equal opportunities to learn. Miss Jones hopes that one of the great causes of truancy will be remedied in her school, children who have for any reason got behind their mates and to join classes with the little fellows are made fun of and to avoid this ridicule these backward big ones play truant.

Victim of Excitement.

Something of the excitement attending the discovery of gold fields is shown by the story of the Australian official who wished to telegraph the news of the finding of the precious metal in his district. A small boy, seeking for a stone to throw at a crow, had picked up what proved to be a nugget of pure gold. In his excitement the official overlooked the main point entirely and wrote this telegram: "Boy picked up a stone to 'hrow at a crow," and nothing more."

A contented mind is considered a contemptible mental state—these days.

Tennessee Praise.

Dayton, Tenn., Dec. 11th (Special)—Among many prominent residents to praise Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. N. R. Roberts of this place. He tells of what they have done for him, and his words will go deep into the hearts of all who are suffering in the same way. He says:

"I was a martyr to Kidney Trouble, but Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me. I shall always keep them on hand in case there should be any return of the old trouble, but I am thankful to say they did their work so well there has not been the slightest sign of my old complaint coming back. The pain in my back used to be terrible. If I got down I had a hard job to get straight again. But my back is like a new one now and I can stoop as much as I please. I don't believe there ever was any medicine half so good as Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Several people have bumped up against disgrace while trying to dodge poverty.

No Others.

It is in a class to itself. It has no rivals. It cures where others merely relieve. For aches, pains, stiff joints, cuts, burns, bites, etc., it is the quickest and surest remedy ever devised.

We mean Hunt's Lightning Oil.

Even a lazy man will get a move on himself when invited to face the bartender.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 80,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

When a man goes out without an umbrella and gets caught in the rain he acts as if he ought to be allowed to sue the government for having a weather bureau.

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 packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. 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 letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Almost any girl can induce a young man to accompany her to church, but it isn't quite so easy to persuade him to accompany her to the altar.

The fellow who is always under a cloud reminds one of nothing so much as a borrowed umbrella.

A Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures. Send for and read the little book of extracts, treating of the properties and uses of the several medicinal roots that enter into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and learn why this medicine has such a wide range of application in the cure of diseases. It is sent free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drug. Ingredients all printed on each bottle wrapper in plain English. Sick people, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

There is absolutely no satisfaction in doing something smart if there is nobody for you to brag to about it.

Rest and Sleep.

Few escape those miseries of winter—a bad cold, a distressing cough. Many remedies are recommended, but the one quickest and best of all is Simmon's Cough Syrup. Soothing and healing to the lungs and bronchial passages, it stops the cough at once and gives you welcome rest and peaceful sleep.

A woman's way of reasoning is as much of a mystery to the average man as her way of dressing.

Though too proud to work, many a young fellow is willing to accept free board and lodging from his parents.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.—John Chisord.

Advertisement for Manhattan Brand Pommel Slicker. Includes image of a man in a slicker and text describing the product's features and availability.

Advertisement for H. & T. C. R. R. Holiday Rates. Includes text about rates, dates of sale, and contact information for M. L. Robbins, G. P. A., Houston, Texas.

Advertisement for Best Passenger Service in Texas. Includes text about important gateways, dining cars, and contact information for E. P. Turner, G. P. & T. A., Dallas, Texas.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HER LIFE

How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

THE STORY READS LIKE A ROMANCE



This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estee, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For many years she taught school, and during her career as a teacher she became known as a woman of an alert and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, she was possessed with a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old-fashioned days few drugs were used in medicines; people relied upon nature's remedies, roots and herbs, which are to-day recognized as more potent and efficacious in controlling diseases than any combination of drugs.

Mrs. Pinkham from her youth took a deep interest in medicine, in botany—the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics, and power over disease; she believed that as nature so bountifully provides food for the body so she also provides medicine for the ills and weaknesses of the body, in the roots and herbs of the field, and as a wife, mother and sympathetic friend, she often made use of her knowledge of roots and herbs in preparing medicines for her family and friends.

Knowing of so much suffering among her sex, after much study and research, Mrs. Pinkham believed that the diseases of women have a common cause, and she set to work to find a common remedy—not at that time as a source of profit, but simply that she might aid the suffering.

How her efforts have been rewarded the women of the world know to-day. In 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity was too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from this fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away.

At this point the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound commences:

The three sons and daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They resolved to give to the world the vegetable compound that Mrs. Pinkham

had so often made from roots and herbs for such of her women neighbors and friends who were sick and ailing. Its success in those cases had been wonderful—its fame had spread, and calls were coming from miles around for this efficacious vegetable compound.

They had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away free. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these pamphlets were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts, the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising on a small scale, and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise was assured, until to-day Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and thousands of pounds of roots and herbs are used annually in making this great remedy for woman's ills.

Although Lydia E. Pinkham passed to her reward some years ago, the perpetuation of her great work was guarded by her foresight.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and was careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results, were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills which, for authenticity and accuracy, can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

Another act of foresight on the part of Lydia E. Pinkham was to see that some one of her family was trained to carry on her work, and with that end in view, for years before her death, had as her chief assistant her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. Therefore, under the guidance and careful training of Lydia E. Pinkham, and a vast experience of her own, covering twenty-five years, the present Mrs. Pinkham is exceptionally well equipped to advise sick women, which she is always glad to do free of charge.

The record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made of simple herbs and roots, is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant conquest over the obstinate ills of women, greater than that of any other one medicine of its kind in the world, and will ever stand as a monument to that noble woman whose name its bears.

If there is one time more than another when we long to do bodily injury it is when we hear a little 12-year-old snip speak of love.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of De fiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses De fiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

Taxing bachelors may not boost the matrimonial game, but it is apt to encourage emigration.

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

FRANK J. CHENEY
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.
A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Some men want to make hay even when it is raining.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

The average girl will allow her mother to pick out a husband for her, but when it comes to the wedding gown she generally asserts herself.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BLOOD PURIFIER Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A woman would rather not be rich and have people think she was than to be rich and have them think she wasn't.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. De fiance Starch.

It's alright to paddle your own canoe, but some men are not satisfied unless they are paddling some other fellow's.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.
"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

A summer girl has many engagements, but the telephone girl gets the most rings.

Instantaneous Action.

"I was almost distracted by a terrible itching which defied all treatment until I obtained a box of Hunt's Cure. The first application afforded instant and absolute relief. The one box effected a complete cure."
"It is simply wonderful in its instantaneous action."

Geo. Gilliland,
Manitou, O. T.

After reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night at school a girl imagines she is a born elocutionist.

Cures Blood, Skin Troubles, Cancer, Blood Poison. Greatest Blood Purifier Free.

If your blood is impure, thin, diseased, hot, or full of humors, if you have blood poison, cancer, carbuncles, eating sores, scrofula, eczema, itching, risings and lumps, scabby, pimply skin, bone pains, catarrh, rheumatism, or any blood or skin disease, take Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) according to directions. Soon all sores heal, aches and pains stop, the blood is made pure and rich, leaving the skin free from every eruption, and giving the rich glow of perfect health to the skin. At the same time B. B. B. improves the digestion, cures dyspepsia, strengthens weak kidneys. Just the medicine for old people, as it gives them new, vigorous blood. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special free medical advice also sent in sealed letter. B. B. B. is especially advised for chronic, deep-seated cases of impure blood and skin disease, and cures after all else fails.

Had Some Excuse.
"Is this man a maniac?" asked Mr. Fordham, at North London Police court on Saturday. "I don't know," was the reply of an applicant for a summons, "but I understand he is married."—London Telegraph.

Immense Palm Leaves.
The biggest leaves in the world are those which grow on the Inaj palm, found on the banks of the Amazon. The leaves reach a length of as much as 30 feet to 50 feet, and are from 10 to 12 feet in breadth.

There is much satisfaction and happiness in all labor that is honest and true. Few things bring greater contentment; few things give more peace of mind.—John Bright.

That a woman's love of love should bridge, burn them behind you rather than in front of you.

If all women were as good as they look men would never dare marry them.

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

When men pool their resources they sometimes realize that a pool and its money are soon parted.

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

There are men who wouldn't even pay a compliment without taking a receipt.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Hemorrhoids, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PIAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The man who can do all things well very seldom does anything

Saved Him.

"It didn't kill me, but I think it would if it had not been for Hunt's Cure. I was tired, miserable and well nigh used up when I commenced using it for an old and severe case of Eczema. One application relieved and one box cured me."
"I believe Hunt's Cure will cure any form of itching known to mankind."

Clifton Lawrence,
Helena, O. T.

The men of pluck rarely have faith in the goddess called Luck

When Your Grocer Says

he does not have De fiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. De fiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blest it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.



Many who formerly smoked 109 Cigars now smoke LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR
Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL FITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloe Slices—
Rhubarb Slices—
Amis Seed—
Peppermint—
Dr. Cassia—
Honey—
Clarified Sugar—
Whisky—
Flavour

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The St. Louis Southwestern Railway Company OF TEXAS

Now has heavy steel rails, and ballast, over practically the entire system, is equipped with high-speed engines, modern wide vestibule day coaches, free reclining chair cars, parlor cars and pullman's latest style of sleepers. In addition, we lay claim to the fact that our train crews are second to none in efficiency and courteous bearing to the traveling public. In placing these points before you, we do so with the statement that we will serve you to the best of our ability should we be favored with your patronage, in that your journey while in our charge will be a most agreeable one.

The full wing trains are scheduled to leave our points DAILY in either direction:
Nos. 202 and 208 Eastbound
Nos. 201 and 207 Westbound

These trains make convenient connections at junction points for all destinations, North, East, West or South.

Detailed information regarding your trip anywhere, its cost from start to finish, will be furnished by any Cotton Belt Agent, or by

John F. Lehane,
Gen. Frt. & Pass Agent,
Tyler, Texas.
R. C. Fyfe,
Asst. Gen. F. & P. Agent,
Tyler, Texas.

COTTON BELT ROUTE

If afflicted with sore eyes, use

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

WET WEATHER WISDOM!
THE ORIGINAL 132

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
BLACK OR YELLOW
WILL KEEP YOU DRY
NOTHING ELSE WILL
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES

CATALOGUE FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.

If you are going to the old States during the

HOLIDAYS

GO VIA

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Cheap rates to all points in the Southeast and North Central States.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE
DEC. 21, 22 and 23

Return Limit Thirty Days

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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 P. V. & N. E. R. R.

ARRIVES ARTESIA.

Northbound, daily..... 9:25 a. m.

Southbound, daily..... 6:45 p. m.

POSTOFFICE HOURS:

8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m., except Sunday

Sunday hours..... 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.

Announcements.

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

The Gambler and the Coon.

Some weeks ago the Texas Harpoon cauterized a white man who made a matrimonial mixup with a coon at Roswell and the Advocate coincided with the sentiment. Now, Kalamity takes a fall out of us because we didn't put a clothes pin on our nose and wade in on the oderiferous pair a while earlier, and at the same time pour a few drops of high life into the inner circles of amateur demagoguery at Santa Fe. Really, the great moral reformer of Texas expects too much of a modest little handmaiden of the church located so far from law. What with keeping our own county officials in the straight and narrow path of righteousness, camping on the trail of those who would wag off with the people's rights and franchises in this municipality, providing bread for the bairns in the little rock house around the corner, and at the same time pointing the guileless homeseeker to the way of health, wealth and happiness via the Pecos Valley, this editor really hasn't time to revise the catechism of the sons of Montezuma who pull the public leg at Santa Fe, or to lay a lash upon every Fayette county Lothario who would come west to monkey with the affections of our colored population.

If Kalamity is really concerned about the virtue—"in print," or otherwise—of the Pecos Valley, we would suggest that he tie a log chain to his neighbors down the Colorado, and thus save embarrassment all around. You probably have an intimation now, Kalamity, of what the Advocate meant some time ago when it spoke of the mortification that estopped utterance.

To Meet Today.

Harold Hurd, secretary of the Pecos Valley Well Owners Association, has sent out cards announcing a meeting of the body at Roswell to-

day. The formation of the association is the outgrowth of the law enacted by the last legislative assembly imposing a five-dollar-per-annum "occupation tax" upon every artesian well in the valley. The law was enacted at the instance of the canal systems around Roswell in order to ultimately stop development of the great artesian field on the supposition that so many wells would decrease the supply of water to be secured from the big springs at the north end of the valley. An arbitrary tax of \$5 per annum was placed against each well with which to pay the expenses of an "inspector," to go around and gauge the pressure of the spouters every three months and report findings to those interested. At the intimation that the pressure of water was decreasing, it might be possible to stop the boring of other wells and the whole lower valley given a black eye, while land under the canals would soar into the empyrean. Of course, well owners kicked out of the traces and about sixty of them have failed and refused to pay a tax for their own undoing. The inspector, Mr. Wilson, has filed criminal complaint against them and their trials are soon to come up. Hence the call for a rally at Roswell to day. This five dollar tax is an addition to the one-thousand-dollar levy made by the county tax assessor. Every well owner of the Artesia country is asked to be present.

The Roswell Tribune.

The Advocate has received the initial number of Roswell's new weekly paper, the Tribune. It is all that we expected, and that is saying a good deal, for we of the valley are satisfied with nothing less than the best of everything. Our ideas and ambitions are not gauged by comparisons out in the west. The commonplace is swallowed up by superlatives and we are satisfied only when he can exhibit something a little bit better than circumstances seem to warrant. Hence we of the craft will be pardoned for calling attention to an editorial and mechanical exhibit of the Tribune class. The paper is Republican in politics and comes out for joint statehood. It is the first journal in New Mexico to pattern after the Advocate, in that a picture of some Pecos Valley scene will be shown on the first page each week. We predict that the Tribune will do much good for the entire valley, and we believe its proprietors, are well able to take care of their own interests as they go along.

We can make Artesia beautiful the coming summer if ever property owner will put out shade trees on his premises. Let every man appoint himself a committee of one to see that this is done.

The Advocate and its editor have furnished toothsome food for editorial rallery in the newspaper ranks of Carlsbad the past week or two. The government's plan for restoring the grandeur of the lower valley and the weekly discovery of an oil field west of town have been side-tracked for the time being, while the Sun and the Current whetted their Barlows upon the tender scalp of this editor. And for no reason but that he dared suggest that the administration of county affairs by our dear old Democratic family was not a'it should be. Even the Argus, the ram's horn of Eddy county republicanism, has blown its blast of alarm because we had the temerity to question the divinity of the Pull. Nothing but the possibility that one or two of the prices of the harem might be removed, could cause that doughty enemy to unsheath its battle-ax in defense of democracy. This rally-around-the-pie-boys movement has its humorous aspect to those who know the internal status of things political at Carlsbad. The Mexican javelin, when wounded, utters a cry that it's entire tribe understands and the luckless hunter had as well climb a tree. That partially illustrates the Carlsbad brand of patriotism. They have their own family rows and there is something doing between factions most all the year 'round, but when some exposed brother on the ramparts raises the cry of "wolf" and says an alien from Artesia or elsewhere wants to rob him of his office—his bread of life—then the tomtom is sounded and they gather in a grand lovefeast, regardless of political preferences or party servitude. The man who would question the right of apostolic succession in office of even the least of these their brethren, is a sonofagun, and should be banished into outer darkness. Hence the Advocate editor is a sinner beyond redemption. It's really too bad—but now is the time to subscribe.

There is one thing the people of Artesia should be unanimous in—that is asking the town trustees to see that a public park is arranged and cared for this year—not some other year. We have the choice of two sites. The Artesia Improvement Company exhibited its enterprise by reserving a choice block of land for a public park and dedicating it to the city to be used for the purpose. The ground is nicely located in a choice residence portion of town and can be made a beautiful spot. If the city does not care to take up this proposition, there are others. Mr. John E. Robert informs the Advocate that a proposition will be made to the city to give a tract of about eighteen acres in the Robert Addition for park purposes on condition that it be beautified and kept up by the town. This proposed grant includes the spring that has long furnished water for the Robert orchard and there is a pretty grove of cottonwoods already shading a portion of the grounds. This is a very clever offer indeed, and one well worth considering. With an abundance of water for irrigation purposes, it will only take a few months to make of either one of these pieces of ground an attractive place for recreation and leisure. No where else on earth can a park be made so easily and quickly as in Artesia, so why should we delay? Spend public money for public good. The idea of a nice public park or plaza appeals to every citizen of the town—as well as visitors—and the town trustees can please the public no better than to start the ball rolling.

The appointment of Wm. Crandall to a place on the Board of Town Trustees meets with the approval of everyone, so far as the Advocate is able to learn. Mr. Crandall moved to Artesia from Fairbury, Nebraska, about one year ago and has easily demonstrated the fact that he is a business man of splendid ability. He has bought several farms, built a home and otherwise shown that he

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is alive to the town's interests. We are not familiar with Mr. Crandall's political beliefs—and do not care a continental. The ideas he may entertain on the tariff or the color and and flexibility of the circulating medium, has nothing to do with the civic welfare of Artesia just at the present writing. What we want is good men and true, who will do right because it is right, and let the chips fall where they may. The editor is a Democrat, so far as government economics go, but we want good home service no matter who does the work. As has been demonstrated lately, this paper had just as soon chastise a Democratic official as anyone else, if he doesn't toe the mark of rectitude.

The matter of a well kept public road from Artesia to Lake Arthur is being urged. This should be looked after right away. It should be on the section line one mile west of the railroad, crossing Cottonwood at the Rio Pecos ranch, thus saving a pull through the bogs now found on the present road. The section line from Artesia to Chaves county is now declared a public highway and an order from the court will make it a public road.

The city council has made an order to spend some three hundred dollars on building street crossings. Good for the trustees. The people are glad to see their money put to such good use.

The town trustees have, by ordinance, fixed the style and grade of sidewalks in the residence districts. If you desire to build, plans can be secured from Mr. Benson, the city engineer.

The town should be setting out trees around a public park right now.

Plant shade trees.

A Jolly Good Snow.

The heaviest snow that ever fell in Artesia was with us this week, and it has not been an unpleasant experience. The ground was covered about three inches on a level. The first sleigh ever seen here was improvised by Ott & Cobb, the Fourth street liverymen, Tuesday evening, and a happy crowd took a ride behind four fleet, footed horses. The sport could hardly be called successful as the surface of the snow was not frozen and riding became a drag. The snow means much to the valley as it benefits the growing oat and alfalfa crops and makes a season for next spring's grass.

J. C. Elliott, the expert well-driller, yesterday closed contracts for two more wells. One four miles northwest of town for Dr. Sharpe, recently from Oklahoma, and one for Samuel Tucker, from Kansas, who recently bought land from Hodges and Venable, a few miles northeast.

M. W. Gilliland, of Tioga, Texas, arrived in the city Thursday night. He was here three years ago, before Artesia was on the map, and could hardly believe his eyes when he beheld the transformation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Moore and children left yesterday to spend the winter in the southern coast States. They expect to go back to their old home in Missouri in the spring to reside. Mr. Moore says he has made handsome money with his Artesia investments. He has proven himself a most valuable citizen.

Half the World Wonders

how the other half lives. Those who use Bucklen's Arnica Salve never wonder if it will cure cuts, wounds, burns, sores and all skin eruptions; they know it will. Mrs. Grant Shy, 1130 E. Reynolds St., Springfield, Ill., says: "I regard it one of the absolute necessities of housekeeping." Guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co. 25c.

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White Pine a Specialty.

It Pays

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away,
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to make a worthy cause
By making it our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts,
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in sorrow darkened lines
A gleam of brightness there.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A MASTER STROKE

BY ANDREW J. HOWELL, JR.

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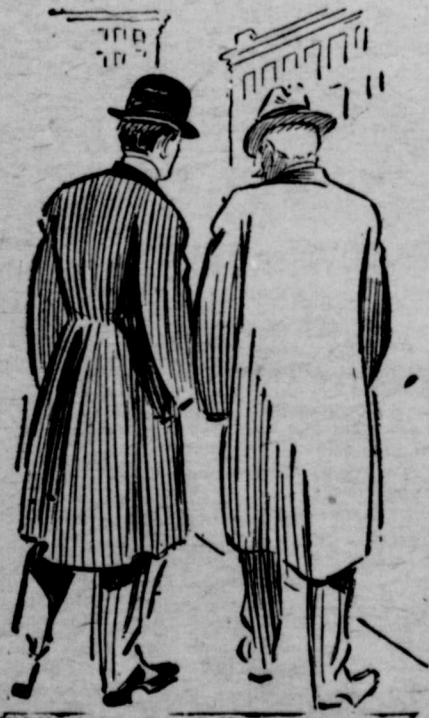
Randall Forsyth had been enthralled by an idea since his visit to Miss Juliet Glensmore the night before. He lay awake for hours pondering it; and, now that he was at his desk, he realized that he was preoccupied, decidedly to the detriment of his work. "This will never do," he thought impatiently, collecting himself; "I oughtn't to hesitate so. If it is a good opportunity I ought to take it and not wait on any other person's judgment. I only lack the grit; that's the English of it." His foot came down on the floor with a sudden stamp to indicate that his spirit was rising to the occasion.

He closed his ledger, found his hat, and excused himself from the office on a matter of business. He hurried to the rooms of Krigshaw & MacLaine, attorneys at law. He was now bold in his determination.

On the way he ran into Colonel Krigshaw himself, who was coming out of a barber's shop, and he entered at once upon his subject. The colonel was in a hurry and could not be detained, so he stopped Forsyth's lengthy explanation by a cheery, "All right, Randall; you'll get the stock. Put your acceptance in writing, and enclose a decent check on account."

The die was cast, and he looked the proposition in the face, believing that he could carry the plan through to a successful issue. He walked slowly back to the office, reviewing the matter with a calm satisfaction. First there was Miss Juliet, level headed and resourceful. He would pay an unstinted tribute to her inspiration. In fact, she had suggested the scheme. Then the stock—it was rather curious that the \$12,000 block of stock in the Norburg Mills should have carried with it through three transfers the office of vice president and manager. It was a small part of the hundred thousand, but the precedent in its favor would seem to be established. Yet he was determined to win the influence of certain other holdings to insure his election. As to the payment—ah, that would test his mettle! But it was as plain as daylight. There was his cash payment of \$2,000. He would borrow the balance on the stock as security, obligating himself to pay \$2,000 more per year and live on the remaining \$1,000. The office had always paid \$3,000. In five or six years he would be comfortably settled in business as a man of influence and position.

There were numerous other side details of the scheme which he rehearsed while walking slowly back to the office, one of which had a decided bearing upon Miss Juliet—how could he afford to marry and live in a suitable style upon the \$1,000 per year? He had always felt that Miss Juliet's manner had been one of condescending kindness. From her position as daughter of Mr. Asbury Glensmore capitalist and banker, and sister of two rising stars in the commercial world, she could look upon a clerk in



"All right, Randall; you'll get the stock."

an insurance office from no other standpoint. Yet he was constantly indulging day dreams with reference to her, and longed for the time when he would be in position to allow himself to love her. Would his good fortune extend to that happy fruition?

After an hour or more he dispatched

his formal letter to the legal firm, closing the purchase of the Norburg stock. His duties at the office became menial and exasperating, and he was constantly at the point of appraising his employers of his intention to leave their service, but he desisted as yet. At lunch time, as fortune would have it, he espied Miss Juliet. She was beaming from her carriage, a captivating vision of green and lace.

"I have done it!" he said enthusiastically; "I have bought the stock and I am now at work for the election to the office."

"Now that is good!" she responded, with a display of happy feeling. "I am going to tell papa, and maybe he can help in the matter. Randall," she continued, with a little touch of confidence, "I believe you will do well as manager of the mills."

He gave her a long look. There was



Stood speechless.

something in her manner that awoke a strange sensation and suddenly infused a confidence in his feelings towards her that he had never known before. He answered, "With your interest I can do anything."

She flushed confusedly and turned the conversation. He was at the zenith of unclouded happiness—in the full flush of the brilliant prospect.

Later in the day Forsyth found his way into the attorneys' offices. MacLaine was in his sanctum, dictating to a stenographer, and greeted him with a bland, patronizing manner. "My dear fellow," he said at once, "I am sorry your note came too late. I have just written you a letter advising you that our friend Crosby had bought that stock belonging to the Miller estate. He came in some time before we heard from you, and closed the trade at a slight advance on your figures."

"But," interrupted Forsyth hurriedly, "I settled the matter with Colonel Krigshaw early this morning; that is, at about 9:30. He will tell you about it."

"The colonel has left the city," replied MacLaine. "Besides, the whole matter has been placed in my hands. I am truly sorry, but I can see no way to alter the settlement that has been made. Really, old fellow," he continued with a sympathizing assurance, "I am afraid you will have to give it up this time."

Forsyth paled. "I will not," he said positively; "I bought the stock, and it is mine in all fairness." It was a plea in desperation.

"Well, now, if it comes to that," said the lawyer, with a tantalizing smile, "perhaps I know my business. You seem to know yours. Suppose you get the stock."

"It's a great shame!" Forsyth exclaimed. "I'll see what I can do." Then he wheeled out of the room.

"Crack your whip," responded the lawyer calmly, as he retreated.

It was evidently a case where the play would be against legal shrewdness, and he realized his disadvantage. In a short while his ire cooled, and his fall from the exalted height of a fond dream to an abyss of despair was sudden and dizzy. He yielded to disappointment, which fell like a crushing blow. His one happy stroke in business life had turned to naught, and he felt that there could be no other.

Miss Juliet—he made a desperate

resolve to go away at once, so that he could avoid seeing her again. When the next morning came he still adhered to this purpose. In the early afternoon he had resigned his position and was en route to the depot to go he cared not where, only to leave the city. He was still suffering the pangs of a deep, heavy disappointment.

He stood waiting at the station, impatient for the gate to open, so that he could board the train. In the confusion and clatter of voices around him he became aware of some one calling, "Mr. Forsyth, Randall!"

Turning, he espied Miss Juliet. When he reached her, she grasped his hand warmly, and, smiling cheerily, she asked, "Glad I've come to tell you good-bye?"

He stood speechless.

"You foolish boy," she continued. "Papa heard about the trick they tried to play on you and made the matter all right with Krigshaw & MacLaine and Mrs. Miller. She said you were entitled to the stock and should have it. Papa is looking for you everywhere, but I stole a march on him, and came here. Shall we go back together?"

OLD BOSTON TOLLHOUSE SOLD

One of Many Relics of Bygone Days—in Disuse Since 1858.

For the paltry sum of \$25 the old tollhouse, one of the many relics of bygone days in the city of Cambridge, which, during its existence has held probably many thousands of dollars, has been sold, says the Boston Transcript. The house stood for more than a century at the Cambridge end of the West Boston bridge, but during the last few years had been so badly in need of repairs that it was more of an eyesore than a thing to be admired as having been handed down by our forefathers.

The house had been in disuse since 1858, and from the appearance of it at the time of its demolition one might readily believe that no repairs had been made upon it since that time. It is probable that, so great was the rejoicing when the west Boston bridge was made a "free" bridge, there was no place in the hearts of Cambridge citizens for sentiment, and none arose in the hearts of their descendants to prompt them to preserve the old landmark. The toll house was first used when the West Boston bridge, known as the "great bridge," was completed in 1793. No person was allowed to pass over without first visiting the tollhouse to pay the pittance which was demanded of him. In 1803 Moses Hadley was made the toll collector, and continued in that capacity until 1858, when the bridge was made a "free" bridge.

A Crystal Mine.

One of the oddest mines in the world is described by Malcolm McDowell in his article, "Strange Fluor-Spar Mine," in the Technical World Magazine. Says Mr. McDowell:

"The shaft, but little larger than the cylindrical steel skip used for transporting the spar and miners, descends on a decided slant to the working levels and the man with patent leather shoes need have no fear of soiling them by going down in to the mine, for no dirt, muck or clay is found in this crystallized bore. The water is clear, for there is nothing to discolor it. The air drills, being holes for the blasts, send bell-like vibrations through the subterranean galleries, for the steel cutters are continually pounding into solid, glasslike mineral. The air, though warm, is sweet, for there are no carbonized gases to peril the lives of the miners."

Sweeter.

Where the river brawls loud
In the depths of the glen,
And the trees bend above,
I can see you again;
I can see the blue grapes,
And can hear the stream call
Us away to the meadows,
Where daisies are tall.

And the cliffs are as high
And as broken and brown,
And the path that of old
We so oft clambered down
Still twists down its face
As it then used to do,
Past each steep where of old
I was glad to help you.

And I know the huge rock
Splits the torrent in two,
And I know where the shallows
Sang sweetest to you,
And I know that these memories
Are sweeter by far
Than the scenes of to-day
That I wander in here.

—Houston Post.

Medicine Men Keep Secrets.

Bishop Hanlon of Uganda, in describing some of his experience in central Africa, said recently that though many of the medicine men had been converted, they could not be induced to carry their confession so far as to divulge their undoubtedly valuable remedies for native disease. Some of the converted medicine women were not so reticent, but their revelations were generally worthless.

Claim Honors for Maine Men.

Now that Portland is to have a fine statue of Tom Reed a Maine paper thinks that Lot M. Morrill and James G. Blaine should be similarly honored to Augusta and Nelson Dingley in Lewiston and Hannibal Hamlin and Charles A. Bostelle in Bangor.



The triumphs that we win to-day, though dearly bought,
An hundred years from now removed, will count as naught.

The corner that we made in wheat won only gold,
'Twas nothing to a world in need we brought or sold.

Would man rush on like maddened beast, with gain his plea,
If always in his heart were true philosophy?

An hundred years and we will be removed and sped!
The strifes we won will be forgot, when we are dead!

To-day, when we are strong and brave, let's help along
The weary and the burdened one among the throng!

If we should miss a deal in corn allaying tears,
'Twould be some better in the end—an hundred years!

—From "Down Country Lanes," by Byron Williams.

CHOLERA NOT WIDELY FEARED WAS NOT A SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Simple Precautions Only Necessary to Ward Off Disease.

The possibility of a cholera epidemic has naturally occurred to a number of lay journals since this disease has made its appearance in Europe. In former times the march of cholera around the world was watched with apprehension due to the recollection of the dreadful results of its past visits to America, but the tone of the press comments to-day is so reassuring that there is public indifference rather than panic. Several lay journals have given quite accurate accounts of the bacillus and the methods of killing it, and have shown that with very simple precautions it is somewhat difficult to contract the disease. There seems also to be a growing opinion that the quarantine and health authorities are wholly competent to deal with any cases which might be imported. The people are evidently not disposed to lose any sleep over the matter and are inclined to leave the affair to the duly constituted expert authorities.

It has now been widely published that the germ is easily killed by drying in the sunlight or boiling, so that even if it does get into a water supply it can be made harmless, but they now know that it is essential to confine the cases merely to disinfect the excreta. In regard to infecting those around them, the sick themselves are about as dangerous as one having typhoid, and that is not a great danger. They require similar management to prevent spread of the infection. The present epidemic seems to be marching around the world rather slower than on previous occasions—a result probably of the intelligent checks it receives—whereas formerly it spread as it pleased, for no one knew when or how to attack it. Since the bacillus seems to lose vitality during its excursions from host to host in an unaccustomed climate, there is a possibility that sanitary measures may hold its march in check until all virulence is lost.—American Medicine.

Ruskin's Bull.

The late Ellis Yarnall of Philadelphia was a brilliant talker, a sympathetic listener, and a subtle literary critic. Hence he had many friends—among them, in the past, were Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Matthew Arnold and John Ruskin.

At the Union league one afternoon, Mr. Yarnall repeated a bull he had once heard Ruskin make.

"In his impassioned way," said Mr. Yarnall, "Ruskin was railing against our cheap and tawdry and flimsy modern buildings, comparing them with the beautiful and massive buildings of the past.

"Modern buildings won't endure!" he cried. "Where will you find one modern building that has lasted as long as the ancient ones?"—New York Tribune.

Friday Is Her Lucky Day.

The whaleship Hillman, which arrived here on Friday, seems to disprove the old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day most materially. We learn from the first officer of the vessel that the Hillman sailed from this port on Friday, that she took the first blackfish on Friday, her first whale on Friday, made her first port out on Friday and finally arrived here on Friday with 3,500 barrels of whale, 2,100 barrels of sperm oil and 61,000 pounds of bone on board and sent home. Is Friday unlucky? The owners of the Hillman, we presume, are inclined to the opinion that it is not.—New Bedford, Mass., Standard.

Mistaken Diagnosis as to Stranger's Place of Residence.

He was not a Sherlock Holmes, but when the man seated next to him in the hotel smoking room took out his matchbox and lighted a cigar, he remarked: "Oh, I see that you are from New England."

"Why so, sir," asked the stranger. "It is easy. Those matches. You seldom see them west of the Connecticut river," said the knowing person. "Only in New England do people cling to the old sulphur card match." The match which the stranger lighted was, indeed, one of a sort unknown to the majority of dwellers west of the Connecticut. These matches are sold in vast quantities in New England. They are an ancient and reliable match, with the end dipped in brimstone, phosphorus and sulphur. They are turned out in cards, which are like combs with the teeth set closely together. The cards are about three inches square and are done up in packages containing some half dozen cards.

Throughout all rural New England and to a large extent in the cities, housewives will have no other sort. They smell to high heaven when lighted, but the ends do not fly off, and they do not make a noise when they ignite. There is something antique, safe and unostentatious about the match which appeals to the New England conscience. But the stranger addressed in the smoking room turned solemnly to his neighbor and replied: "You are mistaken, my good sir. I am from the maritime provinces of Canada."

A Canine Beau Brummel.

Fourteenth street and other shopping centers have seen some strange specimens of pampered dogs on which women lavish their affection—canines ranging from the languid lapdog to the theatrical dog led by a blonde actress, from the gouty pug to the common yellow cur from the side streets. But the limit came yesterday, and the traffic policeman on Fifth avenue was almost run down by an automobile before he recovered from the shock.

The canine aristocrat was a gouty pug dog, and he was escorting an elderly spinster along with becoming dignity. The dog wore the conventional blanket, made of dark green cloth and trimmed with scarlet silk. The lower part of his blanket came down to form little trousers that reached up to the pug's knees and were buttoned with four gold buttons.

"That's the limit," said the cop to a tall southerner who was watching.

"No, it's even worse," said the man. "See, one side of the blanket has a pocket from which a bit of Irish point lace handkerchief peeps out, while the pocket on the other side contains four tiny gloves for the pug's feet. Down South we like a dog too much to make a clown of him!"—New York Press.

Typhus Fever Stamped Out.

Writes Dr. Andrew Wilson: "Typhus fever was once very rife in our big centers of population. In Edinburgh it was often epidemic, being bred in the dirty, overcrowded slums of those days, amid the squalid, poverty-stricken crowd. At one time they had 120 cases in the hospital. The clearing away of the slums and the activity of sanitary bodies, who were told that the typhus germ can only breed amidst the impure air of overcrowded places, sufficed to put typhus fever on a very different plane. To-day many students and even practitioners will tell us that they have never seen a case of this ailment."

They Planted Trees.

A hundred thousand forest trees! And on a hitherto bleak and barren plain; on one of the waste places of the universe; on a land formerly inhabited only by the wolf and coyote, the jack-rabbit and the lizard, with now and then a mangy Indian pony. Think of the change! Think what it means to our landowners! Think what it means to our country, our State, and our Nation, and above all to our posterity!—Exchange.

Ordinance No. 55.

Whereas, The Artesia Telephone Company has presented to this Board an application for a franchise for extending, maintaining and operating its telephone exchange in the town of Artesia, and submitted therewith a form of contract to be made, which said proposition and form of contract are as follows, to-wit:

This Indenture, made and entered into this 29th day of December, 1905, by and between the Town of Artesia, of Eddy County, New Mexico, hereinafter called the party of the first part, and the Artesia Telephone Company, a corporation organized, existing and doing business under the laws of the Territory New Mexico, hereinafter called the party of the second part, witnesseth:

That, whereas, The said party of the second part constructed and has been operating a telephone exchange within what is now the corporate limits of the said town of Artesia, under authority to occupy and use the public streets and alleys of the town for that purpose granted by the Board of County Commissioners of Eddy County; and

Whereas, It will be to the manifest interest of the said municipality and said Company that a contractual relation exist between them with reference to the maintenance, extension and operation of said telephone system, since the said town of Artesia has become incorporated; and

Whereas, Said Company, the party of the second part, has submitted to the said party of the first part a proposition in writing, requesting that a contract in form and substance as this instrument be executed; and

Whereas, The Board of Trustees of said town of Artesia have decided, at a meeting held on the 29th day of December, 1905, that it is to the best interest of the said town and the inhabitants thereof that this contract be made;

Now, Therefore, in consideration of the premises, and of the sum of One Dollar to said party of the first part paid by the party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and in further consideration of the covenants, agreements, and obligations of the party of the second part hereinafter set out, to be by it performed and kept, the party of the first part does hereby grant to the party of the second part, and to its successors and assigns, the right to maintain such poles and posts as it now has set and erected on and along the streets, alleys, and public places and grounds of said town of Artesia, for supporting its telephone wires and cables, and said party of the first part does also grant to said party of the second part the further right to erect along the streets, alleys, and public places and grounds of the said town of Artesia all such poles, posts and towers which may be found necessary for supporting the wires and cables used in connection with said telephone exchange, and the right is further granted to said party of the second part to construct underground conduits for its said wires and cables on and along said streets, alleys and public grounds, it being understood always that said poles, posts and towers shall be so located, and of such height, as in no way to interfere with the free and unobstructed use of all of said streets, alleys, and public grounds for every purpose, and that same, and the wires and cables suspended thereon, will not destroy nor unreasonably injure any of the shade or ornamen-

tal trees that grow upon any of the streets and alleys or public grounds of said town of Artesia; and said party of the second part, for the purpose of erecting said poles, posts, or towers, or for stretching the wires and cables thereon, or for constructing any of said conduits and laying wires and cables therein, shall have the right to go upon any of the streets, alleys and public grounds in said town of Artesia, and make thereon any and all necessary excavations, provided however, said excavations shall be made in such way as not to obstruct the free use of said streets, alleys and public grounds, and not in any way endanger the inhabitants of the town, and no excavation made in said construction work shall be allowed to remain open upon any of the streets, alleys, or public grounds longer than may be reasonably necessary, it being the intention of the party of the first part to require the party of the second part, its successors and assigns, to refrain from doing anything in the construction of or maintenance of said telephone system which will in anyway interfere with or prevent the free use of the streets, alleys, and public grounds in said town, or interfere with any individual citizen in the peaceful enjoyment of all such public places and his or their private property rights.

In consideration of the rights and privileges granted as aforesaid the party of the second part binds itself, and its successors and assigns, at all times to allow the said party of the first part the free use of its poles, posts, towers, and conduits, for running and suspending thereon, or placing thereon in case underground conduits should be used, such wires as may be necessary for police, fire, or other public signal service, provided and used for the public safety, and also will furnish for the use of the said municipality such telephones as may be necessary for the convenient carrying on of its business. And the said party of the second part further binds itself and its successors and assigns, to at all times provide and furnish for the use of the inhabitants of the town of Artesia telephone instruments of a good serviceable class at a charge of not to exceed the following prices, to-wit: For places of residence where not used by more than one family, two dollars per month; for places of business or offices, three dollars and fifty cents per month; or a combination rate of five dollars per month for two telephones taken by the same person, one to be used at a place of business or office, and the other at his or her residence.

It is further contracted and agreed that said party of the second part may transfer, assign or sell the privileges and franchises hereby granted, to any person, firm or corporation, and such purchaser or purchasers shall be bound by all the terms and conditions of this contract as the party of the second part hereto, and the privileges and rights hereby granted shall remain in force and effect for the period of twenty-five years from and after the date of this instrument, and said party of the first part contracts and agrees that it will not grant to any other person, firm or corporation a right to erect, construct, install, or maintain within said town of Artesia any public telephone exchange so long as the party of the second part, or its successors and assigns, shall in all things comply with the terms of this contract in all of its provisions and spirit, and particularly shall be prepared to furnish on reasonable notice and keep in operation all the telephones which the inhabitants of the town shall require and be willing to pay for, at not to exceed the rates of rental hereinbefore named; and this contract shall become effective at once after its authorization by the Board of Trustees of the said town and the publication of the Ordinance.

In Witness Whereof, the party of the first part has by resolution adopted on the 29th day of December, by

its Board of Trustees caused its corporate name to be subscribed and its corporate seal affixed hereto by its proper executive officer and recorder; and the party of the second part by resolution of its Board of directors has caused its name to be subscribed hereto by its president and attested by its secretary, the day and year first herein written.

TOWN OF ARTESIA OF EDDY COUNTY, NEW MEXICO.

by John Richey,
Chm. Bd. of Trustees.
Attest: J. E. Swepston {SEAL}
Recorder
THE ARTESIA TELEPHONE COMPANY
by Harry W. Hamilton,
President.
Attest: Floy Richey Hamilton,
Secretary. {SEAL}

Territory of New Mexico,
County of Eddy,

On this 29th day of December before me personally appeared John Richey, to me personally known, who, being duly sworn, on his oath did say that he is the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the town of Artesia, a municipal corporation, and that the seal affixed to said instrument is the corporate seal of said corporation, and that said instrument was signed and sealed in behalf of said corporation by authority of its Board of Trustees, and said John Richey acknowledged said instrument to be the free act and deed of said corporation.

And also on the same day before me appeared Harry W. Hamilton, to me personally known, who being by me duly sworn did say that he is the President of The Artesia Telephone Company and that the seal affixed to said instrument is the corporate seal of said corporation, and that said instrument was signed and sealed in behalf of said corporation by authority of the Board of Directors, and said Harry W. Hamilton acknowledged said instrument to be the free act and deed of said corporation.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal, the day and year in this certificate first written.

L. W. MARTIN,
[Seal.] Notary Public.

And, whereas, such proposition and proposed contract, after having been considered by the Board, are in all things approved, and on the vote taken for determining the sense of the Trustees three votes were given in favor of accepting said proposition and authorizing the execution of the proposed contract;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT ORDAINED by the Board of Trustees of the town of Artesia:

Section 1. That the town of Artesia does agree to all the terms and conditions of the above mentioned contract with the Artesia Telephone Company, and authorizes and directs the undersigned officials to execute said contract on behalf of this said town of Artesia, and that the Recorder attest the same with its corporate seal.

Section 2. It shall not be lawful for any person to wilfully damage or in anyway interfere with the poles, posts, towers, wires, cables or other property of said Artesia Telephone Company used by it in the operation of its telephone exchange.

Section 3. Any person who shall violate the provisions of said Section 2 hereof shall on conviction be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the town prison or county jail for a period not exceeding ninety days, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Section 4. This ordinance shall go into effect at once after its publication.

JOHN RICHEY, Chairman,
Board of Trustees.
Attest: J. E. SWEPSTON,
Recorder.

{SEAL}

If you want a Home in the Artesia field of the Great Pecos Valley, write

Seven Rivers and Pecos Valley Land and Investment Company,

LAKEWOOD, - NEW MEXICO.

They have a long list of bargains in the shallowest artesian field and can save you money.

SEE OR WRITE

The Cleveland Land Agency

FOR Real Estate and Insurance.

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

ARTESIA, - - - NEW MEXICO

A. F. Lesley & Co.

Real Estate,
Fire and Life
Insurance.

Artesia, - - N. M.

CITY TRANSFER.

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

Will meet all Trains.

TELEPHONE No. 24.
T. T. Kuykendall.

Baggage Transfer.

The Oldest Transfer line in the city. All baggage and freight handled with care. We meet all trains. Call for

W. P. GEORGE & CO.
Telephone No 24.

TERRITORIAL BANK REPORT.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF ARTESIA, TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO, ON DEC. 30, 1905.

RESOURCES.	
Loans on real estate,	\$ 7,521
Loans on collateral security other than real estate,	64,478
Overdrafts,	287
Due from other banks and bankers,	10,349
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	7,911
Checks and other cash items,	647
Gold coin,	\$ 520
Gold certificates,	1,000
Silver coin,	246
Silver certificates,	500
Legal tenders,	500
National b'k notes,	1,490
Total cash on hand,	4,256
Total Resources,	\$95,449

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in,	\$ 15,000
Other undivided profits (less expenses and taxes paid,)	3,125
Total Deposits,	77,324
Total Liabilities,	\$95,449

I hereby certify that the above statement is true and correct,
A. L. NORFLEET, Cashier.

Correct Attest:
A. V. Logan,
his
E. N. x Heath,
mark
J. C. Gage,
Directors.

Fresh Bread and Cakes

AT ALL HOURS

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

THE HOME BAKERY;

Mrs S B Dyer, Prop.

DR. T. E. PRESLEY,

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

DR. D. L. WEEMS,

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

BAKER & STOKER,

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

J. G. Osburn, LAWYER.

Room No. 2, over Bank of Artesia.
ARTESIA, - - - NEW MEXICO.

J. F. RICHARDSON, M. D.

Office over Skaers jewelry store.
Artesia, - - - New Mexico.

DRS. THOMAS & DAVIS,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Office Phone 5. Clary Building.
Thomas' Res. Phone 114, Davis' Res. Phone 134

LEE MCINTOSH,

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

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THE NEW YORK LIFE
Matchless Life and Investment Insurance. Policies incontestable from date of issue.
Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards Co. Fancher Creek Nurseries. The California Rose Co. and The Southwestern Nurseries
Where we get our Government Evergreens and Forest Trees.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
Instruments drawn and acknowledgments taken. Office with the Cleveland Land Agency. Call on or address
R. M. LOVE, Artesia, N. M.

Cheap Lots.

In the dull season is the time to buy lots and get the advance that is sure to follow. We have a number of fine lots in the Chisum addition left that we will sell on good terms at from \$30 to \$65.

John Richey & Sons.

A Woman

The great Love that was not for her
Passed on, nor paused to see
The wistful eyes, the hands' vague stir,
The mouth's mute misery.

The little Love she recked not of
Crept closer, bit by bit,
Until for very lack of love
She smiled and welcomed it.

Not hers to choose, to weigh and part
The greater from the less;
She only strove to fill a heart
That ached with emptiness.
—Theodosia Garrison in the Smart Set.

"ARE YOU COMING?"

(Copyright 1905 by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Life has mysteries that science cannot account for," observed the doctor as he put down his scalpel, "and yesterday one of them startled me. I was summoned to attend a young lady suffering from nervous shock and I heard of a startling experience of hers that is as strange as one of Poe's wildest stories.

"A few days ago this young lady was in a neighboring city, on a visit to a former schoolmate of hers who is now happily married. On the night of her arrival, she retired shortly after 11 o'clock and speedily fell into a deep sleep.

"After three hours of dreamless rest she had a dream that was as vivid as a vision. It seemed to her that she was in an immense room that was gorgeously upholstered like the parlor of a palace. She was all alone. She was sitting in a Morris chair by a window. She was dressed in a new outdoor costume that was at that very moment in her trunk and which she expected to wear the next day when she was to do some shopping. Towards the back of the apartment, surrounded with white flowers in set designs and with many lights in huge candelabra, was a casket covered with purple velvet. It rested on two high stools. In that magnificent coffin was her own form, rigid and cold in death. She turned her back to the window as soon as she perceived the corpse—to which, as her own, she had no repugnance—and she noticed with complacent vanity how rich was its embroidered shroud and how peaceful was the expression on the pallid face.

"The arrangement of the hair at the right side of the forehead did not please her, however, and she resolved to go across to the bier and comb the tresses in a way to suit her. Just as she was about to rise, she happened to look out of the window and saw, coming around the corner of the street, a white hearse followed by a long line of carriages. Fascinated by the funeral procession, she forgot all about her dead self, in her eagerness to watch it. With decorous slowness it approached the house where she was, and, while the carriages drew up along the sidewalk in a dismal row, the hearse stopped at the very door, turned part way round, and then backed up to the curb.

"Next, one of the two men who were on the driver's seat, jumped



A casket covered with purple velvet, down, ran around to the back of the vehicle, and opened its two glass ends. Then, hurriedly mounting the steps of the mansion, he came into the hallway without ringing, walked with heavy footsteps towards the parlor, pushed the door ajar, and, while still standing on the mat outside of it, poked his head in and looking towards the young lady and not towards her lifeless double in the casket, called out in a rude and husky manner: 'Are you coming?'

"The tone of the voice struck her with a benumbing chill, for she recognized in its imperative summons a call to her grave; in an agony of apprehension she gazed in fixed terror at the coarse red face, the close-cropped hair, the sandy moustache, and she gasped out: 'No, no, not yet!'

"Even in the midst of her horrified stare at the homely countenance, she took note that one of the two middle teeth in the upper jaw was missing in the mouth of the man. Just as he seemed about to press open the door to take her, the whole scene vanished utterly and she awoke with a start to find herself partly sitting up in bed, gazing fixedly towards a wardrobe in the room!

"There was no more sleep for her that night. She arose, turned up the gas, which had been left dimly burning, looked at the clock, saw that it was exactly a quarter of two, and, feeling nervous, went to the room where her friend's sister was, knocked, and presently was admitted. Unwilling to alarm the young girl, she explained simply that she had had a unpleasant dream and requested



"Are you coming?"

to be allowed to sit in a rocking-chair beside the bed until morning.

"The next day, at breakfast, the hostess, who had heard from her young sister that their guest had been disturbed by a dream, rallied her good-naturedly on being upset by such an airy nothing and entreated her to tell them about it. After the gruesome tale was told, the husband quieted her with the assurance that the dream must have come from some association of ideas with something that she had read in the newspapers on the train, joined with the exaltation of her nervous system by the excitement of the journey, by the visit to a strange city, and by the joyful meeting with an old friend of her school days.

"That day, being indisposed by the dream and her broken rest, the visitor did not leave the house, and that night she had a tranquil slumber.

"The next morning my patient and her friend went down town to do some shopping. They visited four of the great department stores and several shops before they entered the establishment that is famous for supplying almost all the wants of man at 'bargain' prices. The hour was approaching for luncheon, which the two ladies had made an engagement to take at a celebrated restaurant with the husband of the hostess, who was to meet them there and who had wagered a box of cigars against a good cigar that he would not be on time. They each had still one purchase to make, the one in the basement, the other on the fourth floor. So they agreed to separate in order to save time—the hostess going down stairs to the housekeeping department and the visitor going up after some sort of fancy goods—and they promised to meet again at the front door as soon as they possibly could.

"When the young lady went up by elevator to the fourth story, she found that the goods she sought were away over at the extreme end of that floor. She hastened to the counter. As soon as she had made her purchase, she hurried over to a nearby corner where there was another elevator shaft and at it she pressed the button. As the car was coming up instead of going down, she laid a little package, a glove and her purse on one of the counters and sat down on a stool to wait for it. In its ascent it did not stop at that floor. As it began to come down again

after making a call at the fifth story, the lady turned around and noticed that she was the only customer to go down. Even while she was picking up her belongings from the counter, the car stopped, the door was noisily opened, and the operator called out in a rude and husky voice: 'Are you coming?'

With a nervous start the young lady looked hastily around at him, and there glaring at her from the half-opened doorway was the coarse red face, with its close-cropped hair, its sandy moustache and its lost front tooth.

"'Are you coming?' he repeated, stretching his head half way out the door, as she made no motion to get on.

"'Aroused by his irritated call from a sort of terror, she cried: 'No, no, not yet! Not yet!' and sank back on the chair in a semi-faint.

"With a slam and a bang the door was shut, and with a jerk of the steel rope the car was started on its way down. A second afterward there was a rumble, followed by a rush and a shriek in the shaft—the supports had broken, the catches had failed to work, and the heavy elevator had fallen with a terrific crash to the second basement, six stories below! The car was badly smashed. When it could be opened, it was found to contain the bruised and broken body of the man with the coarse red face. 'It fell at precisely a quarter of two.'

Expensive Umbrellas.

"Fewer persons may carry umbrellas now than formerly," said J. T. Lucas of Baltimore, at the Hotel Baltimore, "but they are certainly carrying more expensive ones." Mr. Lucas is a traveling salesman for an umbrella factory.

"It is hard to believe that a person would pay \$1,000 for an umbrella, but I have had several orders of that amount. We had one for Tiffany last year. It seems difficult to figure where the cost comes in, but it is all in the handle, which is rich in jewels. First we take an ivory tusk which is brought direct from India, it may be two feet long in its crude state, and it is polished and worked over, this feature sometimes taking a month. Then it is studded with diamonds or some other jewel. I took orders in Kansas City to-day for umbrellas costing \$200.

"I will concede, however, that the raincoat is cutting down the number of men's umbrellas used."—Kansas City Star.

Dreaming.

The minor poet sighed. "A happy dream," he said. "A happy dream."

"What was it, dear?" "I dreamed," said he, "that the editor of the Trash Magazine asked me to lend him \$5. 'I haven't that much with me,' I answered, 'but here's a \$50 sonnet, Joe. Get it cashed in the front office and bring me the change.' The editor thanked me, rushed off with the manuscript and a few minutes later handed me nine crisp \$5 notes."

The minor poet sighed again. "A happy, happy dream."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Biggest Tree in Kansas.

On the Munsell ranch, near Skiddy, is said to be the largest tree in Kansas. It is a giant sycamore that towers toward the sky over 125 feet.

The tree is 21 feet 10 inches in circumference and rises a distance of forty-two feet before the first branch is reached. The tree is very old and has quite a reputation owing to its enormous size. The State Historical society is planning to get title to the tree and surround it with an iron fence.—Kansas City Journal.

Mixed Dates.

Four-year-old Sarah had two uncles (living out of town) who were about to be married.

"So you are going to your uncles' weddings, dear? And where will they be married?" asked an interested friend of the family.

"One is going to be married in Washington," answered the child, "and the other in January."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Usual Way.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who always begins his questions at the other end.

"Did I ever notice what?" asked the party who had volunteered to assist with the dialogue.

"That when one of them literary chaps feels he has a message for the world he always wants to send it 'collected'?" continued the other.

Song of the Weaver.

God, my strength, the web is begun,
Send me the thread to finish;
Stint me not 'till the work be done,
And let not my zeal diminish.

God, my helper, the wool is dark,
Give me the colors to brighten;
Red of rose and a golden spark,
Such shall my heart delight in.

When the shuttles at last are still
And the time for labor over,
Grant that the woven fabric will
Be ample my faults to cover.

When to thy door I come for rest,
Grouping my way all blindly;
"Soul, thou didst weave as thou knewest
best."
May the King's voice greet me kindly.
—Mary Grant O'Sheridan.

Home in High Tower

Mexican Family of Bell Ringers Live Far Above Common Workday World

(Special Correspondence.)

So far above the pavement that those who walk in and out among the hundreds of passing vehicles appear like creeping insects, and so high that the ordinary noises of the city reach upward only as a confused murmur, lives the family that has the distinction of being the most elevated in Mexico's capital.

The home of this family is high up in the eastern tower of the cathedral, and there among the bells that for centuries have called the faithful to the services of the church, this family has lived for years, and there is every indication that the tower will be their home for many years to come. Two years ago Manual Brena, the head of this family, died, and now his widow, Luisa de la Brena, assisted by her three sons and her daughter, look after the ringing of the bells and caring for the great clock that has marked time for so many years for the residents of that part of the city.

Brides have been led to the little home among the bells, births have there been celebrated and death many times has come to the occupants. It was more than 100 years ago that a man was placed in charge of the bells and those who now live there are the lineal descendants of this man.

This man was the grandfather of Luisa de la Brena, who now is a grandmother herself. When her husband died he was an old man and the woman is no longer young, but it is probable that the time-honored position of bell ringer will not pass to new hands when she is carried down the winding flights of stairs. Doubtless the work will fall to one or all of her sons, who now spend their time in looking after the work of ringing the bells at intervals, the time of which is no doubt known to the priests themselves no better than to them.

See Life From Vantage Point.

Few residents of this city have witnessed from a better viewpoint the tragedies and comedies of the great city than the Brena family. For above every other human being these bell-ringers look down on the streamers, bunting and flags that commemorate a

men the intricate lot of ropes has no mystery, but if the bells themselves did not refuse to peal when swung by other hands it is doubtful if any other could successfully handle the ropes that are so simple in their hands.

On the wooden railing over which they have been drawn for so many years are long, deep creases in which each rope fits accurately. On these men rests the responsibility of ringing the bells, at the proper time and also for safety of those who work and worship beneath. They are the men who are charged with the care of seeing that none of the bells become loose and fall.

Probably not one man out of ten knows that a family is living in one of the cathedral towers, and probably not one man out of 100 knows anything of the condition of that home. By far the majority of those who do know there is a family there it is imagined that they live like ordinary peons. The idea doubtless prevails that the family lives like the poorest portero, but should any one pay a visit to this home above the city they would find a home far superior to the average home in Mexico City.

Home Is One of Comfort.

The Brena home is one of the most comfortable of homes. Its sanitary condition is naturally far superior to that of nine-tenths of the homes on a level with the thousands of buildings that compose the city, and the air that reaches the cathedral home seems filtered of the nauseous odors that are not uncommon to those who live below. The fresh air of the country seems blowing about one, and it requires no effort of the imagination to believe it really is the same untainted atmosphere of the hills that circle the city.

Instead of living like peons the Brena family lives among luxuries the poor of the city never have the pleasure of knowing. The cement floors are covered with carpets, and furniture and pictures give to the several rooms that are located there a homelike air that might cause the family to be envied in spite of the immense number of steps it is neces-



Ringling the Bells on Peace Days.

national victory and years ago members of the same family occupied the same vantage point in their view of the martial array of troops that had to do much more intimately with the event than now is celebrated with gaudy display and bunting.

Like the man in the watch tower of the castles of old these people gain knowledge of events from all corners of the city more quickly, possibly, than any other family, for to them the entire capital is like an open book. Below them is spread out the entire city and its surrounding suburbs. In the outskirts of the city the mother of the family now living there has seen the tents of encamped armies, but never has there been anything but peace in the old cathedral tower.

Political disturbances, wild reveling and noisy demonstrations have reigned on the pavement below them, but never have the bells failed to send their call out to the worshippers. To ring the bells and to care for the clock is the sacred duty of each member of the family. They are bell-ringers by birth and by education. Those who sing the masses before the altars know the time for the ringing and the length of the performances no better nor as well as the members of the Brena family.

Bells Well Known to Family.

There are three sons, Francisco, Augustin and Antonio, and one daughter, Maria Kuadalupe. The mother and daughter care for the home and the sons handle the ropes their father, their grandfather and their great-grandfather once handled. For these

sary to make in order to reach them.

At one side of the parlor is a piano and Miss Brena and one of her brothers are skilled in its use. The music of the church and music that is never heard in the organ loft may frequently be heard by those who sit in the benches in front of the cathedral. Many have wondered where the sounds came from and few have discovered that they came from among the bells of the old cathedral.

It was there that the mother was married more than thirty years ago and doubtless it will be there that the daughter is married some day. For the maidens of the Brena family the bells of the cathedral are wedding bells and on these occasions the men of the family perform a double duty when they pull the ropes and those below seldom know that the ringing is for anything more than one of the regular services of the church.

A Georgia Humorist.

"Don't you want the 'Life of the President?'" said the book agent.

"No, sir," said the Billville man. "It's as much as I can do to look after my own life."

"You're real sharp, ain't you?"

"No, sir; I'm Jim Jinkins."

"Well, show me the road to the next town, will you?"

"I ain't in the show business."—Atlanta Constitution.

What?

"Why don't people go to the theater in summer time?"

"Be-cause there is lots more to be seen at the sea shore."

Womans' Literary Club.

The Ladies' Literary Club met this week at the home of Mrs. John R. Hodges. Mrs. C. R. Richey was leader, the subject, "Washington Irving." Her paper was well read and very interesting and proved that she had taken much pains in preparing her character sketch of Irving. She was assisted by Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Cecil. Mrs. Hamilton giving Irving's review of Rip Van Winkle which she read very well. Mrs. Cecil read the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Her portrayal of the unique Ichabod was very much enjoyed. After the meeting adjourned the most cordial hostess served dainty sweets and most excellent coffee.

The Club will meet with Mrs. R. M. Ross Wednesday, Jan. 24th, at 2:30 p. m.

Will Move to Artesia.

Mr. August Strauss, from Monte Vista, Colorado, has moved to Artesia to make his home, having this week bought the residence of B. F. Sloane on Grand avenue. He is a farmer of thrift and discernment and expects to purchase a farm near town.

Notice to Baptists.

Rev. E. Ward, pastor of the Baptist church, will preach at the Methodist church tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock. Everybody, especially Baptists, are asked to attend.

Same Old Result.

The contest case of Naylor Brothers against Anne J. and Charlotte Brown over a desert claim at Artesia came up in the land office yesterday and was dismissed when the contestants withdrew.—Roswell Record.

Presbyterian Services.

Preaching by the Pastor, Rev. E. E. Mathes, at the Christian church Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14, at 3 o'clock. Topic, "Approved Unto God." 2 Tim. 2, 15. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

The Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6 p. m. Topic, "Money and its uses." Matt. 2, 11, Mark. 17, 31. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Miss Elizabeth Price, of Fate, Texas, has arrived to live with her brother, John W. Price, and to get advantage of Artesia's school.

Now is the time to get your street hat clearing sales for the spring millinery. Dress hats \$2 to \$8 with 25 per cent discount. Come and see for yourself. Millinery Store.

Have B. Twyman figure on your iron work or plumbing.

Hoffman Hardware Co.

Scott Secord, of Zulu, Texas, is prospecting in the valley and visiting his relatives, J. C. and Sidney Hale.

The Womans' Parsonage and Home Mission Society of the Methodist church will meet for Bible study at the residence of Mrs. Kemp, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 16, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Nice veal to-day—Artesia Market.

Get your dress made at the Millinery store. Plain dress \$1. Shirt waist 75 cents to \$1. Thomason & Lawhon.

Taken up.—A red milk cow, brand J. A. connected on hip. Apply to H. H. Hess.

W. E. Ott has returned from a trip to Texas.

160 acres of land nine miles northwest of Artesia for sale cheap. For further information call at the Millinery Store.

R. W. Terrell returned Tuesday night from a reunion of his children and his children's children at Dallas, Texas.

A. V. Smith, of the Dorsey Printing Company, Dallas, was talking trade to Artesia merchants yesterday.

Must be sold at once. A party leaving town will sacrifice a 6-room house with 3 lots, corner location, close in. Postoffice box 352.

J. B. Cecil has resigned his commission as road supervisor for this end of the county and up to this date no one has been appointed to fill the place.

Rev. J. C. Gage has again assumed charge of the Hotel Artesia to succeed his son-in-law, J. O. Richards.

Correctly printed contracts for drilling artesian wells for sale at the Advocate office.

Part beef sausage—Artesia Market. Go to John Schrock Lumber Co. for White Lead, oil and painters supplies.

Alderman Dave Runyan has purchased the Bert Roby stone residence on Quay avenue.

Be enterprising, help advertise Artesia. Use envelopes with a big well printed upon them. Two packages for 25c at the Advocate office.

All-pork sausage—Artesia Market. Miss Nettie Callaway has been visiting in Roswell.

A \$600.00 Chickering Upright Grand piano right from the factory offered in exchange for the fencing of 320 acres of land 2½ miles from Artesia at \$1.00 per acre. Inquire of Duckworth & McCreary.

WANTED.—Man or woman cook. Wages \$35.00. Inquire Geo. V. York.

FOR SALE—A complete set of opera house fixtures, including parlor, set house, kitchen, front and drop curtains, wood, garden and street scenes. Stage is in sections and can be taken up without injury. Will sell at a bargain. E. G. HANCHER, Carlsbad, N. M.

Corn Fed Beef.

Everyday we are complimented upon the tenderness and fine flavor of the beef furnished by "The Artesia Market."

Anyone seeing the beef we ship in can easily understand the reason.

Every beef shows the effect of plenty of good, fattening feed.

It will be to your, as well as our, interest to buy a sample cut—Remember that you get what you ask for everytime.

There is on hand a full line of Swift's and Cudahy's best specialties.

The Artesia Market Company. TELEPHONE 8.

Trees.

Weeping willow, Mountain cottonwood and Carolina poplar. Also fruit trees, shrubbery and small fruits. Apple trees two years old ½ to ¾, for commercial orchards, delivered at ninety dollars per thousand.

Address, Wyatt Johnson, Roswell, N. M.

Now is Your Chance.

To get a home. I will sell you one acre up to forty, at a reasonable price. See me at once. E. N. Heath.

For Lease.

The Buck farm on Cottonwood; 35 acres under ditch. Bearing orchard. 8 acres of alfalfa. Call on

R. M. Ross.

For Exchange.

I have a desert claim of 320 acres 4 miles from Artesia, \$500.00 improvement on same. Will exchange for 160 acres of deeded land with water and pay \$500.00 to \$1000.00 cash if land is suitable. What have you? Address, W. C. McBride, Box 123.

Beats the Music Cure.

"To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the stomach, liver and bowels. Guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co. 25c.

For Sale.

500 feet 1½ inch black pipe, one 4 horse power gasoline engine with pumping jack and fixtures. Will sell or trade for horses, cattle or feed.

J. C. Elliott.

Sand for Sale.

A full line of Walnut and river sand always on hand at Jim Conner's.

Our

Galvanized flues lined with No. 24 iron. This makes them outlast all others. Hoffman Hardware Co.

May Live 100 Years.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., now 70 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspeptic of 20 years standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure stomach and liver diseases, blood disorders, general debility and bodily weakness. Sold on a guarantee at Pecos Valley Drug Co. Price only 50c.

Millinery Store for Sale.

We desire to sell the entire stock and fixtures of our millinery store on Main street. A bargain for some one.

Mrs. Thomason.

Mrs. Lawhorn.

Advertised Letters.

Jan. 1, 1906.

Anderson, Mr. Joe; Badders, Mr. Widdie; Baker, Mr. T. A.; Bennett Bros.; Bolton, Mr. Geo. W.; Davis, Mr. Ferdinand; Ewritt, Mr. W. K.; Ewins, Miss Lucy; Ferguson, Mr. Lee B.; Fleming, Mr. J. P.; Glenn, Mr. W. G.; Helfin, Thomas; Holt, Mr. C. E.; Johnson, Mrs. Era; Johnson, Mr. J. A.; Kingsland, Mr. Royal M.; Loomis, Mr. D. E.; Middleton, Mr. M. L.; Mulark, Miss Leonia; Olson, Mr. L. W.; Phelps, Mrs. Ella C. Sharrab, Mr. Geo., Smith, Mr. C. M.; Traylor, Mr. W. A.; Wagner, Mrs. Dora.

MEXICAN LIST.

Castillo, Sr. Avino; Espago, Beumesia; Flores, Sr Fernando; Flores, Sr Francisco; Hernandez, Sr Felix; Henera, Sr Thouras; Porraz, Sr Jesus; Sato, Sr Tiodolo.

Persons calling for the above will please say, "Advertised," and pay one cent for the delivery of each letter.

Julia R. Cleveland, P. M.

Grain.

Shelled corn, per 100 lbs \$1.20.
Corn chops, per 100 lbs \$1.30.
Corn ground with cob, per 100 lbs \$1.10.
Kaffir corn, per 100 lbs 90c.
Ground Kaffir corn, per 100 lbs \$1.00.
Milo Maize, per 100 lbs 90c.
Ground Milo maize, per 100 lbs \$1.00.
Kaffir heads, per 100 lbs 55c.
Above in 1000 lb lots or more delivered in sacks. Box 123.
W. C. McBride.

A Modern Miracle.

"Truly miraculous seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mollie Holt of this place," writes J. O. R. Hooper, Woodford, Tenn., "she was so wasted by coughing up puss from her lungs. Doctors declared her end near that her family had watched by her bedside forty-eight hours; when at my urgent request Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally completed recovered, and is a healthy woman today." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 at Pecos Valley Drug Co. Trial bottle free.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 5161.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
Jan. 9, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Feb. 20, 1906, viz: Ralph G. Storey, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the E1-2 NW1-4 and N1-2 SW1-4 Section 34, T. 16 S., R. 25 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John J. Henderson, of Artesia, N. M.; Horace M. McCormick, of Artesia, N. M.; John Richey, of Artesia, N. M.; George A. Bogie, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

THE BANK OF ARTESIA,

CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN \$15,000.00
AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$30,000.00

DIRECTORS:

J. C. Gage, E. N. Heath, J. K. Walling, A. V. Logan,
Jno. B. Enfield, Thos. Sandham.

OFFICERS:

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

We have moved into our new building, just completed on the corner of Fourth and Main, and are better prepared than formerly to handle your business.

We are as Busy as Busy Can Be

Because our work suits the people and our prices are right.

We take time and pains to satisfy our customers and they will come again.

The GALVANIZED IRON TANKS we have been making lately are proving to be the best. If you wish to save some of the cold rain water the coming winter, let us make you a good cistern. We guarantee satisfaction and the cost to you will not be much.

LOGAN & NABERS,

Plumbers and Tinners,

Artesia, - New Mexico.

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.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 3054.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
Dec. 19, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on February 2, 1906, viz: Robert E. McNally, of Roswell, New Mexico, for the north East Quarter of Sec. 8, T. 18 S., R. 25 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William P. Lewis, of Roswell, N. M.; Frank Wyckoff, of Hope, N. M.; Charles Willburn, of Hope, N. M.; Stone J. Willburn, of Hope, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
November 21, 1905.

Notice is hereby given that Frank L. Strickland, of Felix, Chaves county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim No. 875, for the S1-2 of the NW1-4 of Section 8, T. 17 S., R. 18 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Thursday, the 4th day of January, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: William A. Rewes, of Elk, n. m.; James J. Rewes, of Elk, n. m.; Hester Powell, of Lower Pecos, n. m.; Frank Wallace, of Lower Pecos, n. m.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
January 3, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Robert B. Duncan, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1936, for the S1-2 SE1-4 Sec. 20, and N1-2 NE1-4, Sec. 20, T. 17 S., R. 20 E., before Albert Blake, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, New Mexico, on Monday, the 12th day of February, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: James H. Beckham, of Artesia, N. M.; Thomas C. Shoemaker, of Artesia, N. M.; John C. Hale, of Artesia, N. M.; John P. Dyer, of Artesia, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 1528.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
January 8, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on February 19, 1906, viz: Eli A. Williamson, of Roswell, New Mexico, for the S1-2 nel-4, sel-4 nw1-4 and nw1-4 sel-4 Sec. 32, T. 15 S., R. 21 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Liberty W. Rainbolt, of Roswell, N. M.; J. M. Fritz, of Hagerman, N. M.; Robert E. Ditmore, of Roswell, N. M.; Seaper A. Ditmore, of Roswell, N. M.
Howard Leland, Register.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's**
New Discovery
FOR CONSUMPTION
COUGHS and
COLD'S
Price
50c & \$1.00
Free Trial.

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

Chapman & Cogdell,

Deep well drillers and contractors.

Your patronage will be appreciated. Correspondence solicited.

Artesia, - New Mexico.

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 crippledness by having the best accident policy known. The Maryland Casualty Co. with \$2,076,907 30 for the protection of its property 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, ag't. Artesia, N. M.

Notice.

All persons are warned not to take sand from my land, N. W. ¼ Sec. 27, T. 15, S. R. 25 E., unless authorized by Lake Arthur Lbr. Co. or Kemp Lbr. Co. B. F. Dewey.