The Artesia Advocate

VOLUME 3. ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, FEBRUARY 10, 1906. NUMBER 28.

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Mr. Hodges, secretary of the Water, Power and Light Company, being present, stated that at a meeting of their stockholders it had been decided to sell to the town of Artesia its entire stock at 8 cents per share, said town of Artesia to carry out and fulfill the perpetual water rights heretofore sold and guaranteed by the company.

After several hours discussion, the trustees adopted a resolution as follows.

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I have moved my stock of millinery goods from the former stand on Main street to my residence on Quay avenue, opposite Christian church, where I will be until time for the Spring opening, when I will move back to Main street.

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Dr. Stoker, of the firm of Baker & Stoker, spent several weeks recently conferring with parties at a distance on the subject and his efforts have been successful to the extent that all necessary tents, furniture, etc., was purchased and has arrived at Artesia. Dr. Stoker informs the Advocate that a splendid building site has been secured and building will begin immediately. It is designed to use tents and other temporary structures until more substantial buildings can be erected, and the present facilities will accommodate about twenty patients.

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Mr. Gayle Talbot,
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I am very much in hopes that he will grow up an honor to you, old friend; if not, I hope you will continue to live so as to be an honor to him. It wouldn't do for you both to fall from grace.

Wishing you conti ued prosperity, I remain, Yours very truly.

E. L. Carroll.

"Gayle" Carroll is one of a number in the Lone Star State who bear the cognomen of the writer. We are proud of him and hope that in the years to come he will display none of our vices and come into virtues far greater than this humble writer ever dreamed. The young gentleman goes on our subscription list, marked "paid in advance."

NOW IS THE TIME

To plant, Oats, (Red Rust Proof,) Potatoes, XXXX (Triumph) Onion Sets, Onion Seed, Rhubarb, Spinach and Sweet Potatoes. We have them all, also full line of Field and Garden Seeds. Send for Catalogue.

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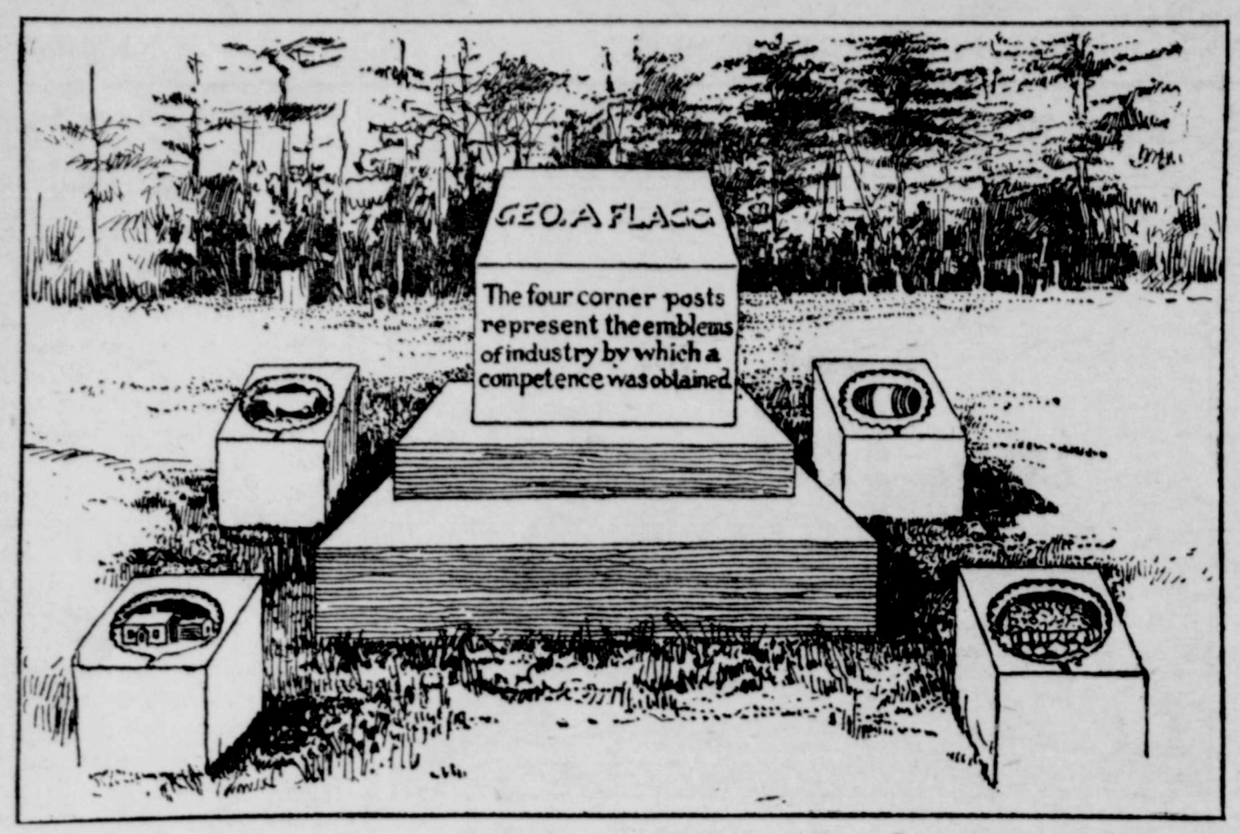
NEW IDEA IN TOMBSTONES

George A. Flagg, of Boylston, Mass., Plans to Show World How He Made His Money



"The emblems on the four corners of this lot represent the different kinds of business in which I have been engaged."

So reads the inscription on a marble tombstone in a cemetery at Boylston erected by George A. Flagg to himself. Mr. Flagg is not dead yet. Far from it; he is engaged in a prosperous business, cider-making and house-building; but he wanted to have his tombstone made to suit him, so he had it done now, in order to supervise the job. And it is certainly unique.

The heavy block of white marble bearing the above inscription stands in the middle of the lot, while at each of the four corners there is a smaller one of almost the same shape. But in the smaller ones the top is hollowed, and within this hollow on the first stone there is a marble representation of a pile of cordwood; in the second of a cow; in the third of a cider barrel, and in the fourth a house.

It would puzzle a stranger to fathom the meaning of this strange collection. Egyptian hieroglyphics seem, by comparison, like a child's primer. Yet the matter is simple enough; those articles represent in marble the four different ways in which Mr. Flagg has amassed a comfortable fortune. He is proud of having been successful, and believes that one of the most vital characteristics of a man is his method of making money. So, briefly, he will inform the world about himself when he dies.

In the meanwhile, he is alive, and is willing to tell all those who ask by word of mouth. His shrewdness is still with him, and he even looks upon the monument as a bit of good advertising. As he says, many a stranger has gazed at the monument, inquired about him out of curiosity, found he made good cider, and has ordered some.

He is still young—only about 40. He is rather short of stature, has black hair, black eyes, a black mustache and the ruddy cheeks of a boy.

"How did I happen to erect such a monument?" he repeated, in reply to a question put to him. "Well, I'll tell you. Ever since I was 'knee high to a grasshopper' I've been going through cemeteries looking at the tombstones. I used to like to read the inscriptions, and then wonder about the men. On most of them there wasn't much but 'Here Lies Tom Grant,' or 'Here Lies Jim Smith.' Now, that doesn't tell a fellow much. What did I know of the man when I got through reading that? I could have hunted up some of their friends and found out, probably, but that isn't the point. Here was I, a stranger, just passing through, and naturally curious to know something about the fellows who had done their work and retired.

"The more I got to thinking about this, the more I made up my mind that when it came my turn I wouldn't leave anybody who happened to pass by my tombstone in the same quandary. If I put on just 'Here Lies George A. Flagg' they wouldn't know me from John Smith. So I said: 'I'll tell 'em something about George A. Flagg and how he made his money.'

"It took me a long while to think out how to do this best; to have it brief and to the point and forceful. Men don't have time to stop and read a whole biography, and it wouldn't be interesting, anyway. Finally I thought of the scheme of having little carvings made of how I'd earned my money. I reckoned that would tell 'em most about me.

"There are just four ways that I've done this—by dealing in cattle, in cider, in wood and in houses. So I had the things carved to stand for these four things, and that made just a neat block for each corner. Then I had the middle block with my name on it and the sentence which tells just what the meaning of the other is. There is another thing about that middle block that people don't know; it is just my height from top to bottom and from corner to corner.

"I had a good deal of troulble in getting that monument put up. Three or four contractors figured on it, but they had to give it up because they couldn't get the right kind of marble. One of the things I insisted on was that the stone should be white without a single flaw. It was hard to find a block weighing ten tons, which is what that middle one weighs, without a flaw of some sort.

"Then they kicked at the motto. Mine was this: 'This shows how I made my money. Here I rest.' They didn't think that sounded right. I don't know—guess it wasn't fancy enough. I like to say what I mean straight, and say it quick. But I let 'em change it. The two things mean the same I guess.

"Then a lot of people objected to having the monument there anyway. But I ain't ashamed of it, and I ain't ashamed of how I made my money. The more they talk the more advertising I get, anyway.

"Why, there have been people here from out West who have come and taken pictures of it, and then they have come down to see me, and then generally they have bought some cider.

"I make about 5,000 barrels of cider a year, and sell it all over the country. Somebody buys a barrel, and they tell their friends about it, and that is the way it goes.

"And I have sold thousands of cords of wood, too. That's why I have a wood pile on one of the small stones.

The Flagg Homestead.

Sometimes in the winter I have as many as fifty men chopping for me. Of course the wood isn't all cordwood; some of it goes in for lumber. With this lumber I have built houses, when I didn't want to sell it, and that's kept the cost of building down for me. For I tell you lumber is a great item when it comes to building a house, and I've got twenty-one houses to-day that I own and every one of them is full of good paying tenants."

Mr. Flagg's home, where he lives with a wife and seven children, is on the road between Worcester and the town of Boylston, about two and one half miles from the latter. Mr. Flagg built it himself. It stands on the site which has been used for houses for four generations of Flaggs. In the rear of the house are large barns, and directly across the street another barn in which is the cider mill.

The trolley cars which run from Worcester to Fitchburg pass directly by the door, and from them one can look into the crib of the cider mill into which apples are dumped.

Just back of the house runs a ledge of rock, and in this ledge there is coal. One day, while playing about the woodshed, a boy, Levi Lincoln, found a big chunk of something that he thought was a stone. But it glistened and sparkled so that he recognized it wasn't any ordinary stone, and carried it to his father. Mr. Flagg, in turn, became interested, and showed it to some of the engineers and other men whom he always has working for him. One of the engineers, after picking at it for a few moments, said: "Why, that's coal."

Mr. Flagg went to Clark university and submitted the chunk to some of the mineralogy experts there, and they, after a thorough analysis, confirmed the statement of the engineer that it was coal.

The ledge in which this find was made runs directly behind the house, not twenty feet from the back door. In fact, a part of it is under the woodshed. From the house it extends some 300 feet, cropping out above the ground here and there, until it apparently ends in the barnyard.

No sooner had the experts of Clark university declared that the specimen Mr. Flagg had shown them was coal that some of them went out to see the ledge, and, after making observations and drilling here and there, they told him that he certainly had a coal mine on his land. But what kind of coal it is Mr. Flagg doesn't know, or rather has forgotten.

"I don't remember what they called it," said he, "but it is very soft, and it burns just like tinder. Many a time the children go out there and dig pieces out and burn it. So far I have only done a little toward developing it, because, although the experts have said it was coal, I really don't take much stock in the idea that I have a coal mine.

"However, when I heard what those men said I decided to spend $300 investigating. Of course, $300 don't go far in mining, but that $300 I put in came so near knocking to pieces my house, that cost about $8,000 for me to put up, that I have never spent any more on it. But I reckon I shall try it again."

And so it is possible Mr. Flagg may have to add a fifth stone. This will contain a lump of coal.—Boston Herald.

Knew the Price.

They had all been to church, and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given.

"It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money."

"Do you have any idea how much?"

"I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine."

"No it didn't, either," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost fourteen dollars and ten cents,"

"Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?"

"Because, mamma, it said at the bottom of the window, 'Job 14.10.'"

Miserable Luck.

"I was awfully exasperated yesterday," said Mrs. Flippendyke.

"What happened?"

"Why, you see, I had been owing Mrs. Dullson a call for months and months. Well, along in the afternoon I saw her starting away, all dressed up, and I thought to myself, 'Here's my chance.' So I hurried across the street to leave my card, and—and—"

"Did you find when you got there that you didn't have any?"

"No, it wasn't that. Just after I had pushed the bell button she came home, and, of course, there was nothing for me to do but go in."

FUSSY MAN HAD GAINED POINT.

Found Woman Who Agreed With Him on Important Subject.

Any one could have told that he was a fussy man by the way he sat down in the car. He had only got comfortably seated when a woman came in who was unable to find a seat, and after a moment the fussy man rose up and offered her his. As she accepted it a smile of recognition crossed his face and he bent down and asked:

Any One Could Have Told That He Was a Fussy Man.

"Weren't we once engaged to be married?"

"Yes, we were," she replied, after a closer look at him.

"I thought so, but wasn't sure. Can you recall what separated us?"

"I can. You held that when a frying pan was not in use the handle should be turned toward the north."

"Um! Yes. I held to that idea and still hold to it, and I wish to inform you that all is well. That is, I married a woman who agreed with me, and the handle of the frying pan points to the north, and the dove of peace rests over my household. Keep the seat, ma'am—keep the seat. You may not have come to my way of thinking about frying pans and the magnetic current, but I don't like to see a woman standing in a street car and pulling at a strap."

French Doctor's Barking Cats.

"Physicians," said one of them, "are not mercenary. They could make oceans of money if they cared to stoop a little, but they remain upright. Look at the case of the barking cat."

"The barking cat?"

"Yes, Delarmel's barking cat. You know Delarmel, the French laryngologist? No?

"Well, Delarmel, to prove a certain claim of his, operated on a cat's vocal cords and larynx in such a way as to cause the animal to bark like a dog. The singular freak attracted no great attention among scientists, but showmen from all parts of the world besieged Delarmel, imploring him to make barking cats for them.

"A cat furiously and hoarsely barking would be a strange, attractive sight and one that would prove a splendid drawing card for showmen. These men accordingly offered Delarmel sums from $100 up to $1,000 for barking cats. He could have sold undoubtedly 1,000 of them at $200 apiece. For the rest of his life he could have kept profitably employed at this work, buying ordinary cats for a dime or so and turning them into barkers as valuable as horses.

"Delarmel, though, would not stoop. He only made one barking cat, and that has been dead now for two years."

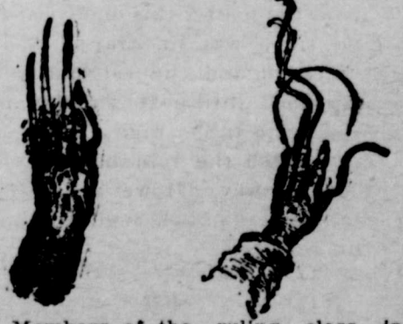
Black Woodchuck a Pet.

A woodchuck, black as a crow and fat as woodchucks ever are, is owned by Thomas Burkett, who lives in Falls Creek, Minn., and is a curiosity worth mentioning, as black woodchucks are not seen every day.

About three years ago Mr. Burkett caught the animal, when it was in its infancy, and took it home. Since then it has grown to be as much of a pet as a kitten and is far less trouble.

Living the life of a pet woodchuck does not prevent him from fulfilling his part as a weather prophet, but he takes his winter nap, as others of his race, only to awaken on Feb. 2 to see if his shadow is visible. If it is, back he goes to sleep again for the next six weeks. Last winter a cozy box was put in the cellar for him, and there he slept.

Cut Two Only.



Members of the ruling class in China show their superiority over the working people by letting all their finger nails—except those of the index fingers—grow so long that they intertwine and curve in irregular spirals.

Children Overflowed Wagon.

A Pike county man with so many children that his wagon wouldn't hold them, recently drove into Milford, Penn., with a buggy hitched on behind his wagon, in which the surplus was loaded.

COSTLY SUIT OVER SMALL SUM.

Two Judges, a Jury and Eighty-Four Witnesses in the Case.

Two judges and a jury have spent four days and a night in Talbot county court, Easton, Md., wrestling with a contest between a white man and a negro over a strip of land worth $2.16. Even when the case is settled it will not determine the ownership of the strip and another suit must be filed.

The suit has been twice removed from other courts, eighty-four witnesses have been summoned, whose expenses will amount to $350; the attorneys' fees will not be less than $250 and court costs will amount to at least $300.

The tract in dispute is triangular, formed by the intersection of two roads near Still Pond, Kent county. Horace Garner, colored, has occupied the strip in question, which contains an acre and a half. William H. Rowe bought the adjoining farm from Dr. John Kelley, who had previously sold the triangular strip to the negro.

Garner put up a fence on what he considered the dividing line. Bowers ripped it down and burned it. Garner brought suit for malicious destruction of property. The case was removed first from Chestertown, on account of impartiality, to Queen Anne county court at Centerville. Then it was transferred here.

A Cat House.

Architects have long since agreed on the proper form of house for dogs or rabbits, but the possibilities of houses for pet cats have heretofore been neglected. A house designed with great care for the comfort of cats has been erected recently by Princess Victoria for her pets. The building is two stories in height and fitted with every possible convenience.

Burro Broke Up the Ball.

A ball given at Daggett, Cal., in honor of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Hart of Barstow, who had just been married, was broken up by the appearance on the ballroom floor of a lanky desert burro, astride of which sat James Horgan, a well known prospector. The upper strata of Daggett were present, the best musicians in fifty miles had been employed, and for three days the floor of the ballroom had been rubbed down with wax until every board shone like glass.

In the middle of the dance, while sixty couples were gracefully gliding about, the door was suddenly thrown open and, with a genuine desert whoop, in rode Horgan. The burro, accustomed to tread carefully along the steep declivities where a misstep meant death, picked its way almost to the center of the floor. The dancers fell back amazed.

Suddenly its legs slipped from under the animal. Staggering to regain its footing it cut numerous grotesque antics, and finally turned almost a complete somersault. By degrees it was assisted up, and Horgan disappeared, but the ball was not resumed.

For Beauty's Sake.

It is the fashion among the savage Botocudos to dilate the lower lips and the lobe of the ear by a round piece of light wood. In order to do this lips and ears must be pierced in early infancy and a small round piece of wood inserted. Then, as the child grows, larger and yet larger pieces are introduced.

Meteors Buried in Cellar.

Excavations for a cellar in Whitman has revealed two meteors weighing about 600 pounds each. They had been buried for a number of years and were torpedo shaped. They have been examined by scientists who confirm the belief that they are real meteors.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

SEEDS!

FOR FIELD AND GARDEN.

We have just received a car each of **ALFALFA** and **WHITE SEED OATS.** These are extra selected stock well cured and cleaned especially for **SEED** purposes and will produce and bring results if you plant them.

We are agents for the celebrated

LANDRETH GARDEN SEEDS

and have a very complete line to show you. All fresh stock. See our Onion Sets. They are good ones, they are the kind that grow big onions.

We have Seed Pop Corn, Large German Millet, Kaffir Corn, Sorghum, and Ribbon Cane Seed.

Our prices will suit you.

Phone 46. JOYCE FRUIT COMPANY Phone 46.

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

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Makes High Grade Well Sinking Machinery at Moderate Prices

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Bridge and Crown Work a Specialty and all work guaranteed. Office in Clary Building Main Street. Phone No. 5.

Artesia, New Mexico.

Dr. T. H. Dabney, who moved from Artesia to Albuquerque some months ago, is looking after business interests here this week. He says Albuquerque is growing just as fast as a host of carpenters can construct houses.

Boss Patent flour will please you.
J P. Dyer.

It is rumored that another fine brick building is to go up on Main street. This time on the Hardwicke corner, opposite First National Bank.

J. G. Osburne, Esq., spent several days in Roswell this week.

Dr. Presley of Roswell spent Monday with his patients in Artesia.

According to J. O. Cameron, Carlsbad had four inches of snow Monday night.

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

Hoffman Hardware Co.

J. A. Martin has purchased the ice and cold storage business of Matthewson & Little, and will conduct the same under the name of the Artesia Ice Company.

J. P. Lowry came in from Granada, Colorado, Monday evening.

Belle Spring butter, the best on earth—fresh each week at Dyer's.

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

Maxwell & Bromelsick,
Local Agents.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Chiles arrived this week from Waldron, Arkansas, to make their home in Artesia.

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, bologne, 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 yeur 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.

J. B. Cecill visited Carlsbad Tuesday in the interest of the Artesia Market. He says he is now shipping Artesia raised and butchered meat to Carlsbad, Lakewood, Dayton, Lake Arthur and Roswell.

Ladies Baptist Aid Society will meet with Mrs. H. E. Cannon, West Main St., Tuesday, Feb. 13, 1906.

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

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

Hoffman Hardware Co.

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.

It is rumored that Chas. L. Ballard, member of the Territorial Council from this district, will seek the nomination for sheriff of Chaves county.

The bill for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as a state will come up for action in the Senate February 15th.

The Woman's Home Mission Society will meet with Mrs. Kemp Tuesday, Feb. 13th at 3 p. m. Business of importance.

Pecos Valley people should eat and use Pecos Valley products in preference to the shipped-in articles. It's the best of common sense to keep our money at home. Whenever a dollar goes to Kansas City for bread, meat or corn, it is gone from circulation in this community, and the spender has no chance to get hold of it again. When you go into a local store, it is nothing but right to ask for Artesia-raised products—thereby creating a desire on the part of merchants to patronize Artesia farmers.

A girl baby has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Reed this week.

Jim Conner has plenty of sand on hand,

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

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

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

Buy from home merchants and ask for home products whenever possible. This kind of reciprocity will make everybody prosperous.

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.

Twin boys were born this week to Mr. and Mrs. Jess Vanwinkle, Jr. We regret to note that one of the children died soon ofter birth.

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

Buy your sand for sidewalks from Jim Conner.

The Junior Epworth League will hold special service Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at M. E. Church South. All are invited to attend.

J. K. Walling was up from Dayton Wednesday enjoying the sights of city life.

First-class workmen and sharp razors at the Munson shop.

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

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

Hoffman Hardware Co.

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

Kaffir corn and maize for sale, also one good, big work horse. Will be sold cheap if taken at once. Carl Durr.

We have a No. 8 Dempster Well Machine and an Advance Traction Engine which we wish to sell or trade for smaller outfit. Address, Schnelle Bros., Falson, N. M.

Onion sets, garden seeds, the best, at Dyer's.

Woman's Literary Club.

The Womans' Literary Club met with Mrs. Atkeson Wednesday afternoon, February the seventh, at two-thirty. General Lew Wallace was the topic for the afternoon—ably handled by Mrs. Idler. She was assisted by Mesdames Blake and Atkeson, whose capable thoughts and interesting reviews of Ben-Hur were a great treat to all present. The meeting was an unusually instructive one and much credit is due the leader and her assistants. The name of Mrs. J. T. Patrick was proposed and accepted for membership. The dainty refreshments served after adjournment gave testimony to the fact that our hostess's talents are not limited to a literary line. The next meeting in two weeks will be with Mrs. Blake. Leader, Mrs. McNatt—subject, Santa Fe.

Hay for Sale.

See J. R. Blair for alfalfa, millet, cane or prairie hay, loose or baled, by the ton or car lot.

Mountain cottonwoods from 3 to 8 feet high, rooted, for sale. L. T. Sholars, 'phone 104.

GATHERED SMILES

Rattled.

Miss Deery's mother came into the room rather suddenly, and Mr. Spoonleigh endeavored to cover his embarrassment.

"As I was just saying," he began in a formally conversational tone.

"Why, no you weren't, George!" interrupted Miss Deery, hastily. "You were speaking of football—don't you remember?"

Standing vs. Running.

Lord Avemersey—My word, you Americans use such paradoxical expressions, y' know.

Miss Van Garde—For instance?

Lord Avemersey—Well, in England we say a man stands for parliament. Here you say a man runs for congress.

Miss Van Garde—Yes, our country is about that much swifter than yours.

A Nuisance Gone.

"Our neighbors at home have a parrot that sings 'Blue Bells,' and talks the whole time," said the loquacious woman at the beach.

"They haven't anything of the kind," interrupted her husband, who had just come down to pass Sunday.

"Why, what do you mean, Joseph? They have, too!"

"I say they haven't. I shot it just before I came away yesterday."

A Lasting Likeness.

"Do you know it has just struck me that a very good illustration of an aristocracy ruling the masses is furnished by a shoemaker and his work?"

"I can't see the likeness, I must say."

"Isn't it the sole intent of his labors to support his uppers?"

THE JOKE ON HIM.

Old Gentleman (jokingly)—Little boy, how would you like to drive me to the railroad station?

Little Boy—I wouldn't mind, sir; but I don't think the harness would fit you.

Same Thing.

Mrs. Cutting—I just heard you tell that man how gray he was getting. I'm surprised at you.

Mr. Cutting—Why? That's Potter, and he is getting gray, very gray.

Mrs. Cutting—Ah! you men are so lacking in tact; you wouldn't catch a woman telling another woman that she was getting old.

Mr. Cutting—No, a woman would say: "Gracious! dear, you look positively young tonight."

Making Thorough Preparation.

Ascum—I hear your son is going in for a literary career.

Mrs. Dreamer—Yes; he started this very morning.

Ascum—Indeed! What has he done?

Mrs. Dreamer—He's sat for his photograph in two poses—one where he's reading a book and another with his brow resting on his hand.—Stray Stories.

Reform on the Bias.

Young Wife—"Fred is so noble, mamma. He has been trying to get rid of all his bad habits since we were married and now he is going to give up smoking."

Mamma—"That's good, dear."

Young Wife—"Yes; he asked me this morning not to buy him any more cigars for a Christmas present."

Danger in Being a Reformer.

"A reformer has many difficulties to face."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "As soon as the public discovers a reformer it makes so much of him that his personal vanity is in danger of being developed until it destroys his usefulness."—Kansas City Star.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Donough—"Aren't you dreadfully put out when your congregation goes to sleep while you are preaching?"

Dr. Fourthly—"Not at all, my dear madam. I can preach the same again, and nobody will know the difference, you see."—Cleveland Leader.

The Inevitable Comparison.

The son of the old counterfeiter gazed critically at the bogus coins that the hopeful young apprentice spread before him.

Then he shook his grizzled head.

"These are not as good as the dollars that father used to make," he slowly said.

Neatly Turned.

"He's very handsome, but so poor."

"Yet you are going to marry him?"

"Yes."

"What a union of exact opposites that will be. He is handsome and poor and you are rich and—kind hearted."

Merciless.

"What do you think of that young author?"

"Before reading his book," answered Miss Cayenne, "I thought he must be more intelligent than he looks. After reading it I have concluded that he looks more intelligent than he is."

The Way of It.

The Missus—"Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night."

The Maid—"Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am unless yez were lookin' through the keyhole."

Extreme Ostracism.

"Is it true that your father is so angry with you that he even refuses to speak to you?"

"Why, he won't even recognize me at all. He is so angry that the last time we met, he even cut my allowance."

Tame by Comparison.

"So that hair-raising detective story of yours didn't go?"

"No; the insurance scandals and the book came out at the same time. The fiction was too tame."—Detroit Free Press.

Another Point of View.

"No, sir," said the man with the fancy waistcoat, "football doesn't need any reforming. It's all right just as it is."

"And may I ask your occupation?" inquired the little man in the gray stormcoat.

"Certainly you may," replied the first speaker. "I'm a ticket speculator."

Those Prosaic Tradesmen.

"Ah, my beloved," he cried fervently, "I am not rich in this world's goods, nor am I clever as some men are. But if a tender and everlasting love goes for anything—"

"It goes with me all right" she interrupted. "But, John, I'm afraid it won't go with the butcher."

Sympathy.

The doctor told him he had been exposed to drafts.

"Sure thing," replied the patient. "Maybe you've had a boy away at college yourself."

This happening to be true, so instant and acute was the bond of sympathy set up that the doctor wouldn't take a fee.

Laying Blame on the Tailor.

Mrs. Young—John, dear, I wish you'd get another tailor.

Mr. Young—Why, dearest?

Mrs. Young—The one you have is so dreadfully careless about sewing on the buttons. This is the fourth time I've had to sew this same button on for you.

Certain of His Guilt.

"You are sure that man cheated?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam. "He held four aces."

"But that is not conclusive evidence."

"It was in this case. I knew where the three regular aces were, myself."

Pinches All Round.

She—My gown is just lovely; it's a perfect fit.

He—Satisfied on that point, eh?

She—Yes, I know it's a good fit because it pinches me so—

He—Well, it doesn't pinch you half as much as it does my pocketbook.

A Radical.

"He poses as a reformer, doesn't he?"

"Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He says if he had his way he'd put in jail everybody who ought to be there."

Ominous.

"Is the boss going to give you the raise you asked for?"

"Well—er—I'm afraid to say; I told him I thought my pay should be commensurate with—the amount of work I do, and he promptly agreed with me."

Artistic Sympathy.

"Did you get the sympathy of your audience when you played Hamlet?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes; "after the audience looked around and saw how small it was I don't see how it could help sympathizing with me."

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"My dressmaker is getting altogether too old-fashioned to suit me."

"Why, my dear, your new gown is strictly up to date."

"Yes, I know; but she actually sent it home the day she promised it."—Illustrated Bits."

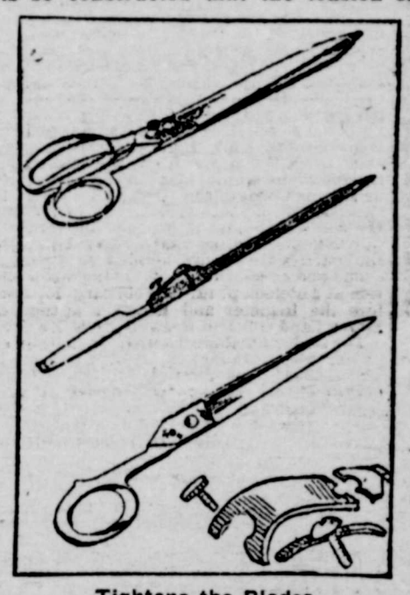
SHOWING THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

Light Emitted by Crystals.

The light flashed from crystals is the light that has dawned upon the mind of Herr Tchugaeff. Of 400 crystalline substances examined by him 121 were found to emit light, the alkaloids as a class being particularly active, but only six out of 110 inorganic bodies showed the phenomenon. The colors of the light varied with the different substances and its intensity could be classified according to an arbitrary scale in which uranium nitrate was taken as typical of the first class, tartaric acid of the second, and ammonium oxalate of the third. The minute crystalline octahedra that may be formed by the ordinary white arsenic of commerce by dissolving it in boiling hydrochloric acid, when cooled and shaken in the dark emit a succession of brilliant flashes. The property is by no means fugitive, and the dry crystals will yield sparks months afterward if rubbed with a glass rod. And, contrary to text books, the light is emitted just as readily from the crystals will yield sparks months afrom those of the vitreous modification. This light has a continuous spectrum in the visible part of which the yellow and green rays predominate, though red rays are also present. It is apparently identical with the light emitted by solid bodies in a state of incandescence.

Adjust the Shears.

An Ohio inventor has patented a tension device which can be attached to scissors or shears, whereby the cutting edges of the blades are held firmly against each other to insure at all times an even and uniform cutting. It is well known that the blades of scissors or shears must always be kept firmly together. When they become separated they will not cut evenly, and when such is the case their value is nil. The device shown here is so constructed that the tension of



Tightens the Blades.

the blades can be regulated and adjusted to insure a perfect cut. A pivotal screw connects the upper with the lower blade, the opening in the upper blade not being threaded as is the case in other scissors, but is slightly larger than the body of the pivotal screw, in order to permit the free passage of the latter. A curved plate bears upon the upper blade at one end and rests upon the pivotal screw at the other. When it is desired to increase the tension of the scissors a set screw on the curved plate is turned down, forcing the plate against the under side of the head of the pivotal screw. This forces the edges of the blades together, the tension being regulated to suit the uses of the operator.

Electric Smelting in Canada.

Canada may find her deliverer in electricity. The dominion government has appropriated $15,000 for making experiments with the electrical process of smelting ores and manufacturing steel. All kinds of ores will be experimented with, and important results are expected. Great possibilities for Canada underlie the inauguration of a cheaper process for manufacturing pig iron and steel than is now in use. Ontario is dotted with ore bodies, the development of which is prevented by lack of cheap fuel. The cost of conveying the coal in the eastern and western parts of Canada to points where coke is needed for smelting purposes is prohibitive. On the other hand, there are a great many sources of water power throughout the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where electricity can be developed and utilized. If the electric system proves commercially feasible Canada is looking for the inflow of much capital to develop its mining resources.

Too Soon for Divorce.

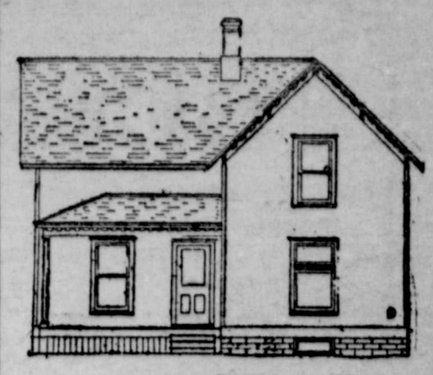
"Is Sue Brette married yet?" asked the returned traveler.

"Of course," replied the native; "give her a little time, will you?"

"Eh? What are you talking about?"

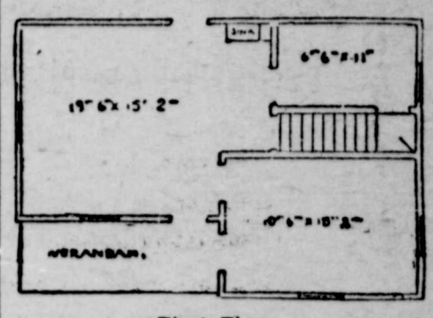
"Why, the wedding took place only six weeks ago."

Four-Roomed House.



Front Elevation.

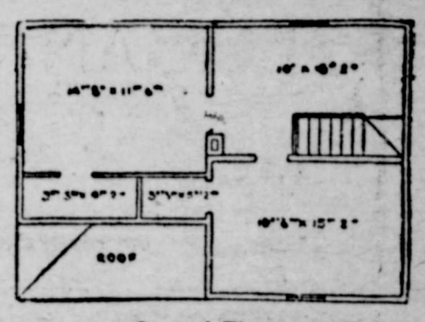
Would you publish plan for a four-room house—two rooms to be on the ground floor? I want the rooms large, as the kitchen will be used for dining room as well. Show best position for



First Floor.

clothes closet, pantry, chimney and windows.

The accompanying plan is for a one and a half story house, 16 feet by 22 feet, and a kitchen 16 by 16 feet. It is intended to meet the requirements



Second Floor.

asked for, but can be adapted to suit localities or fancy of individuals. The cost of such a building would be about $1,000.

Moving a House.

I would like to move my house, and it will have to be done by local carpenters. Would you give information how best to proceed and how much it would cost. The main building is 28x22, one and a half story, all sealed with plaster. A wing 16x16 is to be detached and the two moved separately. The distance for moving is about three-quarters of a mile.

The services of an expert should be obtained, as rollers will require to be used. A house could not be moved three-quarters of a mile without them. The charge is about $5 per day for one man and the rollers. Besides this it would require eight men for four days. With proper handling there would be little injury to the building.

Stoves for China.

The British consul at Niuchwang writes that the Chinese are beginning to take to foreign stoves for heating their houses and that their use is likely to extend, in which case there might be a big market for these goods, as the winter in Manchuria is long and very cold. For the past year or two a native has been making small stoves of a foreign pattern, weighing about fifty and seventy pounds and costing $5 and $7, respectively. It is reported that the annual sales of this local manufacturer amounted to about $1,000. This year the demand has greatly increased, owing partly to the needs of the large number of Japanese who have come in, and the native manufacturer recently had in hand orders amounting to $5,000 and was obliged to refuse many orders which he could not execute. The material used is old iron from abroad.

New Metal Creation.

Tantalum is a metal creation of Werner von Bolton, and is not only ductile, but in a marvelous manner becomes extremely hard after hammering. A sheet of tantalum one millimetre thick was drilled with a diamond drill making 5,000 revolutions per minute for seventy-two hours and was then found to have a depression of about one-quarter of a millimetre, the diamond drill being much worn. It is as useful in electric glow lamps as carbon, while the electrical energy consumed is less than half. It is not attacked by aquesous solutions of the alkaloids and by only one acid—hydrofluoric, whose action upon it is extremely slow. Because of its strength and hardness tantalum, and its alloy, it is hoped, will be used in making engineers' machine tools.

All in a Name.

Wife—The young lady who lives in the next flat told me to-day that she is practicing Wagner's "Simple Life."

Husband—Well, I hope it is simple! Then she won't have to practice it four hours every night, as she does his "Tannhauser."

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 Tiners,

Artesia, - New Mexico.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS

Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.

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

Notice for Publication.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.

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

Notice is hereby given that Roberta 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. 29, T. 17 S., R. 26 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 Lelaad, 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 ma le 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 ne1-4, se1-4 nw1-4 and nw1-4 se1-4 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.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 2243.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
January 12, 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 26, 1906, viz: Zeb Owen, of Hope, New Mexico, for the S1-2 SE1-4 Sec. 23, and N1-2 N E1-4 Sec. 26, T. 17 S., R. 21 E.

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

Lum Richards, of Hope, N. M., John Richards, of Hope, N. M., W. F. Riley, of Hope, N. M., Joseph Woods, of Hope, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

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. Bogle, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico.
December 7, 1905.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Mary J. Joyner, contestant-against Homestead entry No. 5 28, made December 3, 1904, for the SE1-4 of Section 5, Township 17 S., Range 24 E, by Kenner Callahan, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Kenner Callihan never established his residence on said land as required by law and has abandoned it for more than six months last past; and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman, or marine, during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 2 o'clock p. m. on February 26, 1906 before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed January 8, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico,
December 7, 1905.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Louise P. Emerson, contestant, against Desert Land entry No. 1822, made December 3, 1904, for the NW1-4 of Section 5, Township 17 S., Range 24 E., by Lee Wilson, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Lee Wilson has not made the expenditure of one dollar per acre in the necessary irrigation, reclamation and cultivation of said land nor in permanent improvements thereon as required by law during the first year after making said entry; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 27, 1906, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed January 8, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico,
December 7, 1905.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Mary J. Joyner, contestant, against Desert Land entry No. 1821, made December 3, 1904, for the NE1-4 of Section 5, Township 17 S., Range 24 E., by Kenner Callihan, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Kenner Callihan has not ma le the expenditure of one dollar per acre in the necessary irrigation, reclamation and cultivation of said land nor in permanent improvements thereon as required by law during the first year after making said entry; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 26, 1906, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed January 8, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register.

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.

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.

Common Colds are the Cause of Many Serious Diseases.

Physicians who have gained a national reputation as analysts of the cause of various diseases, claim that if catching cold could be avoided a long list of dangerous ailments would never be heard of. Every one knows that pneumonia and consumption originate from a cold, and chronic catarrh, bronchitis, and all throat and lung trouble are aggrivated and rendered more serious by each fresh attack. Do not risk your life or take chances when you have a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure it before these diseases develop. For sale by Fatherree & Robertson.

Luckiest Man in Arkansas.

"I'm the luckiest man in Arkansas," writes H. L. Stanley of Bruno, "since the restoration of my wife,s health after five years of continuouo coughing and bleeding from the lungs; and I owe my good fortune to the world's greatest medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which I know from experience will cure cousumption if taken in time. My wife improved with first bottle and twelve bottles completed the curs." Cures the worst coughs and colds or money refunded. At Pecos Valley Drug Co. 50c and $1.00 Trial bottle free.

For Lease.

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

R. M. Ross.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 1731.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
Feb. 7, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed no ice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Regis ter or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on March 22, 1906, viz:

Amanda M Helton, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the E1-2 NE1-4, SW1-4 NE1-4 and NW1-4 SE1-4 Sec. 20, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.

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

George Spencer, of Artesia, N. M., Fred M. Spencer, of Artesia, N. M., Pearl S Spencer, of Artesia, N. M., James W. Turknett, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register,

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 1736.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
February 7, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on March 22, 1906 viz: Pearl S. Spencer, formerly Pearl S Helton, of Artesia, N. M., for the E1-2 NW1 4, NW1-4 NE1-4 and NE1-4 SW1-4 Sec. 20, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land. viz.

George Spencer, of Artesia, N. M., Amanda M. Helton, of Artesia, N. M., James W. Turknett, of Artesia, N. M., William Carson, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico.
December 7, 1905.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Louise P. Emerson, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 5527, made December 3, 1904, for the SW1-4 of Section 5, Township 17 S., Range 24 E., by Lee Wilson Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Lee Wilson never established his residence on said land as required by law and has abandoned it for more than six months last past, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman, or marine, during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 2 o'clock p. m. on February 27, 1906, before the Register and R ceiver at the United States Land office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed January 8, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register

For First-Class Blacksmithing and Wood-work, Wagon and Buggy and Farm Implement-work, Horseshoeing, see

W. H. WATKINS,

ON

Cor. Second and Texas Sts.,

At the

Big Red Shop.

All Work Guaranteed.

The New-Comer.

The emigrant from the east, as he leaves his native home for a residence in the west, no doubt experiences some strange and hardly definable feelings. His home had become endeared to him by the association of childhood, of youth and of manhood.

There is the sloping hillside on which he gathered the violets of spring and the lillies of summer. There is the little brook, among whose shady bowers he spent many a summer hour. There is the woodland plain, over which he rambled in autumn when the leaves were falling about him, and every wild flower had disappeared before the chilling frost. There is the old orchard, whose ripe fruits he had so often gathered—the meadow all waving with grass—the pasture, with its glade and dells all gromn over with brakes and ferns There is the old elm, planted perhaps by the hand of his grandfather, with its long branches overhanging the house; and there is the pine, planted by his own hand, with its evergreen tassels sighing to the wind.

In the distance are the blue hills, which have formed the background of the landscape on which he had looked from infancy; and nearer are the silver lakes from whose mirrowy surface he had so often seen reflected the sunlight of morning.

The old cottage in which he was born and nurtured, and which had also been thus far the nursery of his own little children, had charms for him which the princely palace might not equal. Its image, with tne scenery around it, is indelibly stamped on his soul. Let him become a wanderer in distant lands; let new and startling scenes meen him everywhere; let him make a new home wherever he may, the impress of his childhood's home will still lie too deep in his memory to ever be effaced. Wherever his waking thoughts ma be, his dreams will still linger about this spot.

In some retired spot, surrounded by primeval beauty, the emigrant makes him another home. The fields grow green and the cottage erects its modest front, resembling as much as possible his former home. Its rooms now echo with the merry laughter of childhood. Tiny hands gather the dandelions of spring and little feet bound over the decorated landscape. The little ones, rambling from nook to nook and dell to dell, gathering wild flowers of every hue, walking hand in hand along the garden avenues, admiring the shrubbery and flowers, earnestly inquire of their mother of she supposes their old place can be so pleasant.

Then is the emigrant's heart glad. The cloud of sadness is dispelled from his soul. He is lonely no more. He meets not, it is true, the familar faces of his old friends, but he is content with the society of his own household. He misses the excitement and stirring scenes with which he was once surrounded, but he needs it not. He learns to find sufficient interest and amusement at his own fireside. He dreams of his old home, but his new home has, in his waking bours, sufficient charm to remove the sadness of his dreams.

Wherever the loved ones are, there is home—wherever home is there may be peace and contentment and happiness.—Los Vegas News.

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.

Itching Piles.

If you are acquainted with anyone who is troubled with this distressing ailment, you can do him no greater favor than to tell him to try Chamberlain's Salve. Price 25 cents. For sale by Fatherree & Robertson.

"In Fairest Artesia."

There has been issued from the Advocate press this week a bound book of twenty views of scenes in and about Artesia, which is designed to show the progressive side of this particular portion of the Pecos valley as exemped in the style of buildings erected and farm life. Nothing tells the tale so successfully as photographs, and while the printing is necessarily not so perfect as the photos from which it was taken, yet the smaller cost more than makes up the differenc. The book has a specially designed, colored cover and the cuts are printed in photo-brown ink, and as a whole it is the best thing of the kind ever brought out in the town. The book of twenty views is on sale for twenty-five cents—the same price for which one photo sells. If you desire your friends at a distance to get a true idea of conditions here, this is your chance at very little cost. Books on sale by Pecos Valley Drug Company, Fatherree & Robertson, and the Advocate..

Part of the Plott Farm Sold.

The first of the present week J. C. Plott sold to Dr. Harper of Rice, Texas, 236 acres of watered land four miles west of town. The purchase price was $25 per acre.

The tract is part of Mr. Plott's farm, known as the old Gardner place on which are some of the largest springs in the valley.

Dr. Harper left Thursday for Texas, to ship his farming tools to this place. He has a large outfit of agricultural machinery of all kinds, including a steam plow, corn harvester, threshing machine and corn mill. He will farm on an extensive scale and employ the most advanced methods. As soon as he can erect a residence Dr. Harper will move his family here.

Such agriculturists as this are what we need to develop the matchless resources of our country, and we are more than glad to have Dr. Harper with us. On the other hand he ought to be well pleased, for he certainly got a great bargain in the land he purchased.—Lakewood Progress.

New Mexico Conditions.

The best estimates agree that New Mexico today contains 300,000 people, and that the real value of its property is nearly $300,000,000. This, therefore, cannot be called a poor territory. The census also shows that the population of foreign born citizens is smaller in the Sunshine Territory than in any of the states of the Union. The Congressmen, Senators and newspapers opposed to this territory who throw aspersions on it, do it either for their own purposes or through ignorance. In either case their attacks are absolutely unjustified and unfair. Even cutting the real value of taxable property to one-half, namely, to $150,000,000, New Mexico need not be ashamed. That sum makes a very good showing for 300,000 people. There are no millionaires here; the wealth is pretty well distributed and while there are many, comparatively speaking, poor people, yet they own their own little farms and have their own land holdings upon which they make a contented and fair living. This state of affiairs compares more than favorably with that now existing in the richest states in the Union where there are paupers by the tens of thousands on one hand and a few many times millionaires on the other.—New Mexican.

A Healing Gospel.

The Rev. J. C. Warren, pastor of Sharon Baptist church, Belair, Ga., says of Electric Bitters: "It's a God-send to mankind. It cured me of lame back, stiff joints and complete physical collapse. I was so weak it took me half an hour to walk a mile. Two bottles of Electric Bitters have made me so strong I have just walked three miles in 50 minutes and feel like walking three more. It's made a new man of me." Greatest remedy for weakness and all stomach and liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at Pecos Valley Drug Co. Price 50c.

FEMALE ANGELS NUMEROUS IN ENGLAND

Part of Monument to Sir William Ponsonby

Part of Monument to Lord Rodney

A Figure from Monument to Sir Thomas Picton

Some Female Angels in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Few of the monuments in St. Paul's cathedral and Westminster abbey would escape mutilation if it were decided to emulate the example of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, and exclude female angels. Most of those that appear in the two famous Valhallas of England, offering laurel wreaths and other consolatory emblems to prostrate heroes, are of the feminine persuasion. Their figures, braided hair, dainty hands and flowing robes all clearly proclaim their sex. And their wings, like the sails of Dante's purgatorial boat, show clearly that the sculptors who modeled them intended them for angels quite capable of long-distance flights. Flaxen hair ladies with wings and long flowing robes predominate also among the stained-glass representations of these heavenly creatures. Whatever may be the opinions of ecclesiologists as to whether or no there is scriptural sanction for it, there can be no doubt that the glorified woman with pinions is the popular type of angel in England.

The controversy regarding the sex of angels, which Signor Borglum's frenzied destruction of his rejected statuary, has aroused keen interest in England. "Angels," says one artist who makes a specialty of them, "should be regarded as a distinct order of beings, not as human beings promoted to a higher state, and therefore it is not at all illogical to regard them as sexless. Artists have always found a difficulty in depicting a satisfactory angel. It is not easy to combine the virile strength and power of the masculine character with the gracefu'ness, the refinement and the spirituality of the feminine. There are very few artists living or dead whose types of angels are convincing. To my mind Botticelli is far more successful with his angels than any other artist, and he has combined the two natures in an exquisite blend. The correct angel nowadays is quite sexless."

The sexless angel represents a compromise. Most of the English clerics who have been interviewed on the subject stand out for unmistakable masculine angels and repudiate the feminine type utterly as contrary to scripture. But as long as most folk prefer the female angel on mortuary monuments female angels will continue to be produced. It is not likely, however, that any more of them will be added to the collections in St. Paul's and Westminster abbey, for the reason that there is no more room for them.

AS SEEN BY CHILDISH MIND

Humorous Definition of Big Words Given by Little Ones.

"Some of the children in my class have the weirdest vocabulary imaginable," remarked a teacher of a Harlem public school recently. "They acquire it by running together bits and ends of words which they overhear in reading or conversation. One little boy was talking about a 'pursueder' at recess time the other day.

"'What is a pursueder, Harry?' I asked with some curiosity.

"'Don't know, ma'am, 'replied Harry, 'only it's what villains do.'

"It appeared that his big brother was reading him a story which was running serially in a weekly, and was plentifully besprinkled with the expression 'and the villian still pursued her.'

"Another child declared, in spite of all my assertions to the contrary, that there was such a word as 'miz,' and thought that she could convince me of the fact by asserting triumphantly that it was in the Bible.

"'Don't you remember,' she said, 'where it says in the Commandments, 'The sea and all that in them is?'

"Usually, when I have explained the meaning of a word or expression that puzzles the children I ask them to give me examples in sentences to see if they have understood my explanation. The result is not always happy. One child, to illustrate the expression 'bitter end' gave the sentence, 'The dog chased the cat under the table and bit her end,' and as an example of the word 'delight,' a little colored boy in my class delivered himself of the following: 'De wind blew so hard it blew de light out.'"

Japan's Chemical Works.

Japan has 840 factories wherein professional chemists are employed. Two of them employ over 500 workpeople, the others range from thirty up In the 840 are included gas works, paper works, ceramic and lacquer works. Sugar factories and breweries are not included. Many of them are stock companies. Of these seventy-five produce pharmaceutical products, ninety-five illuminating oils, forty matches, fifty indigo, four other colors, four gas and six incense. Japan's chemical industry employs 38,591 workmen. In the match factories there are five women operatives to each man. Some factories run twelve hours, but most of them only ten. Men's wages average 14 cents and women's 10 cents a day.

Made Washington Cross-Eyed.

Among a party of tourists in Washington a few days ago was an observant young woman from Boston. She stood for some time in reverent admiration of the celebrated statue of George Washington which stands on the capitol esplanade. Then she approached a policeman who was on duty near by and asked: "Can you inform me what authority the sculptor had for his evident theory that Washington was cross-eyed?" The officer stared at the young woman in astonishment, but as she did not flinch he walked over and examined the statue. The father of his country looked back at him with haughty dignity and a distinct squint. Investigation showed that a small piece of stone had been part of the nose. It was removed and broken off the eyebrows and had lodged between the eye and the upper Washington resumed his natural air of straight-visioned benignity.

Wild Western Way.

Without consulting Uncle Sam in the matter, about 100 citizens entered the postoffice at Sparks, Nev., one night recently and, taking possession of the place, loaded the mail, stationery, stamps and fixtures on a wagon and moved them to a building situated in another portion of the city which they consider more suitable, as it is more central.

Youngest Railroad Superintendent.

Herbert Thacker Herr of Denver, the new general superintendent of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, is probably the youngest man in the world to hold such a position, being only 29 years old. He is a graduate of Yale.

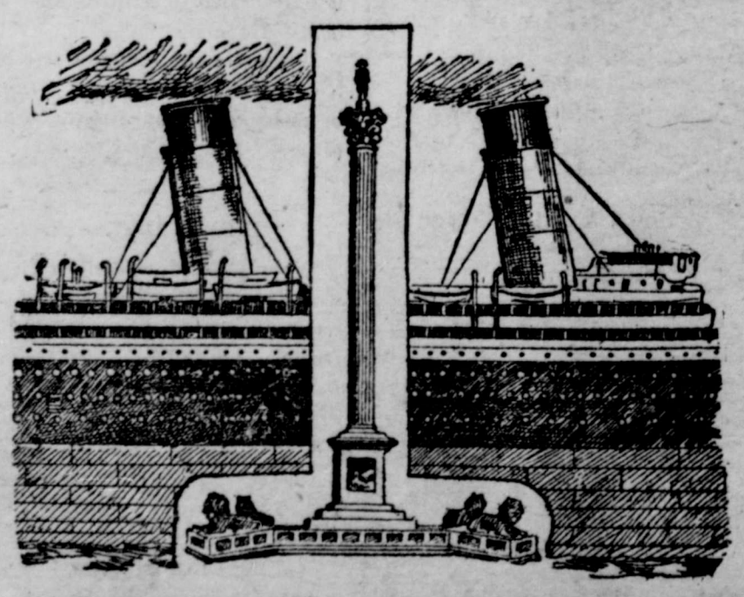
DEATH SPEECHES OF ACTORS

In Many Cases Sudden Demise Has Followed Appropriate Words.

The singular appositeness of Sir Henry Irving's last spoken words on the stage shortly before his tragically sudden death, "Into thy hands, O Lord! Into thy hands," has served to recall several similar instances which are recorded in English theatrical annals. Peterson, a contemporary of Garrick, while appearing in "Measure for Measure," expired in the arms of a fellow actor, his last words being: "Reason thus with life: If I do lose thee, I lose a thing that none but fools would keep." Harley, who was playing Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," passed away after uttering the drowsy speech: "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

Almost as Irving's was Edmund Kean's exit. He was playing Othello to the Iago of his son at Covent Garden. After uttering the words, "Othello's occupation's gone," he broke down. "Get me off, Charles," he gasped to his son, "I'm dying!" and soon afterward breathed his last. Phelps' last words before the footlights were: "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness." At this point in the speech of Cardinal Wolsey he collapsed and never acted again.

MIGHTY POWER OF THE OCEAN

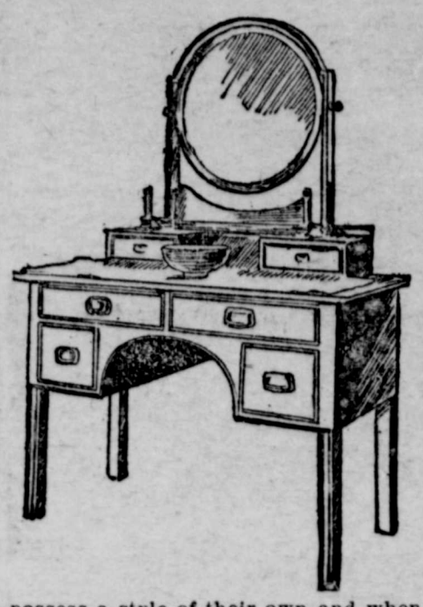


This sketch, illustrating the comparative heights of the Caronia, a ship of the Cunard company, and of the Nelson column, Trafalgar square, London, may assist in giving a clearer idea of the height to which the wave was tossed which recently swept over the upper and lower decks of the Campania, causing the death of five passengers. The height of the ship from the keel to the top of the funnel is close upon 150 feet. It will be obvious that prodigious force must have been required to project a column of water clear above the lofty upper decks of the vessel.

FURNITURE OF COLONIAL DAYS

Reproductions of This Style Now Much in Favor.

Adaptations and reproductions of furniture in use during colonial days, meet with much favor in this age, though the originals are naturally preferred when it is possible to obtain them. Boudoir furniture in particular is sought and the simple, artistic dressing tables of the eighteenth century are duplicated in many a modern collection of furniture. These tables



possess a style of their own and when as in the accompanying illustration they are fashioned from mahogany in a rich golden brown, with a soft dull polish that brings out the fine grain of the wood, they are exceedingly handsome. With dresser and bedstead to match in this beautiful wood, a bedroom cannot fail to be attractively furnished.

TWO TOWED TO SEA BY A SHARK

Fishermen Encounter Big One Tangled Up in Their Trawls.

With an immense shark furnishing the power, Joseph Bent and William Jason have broken all records in South channel, near Cape Cod. They are members of the crew of the fishing schooner Frances V. Silva, which arrived here this morning, says a dispatch from Boston, Mass. Their story is sustained by other members of the crew who witnessed their experience.

Bent and Jason were out in a dory hauling their trawl. They had pulled in about half of it when they felt a jerk and then a tremendous pull. Then an immense shark, apparently as big as the dory, came to the surface with a dozen of the hooks on the trawl imbedded in him. He lashed the water furiously and then with a sudden turn started off in the direction of the equator.

"It was all so sudden that we didn't know what happened," said Bent. "Jason and I grabbed the sides of the boat and away we scooted. The shark kept straight ahead. There was a heavy sea running and according to the men who were near us we were hidden in the spray raised by the swift passage of the dory through the water. Jason recovered his wits first and slashed at the trawl with his sheath knife. He succeeded in cutting it and let the shark have it all to himself."

Trapping Pheasants.

There are more ways of catching birds than by putting salt on their tails. One of the oddest and at the same time most successful is the use of a lime smeared paper bag used for capturing pheasants. The slender, conical shaped bag is fastened to a twig after the coating of lime has been put on the inside and a few peas are dropped in for bait. Attracted by the peas, Mr. Pheasant thrusts his head into the mouth of the trap and, presto! he cannot withdraw it, so must walk around thus decorated until finally he drops dead from suffocation.

Prolific Family.

A woman named Luks, who has just died at the age of eighty-six at Great Waldingfield, a village near Sudbury, Suffolk, England, had fifteen children, fifty-one grand children, sixty-seven great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

Costly Military Maneuvers.

Over $10,000,000 is spent annually on the spring and autumn maneuvers of European armies.

LURE FOOLED THE SQUIRRELS

Explanation of a Virginian's Surprising Bag of Game.

Squirrels this year are more plentiful than ever known before. One man, Mr. Williams, is known to have killed more than any other two huntsmen. He has already killed 186.

He had three Waterbury watches. He would get into the woods and go to two hickory trees where the squirrels feed. He would wind the watches up, put them in a small tin can and to each can a string. Then each was tied to the limb of a tree. Then he would get in some secluded spot. As the watches would tick away the noise was like that of a squirrel cutting a nut and could be heard for a great distance. Every squirrel in the neighborhood would be drawn to the trees, where they supposed their companions were having a big feast. In this way every squirrel has been killed by being decoyed in those two trees by this new device.

Mr. Williams says he has seen as many as six at a time running around the limbs where the watches were fastened.—Roxbury correspondence Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Relic of the Arabs.

A conical watch tower built by Arabian colonists before the discovery of Mombasa by Vasco de Gama. There are many evidences along the east coast of Africa showing that the early Arabians extended their voyages far down the coast. There is good reason to believe that they reached the Sabi river, from which point they are believed to have tapped the surface of the gold reefs of northern Rhodesia.

Horseback Ride of 800 Miles.

The most wonderful straight away ride ever made by a man was the gallop of Francis Xavier Aubrey—ci-devant Canadian voyageur, and a famous Pony Express rider—from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., in 1853—800 miles in five days thirteen hours.

In 1852 he had covered the same distance in a little over eight days, and his record was on the wager of $1,000 that he "could do it in an even eight." In the whole distance he did not stop to rest and changed horses only with every 100 or 200 miles. He was a stocky French Canadian, light hearted, genial, adventurous, absolutely fearless.

For some time he was an overland freighter; and he also made the enormously difficult and dangerous drive of a flock of sheep from New Mexico to California across the deserts of the Colorado. He was killed in Santa Fe.—McClure's Magazine.

Old Orange Tree Still Prolific.

Traft Crump brought to the Bee office to-day several specimens of the fruit from what he considers one of the most remarkable orange trees in California. The tree is 55 years old, but shows no sign of intention of going out of business.

In 1849 Thomas Hanna, an early day auctioneer, returned to these shores from a visit to the Sandwich islands with the tree in a small oyster can. He presented it to Mrs. Crump in 1851, after having provided a box for the tree and nursed its growth until it was three feet high.

The highest yearly yield from the old tree has been 1,500 golden globes, "not counting those the boys got away with before we had a chance to pick them," as Traft Crump says.—Sacramento Bee.

German Ad.

A German firm advertises its baby carriages by representing the stork putting a baby into the carriage.

Forty-three Miles of Bookshelves.

The British museum catalogue now contains over 3,860,000 entries, and is growing at the rate of 60,000 a year. The library contains forty-three miles of shelves. Every year 276,000 numbers of newspapers are added to the collection. Annually about 53,000 books are received under the Copyright act, 10,000 are presented, and about 30,000 volumes, chiefly of contemporary foreign literature, are purchased.

ATTENTION

BUYERS AND SELLERS OF PECOS VALLEY LANDS.

List your Land with Walker & Davisson. We are in position to land deals at all times. Have sold and located more actual well pleased farmers, since starting in the business, than any other firm in the Pecos Valley.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Our prices and methods are sure to please. We Get Your Price Quickly. Give us a trial.

Having our own Special Cars run to Pecos Valley twice monthy, filled with first-class prospectors. We are sure to sell lands placed with us.

Prompt and Personal Attention Given to Each Proposition.

Make our office your headquarters while in the Valley.

Come in and List Your Lands and we will do the rest.

WALKER & DAVISSON,

HAGERMAN, N. M. **ARTESIA, N. M.**

THE COLLEGE A CERTAINTY.

Artesia Will Enjoy the Privileges of Higher Education at Home.

When the editor of the Roswell Tribune remarked, a couple of weeks ago, that there would soon be no worlds Artesia could not conquer, he was eminently correct. There is nothing too good for us down this way, and the enterprising citizens of this enterprising town do not wait for things to turn up, like the illustrious Mr. Micawber, but go after what they want. This spirit of unity and enterprise is alone responsible for the fact that Artesia stands today as a subject of wonder and admiration among acquaintances in every state in the union.

Some time ago, it became apparent that we had every advantage to offer the homeseeker, save one—that is facilities of advancing students beyond the common school grades. The man who has money to own an irrigated farm in the Pecos Valley can afford to live where he pleases, and will not deny his family the privileges of higher education in order to come to this land of ideal homes. This was one feature necessary to be supplied, and Artesia will offer it.

A move was inaugurated last week to form a college company, with a capital stock of $10,000 to build and equip a college and up to the time of going to press with this issue, a majority of the stock has been subscribed, and the other will be forthcoming. The Advocate hopes to announce everything taken by next week, as well as to give a general outline of the work proposed.

If you haven't helped on the proposition yet, do so immediately. It is a matter that every property owner and parent should be interested in.

Block For Sale.

One block of land close in with water right, fruit and shade trees.
John Richie & sons.

Bank Officials Elected.

The two banks of Artesia elected officers Wednesday for the ensuing year as follows:

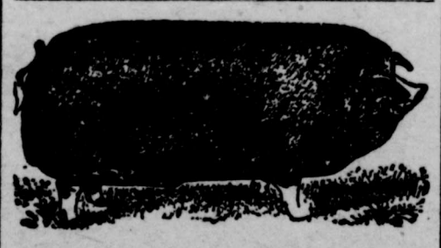
BANK OF ARTESIA.

J. C. Gage, president; A. V. Logan, vice-president; A. L. Norfleet, cashier; John B. Enfield, assistant cashier. Directors: J. C. Gage, A. V. Logan, E. N. Heath, J. K. Walling, John B. Enfield, Al H. Bromelsick and A. L. Norfleet.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

S. W. Gilbert, president; Chas. S. Hoffman, 1st vice-president; R. C. Smith, 2nd vice-president; R. M. Ross, cashier; L. R. Gaidry, assistant cashier.

FOR SALE—A perfectly gentle horse, new buggy and new harness.
B. F. Sloane.



Home fed pork has been proven superior to the product furnished by the Big Packing Houses.

We ship our pork products—loins, hams, shoulders, lard, bacon, sausage and spare ribs—to every town in the valley, except Dexter and Hagerman.

Why? Because the quality is superior to that hertofore offered from any source.

It proves that the Pecos Valley can supply itself with provisions if its people care to have it so.

Try any one of the above mentioned articles and let us know your opinion.

The Artesia Market Company.

TELEPHONE 8.

RED MEN OF ARTESIA

To Organize.---First Powwow to be Held Next Wednesday Night.

Three representatives from the organized order of Red Men (of which an organization President Roosevelt was made the only honorary member) arrived in Artesia Tuesday evening to institute a lodge. They are Lew L. Godchaux, Grand Sachem of New Mixico; G. A. Friedenbloom, Great Senior Sagamore of New Mexico, and T. F. Emery, Chief of Hunting Grounds, Roswell. The gentlemen found a number of braves from other reservations who had strayed to Artesia ahead of them, and with the cheerful assistance of these a number of names were soon enrolled for the proposed council. A meeting will be held next Wednesday evening, we understand for the purpose of organizing.

The Red Men is an order founded upon purely patriotic and fraternal grounds. None but Americans are eligible. There was a tea party one moonlight night in Boston harbor and the Red Men struck a telling blow for liberty. They have been doing so ever since. The Advocate would like to see a large membership enrolled. Any manner of organization that brings men and neighbors closer together along lines of fraternity can do much good.

The Best Physic.

When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and pleasant in effect, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablet's. Price 25c. Every box warranted. Get a free sample at Fatherree & Robertson's drug store and try them.

Oyster Supper.

An oyster supper will be given at Mansion Hall, Thursday February 15th, beginning at 5:30 p. m., for the benefit of Library Association. Supper 35 cents.

Teeth extracted without pain by the New York dentists.

Have three Black Mammoth Jacks will make the season of 1906 at Spring Lake Farm, Five Miles southeast of Artesia. One of the Jacks is for sale. 16 hands high.

Also full blood Plymouth Rock Cockerels for sale.

J. .K HASTIE.

The Best In The City.

That is the Kind of Service

The Club Stable

Gives its patrons. We keep none but Strong, Spirited Horses and the best Vehicles that can be procured. Are constantly adding to our equipment, and our constant effort is to please the public. We will appreciate your patronage and guarantee to give you the best of service to be had in Artesia.

No "bronks" or balky horses are offered the public under any circumstances. Give us a call.

CHRISTOPHER & PRICE, Props.

FOURTH STREET. **'PHONE 71.**

A Habit to be Encouraged.

The mother who has acquired the habit of keeping on hand a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saves herself a great amount of uneasiness and anxiety. Coughs, colds and croup are quickly cured by its use. Sold by Fatherree & Robertson.

Frightfully Burned.

Chas. W. Moore, a machinist of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in an electric furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for burns, wounds, sores, eczema and piles. 25c at Pecos Valley Drug Co.

Ladies Dress Goods, Spring and Summer.

Finest Line ever shown in the Territory. Direct from the Mills. Send for samples.

New Mexico Sales Co. Raton, N. M.

Notice to the Public.

This is to notify all parties concerned that I will not in future be responsible for any debts heretofore contracted or may hereafter be contracted by my son, George B. Danner. No one is authorized to sell him any kind of merchandise or anything else and charge to me. G. M. Danner.
Artesia, Feb. 10, 1906.

RECENT LEGAL DECISIONS

Maintenance for nearly fifty years, with the knowledge and acquiescence of the canal commissioners, of flumes to take water from a canal feeder, under a contract by which the commissioners granted the right to take it, the bottoms of which are level with the bottom of the feeder, so that whenever the grantee was entitled to take water he would receive it under a head, is held, in Merrifield vs. canal comrs. (Ill.), 67 L. R. A. 369, to be a practical construction of the rights of the parties which will prevent the commissioners from subsequently placing weirs in the flumes so that no water can be received until it has reached a certain height in the feeder. All the other authorities on grant of water power are reviewed in an extensive note to this case.

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Under a will giving real estate to testator's wife for life, and providing that at the expiration of the life estate "that which is given to her for life shall be equally divided between all my children, share and share alike, the representatives of such as may have died to stand in the place of their ancestors," it is held, in Bowen vs. Hackney (N. C.), 67 L. R. A. 440, that no estate vests in the children until the widow's death, and that, therefore, a child dying before the widow has no interest which will pass by its will.

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The owner of lands through which a natural water course flows is held, in Baldwin vs. Ohio twp. (Kas.), 67 L. R. A. 642, to have the right to accumulate surface water falling upon lands adjacent thereto, and catch the same into such stream, without becoming liable to a lower riparian owner for damages, so long as the natural capacity of the stream is not exceeded.

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A clause in a will forbidding the sale of testator's real estate during the lifetime of the life tenant is held, in Wood vs. Fleetwood (N. C.), 67 L. R. A. 44, to be void as against public policy.

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That a will may pass title to after-acquired real estate under a statute providing that every person may, by last will, devise "all his estate, real, personal, and mixed," is decided in Mueller vs. Buenger (Mo.), 67 L. R. A. 648.

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Taking up court records from the place where they have been laid and walking away with them with intent to destroy them, are held, in People vs. Mills (N. Y.), 67 L. R. A. 131, to render one guilty under a statue making the unlawful removal of such records a crime, although they were taken from the place where they had been put by authority of the district attorney for the purpose of detecting defendant in the commission of the crime.

—

A carrier transporting freight on platform cars to a station where it maintains a freighthouse but no agent is held in Normile vs. Northern P. R. Co. (Wash.), 67 L. R. A. 271, to be obliged to place the freight in the house in order to relieve itself from liability for freight lost through theft unless it shows that it is not able to do so.

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A statute which makes it unlawful to discharge an employe because he belongs to a lawful labor organization and which provides for the recovery of damages for such discharge, is held, in Coffeyville Vitrified B. and T. Co. vs. Perry (Kas.), 66 L. R. A. 185, to be void.

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The public right of a comment or criticism upon the acts of an author and instructor in a university is held, in Triggs vs. Sun Printing and Publishing association (N. Y.), 66 L. R. A. 612, not to extend to an attack upon him individually or to justify defamation of his character.

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An act done by a servant while engaged in the work of his master, but entirely disconnected therefrom, and solely for the accomplishment of the malicious or mischievous purpose of the servant, is held, in Evers vs. Krouse (N. J. Err. and App.), 63 L. R. R. 592, not to render the master liable for injuries to a third person resulting from each act.

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The ownership of money in a cash drawer of which a clerk has possession with the right to make change therefrom and place receipts from sales therein, is held, in state vs. Montgomery (Mo.), 67 L. R. A. 343, to be properly laid in such clerk as against one who, in the absence of the proprietor, by exhibiting a deadly weapon, compels the clerk to permit him to take the money from the drawer, although the clerk claims no personal interest in the money and is not held accountable for its loss, where the statutes permit an indictment for robbery for taking money from the clerk or agent. The other cases on robbery by taking from one person property belonging to another are collated in a note to this case.

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Placing an electric light in close proximity to a trolley wire at a curve is held, in Nelson vs. Narragansett Electric Lighting Co. (R. I.), 67 L. R. A. 116, not to be the proximate cause of an injury to one struck by glass falling from the globe when shattered by a trolley leaving the wire, since failure to keep the trolley on the wire is prima facie negligence and is the act of a responsible person intervening between the placing of the light and the injury.

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Where it appeared on the trial for murder that the victim was shot and wounded by one person using a shotgun and another using a pistol, and that one of the wounds inflicted by the pistol was certainly mortal, and that probably one or more of the wounds inflicted by the shotgun were so, it is held, in Walker vs. State (Ga.), 67 L. R. A. 426, that, in order to convict the person using the shotgun of murder in such a case, the evidence must be such as to authorize the jury to find that death actually ensued as the result of the act of the defendant on trial, in the absence of any conspiracy between the parties doing the shooting. The other authorities on homicide resulting from injuries by different persons acting independently are collated in a note to this case.

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A policy of insurance on the furniture of a house is held, in Dow vs. National Insurance company (R. I.), 67 L. R. A. 479, to be void in toto if a large part of the furniture has been purchased on the installment plan and is not paid for and the policy provides that it shall be void if the interest of the insured is other than unconditional and sole ownership.

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A statute requiring an insurer to fix the insurable value of the property insured and to state such value in the policy, the measure of damage in case of total loss to be the amount so fixed, and in case of partial loss such proportion of the amount upon which premiums are paid as the damage sustained is of the insurable value as fixed by the agent, and providing that the insurer shall be estopped to deny that the property insured was worth at the time of insuring the amount so fixed and that the agent soliciting the insurance shall be held to be the agent of the insured—is held, in Hartford Fire Insurance company vs. Redding (Fla.), 67 L. R. A, 518, to be valid.

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An agreement without consideration, giving an option to purchase real estate, is held, in Frank vs. Stratford-Handcock (Wyo.), 67 L. R. A. 571, to be revocable at any time before it is accepted; and a revocation is held to be effected by a sale and conveyance of the property to a stranger.

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Injury to a boy from a torpedo which he picks up near a railroad track is held, in Obertoni vs. Boston & M. railroad (Mass.), 67 L. R. A. 422, not to make the company liable merely upon evidence that a brakeman tossed it to a flagman, who threw it back, and upon the brakeman's failure to catch it, and letting it fall to the ground, no attempt was made to recover and remove it to a safe place.

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A fee in the first taker is held, in Brown vs. Brown (Iowa), 67 L. R. A. 629, not to be created by the rule in Shelley's case by a conveyance to one for her natural life with provisions for forfeiture in case of attempt to encumber, or nonpayment of taxes, "and at her death to her children or to their lineal descendants;" and it is held to be immaterial that, under the forfeiture clause, in case of compliance with the conditions the land was to pass to the lineal descendants of the life tenant.

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Change of the stated price in a telegram intended to notify a purchaser of the market price of mules, so as apparently to quote them at $10 a head less than their market price, which results in the sendee's directing the purchase of a certain number on his account, is held, in Hays vs. Western U. Teleg. Co. (S. C.), 67 L. R. A. 481, to render the telegraph company liable for the difference in the price paid and that stated in the telegram as delivered.

PLED BEFORE WOMAN'S PISTOL

How Mrs. Reader Put Stop to Impudence of Peruvian.

In her story of "Elia Rawls Reader, Financier," contributed in Everybody's, Juliet Wibor Tompkins tells the following incident of a struggle of Mrs. Reader's in Peru:

"After eight months of useless struggle she went to out Callao, which is about half an hour by rail from Lima, with her Peruvian lawyer, Scotch interpreter, and American engineer, and forced the manager to open the warehouses and let her make an inspection of the machinery. The manager had met her with his lawyers, and the hour for argument before she gained her point had been something of a strain. During the whole process a Peruvian on the Haggin side had been standing close to Mrs. Reader, his little, narrowed eyes staring with that deliberate insolence only Latins can accomplish. The company went out into the wareroom where the machinery lay and the difficult business of a hurried inspection went forward, but still the bullying stare never ceased. After about two hours of it, the fine edge of that hidden temper of her suddenly sprang up. She whirled on him with a blaze of words that needed no interpreter, and all at once his stare was being returned by a fierce little pistol held in a strong white hand and quite ready for business.

"The gentleman of Peru neither apologized nor retracted; he incontinently fled. And he was not the only one. Like shadows the men flitted out of the dusky warehouse, leaving the dangerous woman a clear field. When she looked about there was no one in sight but two Irish porters, and in their eyes were sympathetic twinkles, meeting which, Mrs. Reader could only sink down helpless with laughter and put up her pistol."

The Dentist and the Alligator.

Roy Farrell Greene, the president of the American Society of Curio Collectors, told at a dinner of dentists an appropriate story.

"A dentist," he said, "was once traveling in the East, and in the Ganges his boat overturned and he was obliged to strike out for the shore.

"As the dentist swam sturdily through the muddy water an enormous alligator suddenly rose up before him. The alligator opened its enormous jaws, and the next instant would have been the dentist's last, only—just in time—the man happened to notice the great reptile's sharp, white teeth, and an idea struck him.

"He drew a probe from his pocket, and, pressing it into the alligator's gums, he said:

"'Does this hurt you?'

"The alligator screamed with pain, and the dentist, amid its great agony, made good his escape."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Too Late to Sort Cats.

Jim Crocker lived in an old tumble-down house in a little town in Massachusetts. The cellar windows being broken out, an opportunity was afford to stray cats to run in and out, and sometimes there would be quite a congregation.

We lost our pet cat one evening, and thinking she might have joined the happy throng, we sent our man over to ask "Uncle Jim" if he would take a look and see if she was among the number. He was generally pretty good-natured, but this time he was out of sorts, for he said:

"Your cat may be there, or she may not be, but I ain't a-going to light up no lamp and go down in that cellar this time of night sorting out cats for nobody, so there."

To Point a Moral.

Almost everything he had
That should make a person glad
  Just to be alive; good friends,
  Health, position, all that lends
Happiness to most of us—
I should have been happy thus!
  Life he loved for its own sake.
  And he hoped to live to make
Others see his point of view,
And be optimistic, too.
  Then one day, a little worry,
  Caused his mind a minute's flurry;
He dismissed it—it returned
Every hour. And then he learned
  That it would not down unsolved.
As his daily task revolved
This small problem interfered,
With his work, and it appeared
  Each day larger than before.
  So it grew and more and more,
Colored all his speech and thought;
Other ideas shrunk to naught.
  Day and night this worry fed
  On his soul, unquieted,
Till its everlasting pain
Broke his heart and wrecked his brain.

When he killed himself, at last,
All who knew him were aghast
  Save the one who'd caused his worry,
  (And forgot it in a hurry;)
That one said: "Did you know, my dear,
I always did think he was—queer!"
—Cleveland Leader.

His Father Was Athlete.

Dr. Dudley of Abington, Mass., tells this story of his man David and his housekeeper, who had great confidence in all that David said and did:

One day David was in the barn, doing something which caused a visitor to say: "You're quite an athlete, aren't you?"

"Well, yes," replied David; whereupon the housekeeper, who stood near, said: "Why, I thought you told me you was Scotch."

"Well," said David, "my mother was Scotch, but my father was athlete."

FROM THE FORETHOUGHT NOTEBOOKS

The old fire insurance agent sat on the wagonmaker's sawhorse. He was a bright man but not the only jackknife in the show case. Some were better, some were worse; others were just like him. He had been jollying the mechanic's boy who was tinkering at the vise, and had got the laugh on the boy. A painter was working at the other side of the room and enjoying the fun.

The agent got up and went to the bench, picked up an apple and asked, "What is that?"

Before any one could answer, the boy jerked out, "An apple!"

The laugh was on the agent who was struck dumb. The painter said that the boy was worth saving. The father remarked that honey and salt saved him, as for many years the croup hung around the house like a bat in the night, and nothing helped until some one put them on to this God-given remedy.

"How did you use it?" asked the painter. The father replied, "Mix a half teaspoonful each of honey and salt for any kind of a croupy cough unless due to a bronchial cold that remains on all day and night. For the latter drink hot corn-meal gruel very thin with or without milk, but salted, and put honey on the chest as a warmer and tonic."—From Honey-Money Stories.

SPLENDID FIELD FOR ROMANCE

Sir Gilbert Parker Says There Is Room for American Novelists.

Sir Gilbert Parker, Canadian novelist and historian and since 1900 member of the English house of commons, sailed back to England Saturday on the Campania, according to the New York Herald. He had been on a two months' visit to Canada. The last six days he had spent in New York.

When seen on the Campania just before it sailed he was surrounded by friends and relatives who had come to see him off, but he found time to say a few pleasant things about the United States and its people. Of its wonderful potentialities in literature he spoke with enthusiasm.

"No country in the world," he said, "presents so wide and wonderful a field for the novelist and the romancer as the United States. You have a historical past of more than 300 years of exploration, adventure, episode and incident whereon to draw. You have a hundred great problems of national life to solve which present the most fascinating elements of romance. You have not only room for the great American novelist who has been expected for so many years, but for twenty great American novelists."

As to his own literary plans Sir Gilbert said that he was at present engaged upon a novel which will be published serially in Harper's Magazine next year. It will follow the lead of his most recent book, "A Ladder of Swords," in the fact that it will continue his deflection from Canadian soil as a field of fiction. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in Egypt and the time is some forty years ago—the period of Ismail Pasha, who is one of the characters

Would Surely Read It.

An Irishman was hurt while digging a trench and was taken to a hospital. The accounts of the accident, printed in the papers, pleased him greatly. A couple of days after he was hurt a nurse who enter his room found him sitting up in bed reading a newspaper and grinning.

"What's pleasing you so?" she asked.

"This here tale about me a-gittin' hurted," he replied. "It's foine to git in th' papers." A moment later he said: "Say, Miss, please take your scissors an' cut th' tale frum th' paper. Thin Oi'll git you to send th' paper to me brother Joe in Omaha."

"Why do you wish to cut the item out of the paper?" asked the puzzled nurse.

"Because," replied the Celtic patient, "ef it ain't there Joe'll git to wonderin' whot was there an' thin I know he'll not overlook readin' it."—Kansas City Times.

Mountain Sheep Prisoner in Glacier.

The entire carcass of a mountain sheep was found embedded in the ice of the Arapahoe glacier by a party of scientists from the university. No one can tell how long it had been there.

Very likely the animal was caught in one of the deep crevasses which extend into the glacier. The ice must have closed in around it soon, before there was time for putrefaction, and thus the sheep was placed in natural cold storage.

The slow movement of the ice in this glacier, as in all glaciers, brings everything eventually down to the terminal moraine. It was here that the carcass was found.—Boulder correspondence Denver Republican.

Shrewd Scheme of Poachers.

A very ingenious trick employed by English poachers is that of leaving an end of a candle burning in a saucer of water in the bedroom. This usually is so arranged that the candle will sputter out at about 10 o'clock, just as if it had been extinguished and the man retired for the night. This ruse is often employed by poachers, who discover that the keepers are watching the house for signs of the poacher leaving. In very many cases the gamekeeper does not discover that the candle could go out without any human agency.

ANIMAL BEQUESTS ARE COMMON

Wealthy People Leave Money for Maintenance of Pets.

A free bed for cats is maintained in an animal hospital in Philadelphia.

It is a large cage of polished nickel, with a porcelain floor that slides out for cleaning and with an outfit of porcelain feeding utensils, a pneumatic bed and an abundance of soft, clean blankets.

Standing beside this bed the hospital's superintendent said:

"It was bequeathed to us seven years ago by a rich old woman. The income of $1,000 is set apart for its maintenance. It does a deal of good.

"Bequests to animals," he went on, "become more and more common as the various S. P. C. A.'s increase in number.

"A San Francisco woman left the income of $5,000 to be expended in keeping the streets free from broken glass, tin cans and all such rubbish as might cut the feet of horses.

"There is a hospital for birds in New York, and I know a woman whose will, when she dies, will make it richer by $150 a year.

"A St. Louis millionaire left a good sum to be devoted to making easier the lives of aged and broken-down horses and mules.

"Animal bequests of this kind are wise. There is another kind of animal bequest, though, that is very foolish. This is the setting aside of extravagant sums for the luxurious maintenance, after the master's or mistress' death, of pet animals. Such bequests cause swindling. The person who has $200 or $300 a year to keep a cat or dog on is profiting largely, and, when the cat or dog dies, substitutes another for it in order that the income may not cease.

"I know of bequests of this foolish sort to cats, dogs, birds and even goldfish. In each case there was cheating. As the real pet died another that resembled it was substituted."

His Judgment Was Good.

Among the many good stories of humorous happenings in court told by Attorney Watson of Pittsburg is the following:

"A prominent attorney of Kansas City who was retained as counsel for the defense in a criminal case in the city named succeeded in getting his client out of a pretty bad situation by means of an alibi, which the attorney presented to the court in so novel a way that it was a little short of masterful.

"At the end of the trial the attorney was overwhelmed by congratulations from his colleagues of the legal fraternity, who spoke in the highest terms of admiration of his able work. To these felicitations there were added those of the learned judge himself, who observed:

"'A fine alibi, that, and mighty well put!'

"'Well,' modestly responded the lawyer, 'I myself think it was rather neat. Of those that were offered me it was by far the best.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Resigned.

She had been in her mistress' service exactly two weeks when she announced that on the following Saturday there would be a vacancy as lady's maid. Her mistress was puzzled. Their relations had been mutually satisfactory, at least to all outward appearances.

"Is there anything the matter with the place?" she demanded. "I thought I had been very easy on you."

"'Deed, ma'am, I ain't got no kick 'bout de wuk," was the earnest assurance. "You shore am a fine lady to wuk for."

"Do you want more money?"

"N-o-o, not exactly money."

"Well, what is the trouble?" exclaimed her mistress impatiently.

"Well, you see, ma'am, wherever I wukked befoh, de ladies, dey sent notes to gemmen frens, an' de gemmen frens, dey give me a dollah foh bringin' de note, an' den dere was the excitement. Yes'm, dat's de trouble. Dey ain't no excitement here. I got to go."

And she went.—New York Sun.

PLAN FOR LOCK CANAL IN PANAMA

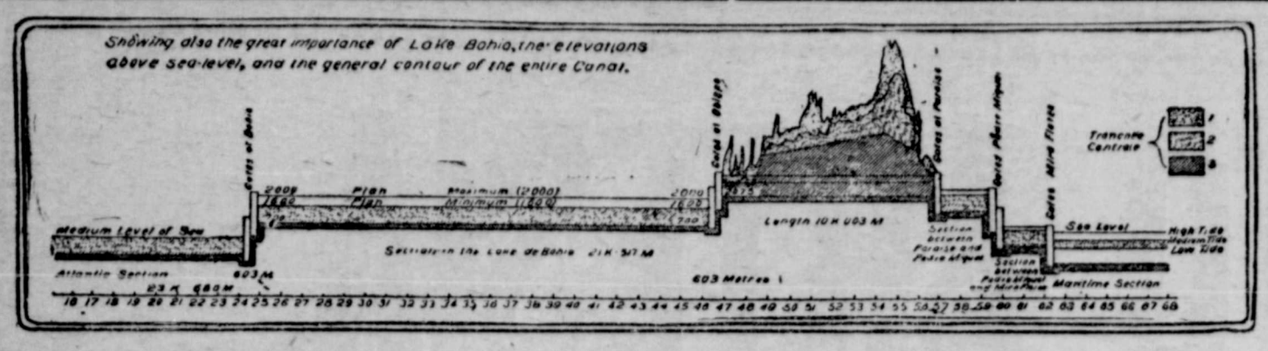

Diagram showing how some engineers proposed to construct the Panama canal. The different elevations are attained by a series of locks or gates. The commission reports in favor of grading to the sea level, making the canal an unbroken waterway.

CANAL MAY BE OF LOCK TYPE.

Commission Said to Be Opposed to Sea Level Proposition.

Authoritative announcement is made that the isthmian canal commission will recommend to the President that a lock canal be constructed across the isthmus of Panama.

This recommendation is opposed to that of a majority of the board of consulting engineers, which voted in favor of the sea level type, and will support the view expressed by a minority of the board. The commission will not prepare its report until it has had a chance to examine the reasons to be presented by the majority and minority of the board in advocacy of the type of canal they respectively recommend.

Gen. Davis, chairman of the board, said the report of the board will be presented within three weeks.

If the commission unanimously recommend a lock canal this will be in accordance with the inference which has been drawn from a statement made a few weeks ago from the White house that before the President would approve of a sea level type he would have to be convinced it was the best in respect of engineering, time and cost.

MARGHERITA TO VISIT AMERICA.

Dowager Queen of Italy Will Travel Incognita.

It is announced that the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy is going to America next year. She will travel

EX-QUEEN MARGHERITA

incognita and make a tour in an automobile from New York to San Francisco, whence she will take a steamer for Japan.

Dowager Queen Margherita has been suffering from unassuageable grief since the death of King Humbert, five years ago. The queen in her youth was considered the most beautiful princess in all Europe. She is the daughter of the late Prince Ferdinando of Savoy, duke of Genoa, and she was married to Humbert, then the prince of Piedmont, on April 22, 1868. During her reign she was idolized by the people of Italy.

The former queen knows French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, of course, and Latin thoroughly. She knows Greek well and is familiar with the literature of all ages.

The queen rises early and retires late. She manages with six hours' sleep and thrives on it. Her work of charities, patronage, organization and society keeps her constantly busy. She is not at all domestic. She likes driving and out-of-door life generally, but has not much opportunity for indulgence in these tastes. She likes Germany and the Germans and is a warm friend of William and his wife.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Hobby.

Mrs. Roosevelt has one well-developed hobby and that is the collecting of old china. Under her supervision one of the most valuable collections in this country has been placed on exhibition in the basement of the White House, and it is a proud day when she can add something of historic worth to the treasures. The exhibit is made up entirely of remnants of the dinner sets which formerly served the presidential families. It begins with some rare gold-trimmed plates and cups and saucers which were the pride of Martha Washington's heart and continues down to the era of Mrs. Ida Saxon McKinley.

GREAT LIBRARY FOR NEW YORK.

Building to Have Capacity for Millions of Volumes.

New York will soon have the greatest library building in the world. It will have capacity for 4,500,000 volumes, and its approximate cost will be $3,000,000. It occupies a frontage of two blocks facing on Fifth avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-second streets. Its site is that of the large city water reservoir on the east side of Bryant Park. When completed it will be known as "The New York Public Library—Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations." It will be a combination of the Astor and Lenox libraries, strengthened by the bequest of Mr. Tilden, which will give a total endowment of about $3,500,000. The work of construction has been going on since 1899, when the reservoir was removed and the foundation begun. The building, which is of marble, is 350 feet in length and 250 feet in width. The main reading room will have capacity for 800 readers and, in addition, there will be a general reading room open to the public, a children's reading room, a periodical room and a newspaper room.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Declined to Tutor Prince.

Emperor William wished Joachim, the famous violinist, to give the German crown prince lessons, but the music master declined the honor.

SAGE IS OLD-TIME FINANCIER.

Business the One Thing Wealthy Man Lives For.

Some Wall street men were commenting on the fact that Russell Sage had not been hit by the insurance investigation. One of the party said: "No; Sage is the old-time financier. He does not mix with the new school. He is living on the old plan. He is neither a great philanthropist nor a great grafter. He is simply Sage, the biggest money-lender in the world. There need hardly be any fear that Mr. Sage will unload any great bales of tainted money upon an ungrateful community for the founding of colleges whose chief aim will be the upbringing of youth to cry 'Great is Russell Sage!' Nor is there any great danger that Mr. Sage will spend his years this side of the eighty-ninth milestone in trying to form a giant trust for the cornering of the necessaries of life. Mr. Sage has made his fortune and he will hold on to it. He never outraged the world with a Standard Oil Company, neither has he set himself up as a great philanthropist."—Chicago Chronicle.

French Author Visiting America.

Julien Tiersot, the noted French author, has arrived in this country on a lecturing tour. He is librarian of the national conservatory in Paris and author of several works on music.

HEROIC DEEDS OF ENLISTED MEN

One of the Brightest Pages in the History of the Sixth United States Cavalry

In the War department in Washington is a letter written by Lieut.-Gen. Miles in praise of the deeds of five enlisted men. Gen. Miles' letter is written simply as becomes a soldier, but it is a pulse-stirring epistle. It is probable that nowhere else in authentic history can there be found an account of a battle won by a force of men when the odds against them were twenty-five to one. In no story which can be told concerning the people of the plains is there to be found a tale of greater heroism than that shown by a little contingent of enlisted men of the Sixth United States cavalry down near the Red river in Texas in the summer of the year 1874. The Sixth cavalry has had a fighting history, but this particular story shines bright in its pages.

The Comanches, the Cheyennes and the Kiowas were on the war path and were leaving a red trail all along the borders of western Kansas. General, then colonel, Nelson A. Miles was ordered to take the field against the savages. His expedition fitted out at Fort Dodge and then struck for the far frontier. The combined bands of Indians learned that the troops were on their trail and they fled south to the Red river of Texas hotly pursued by two troops of the Sixth cavalry, commanded by Capts. Biddle and Compton.

On the bluffs of the Tule river the allied braves made a stand. There were 600 warriors all told, and they were the finest of the mounted plains Indians. The meager forces of the Sixth under the leadership of their officers charged straight at the heart of a force that should have been overwhelming. The reds broke and fled "over the bluffs and through the deep precipitous canyons and out on to the staked plain of Texas."

It became imperatively necessary that couriers should be sent from the detachment of the sixth to Camp Supply in the Indian Territory. Reinforcements were needed and it was necessary as well to inform the troops at a distance that bands of hostiles had broken away from the main body and must be met and checked.

The whole country was swarming with Indians and the trip to Camp Supply was one that was deemed almost certain death for the couriers who would attempt to make the ride. The commanding officer of the forces in the field asked for volunteers, and Serg. Zacharias T. Woodall of "I" Troop stepped forward and said that he was ready to go. His example was followed by every man in the two troops, and that day cowardice hung its head.

The ranking captain chose Woodall, and then picked out four men to accompany him on the ride across the Indian infested wilderness. The five cavalrymen went northward under the starlight. At the dawn of the first day they pitched their dog tents in a little hollow and started to make the morning cup of coffee.

When full day was come they saw circling on the horizon a swarm of Cheyennes. The eye of the sergeant told him from the movements of the Indians that they knew of the presence of the troopers and that their circle formation was for the purpose of gradually closing in to the killing.

Serg. Woodall and his four men chose a place near their bivouac which offered some slight advantage for purposes of defense. There they waited with carbines advanced while the red cordon closed in its lines. The Cheyennes charged, and while charging sent a volley into the little prairie stronghold. Five carbines made answer, and five Cheyenne ponies carried their dead or wounded riders out of range, for in that day mounted Indians went into battle tied to their horses.

Behind the little rampart Serg. Woodall lay sorely wounded and one man was dying. Let the letter of Gen. Miles tell the rest of the story:

"From early morning to dark, outnumbered twenty-five to one, under an almost constant fire and at such short range that they sometimes used their pistols, retaining the last charge to prevent capture and torture, this little party of five defended their lives and the person of their dying comrade, without food and their only drink the rainwater that they collected in a pool, mingled with their own blood.

"There is no doubt that they killed more than double their number besides those that they wounded. The simple recital of the deeds of the five soldiers and the mention of the odds against which they fought, how the wounded defended the dying and the dying aided the wounded by exposure to fresh wounds after the power of action was gone—these alone present a scene of cool courage, heroism and self-sacrifice which duty as well as inclination prompt us to recognize, but which war cannot fitly honor."

When night came down over the Texas prairie the Cheyennes counted their dead and their wounded and then fled terror-stricken, overcome by the valor of five American soldiers.—E. B. C., in Chicago Post.

WHAT IS LOVE?

From "Down Country Lanes," by Byron Williams

"Pray, what is love?' scoffed the cynic, Hate.
"Nothing but heartache at Folly's fete;
Naught but a bubble by Fancy blown;
Chaos and torment by Passion sown!"

"Love," cried the lover, "is bliss divine;
Strained are life's joys for affection's wine!"
"Love is the light," quoth the maiden sweet,
"Bringing Arcadia to my feet!"

"Bah!" sneered the cynic, with taunting glee—
"Love is a rainbow; be off with thee!"
Kissing the curls of her baby boy,
Then spake the mother in trembling joy;
"Love is a worship of sacred zest,
Having its home in my throbbing breast!
Love is a chorus within my soul,
Guiding me safely from woe-strewn shoal!
Love is a spark of immortal fire,
Lifting my life to its great desire!
Love is my hope—take it not away,
Lest thou take all but the worthless clay!"
Holding her cherub, she passed along,
Crooning in gladness love's old, sweet song!

"Love," said the cynic, "is real and true;
God help the loveless, like me—or you!"

DOES NOT REPRESENT JAPAN

People Not With the Press in Denouncing Peace Treaty.

It is by no means representative of the nation, quoting the London Times' remark to the effect that Japan cannot be said to have as yet firmly established her position in the family of civilized nations, the Kokumin laments that the recent disgraceful events have already had the effect of making a journal of such world-wide influence as its British contemporary utter this distressing warning. It does not desire the protraction of the war and that it is alienably committed to the principles of civilization and humanity. It is only a coterie of notoriety-seekers who are shrieking themselves hoarse in order to gain cheap popularity. Such as they go even so far as to insinuate that the praise of the foreign papers means only ridicule; they are only deceiving themselves at the expense of the good name of their country. No, they cannot and do not represent the real sentiments and characteristics of the Japanese people. What the journal is afraid of most is that the unpleasant impression the infamous mob conspiracy has produced on the mind of the western people may not stop at being a mere matter of sentiment—it may lead to unfavorable economic consequences and the loss of national credit so painstakingly built. It would hence assure its foreign confreres that the present agitation is the result of intrigues of habitual mischief makers and the instigation of misguided journals.

Cowardly Coyote.

It is the usual run of things to find the coyote out on the plains far from the haunts of man. At sight of a man he flees and hides, never by any chance facing his enemy. The coyote has been dubbed king of cowards. It was a most unheard of occurrence, then, when, a short time ago, a coyote was found in the back yard of F. Bertin, in the heart of the business district of San Francisco. For some time Mr. Bertin had noticed his chickens were disappearing, and there had been some talk of a strange yellow dog that the Japanese settlement next door had seen slinking out of the yard, but such an idea as the yellow dog being a coyote never presented itself until the poor little coyote was found in a vat, where he had fallen trying to make his escape. He had broken his leg. The poor wild thing was treated kindly, however, and will probably be sold to the Chutes, the zoological garden of San Francisco. But the coyote in captivity has never been a success. He never loses his cowardice and such a thing as teaching him tricks is out of the question.

WRECKAGE IS THEIR PROPERTY

Systematic Looting on Western Coast of France.

When the British ship Umzumbi, a liner plying between England and South Africa, went on the rocks, off the western coast of France, a few weeks ago, her furnishings and cargo were looted by the inhabitants of the islands of Ushant and Bannec. Search was made on these islands for the stolen goods, but to no purpose. An inhabitant of Ushant explained the situation as follows: "When a ship is wrecked on these islands the robbers take what they can and bury it in the sand or hide it in some other way. They wait patiently till the hue and cry has ceased, and then go and unearth their barrels of wine, spirits and Madeira and the furniture they have stolen.

"Pillage of this kind is the principal resource of many of the islanders and the most bountiful harvest they could possibly reap. Not a wreck occurs on our coasts without these thieves hastening to the scene. Everything that they find is turned to some account, whether it be watches, money, furniture, or even sextants and chronometers. Since I came to live on the island I have seen ten wrecks stripped by these men and there are no police to stop them.

"Once a fortnight the police come with the mail packet and then you hear some shrill whistling, which is the islanders' method of telling one another to look out. The goods stolen from the Umzumbi will not see the light till three or four months hence. The refloating of that vessel aroused great indignation among these honest people, who considered that once she was on the rocks she belonged absolutely to them."

The Champion Butt-In.

President McCall of the New York Life Insurance company was testifying the other day before the legislative committee about the corporation's agency business.

"What is the chief qualification of a good agent?" he was asked.

"Well, a first class agent must be a man who is able to butt in."

Just at that moment one of the reporters who was watching the investigation felt some one touch his shoulder. Looking around, he saw a stranger with a glaring red mustache and pale blue eyes. This individual leaned forward and whispered:

"I'd like to talk to you a few minutes."

"What for?" inquired the reporter, irritated at being interrupted in the busiest hour of the morning.

"I want to sell you a policy in the —— Insurance company," confided the stranger, whereupon there was an abrupt ending of the interview.—New York Post.

COME TO ARTESIA,

The Pride of the Far-Famed Home of Apples and Alfalfa.

Where Crops Can Not Fail and Prosperity Repeats Itself Every Year.

OWN YOUR OWN LAND AND WATER AND BE INDEPENDENT. PAY NO RENTALS, WAIT ON NO ONE.

The Turknett well, two miles southeast of Artesia, one of the largest in the world, flowing 8,960 gallons per minute.

When Rain is Needed, Turn On The Well.

Farming is no longer a game of chance!

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also Reap.

A mound of sweet potatoes in the field of Jas. B. Roach, Artesia. Mr. Roach makes affidavit to growing fifteen thousand pounds per acre last year. The retail price in Artesia at that time was 3c per pound. Make your own calculation.

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A Violin

Music of shadow, blown from twilit lands,
Where never burns the fierce white light of day;
Where never laughter breaks their sadnesses;
Only a sapphire dusk and somber sky,
And wandering mourning winds that blow across
The everlasting sorrowing of the sea.
The sobbing cadences aspire and sink,
And in their gliding poignant beauty speaks
Anguish of all the ages. Shadowed forms,
Figures of tragedy, who lift pale hands and cry
Against the ruthless trampling of the years,
Keen from the strings, until the listening
Becomes a very rapier thrust of pain.
—F. O'Neill Gallagher.

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

BY J. C. PLUMTER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"A feckless country," murmured Mr. McDougall, mate of the British tramp steamer Triton as he looked disparagingly at the thickly wooded shores on either side of the river and then at the white abode town about a quarter of a mile above, "and na a Christian one either," he added.

There was reason for Mr. McDougall's disgust for the Triton had been swinging to her anchor in the little Central American harbor for five days with a prospect of so swinging for fifty days more. The motive power of the steamer was represented by Mr. Daniel Watts, at the time being both first and second engineer, for the second engineer had been left sick in hospital at Maracaibo, and Mr. Watts was not at his post. The Triton had entered the port for the purpose of making some repairs to her machinery and when Mr. Watts had accomplished this he went ashore. There he filled himself with the most villainous aguadiente and smote on the head a peaceable citizen, so that his life was endangered. Mr. Watts, in company with another law breaker and many fleas, now languished in the adobe calabozo and as no one aboard the steamer was capable of running the engine she lay at anchor.

"A veesitor," exclaimed McDougall to the Captain on the bridge. A boat had put out from the town and was bearing for the steamer, the man rowing presenting an odd spectacle as his huge sombrero bobbed in union with the motions of his body.

The boat came alongside and, flinging a line aboard, which Mr. McDougall listlessly fastened, the man climbed on the steamer with the agility of a monkey. He was a lithe fellow with a red sash about his waist and his unbuttoned calzoneros flapping his legs.

"Captain?" he said, interrogatively to McDougall.

The mate pointed out the officer on the bridge and slouched behind the man as he mounted the ladder.

"No ingineer," remarked the man to the captain.

It was well that his knowledge of English did not permit his grasping Captain Bennett's reply. Evidently he did not grasp it for he went on.

"In calabozo," he continued, "man he strike he die soon, you want him?"

"Want who?" growled the skipper.

"Ingineer?" replied the man.

"Of course I want him, the drunken swine, but what have you to do with it, you saffron colored lubber?" snapped Captain Bennett.

"Hundred dollar me get him," said the man, coolly rolling a cigarette. The captain stared at the unmoved native and so did McDougall, then all entered the cabin and the man unfolded his plan in broken English.

He alone knew of a weak spot in the calabozo where a jail delivery might be made and for the sum of

"What have you to do with it, you saffron colored lubber?"

one hundred dollars he would agree to deliver Mr. Watts to the captain at midnight at a spot just opposite where the steamer lay. A boat was to be ready and the vessel was to leave the port at once. As proof of his sincerity the man wanted no money until the engineer was safely in the boat.

The two officers conferred. At the worst they could be no losers and otherwise the steamer might lay for days in that stewing harbor. True, the abduction of a criminal was a fracture of international law but then it would be difficult to prove the steamer's complicity in the deed and the state was a small one, etc.

The agreement was accordingly made and the man departed. Mr. McDougall went up to the town and secured the papers for departure that day and the stokers were ordered to make up the fires.

The night came on dark and heavy. There was no moon and the stars had that subdued brilliancy of a hot night. Finally the hour came and a boat

A man, propelled by some fierce force behind, shot into the boat.

was quietly dropped from the davits the captain, mate and two seamen occupying it and a course was laid for the shore.

"Aw hope it's na a fool's errand we're on," said McDougall.

"Or a trap we're walking into," suggested the skipper, nervously.

"Mon, it's brekking the law we are," grumbled the mate, "wha's that?" A noise like a muffled groan came from the banks and the men stopped rowin.

"It's only some bloody frog," said the skipper wiping the sweat from his forehead, "everything that can make a noise seems to be shouting in this woods to-night."

A few more pulls and the low-lying branches of the chapparal brushed the skipper's head causing him to start.

Apart from the nocturnal concert there was no sound. The darkness was intense, the air clammy and tepid.

"He'll na be here," said McDougall. "Let's go back to the steamer."

Just then a low whistle sounded through the gloom.

"Captain," said a voice.

"Ay, ay," replied the skipper, in quavering accents.

"All reet, all reet," came in low tones from the chapparal, "wait a meenute."

A man, propelled by some fierce force behind, shot into the boat tumbling Mr. McDougall off the thwart.

The mate struggled in the bottom of the boat a moment and then called: "It's na heem, it's na heem. Dinna pay, Captain," then he arose to his knees and repeated, "it's na heem, this mon has a beard."

Another man came tumbling into the boat.

"Ingineer," announced a voice, "gib money, captain."

"It's me," exclaimed the unmistakable voice of Mr. Watts," make for the steamer, for God's sake, Captain, or they'll be after me."

The captain reached out the bag of money which was grasped by an unseen hand. A voice muttered "gracias," a pistol rang out and with a shout of "caramba," the boat was pushed from the banks.

"The alcalde 's after 'em," exclaimed the skipper, "pull your bloodiest, boys, for the steamer."

The men strained at the oars and even Mr. McDougall grasped an oar. The boat clove the water and speedily reached the Triton. It was quick work to secure the boat and then Mr. Watts dove into the engine room. When dawn flashed over the waters the Triton was on the Caribean sea and two officers were staring at a ruffianly looking Spaniard sitting on the deck.

"Eet's the mon who knocked me off the thwart," said McDougall, "who is he?"

Watts then came on deck and recoiled when he saw the man.

"It's Pedro," he exclaimed, gazing at the man as if he was a loathsome reptile, "he murdered two men and was to be executed to-day."

"Ye war in nice company, Mr. Watts," remarked Mr. McDougall.

"What shall we do with him?" asked the skipper.

"Aw hate to send a mon to his judgment wha's na got a certificate of the free kirk o' Scotland," said McDougall, "but aw whould dump him overboard, Captain."

The object of this drastic suggestion smiled benignantly on the mate, his white teeth gleaming through his black moustache, and rolled a cigarette.

"No," replied the skipper, "I've broken international law but that's as far as I'll go. We'll set this dago ashore in Cuba and then he'll either kill some more people and be hung or be a better man. The world 'll be benefited either way."

The Cuban Navy was sighted the steamer bore into the land and the uninvited guest was landed. He took his departure gracefully with a sweeping bow to the skipper, doubtless appreciating any sort of country as a good exchange for the gallows. After the boat had returned and the steamer was under way the captain remarked to the mate:

"I was thinking that this whole scheme of jail delivery was to get this fellow we've just put ashore free. If I'd held back I'd have gotten my engineer without spending a cent. That infernal dago has gotten his friend off, with all the blame on us for breaking into the jail and possibly a lot of international trouble ahead and he's a hundred dollars in.

"Aw've thought that ever since the nicht we took him off," said McDougall.

And the skipper, with no good reason, damned McDougall.

SHARE PROFITS OF THE FARMS

Depopulation of English Villages Prevented by This Means.

With a view to placing a check upon the depopulation of Kentish villages, which is reaching alarming proportions, several large land owners have decided upon a system of profit sharing with their agricultural laborers, hoping by this means to stimulate "Hodge" to take a greater interest in his employment.

The system of sharing farm profits large estate owner of Scotney Castle. Every year the hands are called together and each receives a share of was initiated by E. W. Hussey, a the profits made on the year's working of the farms. On the last occasion of the profit-sharing each man received $13.13, while a youth's share amounted to $8.75. In cases where several members of a family are engaged on a farm sums approaching $48.66 have been taken home.

The system has had such successful results that Mr. Hussey has received numerous inquiries asking for details as to the working of the scheme, with the consequence that other farmers in the county have expressed their intention of working on similar lines.

All the employes on Mr. Hussey's Lamberhurst estate now take such a keen interest in their work that they exhibit no inclination whatever to migrate to the towns. Lamberhurst, though a very small place, has long been looked upon as a model village, everything being done to encourage the inhabitants to remain within its boundaries. The wealthy residents in the neighborhood have established a number of up-to-date recreative institutions and the village is unaffected by the problem of the unemployed.

Just Holler Out "Amen!"

When trouble falls around you an' the sky is lookin' dim,
If you cannot feel like raisin' of a hallelujah hymn,
Just pull yourself together in the happy way—an' then,
When the other feller sings it, you jest holler out "Amen!"
It's hard to do, I reckon—with the mist around your eyes,
An' not a star a-shinin' in the midnight of the skies!
But—think, the light is somewhere on the hills of life—an' then,
When the other feller's singin', you jest holler out "Amen!"
Trouble jest can't stand it—that hallelujah song!
It ripples out a rainbow all the stormy way along!
You listen to the music—if you cannot sing—an' then,
Jest thank some brother fer the tune an' holler out "Amen!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Got Even With the Teller.

"You must be identified," said a paying teller of a Boston bank to Smith, the prominent colored caterer, who presented a check to be cashed. Smith at that time catered for the elite of Boston.

"Don't you know me?" asked Smith.

"No," responded the teller.

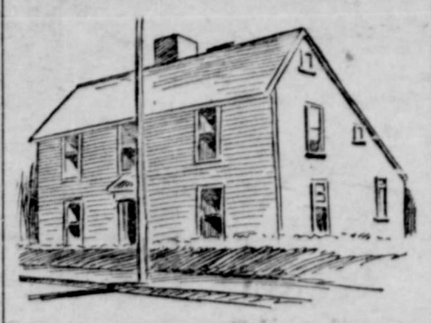
"Then you don't move in good society," replied Smith.

MODEST HOME OF JOHN ADAMS

Building Still Stands, in Charge of Quincy Historical Society.

Close by the house in which President John Adams first saw the light of day is the modest lean-to cottage where he went to live with Abigail, his wife, after their marriage in 1764, and where John Quincy Adams was born. The house is still standing in South Quincy at the corner of Independence avenue and Franklin street. The latter street was the old Plymouth highway in colonial days, so that the house was passed by those traveling to and from Boston.

At present this house is in the care of the Quincy historical society and is



John Quincy Adams House.

open to visitors. It contains many interesting articles owned by the Adams family and used during the period when the house was occupied by John and Abigail.

This house has a more than passing interest from the fact that it was there Abigail wrote the famous letters to her husband while the latter was attending the continental congress in Philadelphia. Alone with her son, John Quincy Adams, she passed many lonely days and nights waiting for the return of the husband and father and the close of the war that was to mean so much to them.

As related in her letters, the house was besieged with weary soldiers every day on their way to Boston. As she wrote to her husband: "My house is in confusion; soldiers coming in for lodging, for breakfast, for supper, for drink. Sometimes refugees from Boston, tired and fatigued, seek an asylum for a day, a night, a week."

This old house, like all buildings erected in its day, is provided with ample fireplaces, but even those glowing hearths were not sufficient to keep the place warm during the terribly cold winter of 1775-1776, when Mr. Adams was away, and Abigail, writing to him, often had to stop in her correspondence because the ink had frozen and her fingers were numb with the cold

And yet, despite the difficulties under which she lived, it was in this house that Abigail Adams wrote at this time to her husband: "Let us separate from the king's party. Let us renounce them, and instead of supplication, as formerly, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices."

Salutes and Corsets.

Among the odd official decisions published in Berlin is that of the Prussian railway administration on a point of etiquette advanced by a station master on the lower Rhine, who asked for a ruling as to whether the young women subordinates in his office should not recognize him first on the street, instead of waiting to be saluted, according to the prevailing custom. The government directed the station master to salute first.

The principal of the girls' high school at Searbruck inquired of the provincial government if she was authorized to forbid young women to wear corsets during gymnastic exercises. The government authorized their rigid prohibition.—New York Tribune.

Sermons From Saddle.

At Berksmere church in England is preserved this stool, made for a fox hunting parson, who found himself unable to preach unless astride a saddle, consequently he had this curiosity made, and when seated thereon, would deliver most eloquent sermons!

Variation in Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are overland the speed of transmission is at the rate of about 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea the speed is not more than 6,020 miles a second.

MAKES LIVING SHOOTING RATS

Hotels Among the Customers of a Man With an Air Rifle.

There is a rat catcher who visits Baltimore periodically to rid hotels, among other places, of the rodent pests. Among the hotels he has two regular customers and his advent is always the signal for the pleasures of the chase in a small way.

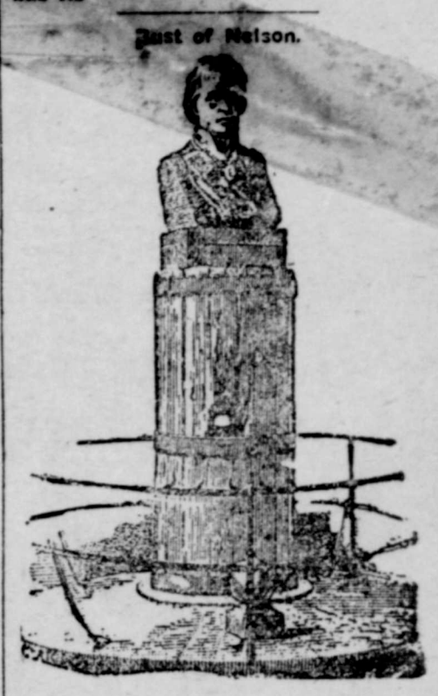
He has no method of charming rats, but goes after them just as any hunter in the big woods would stalk his game. He does not sit down in front of a rat hole and tease the rodents forth with the sweet strains on a tin flute. Instead he carries a small air rifle, and it does the work.

He makes straight for the basement, kitchen, baggage room and open plumbing, where rat holes will be found if they are anywhere. Having located his rat hole, which he seems to accomplish almost by instinct, he listens at the opening until his keen ear detects a scratching or a squeak.

He unerringly locates his quarry by this sound, inserts his rifle at just the right angle and fires. If he misses—but what's the use—he dosen't Then with a long, hooked wire, he probes into the hole and draws his victim out.

Now and then he strikes a nest of young. In such cases it is usually an easy matter to hook nest and all and drag the pests from their palatial residence. His is a peculiar calling, but has its uses.—Baltimore News.

Bust of Nelson.



In the Grand Chamber of Windsor castle. The bust is mounted on a portion of the foremast of Nelson's flagship the Victory, through which a cannon ball passed at the battle of Trafalgar.

Bath in Bubbles.

"To take a bath at Tiflis, in Russian Caucasia, is to court a never-to-be-forgotten experience," says one who knows. "The masseur who presides over the toilet of his patrons is a weird looking figure; his head is shaved, a rag is twisted round his waist, and his feet are dyed a beautiful red. You are seized by this individual, rubbed, pushed face downward on a marble slab, find his feet in your spine and his hands upon your shoulders. Then he grinds his feet up and down your back; they are round your neck, on your head—everywhere! Then he vaults lightly off, and in a moment from a linen bag filled with soap, he has squeezed clouds of perfumed bubbles, and you are hidden in them from head to foot as completely as if you had fallen into a snowdrift. You are not absolutely bruised, but you are clean."

Rice at Weddings.

The Chinese have a curious legend as to how the custom of throwing rice at weddings originated. A famous sorcerer named Chao became jealous of the power of another sorcerer, a woman, and, conceiving a plan to destroy her, he persuaded her parents to bestow her upon his supposed son. The crafty Choa chose the most unlucky day for the wedding, the day when the "Golden Pheasant" was in the ascendant, so that when the bride entered the red chair the spirit bird would destroy her with his powerful beak. But Peach Blossom gave directions to have rice thrown out at the door, and she passed out unharmed while the spirit bird was devouring it.

Divinity.

Symbol often used in Japanese art to express divinity.

Scripture for New Yorkers.

In order that the people of New York "may not forget the Lord" a man who had his name withheld has had a verse of Scripture painted on a billboard in full sign of Brooklyn bridge passengers.

PROPERTY
TO BE
SACRIFICED.

The Greatest Bargains Ever Offered in the Pecos Valley.

MY HOME and 300 Acres of Patented Land to be closed out at half its present market value. For private reasons, I have decided to sell everything I have and in order to do so quickly, I will take one-half the money that some of my neighbors are selling for.

Property Within Two Blocks of Main Street on a Basis of $100 Per Acre for the Entire Tract or will Sub-divide to Suit the Purchasers.

One Large Artesian Well Flowing 5000 gallons per minute, Two Small Artesian Wells and one Large Spring.

My Home with its magnificent groves of shade trees, flowers, vines and shrubs.

6 acres of Apples that paid me last year .....$200 per acre.....

Also a three-acre orchard of 2-year-old apple trees under a small artesian well. An abundance of rose and other cuttings now ready to sell, as well as thousands of cottonwood switches.

Two good houses, barns, etc. The place can be divided into several fine farms and homes, with plenty of water for each.

The Purchasers Cannot Fail to Make Money on this Proposition.

I do not care for all the money down. Will makes terms to suit. I must close out. My move is your gain if you want a home in the Pecos Valley and a farm that will bring in a revenue from date of purchase.

Investigate this carefully. It is one of those opportunities to make money quickly that do not come often in life.

Mrs. Sallie Robert,

ARTESIA, - - - NEW MEXICO.

READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR

Unto the Desired Haven.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west;
What reck I how the tides may flow,
Since ebb or flood alike, is best?
No summer calm, nor winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I steadfast toward the haven sail
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why.
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measured not the loss and fret
Which through those years of doubt I bore;
I keep the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships gone down on summer day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand, I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest,
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As still I toward the heaven sail
That lies, I know, not far away.
—A. D. F. Randolph.

Christ's Need of Us.

"Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—I. Cor. 6:19-20.

That we need the Lord Jesus Christ is a religious axiom that no Christian will dispute. But it is equally true that, in order to the fulfilment of his glorious scheme of the world's redemption, he needs all of us who profess to be his people. Jesus Christ is our Proprietor; all that we pretend to own is only a lease from him and to be used, not for self, but in his service. We do not even own ourselves in "fee simple." We are bought with the price of Christ's precious atoning blood; therefore, are to glorify him with our bodies and our souls, our time, our money, and our influence.

There is a side light thrown upon this important truth by the little incident that occurred before our Lord's remarkable entry into Jerusalem. He sends two of his disciples into the village of Bethphage with certain explicit instructions: "Go your way into the village over against you; in the which, as ye enter, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him." Their omniscient Master predicts not only just where the beast will be found, but that they will be asked: "Why do ye loose the colt?" The sufficient answer was to be, "The Lord hath need of him." That was the claim which they were to present. He had supreme ownership. The Father had given all things into his hands. He owned the sea, and commanded it to be quiet at his bidding; he put even the fish in the sea under tribute when he told Peter to go and get one with a half-shekel in its mouth. He owned the trees, and smote a fig tree with perpetual barrenness when it was playing imposter. He owned the temple and scourged out the sacrilegious hucksters who were turning it into a house of merchandise. The ass's colt was really Christ's property; he required it for his own use, and was only asserting his sovereign claim when he said that he "had need" of it.

Jesus describes himself under the figure of a shepherd coming to seek and to save the wandering sheep. That poor, forlorn vagrants needed the shepherd's restoring love, and needed to be brought back and fed and sheltered, is very true. It is equally true that the divine Shepherd hath need of his flock; his infinite heart of love could only be satisfied by their recovery. A sick child requires a mother's care, but still more does the mother's heart require the darling of her love. If heaven would not be heaven to us, were Jesus not there, neither would it be such a heaven as Jesus desires if a multitude of redeemed souls were not there also to chant his praise. Reverently be it said that the glorified Redeemer needs us in his many mansions; or else he could not "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." That was the joy set before him, for which he endured the cross and bore all its shame and agonies.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us, and has a perfect right to put us where he chooses, and to demand of us just the brightest sons and daughters of our families. The best brains and highest culture are none too good for his service. How much of my time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.—Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D. D.

Taking His Right Place.

Here is a story that vividly shows where a church member ranks himself who does not abstain. In a town in England, a public discussion took place on the question.

"Is total abstinence scriptural?" the conditions being that the audience should not be one packed either by the temperance or liquor people. So an equal number of blue and yellow tickets were printed, with the understanding that only bona fide pledged abstainers were entitled to a blue ticket, all non-abstainers to find place with a yellow ticket. Four hundred of each were printed and placed respectively with a representative of the temperance committee and a representative of the liquor dealers' association. Many so-called temperance friends were eager for tickets to attend the discussion. "Are you a pledged abstainer?" was asked of one of the officials of a church. "No," was the calm reply; "I suppose I must call myself a moderate drinker, but all the same I am a great supporter of temperance." "You will have to apply to the liquor man for a ticket." "I shall do nothing of the kind," he said, warmly. "If I cannot be with my own friends—for, of course with a yellow ticket I should have, I presume, a seat with the brewers and saloon men—I will not come at all."

"Excuse me," said the temperance representative, "but as a just man you would not like to sail under false colors. You—however moderately you drink—support the trade, and the yellow tickets are the tickets of the supporters. As representatives of total abstinence, all who occupy the side of the hall devoted to the blue ticket-holders must be pledged abstainers." "Then I will sign the pledge and take my right place," was the prompt reply, and several other church members signed the pledge in time to secure the blue tickets, but it still left several prominent people taking their seats on the eventful night amongst the saloon men and their friends.—Christian Herald.

A Life of Service.

A Christian life is one in which we perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. We must be holy in spirit and conduct. In Jesus we see the picture of the character we must achieve. We want to be like that—simple, true, pure in thought and word and deed. This is what we are to live for, to strive after, that we may put on his loveliness, sweetness, greatness; that we may be found in him having the righteousness of God. A life of service—this is the Christlike life. Many lives are purely selfish. Some men give nothing; they consume everything—everything except their own smoke. Ah, they cannot consume that. If the world is no richer for us—for our wealth, our activity, our words, our sympathy—it is all the poorer for our presence; it gets our smoke, we dim it, darken it, soil it. But every true life, like that of Christ, is a life of loving service; living truly, we live to bless all about us. We are like a dawn filling the sky with cheerful light; like a river, making everything to live wherever it flows; like a tree, stooping with the weight of mellowed blessing; like a rose, sowing the air with sweetness; like a bird, filling field and forest with music. Here, then, is the full, clear brilliant picture of what life ought to be—we see it all in clear lines and heavenly colors in him who set us an example that we might follow in his steps.

"I have set the Lord always before me." This is the secret. Not that we may slavishly, technically, imitate this or other act of his as recorded by the evangelists, but that we so drink in his spirit that, however original our circumstances may be, our temper and conduct may have in them the greatness and beauty of the divine life, and freely reproduce that life.—Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

The Occasion of Good.

The souls that would really be richer in duty in some new position, are precisely those who borrow no excuses from the old one; who ever esteem it full of privileges, plenteous in occasions of good, frequent in divine appeals, which they chide their graceless and unloving temper for not heeding more. Wretched and barren is the discontent that quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill; and, by criticising Providence, manages to keep up complacency with itself. How gentle should we be, if we were not provoked; how pious, if we were not busy; the sick would be patient, only he is not in health; the obscure would do great things, only he is not conspicuous!—J. Martineau.

Let Us Be Watchful.

If, on hearing of the fall of a brother, however differing or severel from us, we feel the least inclination to linger over it, instead of hiding it in grief and shame, or veiling it in the love which covereth a multitude of sins; if, in seeing a joy, or a grace, or an effective service given to others, we do not rejoice, but feel depressed, let us be very watchful; the most diabolical of passions may mask itself as humility, or zeal for the glory of God.—Elisabeth Charles.

FOR YOUNG READERS

Watching for Fairies.

Some nights I try to keep awake
To see how fairies really look.
(You have to watch so sharp and still—
So says my mamma's fairy book!)

I squint my eyes a tiny ways
And then I see them, one by one,
Come trooping in from fairyland
With funny little hop and run.

They nod and whisper to themselves—
They scamper off across the floor
As if they'd never, never seen
A little boy like me before!

But if you ask me how they look
Somehow I can not seem to tell,
For pretty soon they've slipped away,
And then—I hear the breakfast bell!
—Lippincott's.

THE NIGHT OF THE DARK MOON.

An Indian Legend.

By Eugene O. Mayfield (Rex M.).

Away to the far Northwest, sitting alone in her tepee, old Ma-wa-nee shivered.

The wind came hurrying along, clattering the reach-poles overhead, on which were stretched half-tanned coats from wild animals. Playfully the flap at the opening was raised and lowered, as if by unseen hands.

"I am old, and my blood runs slowly," said Ma-wa-nee. "I wonder how many winters more."

Again the wind shrieked and the flap was raised, this time not by the breeze, for in crept a score of little Indian boys and girls who had come to hear old Ma-wa-nee tell stories.

"Tell us the story of the bears and the Dark Moon," said one, and all the rest clapped their wee red hands in approval. To them the story was ever

Both Were Mischevious.

new, although told by old Ma-wa-nee many times before, and this is the story she related:

"Many, many moons ago, when I was a little girl, there lived on the banks of the Platte a mother bear and her two children, Spike and Spangle. Both little bears were mischievous, but Spike more so than his sister. The mother bear, when the cubs were two years old, sent them to school, where they were taught many things,—just like you children are over at the agency.

"One day Spike persuaded Spangle to play truant, and hide in the green woods until time to go home. All through the hours of school they rambled up and down the Platte, climbed trees, that grew on either side of the canon, and enjoyed themselves.

"Having escaped school so easily one day, Spike proposed to Spangle next morning that they try it again, and they did. On this day they arranged to go farther up the canon and visit another little bear, who didn't go to school. So, following along, like Indians do, the two cubs trotted over a well-beaten path, and were laughing and talking about how they had fooled their mother, when all at once, without a moment's warning, Spike disappeared, and Spangle, hurrying up to see where he had gone, soon followed.

"They had fallen into a bear-pit. No sooner did they land at the bottom than they began to growl and make all the noise possible, hoping to attract attention from some neighbor bear, who might be passing, and who would help them out before the red man came. That it was a bear-pit they had fallen into, they had no doubt, for they had often heard their mother talk about her experience with one; but she didn't fall in, for she caught herself just in time. But growl and make all the noise they could, no one came to take them out, and when night came Spangle cried herself to sleep.

"At last it began to get gray in the east and Spike awoke his sister and told her they must try again to get out, or the red man would be there at sun-peep, and get them, sure,—for red men, even bears know, go to their traps and pits very early.

"Suddenly a shadow appeared at the mouth of the pit, and a red face looked down. It was my grandfather, into whose pit the little bears had fallen. He was much pleased when he saw the cubs and ran off to the village to get help to get them out. Finally, when drawn up, both little bears were so frightened they could not say a word—not even growl.

"My grandfather took the cubs to the village and tied them to a tree.

"At first it was intended to kill the cubs for food, but they were saved, because my grandfather heard them talking, one day, and learned from them,—he could understand bear talk, you know,—that they had started to school and fallen into the bear-pit, while playing truant.

"My grandfather was a good man—a great chief—and he told the cubs if they would promise never to run away from school again he would let them go home. They both promised, and to make it more binding Spike crossed his breast with his paw. Soon thereafter they were both scampering home as fast as their legs would carry them.

"That night, before the little bears cuddled down to sleep, their mother told them of a great Dark Moon that was to come soon; an eclipse, the palefaces call it, and warned them, in case she were away, on a certain night, not to leave the den, or they might get lost, and perhaps fall into another bear-pit. The cubs were allowed to go about, not too far from the den, when the moon shone, but never on dark nights.

"Early next morning both Spike and Spangle were awake, and when time came, trotted off to school. On the way home that afternoon Spike asked his sister if she wouldn't like to see all kinds of animals, who were to gather at a certain point on a certain night, and watch for the Dark Moon, their mother had told them about.

"'Of course I would,' replied Spangle, 'but mother will not let us go, will she?'

"'Not if she knows it,' replied Spike, 'but maybe we can get away, somehow.'

"The day of the Dark Moon the little bears' mother told them she was going up the canon, a long ways, and would not be back until midnight, but for them not to worry about her. She also again told them of the Dark Moon, and warned them to remain inside the den when night came.

"The long day passed and just at night-fall a little playmate bear scratched at the door. He was on his way up the canon, he said, and asked Spike and Spangle to go with him."

"Did Spike and Spangle go?" asked all the little red children, in chorus, just as they had asked the same question many times before.

"Yes, they went," replied old Ma-wa-nee. "If they hadn't my story would end here." Then she resumed:

"The moon came out bright before they had gone very far, and as the little bears passed along they took careful notice of the surroundings, so they could find their way home; just as red men do, and at last they came to the forks of the stream they had been following. They were not the first there, however, by any means, for many, many animals were there before them: and owls, crows and eagles, hawks, and all kinds of birds that live along the Platte and its tributaries. Just how many wild ani-

All night in the woods.

mals were there I do not know, but I have heard it said among them were bears, wolves, foxes, mountain lions, badgers, elks, coons and deer, all drawn together, like one great family, with no idea of harming each other. The coming Dark Moon had brought them; the first to appear during their existence.

"'This Dark Moon is to last all night, I hear,' said a coon.

"'Yes,' replied a mountain lion.

"Spike and Spangle, and the little neighbor bear, were among the last to leave, and, so it happened, no one went their way. Off to the right they knew lay their home, and with Spike in the lead they were soon trotting along, up one hill and down another, now scaling a canon, by the aid of scrub pines, to which they clung, and occasionally tumbling head-long, they made their way, until splash! they fell into the Platte.

"They had lost their bearings. Little Spangle growled and whined, as girl bears do, but Spike and the neighbor bear cheered her up, and assured her they would soon find the way out.

"But they didn't find their way, and all night wandered in the woods, and climbed more hills. Then came the sun-peep, but they were many miles from home. It was almost noon when they reached the end of their journey.

"The mother bear had been out hunting them and when she was told of the visit to the view-cliff, up the canon, she was angry, and growled a great deal. And she did more, too. She took all three little cubs into the den and closed the door. One at a time she placed them across her knee and oh! how she spanked. Nor did she forget to spank the little neighbor bear."

This ended the story of old Ma-wa-nee, and the little red children crept out of the tepee and were gone.

Outside the north wind scurried along, clattering the reach-poles overhead; the great snow-clouds had piled higher, and old Ma-wa-nee shivered.

Passepartout Frames.

Passepartout tape comes in small rolls, twelve yards long and nearly an inch wide in all the different colors. It is glued on one side all ready for use. When you have selected your picture (which may be put in a mat or not as desired) cut the glass the same size but be careful not to

have the edge uneven. Then cut a piece of cardboard the same size as the glass.

Now when you have these cut you are ready to put the tape on, stand the three up evenly, cut your tape the size of the top of the glass, fold it in half, wet it, and paste it so that the fold in the tape will come snugly in the edge of the glass. Do the same on the bottom, and on the sides, only when doing the sides, do not paste all across, so that when you come to the end of it, instead of gluing, cut it bias so that it will form an angle. When you use a mat, paste the picture on it first and cut the glass as large as the mat and paste the tape on just the same.

Great care must be taken in using the different tapes to have the colors blend well with the picture. If you wish to frame the picture of an Indian's head in red and it did not match the red in the picture, it would be better to use a dark green or black.

An Odd Race.

In Canada boys have barrel races, and they are great fun.

These races are on ice.

Ordinary barrels, with their heads removed, are placed at regular intervals along the racecourse for about a quarter of a mile.

Then, at a given signal, all the boys skate for the first barrel. Many reach it together and, as each skater must pass through all the barrels in order to win, there is quite a scramble for first turn.

Sometimes a barrel wheels completely around while a boy is working his way through it, and when he comes out, he is so confused that he skates off in the wrong direction. Usually the laugh of the spectators makes him realize his blunder, and he quickly turns about and tries to make up for lost time. It is quite an exciting sport and an amusing one also for the spectators, as the boys and barrels bob about in the most ludicrous fashion.

Red, White and Blue.

It is a curious fact that these three colors are in the flags of all progressive nations, with the single exception of Germany. In Britain's flag the red predominates, but the colors of the union, in the upper left-hand corner of the flag, are blue and white. France's three upright stripes are red, white and blue, and the Japanese adopted a white standard with spiral red lines converging toward a blue sphere, immediately after they conquered the Chinese.

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.

TAX ASSESSOR.

Friends of Hurbert 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.

TREASURER AND COLLECTOR.

W. J. Barber, is hereby announced as a candidate for Treasurer and Ex-Officio Collector of Eddy County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Wm. H. Merchant for the office of Collector and Treasurer of Eddy County, subject to the action of the democratic party, at the coming primary election.

SHERIFF.

J. D. Christopher is hereby announced as a candidate for sheriff of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

To the Voters of Eddy County:

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Eddy county N. M., subject to action of Democratic party.

M. C. Stewart.

COMMISSIONER.

George P. Cleveland, of Artesia, is hereby announced as a candidate for commissioner of the county of Eddy, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

In Danger of Excommunication.

The editor of the Carlsbad Current was struck with a sudden fit of liberality the other day, that may mean his ultimate undoing. He is tongue and utterance for inner circles of the Eddy county Sanhedrim at Carlsbad composed chiefly of our present county officials and it is seldom that the doughty editor forgets the fealty that is demanded by the powers that be—and wants to be again. In his paper of Saturday appeared an article that borders upon rank heresy and it has aroused considerable feeling in the ranks of those who lay claim to the public teat by right of discovery many years ago and continuous possession ever since. The treasonable item had a really virtuous look upon its face. It read:

DEMOCRATIC nominees should be selected on account of their qualifications, and not for mere geographical reasons.

Have Moved to Artesia.

Messrs. R. E. Mortimer and Geo. W. Peck, of Tonkawa, Oklahoma, who recently purchased 320 acres of land a mile northeast of town, arrived Thursday with two car loads of household goods, stock and implements and will go to work immediately. They are progressive gentlemen and we are glad to see them come our way.

New York dentists at the office of Drs. Baker & Stoker until Feb. 17th.

Will We Vote Bonds.

As will be seen by published proceedings elsewhere in this issue, the Board of Town Trustees has made a proposition to the Artesia Water Power and Light Company for the purchase of its present system, with the idea that Artesia shall have municipal control of its water supply, and inhabitants to get the benefit of cheap water.

The offer of the trustees depends entirely upon two things—the vote of the taxpayers, and to whether or not the present owners of the water rights will deed the same back to the city. There is a splednid reason why the right owners should do this. Their rights are practically valueless without some one or someone's money to back them up. No system can be maintained with money that is spent, no more than a mill can run with water that has gone by. In this case the money paid for water rights has gone into mains and pipes and there is nothing left for maintenance. Some one must get hold of the plant that can maintain it, or else the individual holders will have to put up money for the purpose. The city offers to buy the plant and furnish all alike with water at actual cost of maintenance The question is, will the right-owners see the point and let them do so. Every man must settle the question for himself. The town would issue bonds sufficient for the purpose of putting in a system for domestic use and fire protection and make it first class in every respect. The present company says it is not able to do so. With the present number of water users, the town can furnish water at one dollar per hydrant (at present it is $1.50) and derive enough revenue to pay expenses and interest on bonds. As the town grows and water users increase, the revenue would increase and the cost would be reduced. It is calculated that, with our free power and free reservoir, water can finally be furnished for 25 cents per hydrant, or $3 per year. In addition to this, the city has free fire protection—no municipal tax to buy that, as well as park purposes. Insurance rates are necessarily decreased. There is no tax on the people for the bonds. Sale of water pays that.

The question resolves itself to this: Will the owners surrender a water right of questionable value, and pay a minimum price for a first class system, with free fire protection and a reduced rate of insurance. The amount supposed to be lost in deeding back the water right will be more than paid back by the amount saved on taxes for fire protection—which the city will otherwise be compelled to levy. It is undoubtedly cheapest and best to do this. The writer has a deeded water right and he will be glad to deed it to the city in exchange for good service at a minimum price, and to escape a greater taxation for fire protection and park purposes.

The question will come before the people in a short while, and every man in the town should give it close thought.

About "Those" 'Lasses.

A little incident in valley journalism has just been rounded out that causes THE TRIBUNE deep regret. For these many years have we looked upon Gayle Talbot as a model of varacity, and the other week when he told in his Artesia Advocate that J. A. Rawls had netted $90.60 per acre on his sorghum crop, we took it as gospel truth and a bonanza to push with, and told it not only in our own paper but in several that have not yet gotten on to the boom stuff we sent out. Now comes Silas May of the Tucumcari News, and proceeds to throw an unholy doubt upon the whole tale, not that the yield was not there, but as to the returns. If it wasn't for the fact that May tells about a fellow near his place that grew a thousand pounds of beans to the acre, we would have crossed Talbot off the truthful list forthwith, but we are now left in a cloud as to which or both to be unhorsed. Procedure in the case will be governed by future developments.—Roswell Tribune.

Et tu, Robinson? We were not surprised that an alien from beyond the mountains should dispute the possibility of anything from the Pecos valley, but that you, who have been up against the local grocer on many a bloody first, should question the fact that molasses sells at a paltry 60 cents per, is beyond our ken. Editor Mays' claim that the precious stuff can be bought anywhere for thirty cents is absolutely startling to the consumer in this neck of the woods. Thirty cents! Ye gods, what is there in the Pecos valley that thirty cents will buy? Nothing, absolutely nothing. It's no money at all. The editor of the Advocate has been accused of many things in life, but never before has any one suggested that we could exaggerate on the price charged for edibles in the Pecos valley, and especially treacle. Talbot is an authority on the stuff. From those happy days of infancy, when he could crawl about the kitchen floor, dressed in cotton flannel clouts, and stick his finger in the mouth of a jug, he has had an abiding love for "long sweetning." He takes it on everything from cracklin' bread to Christmas cakes, and it is hardly possible that he should be a stranger to the price of same. We stand to the original proposition. The crop of molasses sold for sixty cents per gallon—and we have bills payable to prove it. The skeptical editors will say it is worth the money if they invest the price of a gallon. We grow nothing but the best. Pecos valley dirt is too rich to grow the thirty-cent product referred to by the gentleman from Tucumcari.

For Sale.

A number of fine Poland China gilts, seven months old, of the Black U. S. Stock, weighing from 150 to 175 lbs. They are beauties.

Nothing in the Pecos valley will compare with hogs as a money maker. From an investment of $9 in Sept. 1904 and $6 in March 1905, taking what I have killed for family use, what I have sold and those now on hand, at conservative prices, I have made over $300 at a small cost.

You can do the same. Come and see them and you cannot but be pleased.

At residence at west end of Main street, Artesia, N. M.

R. W. Terrill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Leffingwell, of Foss, Oklahoma, are visiting Mr. Leffingwell's sister, Mrs. Hugh Alison on the ranch west of town.

Methodist Church.

Subject for the morning sermon, "The Beatitudes." We expect a full attendance at Sunday School this Sunday. Don't forget to come to the Senior League. The Junior League will hold special exercises at 7 p. m. We give a cordial invitation to all to attend our church.

J. H. Messer, Pastor.

MADRI GRAS CARNIVAL

For above occasion tickets will be on sale Feb. 21 to 26 inclusive, with final limit for return March 11, 1906, at rate of $34.65 via Amarillo and $36.55 via Pecos.

C. O. Brown, Agt.

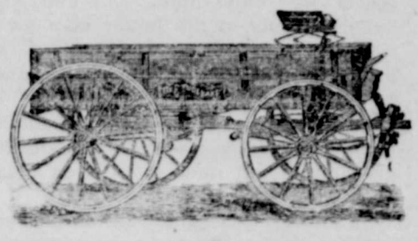
Millinery.

Miss Iva Northcutt will move her millinery business from Dayton to Artesia and will open about March the first with a full line of spring and summer millinery, and will want an experienced dress maker and trimmer. Any one with good reccommendation may address her at Dayton, N. M. She will be located in the Fenton building, Second street.

A Stoped Clock is Right

Twice a day. You will be right all the time when you buy Kingman Farm Implements and Studebaker Wagons and Buggies from us. There is a reason "why" or it would be useless for us to make this statement.

We have three cars of implements, wagons, buggies and harvesting machines on the road. We will begin to receive this shipments very soon. We bought implements cheaper this season than ever before—in spite of advanced prices on all iron and steel goods. As we are some what late in getting



our shipments started. We are going to sell Plows, Planters, Harrors, etc., CHEAPER than they have ever been sold in the Valley. We make this statement with a determination to do so and all we are going to guarantee the working qualities of our machine, to do work better and quicker than any other implement made. This much we have already proven with our disc plows and walking plows.

How Good and How Cheap

will do the business. Its dollars to investigate and buy the best and buy it cheap.

Hoffman Hardware Co.

While we endeavor to adopt the most desirable methods of modern banking, we propose never to lose sight of these essential qualities:

Safety, Security, Responsibility, Efficiency, Conservatism.

S. W. GILBERT. President, CHAS. S. HOFFMAN. 1st Vice-President,
R. M. ROSS. Cashier. K. E. SMITH. 2nd Vice-President.
L. R. GAIDRY, Ass't Cashier.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ARTESIA, N. MEX.

Capital Paid Up, - - $25,000.00
Surplus and Undivid Profits, 5,000.00

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

WE INVITE NEW ACCOUNTS.

JOHN RICHEY & SONS.

REAL ESTATE.

Write for Information Concerning
THE PECOS VALLEY AND ARTESIA COUNTRY.
10 years experience farming and improving lands in the Valley.

GOOD GRADE. RIGHT PRICES.

Kemp Lumber Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Lumber, Laths, Shingles,
Mouldings, Sash, Doors,
Lime, Cement, Plaster,
Brick and all kinds of

Building Material.

White Pine a Specialty.

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.

ROBIN & DYER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

HIGH GRADE Saddles and Harness.

We also carry a full line of Collars. Bridles. Whips, Spurs Etc., and do all kinds of repairing,

All Work Guaranteed.

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

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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.

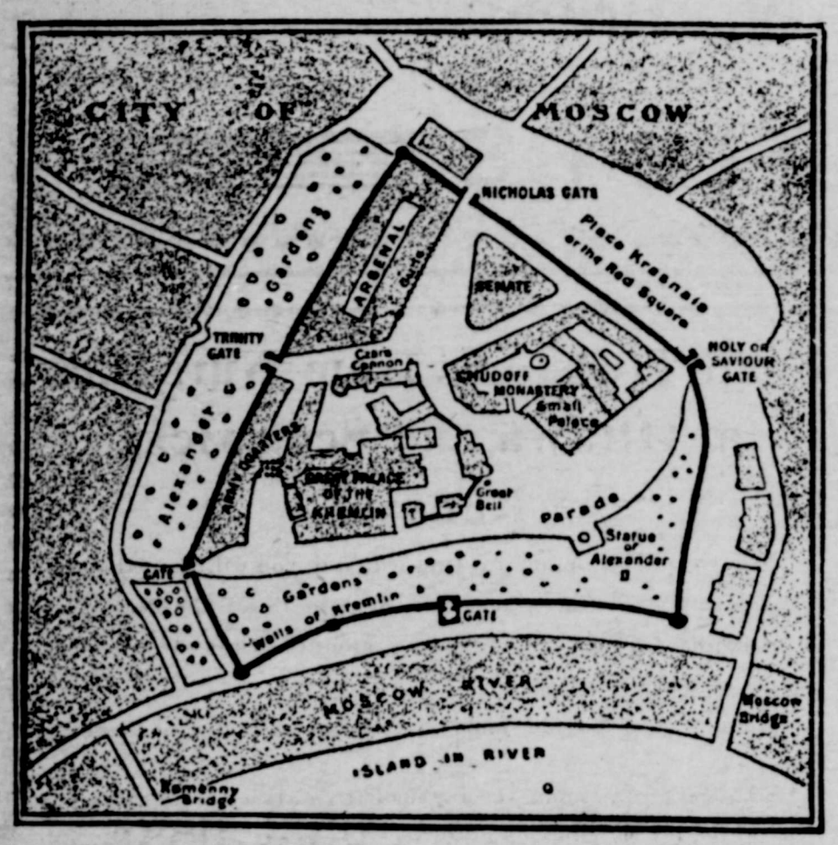
CENTER OF BLOODSHED IN RUSSIA

Ancient City of Moscow Richest and Most Picturesque of All the Great Towns in the Czar's Empire.

Moscow, in the streets of which terrible battles were fought between the revolutionary mobs and the soldiers of the czar, is the oldest and most famous city in the Russian empire. In picturesque sights and wealth of tradition it is not surpassed by any in the world, and recent events have made it still more historic, by adding another bloody chapter to its chronicles.

For many centuries Moscow was the chief city of the realm, the heart of Muscovy, where the czars held high court in the barbarously beautiful buildings which they erected to perpetuate their memory. Even now, although for reasons of convenience the governmental activities have been transferred to St. Petersburg, it is still the official capital of the empire. Here the slow growth of years has built up that mighty inclosure of palaces and

HEART OF CZAR'S DEFENSE IN MOSCOW.



The Kremlin, Walled and Moated, on One Side of Which Is the Red Square Where Troops Were Massed.

fortresses, the Kremlin, within the walls of which are grouped many famous buildings.

Scene of Many Tragedies.

Here Ivan the Terrible, murderer of 3,000 men and women, held his grim sway. Here, when a boy, Peter the Great saw his two uncles butchered. Here Boris Goodunuff, craftiest of the boyars, smiled and cringed until his chance came and then usurped the throne. Here every czar and scion of the royal line of Rurik has been buried, usually after a violent end. Here Napoleon's star began to set in the smoke of flaming houses. Here Grand Duke Sergius was blown to pieces by a bomb less than one year ago. If ghosts returned to earth to haunt the scenes of tragedies, Moscow would be populated with uncanny shadows.

After passing down the very streets which only the other day were stained with blood and strewn with corpses, through the Red Square and along the walls of the Kremlin, Theophile Gautier, the famous Frenchman of letters, wrote

"Before long we reached the Kitai-Gorod, which is the business quarter on the Krasnaia, the Red Square, or rather the beautiful square, for in Russia the words red and beautiful are synonymous. One of the sides of this is occupied by the long facade of the Gostiny-Dvor, an immense bazaar, intersected by streets, covered with glass roofs and containing not less than 6,000 shops. The wall of the Kremlin, or Kreml, rises at the other extremity, with its doors pierced in its steep-roofed towers, allowing a glimpse over its battlements of the cupolas, towers and spires of the churches and convents within.

Church Like a Dream.

"At the other corner, strange as the architecture of a dream, rises like a vision the impossible church of Vassili Blajennoi, which causes the reason to doubt the witness of the eyes. One gazes at it with every appearance of reality and asks oneself if it is not a fantastic mirage, an edifice of clouds strangely colored by the sunshine, that the movement of the air will transform or make vanish. It is beyond doubt the most original monument in the world, recalling nothing that one has ever seen, nor attaching itself to any order of architecture.

"A legend is told of Vassili Blajennoi that probably is not true, but that does not on this account the less express with force and poetry the feeling of dazed admiration this edifice must have produced upon the half-barbarous times in which it was built, so singular, so outside of all architectural traditions. Ivan the Terrible had this cathedral built as a thanks-offering for the capture of Kazan, and when it was completed he found it so beautiful, admirable and amazing that he ordered the eyes of the architect—an Italian, it was said—to be put out in order that he might not be able to construct any other like it.

Architect Put to Death.

"According to another version of the same legend, the czar asked the author of the church if he could not build a still more beautiful one, and upon his replying in the affirmative, he had his head cut off, so that Vassili Blajennoi should remain without a rival. It would be difficult to imagine a cruelty more flattering in its jealousy, and this Ivan the Terrible must have been at bottom a true artist, an impassioned dilletante. This ferocity in matters of art displeases us less than indifference."

After speaking of the extraordinary shape of the structure, seeming as if "the architect, seated in the middle of his work, had beaten out a building au repousse," Gautier, describes its amazing color scheme, or lack of it, as follows: "What adds still more to the extraordinary effect produced by the Vassili Blajennoi is that it is colored from base to pinnacle with the most incongruous colors, which, however, produce an ensemble both harmonious and charming. Red, blue, apple-green, yellow, each claims its place in the adornment of the building. Columns, capitals, arches, ornaments, are painted in different colors that throw them out into powerful relief. In the rare flat spaces, divisions have been simulated, panels inclosing pots of flowers, rosettes, interlacing chimerical figures. Illumination has storied the domes of the bell-towers with drawings, like the foliage on India shawls, and thus placed, on the roof of the church, they resemble the kiosks of the sultans.

"In order that nothing might be lacking to the magic effect of the scene, particles of snow, caught on the projections of the roof, the friezes and the carvings, scattered silver spangles over the variegated robe of Vissili Blajennoi, adorning with a thousand dazzling points this marvelous decoration."

This cathedral, so strikingly described by the French writer, looked down upon spaces where machine guns were playing upon a desperate mob, and where, with pistols and hand grenades, the revolutionists were giving pitched battle to the well-armed soldiery.

Within the forbidding walls which rise just beyond the picturesque church of Vasil Blajennoi is the Acropolis of Russia, the Kremlin, where the sacred relics and the crown jewels of the czars find shelter. Ivan II. surrounded it with the parapets which, restored and rebuilt in many places, are now being fortified by the government in order to prevent its buildings, within which are the richest treasures in the world, from being looted by the revolutionists. Outside its gates 25,000 troops were massed by Governor General Doubassoff.

Many Stately Buildings.

The Kremlin is an imposing collection of buildings, standing upon a flat-topped hill that is enveloped by its tower-flanked walls. It is washed on all sides by the River Volga, and its outer circumference is nearly a mile and a half long. Among the stately edifices grouped together under the one famous word "Kremlin" are the ancient palace of the czars, the palace of the holy synod, the Church of the Assumption, where the czars are crowned; the Church of the Annunciation, in which they are baptized and married; the Church of St. Michael, where most of them have been buried; two monasteries, two barracks housing 3,000 soldiers, a monument to the memory of Alexander II., who freed the serfs; the great bells of Moscow, now cracked and voiceless; the tower of Ivan and the national treasury, in which all relics of the Romanoff dynasty are stored.

Gautier compares the Kremlin to the Alhambra, saying:

"The Kremlin has many points in common with the Alhambra. Like the Moorish fortress, it occupies the top of a hill; it contains royal demesnes, churches, squares and among the ancient edifices, a modern palace that is imbedded in them as unfelicitously as the palace of Charles V., among the delicate Arabian architecture, which it crushes with its weight. The tower of Ivan Veliki is in fact by no means unlike the Torre de la Vela; and beyond the Kremlin, as beyond the Alhambra, lies stretched a scene of wonderful beauty, a panorama that the ravished eye holds ever in enchanted remembrance.

Oriental in Appearance.

"Strange as it may seem, the Kremlin, as seen from the outside, presents a more oriental appearance than the Alhambra itself, with its massive red towers that give no hint of the magnificence of their interior. Above the walls, with their sloping battlements, peeping between the towers with their carved roofs are myriads of cupolas, like balls of shining gold, with tulip-shaped bell towers reflecting in the sunshine a thousand colors from their metallic sides. The wall, white as a silver basket, incloses this bouquet of golden flowers, till one feels as if he were gazing at one of those fairy cities built by the fancy of the Arabian story teller, a crystallization in stone of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' And when winter sprinkles with its diamond powder these buildings beautiful as a dream, one could readily fancy oneself transported to another planet, for nothing like to it has ever been one's fortune to behold before."

The jewels, silver, gold and relics in the national treasury within the Kremlin are claimed to represent an intrinsic value of $600,000,000.

M. Durnovo, Minister of the Interior.

Map of Baltic Provinces, Russia, Center of Revolt Against the Czar's Authority, and Minister Who is in Control of the Situation.

IN THE LIFE OF A "PUG"

"Bob" Fitzsimmons Proved That All the World Does Not Always Love a Winner.

To recite the ring record of Robert Fitzsimmons would exhaust the patience of a barber. To pronounce him too old to dare another ring encounter is to invite varying criticism. But it is interesting to recall some of the days when the former champion delighted in showing his prowess. It is remembered that Fitzsimmons once was a popular card in the old Battery D building on the lake front.

It was while Fitzsimmons was making one of his several "triumphant tours" of the country that he was billed here to meet all comers in four-round bouts at the battery. A young man, whose name shall be "Billy" Mahone for the purpose of this article, and who now is a sedate but well-built Chicago policeman, at that time was a fireman in the Grand Pacific hotel.

"You're fit to fight the Lanky One to a frazzle," said Mahone's critics.

"Oh, it's a shame to bowl over a man like Fitz the way you are going to do it, Billy," said another.

Mahone felt so elated that he deliberately bent a big steel furnace rod into a segment of a circle. Then he sent out written invitations to about a score of his close friends to "drop into the Battery to-night and see me surprise Fitz."

And Billy did surprise the conquering blacksmith pugilist—but only for a few moments. Shaping up at about 190 pounds, his body glistening with the sheen of health and the muscles of his chest and arms betraying the suppleness of a champion wrestler, Mahone jumped into the ring.

Twenty howling friends of the fireman were moved to pity the comparatively frail-looking long-legged and tendril-armed Cornishman. But of the latter's ring generalship? Nothing to it compared to Mahone's prowess. The score of friends made mental pictures of the champion fanned by his seconds to bring him back from Queer street, that thoroughfare of the pugilistic world in which so many fighters study astronomy.

"Time—shake hands," shouted the referee, and Mahone led with his left, reaching Fitzsimmons' chin before the champion could block the blow. Cheers and applause. "What's the matter with Fitz?" screamed a critic. "He looks as if he was going to lose to this big fellow."

At the end of the round honors were far from "easy," as the ring writer says. Mahone had landed five blows to Fitzsimmons' one, and the face of the champion wore a puzzled look. Mahone seemed to be eight feet tall and to be walking on eggs when he stepped into the center of the ring for the second round. "Here's where I finish this champion," he said over his shoulder to the men in the box seats.

The second round was almost a repetition of the first. Mahone continued his aggressive policy and scored several hard jolts. His left jabbed the champion in the chin, and Fitz's head went back as if a triphammer had hit it. "Go on, Fitz. Trim him!" shouted many in the throng. "That's right, Billy, you have him," was the burden of the cry of Mahone's friends.

But, walking in for the third round, Fitzsimmons nodded to his anxious backers. His smile seemed to say a lot. Mahone caught one glance of Fitz's real fighting face and his knees appeared to tremble. Quicker than the proverbial cat, Fitz shot in a right, swished a left upper cut and swung his right to the jaw. Mahone went to the carpet to dream of firing a stationary engine. He dreamed a long time—so long that it seemed the dream would result as did that other and more serious "dream" in the battery when Billy Brennan went down and out for eternity before Frank Garrard, the militia boxer. But Mahone's twenty friends took him home in a carriage.

Fitzsimmons might tell, as he has told the writer, that he proved conclusively that all the world does not love a winner. The business of starring on the stage was new for pugilistic champions right after Fitzsimmons defeated Jack Dempsey at New Orleans Jan. 14, 1891. Jawn L. had set a terrifice pace in this line and some show men almost took the breath from Fitzsimmons when they offered him $600 a week to do a boxing stunt in connection with a production called "Fashions." "Billy" Woods was engaged as sparring partner and the city of Buffalo was billed until there was not an available yard of fence uncovered by posters.

The house was crowded and the manager was congratulating himself on becoming another bonanza king. "Humph, what's a trifle like $600 a week for Bob when we will break all records for houses?" he asked himself. The announcer introduced Billy Woods, and then, with a few gesticulations he had rehearsed for an hour, he shouted:

"Bob Fitzsimmons, champion middleweight of the world—"

"Rah, hoorah—bully for Fitz," came the roar of applause.

"Conqueror of Jack Dempsey, the nonpareil," continued the announcer.

Hisses and cat calls greeted the announcer. The expected volleys of tumultuous cheering and apapreciative noises did not materialize. The house was "frozen." In the box office the manager paused in his count of the money as if stricken with paralysis. Fitzsimmons was terrified. He did not know what to make of the terrible reception. But the world loved the loser—poor Jack Dempsey, and could not go wild over his conqueror. Dempsey was such an idol that Fitzsimmons proved to be a "frost" for the eight weeks that his contract called for.—Chicago Post.

Mr. Damon's Two Prisoners.

The Rev. Mr. Damon of the Universalist church, Haverhill, was once visiting a jail to minister to the spiritual wants of the prisoners.

On entering the jail he met two men in the corridor who looked as if they might need a little good counsel. Mr. Damon was a prompt, outspoken man, and straightforward in his methods. He first addressed the older of the two men, asking: "How long have you been in here, my man?"

"Not long, only about a couple of hours," was the reply.

There was a brief pause, during which the clergyman looked him over a little curiously. Then, turning to the other, he asked: "And how long have you been here?"

"Same time he has," pointing to the other.

Another pause ensued, and another question was levelled at the older of the two:

"What are you in for?"

"Well, I came to fix the gas pipes," was the prompt answer, "have you any objections?"—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Hetty Green Has Grievance.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who was 70 years old a few days ago, is believed to be worth a million for every year of her life. She refused to celebrate her birthday, saying such foolishness was not for a woman of her age. The omnipresent reporter asked her a few questions, but Mrs. Hetty did not care to talk much. She has a grievance, though. "Business?" she said, "How can I know anything about business when I don't know enough to vote? Yes, I have an automobile, but I don't know how to run it yet. How can I when I don't know enough to vote?"

Domestic Cruelty.

"Biffers was badly caught on a freak election bet."

"What was it?"

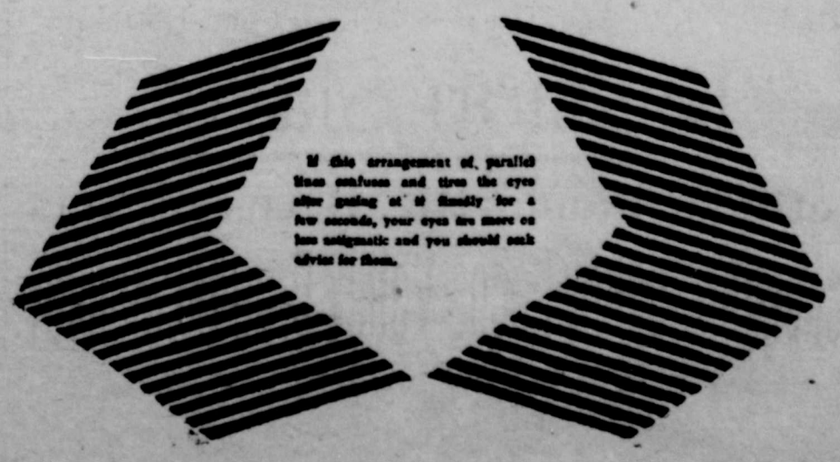
"Why, he's got to black up and walk around the city hall block with a paste pot and brush and post up fifty hand bills bearing the words, 'Ain't I a chump?'"

"That isn't as bad as the case of Hopkins."

"What about Hopkins?"

"Hopkins made a bet with that young wife of his and lost. Now he's got to eat four of her Vassar biscuits at each meal for a week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE EYE IS DECEIVED



Teeth. Teeth. Teeth.

Dr. Hammons of the New York Dentists,

Is now at the office of Drs. Baker & Stoker's and will remain until February 17th. Are prepared to do all kinds of dental work in a first-class manner.

Painless Dental Work.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN

22k Gold Crowns, Fine Sets Teeth, Artificial Teeth Without Plates.

We will make a return trip to the Valley. This is our third trip into the towns north of here and our work has given universal satisfaction.

Call at once as our time will be taken up.

All Work Guaranteed for 10 Years.

We run the largest Dental office in Kansas, located at 217 east Douglas Avenue, Wichita.

NEW YORK DENTISTS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Graham have moved to town, having purchased the Duckworth property on Missouri avenue. They rented their farm to the McCree boys, recently from Texas.

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.

Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy

The Children's Favorite

---CURES---

Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult

Price 25 cts; Large Size, 50 cts.

The Well Will Spout.

At the request of Mr. T. R. Chisholm and others, Sidney Hale has promised to unloose the big artesian well, two miles east of town, tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at 2 o'clock for the benefit of the crowds of strangers within our gates. It is the biggest gusher in the world and no one should go away without seeing it perform.

S. T. Mapps, of York, Nebraska, subscribed for the Advocate this week through his friend, A. M. Graham. Mr. Mapps bought 80 acres of land southwest of town some months ago.

Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian church will meet with Mrs. Cox, Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 2 p. m.

M. C. Stewart, the present incumbent, has announced for sheriff of Eddy county and the voting public is respectfully asked to carefully wiegh his claims before pledging their support to anyone for this important office. He has held the office several terms, and, because of his popularity has had no serious opposition. His recard is a public one and of it the people are at liberty to judge. If you think him the man for the place, Mr. Stewart will appreciate your support.

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.

Telephone D-107.

FOR SALE. WANTED. LOST and FOUND.

FOR SALE—Single buggy with harness. Mrs. Welsh.

FOR SALE—A good wagon, phaeton and harness. Apply to Dr. D. L. Weems.

LOST—The upper frame of a dresser that holds the glass. On road leading west from town. Reward if left at this office.

WANTED—To employ a woman or girl to do general housework. Permanent position for right party. Apply at Advocate office.

FOR SALE.—Tent and camping outfit suitable for one or two persons, or will trade for horse and pay difference. Inquire at office of Advocate.

FOUND—A lady's cloak. Describe it, pay for this notice and get property.

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

PARTNER WANTED—Who has $1000 or more in cash to engage in a business in Artesia that will pay good money from the start. A pleasant, legitimate business where you cannot lose. Address L. F. S., care Advocate.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Plymouth Rock Roosters. $1.00 each or 3 for $2.50. Asparagus plants $1.00 per hundred or 25c per dozen. C. A. Coll, ½ mile east of town.

FOR SALE—a four room house on Quay avenue. Enquire of E. O. Witmer.

CATTLE FOR SALE.—200 head of gentle stock cattle, including some good milk cows. Will sell in lots to suit purchasers. Mrs. Sallie Robert.

BOY WANTED—14 or 15 years old, to learn the electrical and machinist trade. Apply to Artesia Machine Shop.

FOR SALE—Aermotor windmill and pump. Dr. D. L. Weems.

WANTED—Stock in the Bank of Dayton, Dayton, N. M., at par. Call at bank office or write.

FOR SALE—Cable rig complete, equal to No. 8 star. Address box 235, Artesia, N. M.

Famous Belle Spring butter at Dyer's.

Fine Ranch Sold.

John Richey this week sold to W. C. Lawrence, a banker of Crowley, La., his 480-acre ranch six miles northeast of town, including stock, implements, etc. One of the finest artesian wells in the valley is on it. Mr. Lawrence also bought an adjoining 160 from C. W. DeFreest, making 640 in all. This is one of the finest properties in the valley. The purchase price was $20,400.

Fruit Trees, etc. from Nurseries at Ottawa and Sedgwick, Kansas.

You are going to plant an Orchard and you will want the best varieties of trees. I have them, and propose to sell the Pecos Valley orchardist his trees fresh from the ground. Only the best commercial varieties handled.

Samples of 2-year-old budded trees at the office of Richey & Sons.

Ornamental trees and shrubs, shade trees, black locust, catalpa, elm, soft maple and Russian mulberry.

Office with Richey & Sons.

J. F. BOWMAN,

Telephone B-104 DISTRIBUTOR.

J. E. SWEPSTON,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.
NTARY PUBLIC. . . . .

GENERAL ACCOUNTING.

OEFICE IN BANK OF ARTESIA BUILDING.

PHONE 140. ARTESIA, N. M.

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

MANSION HALL

2 TWO NIGHTS 2

Monday, Feb 12,

THE NATIONAL STOCK CO.

In an Entirely New Reportoire of

STANDARD SUCCESSES.

Opening Bill, the Great Southern Comedy Drama

"Passion Slave."

Refined Vaudeville Between Acts.

Tickets on Sale by Pecos Valley Drug Co Monday.

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.

Painless dentistst at the office of Drs. Baker & Stoker.

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.

Sand for Sale.

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