

The Artesia Advocate

VOLUME 3.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, APRIL 7, 1906

NUMBER 41.



One of the scenes for which the Pecos valley is famous.

PECOS VALLEY RECORDS ARE BROKEN

S. A. Butler Drills a Well 936 Feet Deep in Four and a Half days--- The Flow Immense.

The best record ever made in the Pecos Valley for drilling a deep well was made one mile east of Artesia this week by S. A. Butler, in charge of the E. F. Hardwicke rig on Mr. T. A. Merrill's land. The big rotary was started last Thursday and on Tuesday the well was completed to a depth of 936 feet with a flow of two feet of water over the casing. This time includes putting the casing in position and all and the bit went through one hundred feet of rock. Mr. Butler has been battling for the championship belt as an expert driller a year or two and has made some mighty quick runs, but it took this last spurt to knock out all opposition and put him in a class all by himself. He is proud of his record, of course, and the Advocate extends congratulations. The man who beats him will have to strike sand all the way down, that's all.

To Mr. Merrill, the owner of the new gusher, we want to extend the wish that the splashing fountain will bring him all the prosperity that the real pioneer deserves. He arrived before the town of Artesia and has been one of the stayers. He has as fine a piece of land as a crow ever flew over and it will bring a bountiful harvest for every day's work expended.

NOTICE BOND INVESTORS.

Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, —Sealed proposal will be received by J. E. Swepton, City Clerk, until May the 8th at 8:30 A. M. for the purchase of \$50,000 6 percent 30 year Water Bonds dated the 8th day of May A. D. 1906.

Bonds bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum payable semi-annually on July and January 10.

Bonds are of \$1,000 denominations and mature May 8, 1936, optional after May 8, 1926.

Bonds are issued pursuant to act of the 34th Legislative Assembly, and authorized by an election held on March 28, 1906.

Principal and interest payable at the Western National Bank of New York.

All bids must be accompanied by a certified check for 2 per cent of bonds bid for, made payable to the Town Treasurer.

John Alexander Dowie has been deposed as head of the church at Zion City, in Illinois.

Ordinance No. 63.

Whereas, more than two-thirds of a majority of the votes cast at the special election held within and for the Town of Artesia, New Mexico, on the question of contracting an indebtedness of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) and the issuing of bonds therefor for the purpose of purchasing equipment for, and the erection of a water-works system for the use of the Town of Artesia on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1906, were in favor of contracting said indebtedness and the issuing of bonds in pursuance thereof:

Now therefore, be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Artesia:

Section 1. That coupon bonds for the principal sum of fifty thousand (\$50,000) dollars be issued in the name of the Town of Artesia, to be evidenced by the issuing of fifty bonds in the sum of one thousand dollars each for the purpose of the purchase of the equipment and the erection of a water-works system for the use of the Town of Artesia.

Section 2. That the said bonds shall state on the face thereof the title of this ordinance and the title of the General Statutes of the Territory of New Mexico, to-wit: Chapter 33 section 1 and 2 Acts of the 34th Legislative Assembly, Territory of New Mexico, in pursuance of which the same are issued; that the corporate seal of the town of Artesia be affixed thereto by the Town Clerk and they shall be signed by the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, countersigned by the clerk of said board and the coupons attached thereto shall have a lithographed signature of the treasurer of said town.

Section 3. That said bonds shall bear date the 8th day of May A. D. 1906, and shall mature and the principal sum thereto become due and payable at the expiration of thirty (30) years from the date thereof, to-wit: The 8th day of May A. D. 1936, at the Western National Bank, City of New York, State of New York, but said town shall have the right to pay them any time after twenty years from this date.

Section 4. Said bonds shall bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum payable semi-annually on the tenth days of January and July of each year, at the Western National Bank of New York.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees of said town of Artesia, annually, and at the same time and in the manner fixed by the laws of the Territory of New Mexico for levying other town taxes to levy

a special tax sufficient to pay the annual interest on said bonds, and in the year 1914 and annually thereafter, at the time and in the manner aforesaid, the Board of Trustees shall levy a special tax for the purpose of creating a sinking fund which shall be sufficient to redeem all of said bonds when the same may mature. The taxes provided for in this section shall be held for and only applied to the payment of the principal and interest of the bonds due and become due.

Section 6. All bonds redeemed or coupons paid shall be cancelled or destroyed as the Board of Trustees shall direct.

Section 7. The amount realized and paid into the Town Treasury from the sale of said bonds shall by and is hereby appropriated only to

the purchase of equipment and the erection of a water-works system for the use of the town of Artesia.

Section 8. This ordinance shall remain in full force and effect until the indebtedness hereby created shall have been fully paid and discharged.

Declared passed and approved March 31, 1906.

ATTEST
J. E. SWEPTON, JOHN RICHEY,
Clerk. Chairman.

MARCH BIGGEST OF ALL.

Almost Twice as Many Claims Filed as in Any Other One Month.

During the month of March, just past, there were 402 homestead and 33 desert claims filed in the local U. S. Land Office. The total was 435. The largest number of claims ever filed in one month before was in the January preceding, when 281 entries were made. At that time that number was considered very large, but now the month of March has almost doubled it. This record has a wonderful meaning. It shows that this portion of the Territory is developing right now at a wonderful rate and at a rate never equaled or even thought of before. It shows that right now this part of the Territory is drawing the attention of more people from the central states than it ever did before.—Roswell Record.

Christian Endeavor.

Topic: Lives that endure, Matt. 7, 24-26, 1 Cor. 3, 10-15, Eph. 2, 19 22, 2 Tim. 2, 14-19. A cordial invitation to strangers and visitors is extended. Leader, Mrs. D. W. Robertson.

Moonlight in New Mexico

There's mellow light, with glint of green.
That covers the night with golden sheen;
There's radiant arch of gleaming skies,
Whence stars look down with countless eyes;
There's the gentle rustle of unseen wings,
And the tender notes a night-bird sings;
There's the trembling words that lovers speak;
All these we find in the wonderous glow
Of the moonlight of New Mexico!

In the new-born night, how sweet to stray
While the earth still throbs with the pulse of day;
From the distant hills soft breezes spring,
And moonlight falls on everything,—
A golden bath, or else, in truth,
The mystic fountain of endless youth!
From the prosaic earth, where mortals stand,
We are bourn to the shores of fairyland;—
A land where hopes are all fulfilled,
And love's warm heart is never stilled;
Where the fiercest battles of life is won,
And the tangles of wrong are all undone;
Where the soft light gilds the locks of gray,
And time's sad furrows are smoothed away;
Where the flowers of youth are all abloom,
And the heart still joys in a festal room,
Till the gates of heaven swing wide apart,
And our lost are clasped to the waiting heart.
We rest in Heaven's reflected glow.
When the moon shines in New Mexico!

Then softer the grief for the joys that have fled;
Stronger the soul for the struggles ahead;
Further from earth and its touch of clay,
And nearer to heaven, we drift away.
This holy hour, in its fleeting span,
Opens the heart of every man.
Gladening the soul in the Fatherhood
Of Him who is wise, and great, and good;
Whose heart throbs near to the earth, I know,
When the moon shines in New Mexico.

L. G. H., ARTESIA.

MRS. FENETTA SARGENT HASKELL.

The Celebrated Reader and Impersonator to Appear in Artesia.

Mrs. Haskell has not an equal on the American continent as a reader and impersonator. She is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf. Any one missing this intellectual treat, will miss an opportunity of a life time. Read the following press notes:

St. Louis Globe Democrat.—A beautiful and gifted Missouri woman has been "delighting" Washington society by her readings.

Washington Times.—Among her audience were many of her noted literateurs who reside in Washington. The affair was one of the most brilliant and finished performances that has been given in the National Capital this winter.

New York World.—In the splendor of the Astor Gallery at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mrs. Haskell's recital was greeted with enthusiasm.

Gazette, Little Rock, Ark.—Mrs. Haskell is known and esteemed from New York to San Francisco, and from Maine to Georgia. She is indeed a most wonderful woman, beautiful, accomplished, master of the art of elocution. It is a pleasure to hear her.

Evening Bulletin, San Francisco, Cal.—An expression of grateful appreciation from the press of this city in acknowledgement of the wonderful talent exhibited by Mrs. Haskell at the Palace Hotel, is only a repetition of what has followed in each city where her marvelous dramatic readings have been given.

A GREAT JOKE?

After casting my vote and starting away, I was stopped by two small boys about the size of Ed Richey and W. B. Ward and asked by them for 25c each which I gave, thinking them to be in need, but found out later they were challengers at the polls, (Heavy Weights.) Now, if the boys are really in need, there others that will probably contribute, but if that is only a "graft," I think it a shame to take the money. What's your opinion?
E. A. J.

ADVERTISED.

Unclaimed letters April 1st 1906.
Allen, F Allin, L N Allen, M M Bandy, R L Bewidge, E D Burnes, James Burnes, J S Calton, Anis E Eagle, H B Glass, C H Holley, L F Ickines, Alonzo F Ingersol, B E Jackson, Dan McKensie, E D Mills, Claud Palmer, S S Peck, E O Prater, Alice Richardson, J W Santo, Adam Stewart, James Tucker, W W (3) Wilson, H Woodman, H Tucker, S C Mexican List. Contreras, Palvisis Franco, Don Jessa Goyeneche, Maggie Ramirez, Juan R Rodriguez, Sesas M Soto, Dolores.

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

JULIA R. CLEVELAND, P. M.
Artesia, N. M.

MULES.

A good span of work mules and wagon for sale, to be delivered from the 15th to 20th of April at residence west end Main street, Artesia, N. W.
R. W. TERRILL.

Artesia has had a sheriff all the week—if she never has another, Cicero Stuart, who is a candidate for re-election, has been giving us the glad hand every time we turned the corner.

WE WANT YOUR SEED TRADE.

Send us your seed orders and you will receive the same attention as if you stood before our counter. A full line of field and garden seeds now on hand. Also Planet Jr. tools. Send for catalogue. (Mention Advocate.)
ROSWELL NEW MEXCO.

ROSWELL PRODUCE & SEED CO

LIVES LIFE OF RECLUSE

Archimedes, "Swamp Angel," Queerest Character of St. Clair County, Michigan

Out on a sandy, wind-driven road that begins at the lake shore and steals through a clump of scrubby, leaf-bare poplars, half a mile above Lake View life-saving station, is the queerest farm in the county, says a Port Huron dispatch to the Detroit Free Press.

On it is a hut, the queerest that ever harbored human being. In the hut, buddled with rags, chickens, boxes, barrels, filth and a collection of law books, is the county's queerest man.

Other counties may have their queerest men, but in that regard St. Clair county will not temper its boast with the mildest of reservations.

The man is Archimedes, the "swamp angel," miser and recluse.

Archimedes is the man who startled bench and bar recently by appearing in the circuit court to defend his interests in a suit for damages, which he brought against L. B. Rice. Rice owns property adjacent to that of the miser and is charged by the plaintiff with having started a brush fire which spread to the property of Archimedes and destroyed many trees.

The suit was started in justice court more than four years ago and the recluse lost, but later appealed the case. His lawyers deserted him, so he appeared in his own interests, but was forced to go out and get an attorney or lose his case by his strange court methods.

The incident served to bring to mind a favorite saying of the old miser: "I would have been a lawyer myself, but I found that the profession is overcrowded with fools."

If you have ever seen on the streets of Port Huron a rickety horse, hitched to a rickety wagon, with a harness which in lieu of buckles, employs yards and yards of rope and twine, you have seen the outfit with which this rich man in rags parades the town.

If you keep an eye on this wagon as it stands next to the curb you will see a man clamber in with a gunny sack slung over his shoulder. He is as sorry looking an individual as one could find in a month's search. Until late in the fall his head is usually bare, exposing a shiny bald pate to reflect the sun's rays.

In summer he is barefooted and wears a tattered suit of brown canvas, patch laid upon patch with the miser's own big needle. In winter he is in nobbler garb, for his brown, cold-weather togs do not boast so many tapers of patches. For years he wore an army overcoat of blue, which he says he bought at a second hand store.

The farm, on which he has lived since 1887, is nine miles north of the city. Few have seen the inside of the hermitage. From the road it looks like a mere heap of boards and tin.

Mysterious Jam.

Mr. Bennett had an embarrassing habit of bringing unexpected guests to luncheon, and the family larder was not always equal to the strain. On one occasion Mrs. Bennett was obliged to reinforce the rather scanty menu with something from her store of preserves.

Hastily seizing a jar of gooseberry jam, the good woman emptied it into a glass dish and placed it on the table.

A little later the guest, who for some moments had been regarding with puzzled interest his plate of jam, looked up to propound a question.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but would you mind telling me what fruit this excellent preserve is made of? The flavor is delicious, but I can't call to mind any fruit with seeds like those."

Mrs. Bennett leaned forward to inspect the seven round objects on the guest's plate.

"For goodness sake!" she exclaimed. "Those are the mauls I put into the kettle to keep the jam from burning. I forgot to take them out!"—Weekly Scotsman.

Decline in French Manners.

Paris dancing masters are lamenting the decline of French elegance in the art. They assert that the French are losing their old habits of politeness, and, as a dancing nation, are certainly declining.

They express especial horror at the latest fashion in the ballroom, which is a revival of an old habit. Ladies, it appears, are taking to carrying dainty little snuff boxes in their hand with their fan. The ladies offer their boxes to each other, and, as few are yet adepts in the art of snuff taking, the courtesy is always followed by a chorus of sneezing.

At a recent ball one prolonged and widely spreading fit of sneezing that occurred in the intervals of a dance caused much laughter.

But the dancing master does not laugh. He calls for the suppression of this new craze.

Nearer, it looks as though the hut had been too heavy and slipped down into the soft, yellow sand until the eaves had stopped the downward course. Only the sloping, patched up roof is above ground.

Entrance is gained to the door at one end by jumping into a wide trench. There is no floor inside. Chickens scratch in the dirt or perch themselves on the edge of the kettle of beans which stands on the battered old cook stove.

The place is piled full of rubbish of every sort. The only clear space surrounds the old table, on which and about which are strewn the calf-bound volumes of the law.

The law is Archimedes' hobby. Stories are many of his loiterings about the court rooms, listening to many trials, taking many notes, entering in to discussion with the county's legal lights.

Seldom is he seen in the court rooms now. He has gathered his notes; now he ponders over imaginary cases in the seclusion of his hut. A visitor may win his friendship and lead him into conversation by the merest reference to the courts.

Archimedes Galbrath is the man's full name. He is 57 years old and was born somewhere in eastern Canada. He does not talk about himself and the slightest reference to his history drives him into reticence. This much is known from his own mouth: that he and his sister were left considerable property many years ago by their father; that Archimedes lived with the sister and her husband at Amadore for several years, but he could not tolerate companionship.

For twenty years he has lived entirely alone. He never married. He is an educated man, well informed in history. He seems to take a sort of pride in his lonely condition and yet loathes his rags and filth. He always leads visitors away from his hut and refers to it as his "hog-pen." Why he continues to live as he does no one has guessed, for it is generally believed that he has considerable wealth besides his 120 acres of land in St. Clair county and a plantation in Cuba. Many believe that he has a small fortune stored away somewhere in the midst of the traps in his hut. There are stories afloat of early disappointment in love which made him choose his recluse existence.

Just a few days ago this prince in rags was picked up on the street in Port Huron as a vagrant by a new member of the police force. The old fellow protested, but the new patrolman lugged him to headquarters, where he was promptly released and everybody had a laugh at the zealous officer.

"He could buy the whole police department and keep us for the rest of our days," said Chief Maines.

Rough on Leo.

A group of loungers were discussing the recent escape of a lion at one of the summer parks just outside of Newark, and one expressed his belief that it must have been something of a scare.

"Scare!" echoed a man connected with the park. "I should say it was a scare. The people made such a din I was afraid the poor old fellow would die of fright before we could get him back to his cage."

"We found him hiding behind a tree, and it was ten minutes before we could induce him to face that yelling mob and get back to where he knew he was safe. He is the gentlest old fellow in the world and would never have wandered out had he not been frightened by the man who fell into the cage from the cycle whirl above. Of course that upset him, and when he saw the door open he naturally ran out."

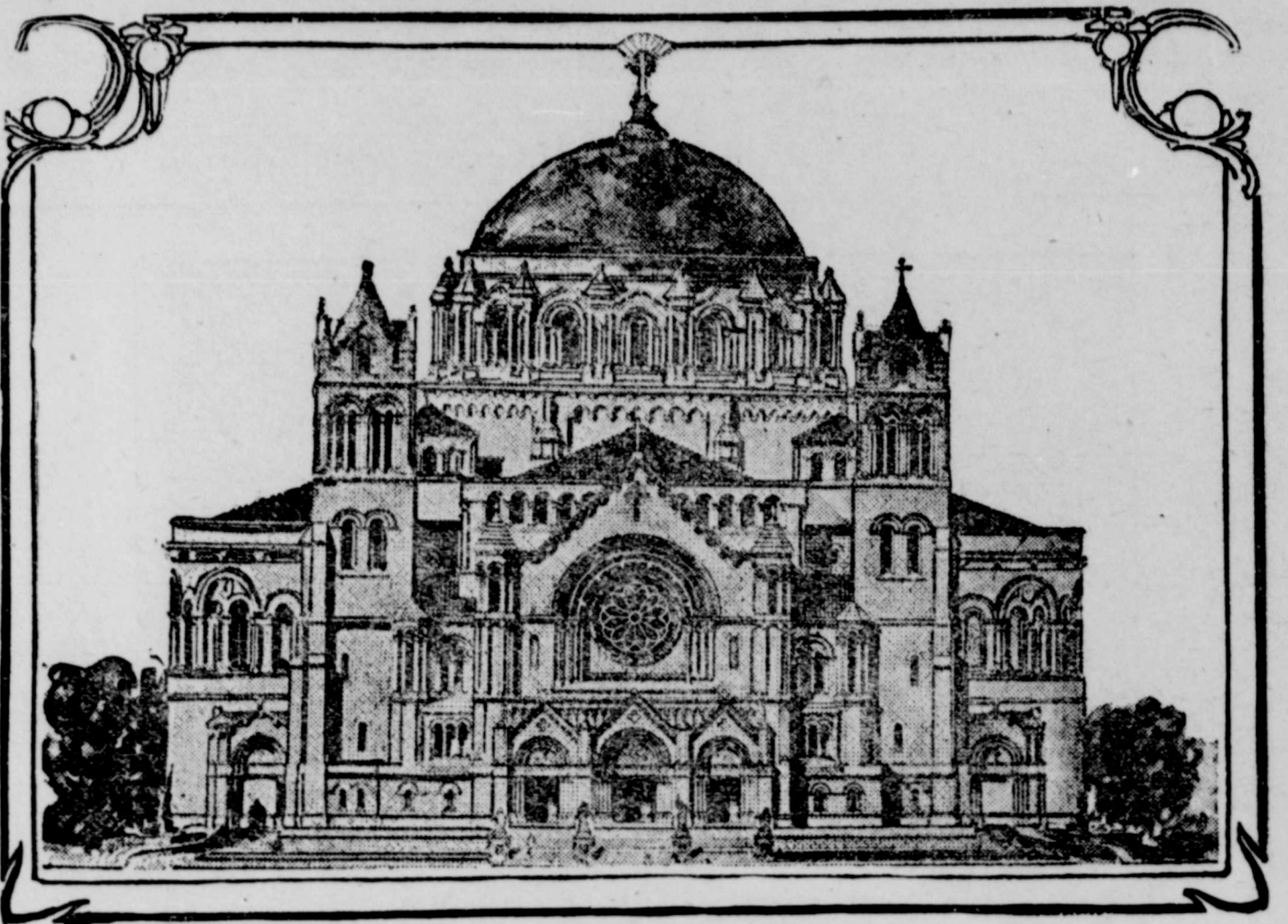
"Then the people made such a noise that his one idea was to flee. The more he ran the more they yelled, and when we did get him back it was hours before he stopped trembling."

"It was a shame to scare the poor old fellow like that."—New York Press.

From Private to Commander.

Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Carter, First British Life guards, who retires under the age limit, is one of the most remarkable examples of rising from the ranks. The son of a farmer, he enlisted as a trooper in the life guards in 1873, and after serving eight years in the ranks was appointed riding master. A year later he became adjutant of the regiment and passed from rank to rank till in 1902 he was appointed lieutenant colonel and second in command. It rarely happens that a ranker receives a commission in the regiment in which he has served and Col. Gordon Carter was the first, if not the only, trooper who ever rose to the command of a regiment of household cavalry.

New Roman Catholic Cathedral at St. Louis to Cost \$2,000,000



The new Roman Catholic cathedral to be erected in St. Louis will be one of the most imposing religious structures in the country. The total cost will approximate \$2,000,000, and it is estimated that the edifice will be completed in three years. The structure will have a depth of 400 feet over all, with a width of 212 feet through the transept, and the entire floor and aisles will be laid with marble mosaics. The details and character of the exterior are of pure type of Romanesque, and the interior is developed on the lines of the best example of

the Byzantine school, susceptible of decorations both mural and mosaic. The material of the exterior will be of gray granite trimmed with dark blue Colithic. The marble for the interior will be of old convent Siena. Alps green, rose Numidian and Pavanazze, highly polished. The high altar will be a simple marble table, without reredos, but overhanging it will be a large baldrican of silver filigree work supported by four pillars of white marble and onyx. In the rear of this altar will be stalls for the vested choir and behind all will be a private chapel

of large dimensions. The crypt will have many surrounding chapels providing for mortuary monuments. The interior of the edifice will be cruciform Celtic in effect, and the sanctuary will be flanked on each side by two large chapels, the sanctuary itself to be patterned after the great basilicas of Europe. The dome is to be a magnificent affair in height it will be 200 feet, and in space will contain over 5,300,000 cubic feet. The site selected for the cathedral is on the west side of Newstead street, from Lindell to Maryland avenue.

ELECTRIC FORCE IN ANIMALS.

Developed in Lungs and Hearts, Says San Francisco Scientist.

The brain as an electric motor is the theme of Dr. Albert B. Atkins of San Francisco's preachment. He says that he has proved by experiment made on a steer that brain action is an electrical phenomenon. His apparatus consisted of two platinum electrodes connected with a long copper wire running to extremely sensitive galvanometers. The electrodes were inserted in two lobes of the brain of a living steer. After the first quiver caused by the insertion of the platinum points the animal lay quiet and yet the needle of the galvanometer was deflected four points on the scale and remained so for nearly six minutes. Upon further action by the operators immediately the needle deflected nineteen points in the same direction. Then the needle gradually returned to the normal position. Dr. Atkins has previously demonstrated that electric force is developed in the lungs and hearts of animals, and he argues that the mysteries of gravitation can be solved only by attributing it to electrical action.

Wealthy Youths Got Mitten.

It is understood that four young millionaires were put aside by Alice Roosevelt in favor of the man who became her husband. The unsuccessful wooers were Ned McLean, Ogden Mills Reid, Robert Sterling Clark and Robert Golet. All these young men were so devoted to the president's daughter that they became known in official circles as "the faithful four." Miss Roosevelt might have had any of them. Washington society said, and it is common knowledge, that at least two of the gilded youths proposed to her, not once, but several times. All four of the "faithfuls," however, sent gifts—Clark, a gold bracelet, Golet a gold and Venetian glass set of fifty pieces, Reid a diamond hair ornament and McLean a watch crusted with sapphires and diamonds.

Identified by His Voice.

A short time ago Signor Caruso, the celebrated Italian tenor, had occasion to draw some money from a New York bank. Being unknown to the cashier he was asked to produce evidence of his identity. Caruso tried to persuade the cashier that he was really the celebrated tenor, but that obturate official would not part with the money, although he had been to the opera and had heard Caruso sing. He declared that he thought Caruso taller. At last the tenor had an inspiration. Without losing any further time in apparently useless negotiations he began to sing that delightful romanza in "Tosca," "Recondite Armonie." He had hardly started singing when the delighted cashier began to count the money over the counter.

EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE.

Two Thousand Persons Reported Killed in Colombia.

An earthquake throughout Colombia Feb. 21, did much damage. Following the earthquake there was a tidal wave. Reports from the coast, including an area of fifty leagues to the south, state that 2,000 persons were killed by falling houses or drowned by the wave, whole families having been lost.

On Jan. 31 an earthquake and tidal wave swept the Colombian towns of Mosquera, San Juan and Domingortz. The towns of La Tola, Antioquia, Barbacoas, Popayan, Tuquerres, Manizales and Pereira were badly damaged.

Most of the people in all the towns in the provinces of Esmeraldas and Manabi, especially Rio Verde, Camarones, La Tola, Limones, Borbon and Pinguangi were made homeless.

Buena Ventura, Colombia, the port of the republic, is situated on the bay of Choco, in the department of Cauca. The town is badly built, dirty and poor, with a hot, wet and unhealthy



Map Showing Colombian Coast Affected by Seismic Shock Feb. 21.

(Star marks location of Buena Ventura, town from which dispatches have arrived stating that the country for 150 miles to the southward has been laid waste by earthquake.)

climate, but it is the port for the fertile and healthy valley of the Cauca. The people are mostly blacks.

Expects to Live to Be 125.

Jesse Jones of Pulaski, Tenn., is nearly 110 years old, having been born of a Portuguese father and a Choctaw mother in Raleigh, N. C., June 10, 1796. He fought in four wars, having honorable discharge at the close of each—the war of 1812, the Florida Indian and French troubles, the struggle with Mexico, and the civil war. Erect and keen-eyed, he does not look much over 50, and expects to live to see 125. He has been married six times, thirty-two children having been born to him. His present wife is 48 years old and his youngest child, a daughter, is just turned 17.

SET ASIDE FASHION'S DECREES.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Gowns Were of Her Own Choosing.

When it comes to choosing colors for her gowns no one can accuse Mrs. Roosevelt of being conventional. At the inauguration ball she chose a robin's egg blue and all her friends threw up their hands. "Why, it is never worn at night," they protested. "It is suitable only for a morning gown, or second-best walking skirt." But she said she would give it a trial. At the dress parade in the White House when her daughter became a bride Mrs. Roosevelt wore a rather dark shade of brown. It was the only costume of that color in the procession. There were champagne cloths and pale chocolates and tans and fawn colors, pink and blue and greens, but the substantial brown, dear to our grandmothers, was seen only in one instance. Mrs. Roosevelt's gown was livened with creamy lace, illuminated with threads of gold, and made further gay by the big bouquet of lady slipper orchids at her corsage.

Improved Counting Machine.

Autorith is the latest calculating machine, and is the invention of one Alexander Rechnitzer of Vienna. Subtraction and addition were the first operations attempted by the abacus of the ancients. The first calculating machine deserving the name that essayed the complications of multiplication and division was invented about 1642 by Blaise Pascal, and the first practical success was brought out about thirty years later by Leibnitz. It was able to do all four fundamental arithmetical processes, but was complicated and laborious to handle. Most of the inventors since have taken their ideas from this machine and have been aiming to make it more entirely automatic, and to avoid the possibility of error by slipping. The authorith probably represents the greatest advance. It is far more complicated than any of its distinguished ancestors, principally because it aims to overcome the necessity of any manual operations other than indicating to the machine the example to be performed.

Practical Women at Washington.

Speaker Reed once remarked that there was but woman in Washington society who could talk politics intelligently and she is Mrs. Robert R. Hitt. Mrs. Fairbanks realizes more nearly the woman who is such a force in British political life. She is a lawyer and a profound student of social conditions. She is a worker in the Junior Republic and the present prosperous condition of that social venture is largely due to her direction. Mrs. La Follette, wife of the newly elected senator from Wisconsin, is also a lawyer and is interested in social reform, especially among the younger criminal class.

MILLINERY OPENING.

MONDAY, APRIL, 9th, 1906.

This will be the most up-to-date line of Millinery ever shown in your city. We invite you to call whether desiring to purchase or not. Don't forget the DATE and PLACE.

RECORD SISTERS.

MAIN ST. OPPOSITE ARTESIA BANK.

Protect your orchards with War-nock's Tree Paint. It is guaranteed to protect against rabbits and all insects. One application lasts three years. One gallon will protect from five to seven hundred trees. For sale by J. W. Skaer.

Eggs for Hatching.

Single comb white Leghorns, eggs from our No. 1 pen, that holds worlds record, 207½ eggs per hen per year, price per setting of 13 \$1.00. Well packed and delivered to express company.

Indian Runner ducks, eggs per setting of eleven, two dollars.
Roswell Poultry Yards,
East side of Fair Grounds,
Roswell, N. M.

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

Buy your sand for sidewalks from Jim Conner

Maitland lump coal—the best—at Artesia Feed and Fuel Co.

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 feed or fuel go to Artesia Feed and Fuel Co. 'Phone 20.

'Phone 52 for all kinds of feed stuff—Christopher & Davis.

A good buggy and harness for sale at a discount. This office.

THE STAR STABLE



Is the best in town. The nicest rigs, the fastest horses—gentle drivers suitable for ladies and children to drive. No bronks, or baulky horses. Prompt service night or day. Nothing too good for the public. Give us a call. To treat you right is all we know. Location on 3rd Street South of Gibson Hotel. 'Phone 88.

J. K. WALLING & SON Props.

THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS,

AURORA, ILLINOIS,

Makes High Grade Well Sinking Machinery at Moderate Prices

SPERRY & LUKINS,

of Artesia, New Mexico

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

PARTICULAR CLOTHES



For men who are particular in the matter of dress. In these days and times IT PAYS TO LOOK NEAT. The man today is judged to great extent by the clothes he wears. And the man who in other days wore the shabby clothes and slouch hat is a thing of the past.

Every man can afford to dress well.

Be you a man of wealth or only one with moderate means. We will sell you a suit that will fit and give you satisfaction at a price that will be sure to please.

NEW SUITS FOR SPRING

Just received a delightful assortment.

MENS FURNISHINGS

Is where we make our mark. New shirts of the best material. Late designs and patterns. Stylish belts, fancy half hose, everything in neckwear, hats, shoes and oxfords await your inspection.



For latest designs in Wall Paper see John Schrock Lumber Company.

JIM CONNOR

General Drayage and Transfer

Bus Meets all Trains

Good Teams, Big Wagons

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

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

Jim Conner has plenty sand on hand.

Blank leases for sale at the Advocate office.

When you want a good quality of feed and want it quick, call up Christopher & Davis. Light wagon and good horses, and they keep nobody waiting.

Christopher & Davis have the largest stock of feed in the city. Telephone in your order.

Ice, Beers and Soda waters.

Distilled waters.

THE ARTESIA ICE CO.

Jas. A. Martin, Mgr.

Phone 22.

One barrel of pure ribbon cane syrup shipped direct from the plantation of F. D. McMahan in south east Texas, now on sale at Meek's grocery, opposite the Ullery furniture company.

J. D. Goodale arrived Sunday from Guthrie Centre, Iowa, with a car of household goods and stock, preparatory to making his home in Artesia. He was accompanied by Oscar Cue and Josh Tracy. They are former acquaintances of the Crandall's and Conn's.

Hon. J. W. Sullivan, a prominent attorney of Denton, Texas, spent Sunday and Monday in Artesia, looking after the interest of a client.

S. W. Gilbert, president of the First National Bank, recently sold to Dr. S. C. Tatum, of Centre, Alabama, 160 acres of land south of town—a part of the "Glengarry Ranch." The land is to be improved right away.

Revival Meeting to Begin.

The Advocate is requested to announce that Elder A. J. McCarty, of Texas, a minister of the Christain church, will begin a tent meeting at Dayton on Friday night before the fourth Sunday in this month. Everybody invited to come and camp and enjoy the meeting.

John Robert was a Roswell visitor several days this week.

The Pecos Valley Drug Company entertained its friends and the public generally Wednesday afternoon by serving free the most delicious ice cream and cake. The company has installed a gasoline engine in a building to the rear of their store, which turns their cream freezers and also manipulates a system of fans throughout the house. The Pecos Valley people are nothing if not enterprising and know how to take care of their friends.

Have your eyes tested and glasses fitted by Dr. Montgomery, in the Bromelsick building.

H. L. Birney, recently from Dexter, has taken up land about four miles northwest of town, near Green Caraway's, and will go to raising stock, principally sheep. His sister, Miss Grace Eggers, has also secured land nearby and will reside upon it.

Roswell's Carnegie library is now open to the public.

A. V. Logan and J. R. Blair were visitors to Roswell Wednesday.

Mrs. S. W. Gilbert visited friends in Roswell a day or two this week.

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

Noblemen in Demand.

Not long ago a Roman nobleman advertised in newspapers in Chicago and New York, offering his hand (empty) and heart in exchange for an American heiress. He has thus far received 254 replies. Several correspondents wanted to know whether, in view of the prospective husband's title, they would be asked, father and mother included, to all the balls and dinners given by the king and queen of Italy.—Harper's Weekly.

Capital and Labor.

Employers of labor are apt to overlook the fact that no favor whatsoever is conferred upon a man by employing him; that, if anything, the boot is on the other leg, and the man who barter brain or muscle in return for a proportion only of what it brings his employer is the party in the transaction who really confers a favor.—Surveyor and Municipal and County Engineer.

Rainfall in China.

In northern China the average annual rainfall is under forty inches; it increases to the southward and decreases from the coast toward the interior of the empire, and in individual years it is subject to large fluctuations. In Korea the annual fall is about thirty-six inches on the west coast and is generally more than forty inches on the east and south coasts.

Originality a Requisite.

You can never maintain a strong position in the industrial world so long as you are content to wait till somebody else has done something good and then follow on the same lines. You can only get a real grip, says Mr. John Foster Fraser, when you are sufficiently wide awake and enterprising to push ahead on your own account.

Execution Season in Peking.

Executions are now in full swing at Peking, this being the annual execution season. As many as twenty-five executions in a day are taking place. It is stated that some take place at the direct command of the Empress dowager and others for the special amusement of other Peking dignitaries.—Shanghai Times.

Novel Way to Boom Trade.

Lahr, a town in Germany, has been greatly annoyed by two footpads, who waylaid many of the inhabitants and demanded that they should surrender their boots or pay down their value when new. The two men, when arrested, confessed that they were operating on behalf of a local shoe-maker.

Some Abbreviations.

"Nov." stands ordinarily for the month of November. The letters might mean—Nullify Our Votes. Dec.—December; Delusive Election Count. Jan.—January; Justice After Nabobs. Feb.—February; Freezing Every Body. Mar.—March; Mainly About Rebates. Etc.—New York Press.

Flight of Robins.

For days millions of robins flew southward over Yuba, Nevada, and Placer counties, California, in successive great clouds recently. At night they alighted on trees, shrubs and rocks, and at daybreak resumed their flight. Nothing has ever been seen in California like it.

Lawyers in British Cabinet.

It is recorded as a remarkable fact in England that eight members of the new liberal cabinet are lawyers, the legal profession thus having nearly half of the whole ministry. Such a proportion would excite no surprise and break no records in America.

Police Court Note.

Here is another gem from that prolific mine, the police court: "Prisoner used such strong language," said a constable, "that I was obliged to get the assistance of another officer to take him into custody."—London Telegraph.

Noiseless Paving.

The London County council has decided to pave with noiseless material the portions of street car tracks in front of churches and the education committee has proposed that similar material be laid in front of schools.

Total Abstainers Escape Gallows.

In answer to a query, Berry, formerly the English executioner, states that not one of the 500 persons whom he hanged was a total abstainer.

Reading Shows Character.

Bad reading makes bad thinking, and there is much of both. What a person is reading is the best index to his character.

Mexican Cotton Pest.

Conchuela is the name of a Mexican cotton pest which, it is feared, may spread to Texas.

Ice Preserves Body.

In an almost perfect state of preservation and easily recognizable, the dead body of a guide named Nagi, a native of Aosta, Italy, who fell into a crevasse in 1877, near the summit of Monte Rosa, has just been recovered from the ice. Nagi was descending the mountain in company with two Milanese Alpinists when he suddenly disappeared, and the cord which bound him to the others was cut by a sharp piece of ice.

Question for the Courts.

A curious question of law has come before the Maine courts. A bishop and the rector of a parish are being sued for libel by a man excommunicated by them. The Supreme court has just held that there is a cause of action. The dismissal from church is undoubtedly prejudicial to the man's character, but it is a nice question to what extent the courts should interfere with church discipline.

Who Was Unknown Genius?

The expression "to cut a melon" was bound to be used again when once heard, so charged is it with the lickerish suggestion of good things to be divided. But who was the bright soul who started the metaphor on its juicy way has failed of record. Dated instances of the employment of the expression should be supplied for the benefit of future students.

Contradiction in Nature.

For hundreds of years, perhaps thousands, the Australian black has accepted the doctrine of a trinity in heaven and the theory of evolution. In some respects he is far superior to his civilized contemporary. Yet he curls himself round like a dog and sinks to sleep on the bare ground at sunset. In the dark he is a veritable coward.

Some Curious Hobbies.

One woman who collects teapots has 1,100 of these articles, of various sizes, designs and nationality. Another has a horde of thimbles that have once been the property of women more or less well known or famous, while still another has her photograph taken in every new gown, bonnet or hat she has had for the last ten years.

Riveting by Machine.

In riveting with pneumatic hammers two men and one heater averaged 500 rivets in ten hours, whereas by hand 250 rivets is a good day's work for three men and one heater. The cost for each, according to the Engineering Mining Journal, was 1-62 cents by pneumatic hammer, and 3-63 cents by hand.

Great Men of Single Names.

In response to a question as to why "everybody that amounts to anything always has but one first name" school-marm thought it over and was surprised to find how much truth there was in the child's statement. She says that it is one of the little things which are worth looking into.

Smelling Competition.

At a recent smelting competition in London only 6.72 per cent of the competitors succeeded in distinguishing the odors of common oils. Those most easily identified were camphor, peppermint, vanilla and cloves; those least recognized were hemlock and lavender.

Wild Animals Dying Out.

Few wild animals are left in New Zealand. The government takes good care of the remnant, and seeks to add new varieties. Among recent importations are chamois from the Austrian Alps, which ought to flourish in the mountains of New Zealand.

Strength of Wire Rope.

Tests of the strength of wire rope, conducted for the French government, show that the ultimate strength of a round rope is 33 per cent less than the sum of the tensile strengths of its individual wires before being laid.

Stone in Bridges.

In this age of steel stone has by no means been put out of use in building important viaducts and bridges. The second largest stone arch bridge in the world was recently completed at Salcano, Austria. Its span is 279 feet.

Steam Not Complete Master.

Steam has by no means made sailing vessels obsolete. The total number of them in the world is still 65,934, as against only 30,561 steamers.

Dried Currants for Horses.

Dried currants given to horses occasionally, instead of oats, are said to increase the animal powers of endurance.

Cost of White Pine.

White pine lumber costs to-day five times as much in this country as it cost in 1865.

And This in Boston?

"Why don't you advertise 'pants and vests'?" I asked a dealer in a downtown place the other day. "I should suppose it would be quite as well to call them trousers and waistcoats." He looked at me for a moment and said: "I advertise pants and vests because if I advertised as you suggest half and probably more of those who come in here to trade would not know what I meant."—Boston Evening Record.

Knew All About It.

"What do you understand by a cataract?" the new teacher of Number Two asked Willy Straw. The answer came promptly: "It's the fire engine down at Daleville Corners," he said in breathless haste to impart his knowledge. "But it leaks some, and it isn't half so good looking as the 'Torrent,' either. You just wait till parade day and you'll see, teacher!"—Youth's Companion.

Pests Worry English Farmers.

The farmers' clubs of England give a high price for magpies, jays and other birds that prey on eggs and fledglings. The result is an abnormal number of small birds that damage the crops. At a recent meeting of the Board of Agriculture in England the experts could not agree as to whether birds, on the whole, did more good than harm.

Sleep and Memory.

Seven hours of sleep is the minimum amount required by the average person, according to Prof. Weygand of the University of Wurzburg. He ascertained experimentally that reduction of the usual period of sleep by three hours diminishes the power of the memory by one-half. Fasting, he found, had a much less injurious effect.

Had Learned the Words.

It was a lecture on health, delivered before a roomful of working girls. The word oxygen had been used. Immediately one of the girls rattled out glibly: "I know—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen." "Well, what do you know about them?" asked the nurse. "Oh, I dunno nothin' about 'em, but we learnt 'em at school," was the answer.

Long Time Building Memorial.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, whose hymn, "Abide With Me," is one of the most precious to Christian hearts, was vicar of Lower Brixham. Thirty years ago an attempt was made to rebuild the old church as a memorial to him. Some progress was accomplished, and now a final effort is being made to finish the tower.

Pauper Dies of Overeating.

A very remarkable thing happened in an English almshouse last Christmas. One of the inmates died of overeating, something that has never happened before in England. Said a nurse, in testifying to the death: "The old man had a second helping of plum pudding and died happy."

Production of "Kamala."

"Kamala" is the vernacular name of the red dye produced from the glands of the mature fruit of a tree named mallotus Phillipinensis. The tree is also called the "monkey-face tree," because monkeys paint their faces red by rubbing them with the fruit.

Pays for False Advertising.

Leo Cohn, a merchant of Spandau, Germany, advertised the sale of a stock of goods at less than half cost. A buyer proved that more than half the cost price had been charged for an article he had bought, and the merchant was fined \$45.

To Be Guarded Against.

As a bit of iron near the mariner's compass will deflect the needle and possibly cause the loss of the ship, just so does some hidden element of self-interest or some latent passion commonly make shipwreck of human reasoning.

Pressure of Natural Gas.

The natural gas wells which have yielded the greatest amount of gas and shown the most tremendous force in its outburst have revealed a pressure of about 650 pounds to the square inch on the rock confining the gas.

Temper and Temperament.

The man who has been up against both declares it is easier to live with a woman of temper than one of temperament.—New Orleans Picayune.

First Confederate in Arlington.
Gen. Wheeler's body was the first of an ex-confederate officer to be buried in the national cemetery at Arlington.

First Know Others.

Understand what the other fellow is trying to do, and then you may understand your own work.

HAD TOO MANY IDEAS

MARY EMMA'S HUSBAND ARISES WITH A PROTEST.

Was Tired of Being Experimented on With Every Suggestion Put Forward by the Homekeeper's Friend—The Turning of the Worm.

Mr. Obed Farrar had carefully written on a slip of paper which he carried in his pocketbook the address of a person in Boston, and one day when he went to the city he made it a part of his business to call at the street and number indicated, and to talk with the old lady who lived there.

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Farrar's old school friend, gently, smiling at the weather-beaten old man who had surprised her with a call. "I thought it would have many things to interest Mary Emma, as I've always called her," she added, apologetically. "There are," said Mr. Farrar, with a desperate air. "That magazine's chuckful of ideas that interest her—and she tries every one of 'em. We haven't had the same thing used to raise our biscuits nor polish our stoves nor clear our coffee two months running since you began to give her that magazine."

"I can't go into the kitchen morning or night that there isn't something simmering on that stove and a number of other things drying on the window sills. Sometimes they're for keeping out moths or ants or buffalo-bugs, sometimes they're for cleaning pots and kettles or preserve jars, and sometimes they're for repairing old china or removing ink or grease. "Our preserves have been put up in water, sugar, molasses, and I don't know but vinegar. There's not a day but I see Mary Emma with a thoughtful look on her face out in the woodshed, bent on making some new kind of a waste basket or a stool or an improvement of some sort. I can't throw away or destroy so much as a strip of shavings or a tin can now but what she's after me, saying that was just what the Homekeeper's Friend had spoken of as being particularly useful. "Sometimes my clothes are hung out in the damp, and sometimes they're packed away in newspapers, according to what the contributors to the 'Handy Helps' department of that magazine have written. If I miss my collar buttons I know some woman out in Alaska has found a better place for 'em to be kept. "Some months Mary Emma wears her hair down her back most all day to promote the growth, and other times she brushes it a hundred strokes night and morning, and braids it tight as it'll go. There's weeks when she'll wear two veils, and weeks when she'll go out without so much as a handkerchief on her head. "And I saw by an announcement that was lying on her desk," said Mr. Farrar, after a short pause for breath, "that the first three months of next year there's to be a series of articles on 'Making a Man Comfortable.' Now what I want to know is, will you send those publishers word to let Mary Emma's subscription expire, or have I got to waylay the mail the first of every month and heave those magazines into the stove? For it's got to be one or the other."—Youth's Companion.

A Song of Life.

O bitter woe!—to dream of joy.
And wake to hopeless sorrow—
To see a day of happiness
Break in a stormy morn'g—
To snatch with parching lips one draft
From life's abounding river,
And find that taste a fiery pang
To curse a life forever!

'Tis hard to love uncounted years,
And then from love be parted;
No thought of how those years were
Blessed
Can cheer the broken-hearted.
But worse than this—when yearning
Their bonds on instant sever,
And, rushing blindly on to love,
Bid love farewell forever!

O bliss of life!—to live in woe,
In sorrow see one's portion,
With lowering clouds of gloomy fate,
Pierced by no ray of fortune;
Then have one dazzling flash of light—
Of love—the darkness sever,
And in that flash of ecstasy,
Enraptured, live forever.
—Josh Winb, in Baltimore American.

Not So Dull.

A professor, who when asked a question, was in the habit of saying—"That's a very good point, indeed; look it up for yourself,"—was once much disgusted with a student who had failed to answer a very simple question.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I'm surprised that you, who are going to teach, cannot answer such an elementary question. Why, what would you do if one of your pupils were to ask it?" "Well, professor," replied the other, "if such a thing had happened before I came here I'm afraid I would have said plainly that I didn't know; but now I think I'd do just as you do, and say—'look it up, my boy, look it up!'"

SWINGING ROCK FIRMLY FIXED.

South American Natural Wonder Defied Dictator of Argentine.

One of the strangest of natural wonders of South America, is the swinging rock of Tandil (La piedra hoveidiza), says the Philadelphia Record. The stone lies about half an hour's walk from the city of Tandil, province of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, upon the highest summit of a little rocky ridge. When seen from the ravine it has the form of a giant pyramid, while from another view it resembles an enormous cone. It is twenty-one feet long and twenty-eight feet high, and its weight is judged to be about 12,500 hundredweight, or about 627 tons. From the distance the stone presents a peculiar aspect. It is so highly poised on the rocky slope that it seems as if we were watching a stone roll down the hill and resting for a second upon a very small base. But when we approach this swinging rock we are astonished by a new wonder. We can set the stone in motion by merely pushing it with the hand. Very often the traveler is spared even the trouble of pushing the stone, as the wind will cause it to swing.

Early in the nineteenth century the Argentine Republic was ruled by the dictator Rosa with unparalleled cruelty for about twenty-five years. To show his supreme power the tyrant ordered that the stone be encircled with ropes and many horses to be harnessed to these ropes—but the stone could not be moved one inch from its resting place.

Quoted to a Purpose.

The private secretary of the eminent statesman dropped a polite note to the railway magnate, suggesting that the eminent statesman would be pleased to be favored with an annual pass. But the railway magnate, having formulated a new policy and also having some wit, returned the application with a printed slip containing the texts: "Suffer not a man to pass," and "So he paid the fare and went."

"I guess that will hold him," chuckled the railway magnate.

But the private secretary of the eminent statesman approached a railway magnate who operated a parallel line, and soon was able to drop a brief note to the first magnate. The brief note consisted of the simple text: "And he passed by on the other side."

Very Plain Congressman.

Senator Beveridge was talking one afternoon to a group of newly elected congressmen.

"You boys," he said, "must on no account appear green. Keep cool, go slow, think before you speak; then you won't give yourselves away."

The unruly congressmen laughed, and Senator Beveridge continued: "I should hate to hear that one of you had acted as a new congressman once did."

"He, as soon as he reached Washington, went off to a photographer's to be photographed."

"I want my likeness taken," he said.

"'Cabinet?' the photographer asked. 'The sitter reddened and looked pleased.'

"'No,' he answered, 'just a plain, everyday congressman.'"

Too Cheap.

An Omaha man who claims he can live on nine cents a day has received hundreds of letters from women who want to marry him. This seems to prove the statement that there are a great many women in this country who would be glad to marry if they could afford to support a husband. Many of these women presumably earn almost enough to warrant them in securing one of these luxuries, and a man who can be fed for 63 cents a week, or something like \$2.50 a month, strongly appeals to them.

At the same time a 9-cent a day man seems to be too much of a bargain to be really attractive to the careful purchaser.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What the Farmer Said.

A Kansas lawyer tells of a visit he had from an old farmer.

The farmer wanted a big suit for damages brought against a railroad company because his old brindle cow had been run over during the night. On questioning him, the lawyer could not find a single peg upon which he could legitimately hang a case.

"Well," he said, "I kinder thought ye could fetch it on the sign bein' down. They wan't no sign, 'Look out for the cars,' so I thought mebbe ye could git 'em on that."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A New Geysier.

"Ma," said young Miss Nuritch, "when we was at the Yellowstone Park did we see all the geysers that was there?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Nuritch, "we seen all the things that was there. Why?"

"'Cause I heard old Mr. Dinkenkopf telling another man to-day that the 'Geysier Wilhelm was the greatest ever.'"

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SPECIALIST,
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
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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.

E. A. Clayton has been at Kenna all the week selling land in the new town of Urton, of which he is one of the principal owners.

J. E. SWEPSTON,

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.
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OFFICE IN BANK OF ARTESIA BUILDING.

PHONE 140.

ARTESIA, N. M.

Major Joe Keller,

Merchant
Tailor and
Draper.....

Suits made to order at home, also ladies costumes cut and made and repaired.

Mail orders promptly attended to.
ARTESIA, NEW MEX.

Kirkland Building, Main Street

[The Flowing Well.

In this way the water
Comes up at our door,
'Tis gushing and lashing
And pushing and splashing
All upward and outward
In greatest uproar.
'Tis prancing and lancing
And glancing and dancing
And all of its movements
Are very entrancing
In sunshine it's sparkling,
In shadow it's darkling.
When night settles o'er us,
We sleep, for its chorus
Is ever a soft, fairy,
Lullaby song,
In morning till nooning
We work by its turning
And always its music's
A joy the day long.
'Tis roaring and pouring
And coughing and chaffing.
'Tis blessing the land
With its puffing and laughing
The message it's saying
Is that it is paying,
If not milk and honey,
'Tis water and money.
'Tis playing and spraying
And gaily 'tis saying:
Come with me and see
How I make the fields green
By just going over them,
With water I won them.
'Tis all that is needed,
This silvery sheen.
I'm shouting and spouting,
All dust storms arouting.
In water that's frimming
The glad ducks are swimming.
'Tis always I'm giving
And you are receiving,
A God given fountain,
Towards heaven I'm mounting.
In this way the water
Flows out more and more
'Twill start up the posies
The desert as roses
Shall bloom at our door.

W. W. T.

A Fine Farm Sold.

Messrs J. C. and Sidney Hale this week sold another large slice off their land holdings lying one mile east of town. Dr. Meeks, of Kirksville, Missouri, is the purchaser, and he gets 400 acres lying just west of the tract the Hales recently to Mr. Muncy, of Texas, and it includes 75 acres of alfalfa and the artesian well near Mr. Hale's residence. The purchase price was \$65 00 per acre. This is \$20 per acre more than the Muncy tract sold for only a few months ago, which shows how land values are advancing around Artesia.

Residence Blocks For Sale.

I have a few choice lots and five and ten acre blocks yet unsold. They go at bargain prices to first comers.

MRS. SALLIE ROBERT.

The handsome cottage of J. D. H. Reid, on Grand avenue, is about completed, and it is one of the neatest in the city.

Mr. Joe Jacobson, a well known and experienced merchant of Russellton, Ark., spent several days in the valley last week with a view to establishing a dry goods house. After looking well over the ground, Mr. Jacobson decided that artesia offered the best inducements in the business lines, and informs the Advocate that he expects to return in a very short time and open up a dry goods and clothing house.

For Sale.

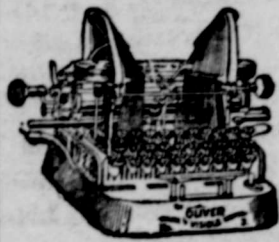
Poland China and
Berkshire Sows, bred
to Registered Red
Jersey and Poland China
Males. Also young
Pigs, Stock Hogs and
Cornfed barrows.

**C. A. P. LAND
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PHONE 130.

J. B. CECILL, PHONE 8
AT THE ARTESIA MARKET.

You Can Easily Operate
This Typewriter
Yourself.



Don't worry your correspondent. Don't write him anything by hand that takes him time to make out—

that may leave him in doubt—that he can't easily read.

And don't fill out legal papers or card memos—make out accounts or hotel menus in your own handwriting.

It looks bad, reflects on your standing, makes people think you can't afford a stenographer, and is sometimes ambiguous.

You can write out your letters—make out an abstract—fill in an insurance policy—enter your card memos—make out your accounts, or a hotel menu—or do any kind of writing you need on any kind, size or thickness of paper, and space any way you want on

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer.

You can write any of these things yourself if you do not happen to have a stenographer. For you can easily learn with a little practice, to write just as rapidly, and as perfectly, as an expert operator on the OLIVER. Because the OLIVER is the amplified typewriter. And you can see every word you write. About 80 per cent more durable than any other typewriter, because it has about 80 per cent less wearing points than most other typewriters.

80 per cent easier to write with than other complicated intricate machines that require humoring—technical knowledge, long practice and special skill to operate.

Then machines which cannot be adjusted to any special space, with which it is impossible to write abstracts, insurance policies, or odd-sized documents except you buy expensive special attachments, requiring experts to operate.

You can adjust the OLIVER any reasonable space, you can write on any reasonable size and thickness of paper, right out to the very edge, without the aid of any expensive attachments or special skill, and your work will be neat appearing, legible and clear.

For the OLIVER is the typewriter for the doctor, the lawyer, the insurance agent, the merchant, the hotel proprietor, or any man who does his own writing.

Write us now for our booklet on the simplified features of the OLIVER.

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

Safety, Security, Responsibility, Efficiency, Conservatism.

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R. M. ROSS, Cashier, K. C. SMITH, 2nd Vice-President,
L. R. GAIDRY, Ass't Cashier.

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Surplus and Undividd 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 sentiment or undue influence—will endure. That a bank which has ample capital and reserve in proportion to its deposit liability, and makes SAFETY THE FIRST CONSIDERATION, and is operated along conservative lines is entitled to and will receive its due proportion of the public patronage.
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THE PECOS VALLEY AND ARTESIA COUNTRY.
10 years experience farming and improving
lands in the Valley.

The Best In The City.

That is the Kind of Service

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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 "brunks" or balky horses are offered the public under any circumstances. Give us a call.

CHRISTOPHER & PRICE, Props.

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'PHONE 71.

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Water, Gas and Steam fitting, I
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Is prepared to attend to the wants of the public promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Plenty of material, good tools and all calls answered promptly. If you have trouble with your hydrant, bath fixtures or flue, telephone us. No. 125.

T. R. LOGAN, Proprietor.

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:
9 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m., except Sunday
Sunday hours..... 9 to 10 o'clock a. m.

Announcements.

TAX ASSESSOR.

John O. McKee, ex-tax assessor of Eddy county, is hereby announced as a candidate for re-election to that office, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Friends of Hubert 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.

J. L. Emerson is hereby announced as candidate for re-election to the office of tax assessor of Eddy county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

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.

Allen C. Heard is hereby announced as a candidate for County Commissioner of precinct No. 1. Subject to Democratic primary.

Sam B. Smith is hereby announced as a candidate for County Commissioner of precinct No. 1. Subject to Democratic primary.

SUPERINTENDENT.

We are authorized to announce M. P. KERR as a candidate for re-election to the office of School Superintendent of Eddy county, subject to action of Democratic primary.

PROBATE CLERK.

W. R. Owen is hereby announced as a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Clerk and ex-officio Recorder of Eddy county, subject to the Democratic primary May 19.

W. L. Bobo is hereby announced as a candidate for Probate clerk and ex-officio recorder of Eddy county, subject to Democratic primary.

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

Sand for Sale.

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

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

HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The following named books have been ordered for our High School Library, and paid for out of the proceeds of the recent entertainment:

Adam Bede	G. Eliot.
Aesop's Fables	
Aikenside	Holmes.
Alhambra	Washington Irving.
Arabian Nights	
Autocrats of the Breakfast table	Holmes.
Averil,	Carey.
Bitter Sweet	Holland.
Bracebridge Hall	Irving.
Hyron's Poems	
Christmas Stories	Dickens.
Courtship of Miles Standish.	
	Longfellow.
Daniel Deronda	Dickens.
David Copperfield	Dickens.
Deerslaeggr, The	Cooper.
Departmental Ditties	Kipling.
Evangeline	H. W. Longfellow.
Great Expectations	Dickens.
Henry Edmond	Thackeray.
House of Seven Gables	
	Hawthorn.
In his Steps	Sheldon.
Ivanhoe	Scott.
Last of the Mohicans	Cooper.
Locksly Hall	Tennyson.
Lucile	Meredith.
Mill on the Floss	Eliot.
Natural Law in the Spiritual World	Drummond.
Old Curiosity Shop	Dickens.
Oliver Twist	Dickens.
The Path Finder	Cooper.
The Pilot	Cooper.
The Prairie	Cooper.
Professor at the Breakfast Table	O. W. Holmes.
Red Rover	Cooper.
Romola	Eliot.
Samantha at Saratoga	
Scarlet Letter	Hawthorne.
Scottish Chiefs	Porter.
Silas Marner,	Eliot
Sketch Book,	Irving
Story of a Modern Woman, Dixon	
Tale of Two Cities,	Dickens
Tales from Shakespeare, C. & M. Lamb	
Tanglewood Tales,	Hawthorne
Tom Brown at Oxford,	Hughes
Tom Brown's School Days,	Hughes
Vicar of Wakefield,	Goldsmith
Wonder Book,	Hawthorne
Bacon's Essays.	
Mrs. Browning's Poems.	
Robt. Browning's Poems.	
Burn's Poems.	
Byron's Poems.	
Cary, Alice and Phoebe Poems.	
Emerson's Essays,	R. W. Emerson
Emerson's Poems.	
Fifteen Decisive Battles,	Creasy
French Revolution,	Carlyle
Goldsmith's Poems.	
Oliver Wendell Holme's Poems.	
Homer's Iliad.	
Idylls of the King,	Tennyson
In Memoriam,	Tennyson
Rudyard Kipling's Poems.	
Lalla Rooke,	Moore
Les Miserables,	Hugo
Life of Christ,	Giekie

Longfellow's Poems.

Lowell's Poems.

Moore's Poems.

Mosses from an Old House,

Hawthorne

Other Worlds than Ours,

Proctor

Our Mutual Friend,

Dickens

Pilgrims' Progress,

John Bunyan

Pilot,

J. F. Cooper

Pioneers,

J. F. Cooper

Plutarch's Lives.

Edgar Allen Poe's Poetical Works.

Rob Boy,

Sir Walter Scott

Shakespeare's Poetical Works.

The Spy,

J. F. Cooper

Tales of a Traveler,

Irving

Tennyson's Poetical Works.

Twice-Told Tales,

Hawthorne

Uncle Tom's Cabin,

H. B. Stowe

Vanity Fair,

W. M. Thackeray

Waverly.

Sir Walter Scott

Whittier's Poetical Works.

Wardsworth's Poetical Works.

CERTIFICATE ON ELECTION.

By the authority vested in me as Clerk of the town of Artesia, New Mexico, I hereby declare the following candidates elected as members of the Board of Trustees of the town of Artesia, and Treasurer of said town on the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1906, at election held according to the statutes in such cases made and provided:

Wm. Crandall receiving 154 votes for the office of trustee.

J. B. Enfield	"	154	"
J. H. Becknam	"	159	"
Earl McBride	"	89	"
Wm. E. Baskin	"	95	"

E. L. Robertson received 154 votes for town treasurer.

Witness my hand and signature on this the 6th day of April, A. D. 1906.

J. E. SWEETON,

Clerk.

THE CITY ELECTION IS LIVELY.

Considerable Interest is Shown in the Choosing of a new Town Board.

Artesia had its second city election Tuesday, and while the vote was not very heavy, every fellow who did cast a vote seemed to enjoy the privilege very much—except, perhaps, those who were so unfortunate as to get elected to some office. When the polls closed at 6 o'clock there had been an entire change in business all around, and few men had taken the places of those patriotic gentlemen who have served so faithfully and so well the past year. Here's hoping that the new board will display as much wisdom, and make as few mistakes as their predecessors. None of the former councilmen (with one exception, Mr. Crandall) were candidates for re-election and he is among the elect. The saloon element succeeded in landing the trustees it desired, because of the fact that the anti-gambling, and law and order portion of our citizenship put out two tickets and divided its strength. The result could be

foreseen, of course, but personal and political chicanery got into the game somehow and the other rat got off with the cheese before the peace-makers could reconcile their difference. It is to be hoped the lesson learned will not be lost.

The ticket elected is not a bad one, by any means, in fact, is made up of some shrewd, conservative business men and the Advocate is not ready this early in the game to believe that the people of Artesia will have any serious cause to regret the choice. We do not believe the saloon element can get the men elected to deliver the goods anticipated. They are not the kin 1 of men who dance at the behest of any clique or clan. The citizens of the town stand ready to back them up in all things pertaining to the betterment of our social or business conditions.

There were three tickets in the race as follows:

J. H. Beckham,
Wm. Crandall,
S. W. Gilbert,
E. C. Higgins,
J. B. Enfield,

J. H. Beckham,
Wm. Crandall,
S. W. Gilbert,
R. M. Love,
L. R. Sperry.

J. H. Beckham,
J. B. Enfield,
E. C. Higgins,
Earl McBride,
W. E. Baskin.

Messrs Beckham and Crandall appeared on three of the tickets, and Enfield on two, so their election was assured from the start.

Baskin and McBride only ran on two tickets, but their rabbit's foot was in splendid order and they got the necessary number of ballots to land.

There were two candidates out for city treasurer—E. L. Robertson and Edward Gessert and the plum fell to Robertson by a large majority.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

Three directors were also elected for the district. Two tickets were voted on as follows:

C. L. Heath, 84,
A. V. Logan, 84,
J. C. Gage, 85,
S. W. Gilbert, 8,
R. M. Ross, 8,
Albert Blake, 10.

The several gentlemen will assume their official duties as soon as the vote has been canvassed and certificates of election issued.

Mrs. L. R. Sperry is visiting her parents in Fairbury, Nebraska.

J. H. Beckham Jr. led the ticket for town trustee Tuesday and we presume has earned the position of mayor. J. H. is a good puller anywhere you put him.

FOR SALE—my surrey and harness. Write me at Hagerman, N. M.

CITY TRANSFER.

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

Will meet all Trains.

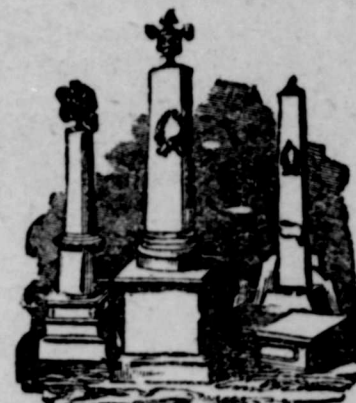
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NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Blacksmithing
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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.

Block For Sale.

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

PRESBYTERY AT ARTESIA.

Presbytery of Pecos Valley will convene Tuesday evening, April 10, at 7:30 o'clock. It was expected that the Presbytery would the session in the Presbyterian church, but on account account of the pews not being in the church, they will be held in the Christain church. The opening serman on Tuesday evening will be by Rev. C. E. Lakins, D. D. of Roswell. The public generally is invited to attend this opening services, and all the sessions of the Presbytery.

Pan Handle Live Stock Association, Amarillo, Tex. April 17 to 19 1906. Tickets on sale April 16 and 17. Final limit for return April 20 at the rate of \$10.80 for rounp trip. Children between the age of 5 and 12 one half of adult rate.

C. O. BROWN, Agt.

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(INCORPORATED.)

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

Complete Abstracts of all Lands in Eddy County.

WRITE US

F. G. TRACY, President.

C. H. McLENATHEN, Sec'y

Russell Sage Admits Ambition to Round Out Century of Life

As a financier it has been part of the policy of Russell Sage of New York to purchase stocks and other things at a bargain, and then to work industriously to bring them up to par. That, for 89 years has been his life work. He has been successful at it, and has rolled up a great many millions of dollars. But now he is engaged upon a new ambition—to reach par himself. He wishes to live 100 years, and bids fair to meet with the same success in his venture as in his many others.

There is no man on Wall street today, no man of his age in active business, who is so well preserved physically as this aged millionaire. He is as proud of this fact as he is of his

kies. Sometimes he winks one eye to emphasize what he says. Winking is his only dissipation. When he dissipates, he gives his mind to it. He drops his eyelid with great deliberation, sending it down with all his strength. His wink says, plainly as words, I, Russell Sage, am winking. Am I not real devilish?"

His nose is a good, strong nose, but it does not overshadow its fellow features. His cheek bones are as high as an Indian's. He has a queer way of working the muscles of his cheeks. He draws down his chin and the muscles of the lower part of his face, and at the same time lifts those of his cheek bones. No other living man can do it.

Mr. Sage's way of laughing is to twitch his mouth, shut his eyes tight, slap his thin hand on his knee and double up his body.

Resentless, but not relentless, he hardly has an enemy; never indulges in luxury; always calls you My son." He is everybody's papa, healing them by the laying on of paternal hands.

My son," he says, Sho! Sho! I must get in my stray bets. My son, I've got a million and a quarter of them puts and calls out now. Sho, It'll never do, my son." By this time he has lovingly fastened on to your rib or armpit, or "crazy bone," and when he says Sho" you feel like a chicken chucked up to be counted and fed on meal.

The youngest and the oldest clerk in Wall street laughs at Mr. Sage's clothes, thereby proving that he will never become a Russell Sage. The millionaire once declared under oath that he had two suits of clothes once at the same time. His shoes are thick and stout.

He goes about collecting money with the same emotion, and as much of it, as an ant-eater shows when it licks up ants. Speculation based on imagination or anything but a sure conviction of profit is unknown to him.

He has twice been in Congress, but he never cared to distinguish himself

temperance, love for work, a rigid regard for the minutest details of business, and, above all, choose the loss of every dollar rather than a single act of dishonesty. Failure is most frequently caused by falling by the wayside. Young men become victims of the desire for immediate pleasure rather than pursue a long and courageous struggle to permanent success.

"My mother taught me the rudiments—reading, writing and spelling. That was the only schooling I ever had. I was a simple farmer boy and worked on my father's place until I was 16 years old. Then I got a job in a retail grocery store in Troy. I did not receive more than \$5 a month. Before I was 21 I went into business for myself. By that time I had saved up enough to enable me to buy out the entire business. In 1863 I came to New York.

"If I were broke now I should go to work with the same desire to climb up that I had the first day I ever put my shoulder to the wheel. Just what my first step would be I don't know. That would depend on circumstances. But I am sure that by hard work I could win."

A friend of Mr. Sage was asked about the oft-published statement that no man can command so much money at instant call as he.

"It is true," he said, "and I doubt if any of the other millionaires could produce \$5,000,000 of his own money within thirty minutes of the demand. In my opinion none of them has as much ready cash within instant reach as Russell Sage."

He is a man in whom financiers have the greatest confidence. He has integrity and fair dealing back of his record.

In spite of the general impression to the contrary, Mr. Sage is philanthropic. He does not personally disburse charities; the actual giving is left to the discretion and judgment of Mrs. Sage. Although the possessor of a great many millions, he maintains no gorgeous establishment, his home being luxurious, but simple in all its appointments. This method of life is not with him a pose. He is plain to Puritanism; he is old-fashioned; he is intellectually a wonder, and though long past the allotted threescore years and ten, he shows no impairment of mental or physical abilities.

But will he accomplish his new ambition, and reach par? That remains to be seen, and will be decided within about ten years. If simple living, out-of-door exercise and don't-worry rules will do it, there seems to be no reason why he should not be successful. At any rate, he is nearer it than any other man to-day in Wall street.—Boston Herald.

Senators Make Jokes.

Senators are not above cracking jokes at the expense of each other when chance offers. Ex-Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, was a visitor at the Capitol recently, and with Representative Wood, of the Trenton district, on one side and Senator Dryden on the other, enjoyed a half hour's study of the most dignified legislative body in the world.

Soon Senator Kean was seen to enter the gallery and make his way down to the Governor's seat to shake hands with him.

"Dryden," observed a Senator who was looking at the party, "has got Murphy to take a policy in the Prudential by this time."

"And now," said another, "John Kean is going to sell him his copy of 'Fads and Fancies.'"

His Modest Request.

The great pianist at the drawing room function arose from his instrument and held up his hand. When the hubbub of voices died down he cleared his voice and spoke.

"I do not ask," he said, "that you moderate your conversation to the point where you can hear me play. I don't care whether you hear me or not. But in order to do myself justice, I must request that you allow me to hear myself."

In the silence that ensued he broke three strings and a plate glass window.

"Hans Mueller, Soldier." Inscription Over Hero

Years ago in the Third Cavalry there was a German-born trumpeter of the name of Hans Mueller. Hans was more or less a target for the jokes of his comrades. He was a stolid sort of fellow, but with an abundance of good nature, and the gibes never brought a change of expression to his countenance.

The trumpeter knew more about music than he did about muskets. During the time that his principal weapon was his trumpet Hans did very well, but finally when he concluded to drop the wind instrument for a Springfield rifle he came close to getting into trouble. At skirmish drill the trumpeter came within one several times of shooting himself accidentally, a fact which led his comrades to tell him that as long as his carelessness was simply suicidal they wouldn't object, but when it became murderous he must look out for trouble.

Finally when Hans had changed the direction of the muzzle of his piece from his own body and had nearly shot the head off a big Swede sergeant, Nelson, the captain of the troop told Private Mueller he must go back to his trumpet and stick to it.

Not Cut Out for a Soldier.

Hans was ambitious and he thought that in time he might overcome his awkwardness and be as trim a soldier as Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of others, but he didn't believe he could ever accomplish this end unless he was allowed to stick to something more deadly than a horn. Hans certainly was awkward. He had a habit of tripping over his own feet, and while he knew music and blew reveille and taps beautifully, he couldn't keep step to his own marching notes. Finally some of the men bluntly told Hans he never would make a soldier and he seemingly succumbed to the inevitable.

The command was in the Wyoming country where the Nez Perces were giving the government and the troops trouble. There was a constant succession of scoutings. Small squads were sent in many directions to "spy out the land." Hans Mueller had been forced to stay with the main body. The thought of sending the trumpeter out on a reconnoissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for safety never entered the squadron commander's head.

Sent Out With Scouting Party.

One day, however, a severely cold day in January, it became necessary to send a scouting party to run down the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. The troopers were fagged out, and this, to put it bluntly, was one reason why Hans Mueller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. His captain sent him out with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest to continue until something was "felt" or until the sergeant was satisfied that there were no reds in the immediate country.

When Hans started the soldiers told him to be sure and fix it so that

Got Back at Lawyer.

The late Gustave C. Reichhelm, the noted analyst and problem composer, of Philadelphia, was a quiet and mild man, with a horror of squabbles, noise and excitement.

"Mr. Reichhelm was once dragged out of his peaceful retirement," said a Philadelphian. "He had to go to New York to testify in a libel suit."

"In his cross-examination the lawyer for the defense, unaware that he was dealing with a man of Mr. Reichhelm's note, said with a sneer:

"I hope it isn't true that you said you were willing to testify for the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Oh, no; that isn't true," Mr. Reichhelm answered calmly. "But suppose it had been true—then let me put the same question to you. If you had been offered a bigger fee wouldn't you have been on the other side yourself?"

Fought with Cougar for Luncheon.

John Leamy, a back flagman on the Kettle Valley Railroad survey, now engaged on the North Fork, a few days ago risked his own life to protect the lunch of the survey party. Leamy was put in charge of the provisions of the party and while he was engaged with the survey two mammoth cougars attacked the lunch baskets of the entire crew.

The young flagman upon returning at noon found the cougars enjoying the sandwiches which had been carefully prepared for the party, and, choosing to risk his life rather than face a party of twenty hungry surveyors, he made a rush at the animals and secured the major portion of the eatables.—Grand Forks correspondence Portland Oregonian.

he could tell his canteen from his cartridge belt, and to keep his horse fresh, so that he could get back to camp in a hurry if he happened to hear a gun go off. Hans stood it all and then trotted off in the wake of Sergeant Nelson.

The squad had not gone far before Nelson said to Mueller: "Hans, you're not as bad as the troop makes out; but I'll tell you honestly that I'm not certain of you if it comes to a pinch. We may see trouble, and if we do please stick."

Sergeant's Judgment Wrong.

Sergeant Nelson was an old campaigner, but that day he made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. The first intimation of the Indians' presence was a volley. Nelson went to the ground with a hole in his side, and one of the privates shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the volley Hans Mueller's heart went to his throat. With the other private, who, like himself, was unfit, he jumped from his mount and found shelter about fifty yards to the rear.

There for five minutes the two exchanged shots with the Nez Perces, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the troopers and then to go forward scathless to take the scalps.

Mueller's heart went down out of his throat. He looked about him and saw there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his stricken comrades, and he knew that they were alive, for occasionally they raised themselves and sent shots in the direction of the red foe.

Hans Mueller said to himself: "These men must be brought back here." Then he handed his carbine to his comrade and with it his belt of cartridges. "You may need these," he said, "if these devils hit me."

Brought His Comrades In.

Then Hans Mueller jumped off the rock in front of him and made straight for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians opened on him, but they didn't get him. He reached Nelson, told him to grab his carbine, and then, raising the sergeant in his arms, back for cover through a storm of bullets and into the shadow of the rock he dropped the sergeant, and then stood on his feet.

"What's doing now?" said Nelson feebly.

"I'm going after Dodds," was the answer, and after Dodds he went. He braved the storm again, reached Dodds, took him in his arms, and started back across the strip of hell.

Twice he wavered in his steps, but he reached shelter and placed Dodds between the wounded trooper and Nelson.

Then Hans Mueller fell dead.

Relief came to the three surviving cavalymen. In a little cemetery at a post in the far Northwest there is a headstone with this inscription: "Hans Mueller, Soldier. His Courage Was Bullet Proof."

—Chicago Post.

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Perhaps," remarked the man with literary leanings, "it may be all right in general for the railroad satraps to shut off their pass supply for moral and financial reasons; but it is not excusable if, as a result, the literature of the land is to suffer by their uncalculated for action. It is dead wrong to inflict such stuff as this, which I have just received from an official of one of the great railroads of this country which has an outlet from New York:

The Good Book says: "Thou shalt not pass."
And A. J. C. confirms it.
So every man, even of your class,
Must skin his wad or hoof it.

"Now what do you think of that as a melody of mellifluous measure? Will you please get aboard of the rhythm and the rhyme? Note the general construction. If their railroad was built like their poetry, what sort of business would it do? No, sir, the railroads can hold back their passes, but they mustn't ruin our literature by writing that sort of 'stuff.'"

Deserved.

"Say, you; what is your claim to admittance?" St. Peter demanded.

"Well," the Shade replied, diffidently, "once my new derby hat blew off—"

"Well?"

"And I had to chase it a block—"

"Go on."

"And I didn't say anything."

"You come in," St. Peter said, cordially, unbarring the storm door and the inner gate. "Any particular key you would like to have your harp?"—Puck.



MR. SAGE'S BIRTHPLACE AT SCOTTSBORO, N. Y.

business successes. He boasts of it, flaunts it in the face of men younger in years but weaker of body.

"Yes, young man," he said, on a recent birthday. "I was born in 1816. Lived quite a while, eh? Entitled to a holiday, eh. Well, honestly, I really considered for a moment taking a holiday off, but then I am a director in twenty-seven railroads and I can't very well neglect the public's interests. They all of them have directors' meetings to-day, and I feel that I ought to attend. Then, I get \$20 for each meeting, and a lunch thrown in."

Russell Sage expects to reach the par of life by the same methods he has pursued in bringing to this mark railroads, steamship lines or mining ventures—by hard work, by frugality, by system, by rigid obedience to the laws of health.

"I take every day as it comes," he says. "My theory for a long life is that temperance lengthens the days of all. Plenty of sleep, and escape from worry as much as possible. Worry and lack of rest break down the strongest men. I get up every morning at 6 o'clock, and get to my office at 9. I leave at 5 p. m. I go up to my house and take things easy for the rest of the day."

He accounts for all his successes by this regime.

"Good habits in living," he says, "result in good health; good health increases a man's ability and gives him zest for industry; and industry, intelligent industry, leads on to prosperity. It is a very simple recipe, but the great majority of men continually ignore what is so plain. It is perfectly obvious that dissolute habits can end in but one thing—failure. Reverses are bound to come at some period of the life of a man of evil ways. A crying sin of to-day is profligacy. The wasting of money entails a vast amount of suffering for some one and often leads to actual crime."

The man is never idle. He considers idleness is not only expensive, but a detriment to good health.

"Because a man is rich, there is no reason or excuse for his being idle," he says. "A slothful man, be he rich or poor, is not a desirable member of society. He presents a bad example. The rich man is not expected to toil with pick and shovel, but human society places upon him the obligations to give his best thoughts to the use of his wealth, so that his accumulation may bestow good upon others as well as himself."

The veteran keeps pretty closely to his office, at No. 31 Nassau street, and regularly at noon trudges to the Western Union building, at 195 Broadway, for luncheon. Of recent years, since the Norcross adventure, in which the dynamiter lost his own life and severely injured Laidlaw in attempting to kill Mr. Sage, he is very careful as to whom he admits into his office. But his eye is as bright as ever and the passing years do not seem to alter his appearance.

A man who met him recently thus describes him: "He is almost 90 years old, and does not look to be 60. He is tall, thin, but not wasted. His body is that of a man who is aging without excess. His shoulders are a bit stooped. His forehead is not the bulging dome of so many successful Americans. It slopes backward and gets narrower toward the top. His face is not a strong one. In years gone by it may have been stern, or it may not. It was covered with a beard, but is now smooth-shaven. It is a farmer's face, with healthy brown complexion. His eyes are sharp and bright, lying in a nest of little wrin-



SAGE & BATES STORE, TROY, N. Y., WHERE RUSSELL SAGE BEGAN HIS BUSINESS CAREER

in politics. He is fond of a good horse. For the past few years he has driven every morning and evening, excepting Sunday, in Central Park. He is generally out before other people have finished their breakfasts. He is an expert driver, and his chief ambition now is to learn to manage a four-in-hand drag.

He eats very little, and always lunches at the Western Union building, where the small amount of his check has often excited comment. He never reads a novel. He is a religious man, a pillar of the West Presbyterian church. He loaned Talmage \$125,000 to rebuild the Brooklyn Tabernacle—but at 6 per cent.

The man doesn't take to himself much credit for what he has accomplished in the way of accumulating money. He claims that any one can do it.

"What I have done," he says, "others can do. The path to succeed is thorny, it is true, but any young man who makes up his mind to do it can accumulate money. He must at the start make cast-iron rules; to practice self-denial, regularity and



MR. SAGE'S SUMMER HOME AT LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND.

Creations Anew

Bought Just For You.

Easter so near at hand, you surely have been thinking of something dainty and pretty for the occasion. From the many new and stylish goods which we have now in stock. We are sure to have just what you want.

SPRING HATS.

Ladies, Misses and Children, now is the time to make your selections while our stock is overflowing with such beautiful and unique designs.



Ladies and misses Shirtwaist Suits.

No place else will you find such handsome ones as we are showing.

SILK SHIRTTWAIST SETS.

In changable silks, navy, black, Blue and reseda, prices \$10 to \$12.50.

WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

In white, colored and naturel linen. Colord plain pleated and embroided fronts. Prices \$4.50 to \$10.



SHIRT WAISTS.

Ladies Shirt Waists in silk, linen, lawns. A chain of endless varieties all new styles. Be sure to ask to see them.

Fashions' Creation.

Ladies Long kid Gloves, the proper kind in in black and white, price \$2.50 and \$3.00.

The new tinsel belts from 35c to 75c.

Back and side combs, some plain and some with sets from 25c to \$2.00.

Fancy Hose, lace and plain, all shades, embroidered ones if you wish 25c to 85c. Many other Popular articles too numerous to mention. If its in the town we have it.



Farmers to Meet Today.

Last week's Advocate contained a notice of a meeting of Artesia farmer's as well as business men, that is called for this afternoon at the office of the Cleveland land office, and it is hoped that no one will be too busy to attend. The object of the meeting is to bring about a better understanding among the farmers as to what things to plant until our young orchards come on, and to create a market for the same. No place can beat the Pecos valley for cantaloupes, yet to raise them without first finding a market for them would be foolish. There are plenty of buyers in the north who will be glad to engage all that can be raised if they are informed in time and arrange accordingly. Beans, potatoes and other vegetables can be sold, too, if we go about it in the right way, and the meeting this afternoon is designed to bring out some plan of procedure that will mean a ready market and cash money for planters this summer. Certain parties have written to friends in Artesia with a view of putting in a creamery here, and if this could be secured it will mean that every ton of milo maize, kaffir corn, cane, alfalfa, etc. will be consumed here at home and our dairy products shipped out instead of shipped in. Hundreds of pounds of butter are shipped into Artesia every week and the money that goes out to pay for it never comes back.

Every man in Artesia and the entire valley is interested in these things and should be willing to do his part toward helping conditions. Go to the meeting this afternoon and council with your neighbors.

Civic Improvement Meeting.

The largest crowd that has attended the Civic Improvement Club, gathered at the Christian church last Monday, that being the time for the regular monthly meeting. This audience, composed as it was of the most cultured people of our city, was an encouragement to the promoters of this work, and a compliment to those whose names had appeared on the program of entertainment published in last week's Advocate. President Norfleet being unavoidably absent, vice-president C. L. Heath presided. After the enrollment of members, and the regular order of business, the following program was rendered:

Paper, "Civic Improvement," Elder E. H. Holmes.

Duett, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"

Mesdames. Porter & Friermood.

Reading, Miss Carroll.

Speech, Mr. Gayle Talbot.

General Remarks.

To attempt to do justice to this program would require more space than the Advocate has placed at the Club's disposal. Bro. Holmes divided his subject into three parts, 1st, Facilities, (local) 2nd, Why civic improvement is necessary and desirable, and 3rd, How to do the work to the best advantage, which is help that the society is most in need of just now. His paper, emphasizing the necessity of co-operation, was excellent, and was greeted with hearty applause. The song by Mesdames Porter and Friermood, was beautiful both in sentiment and rendition. Miss Carroll's reading was a pretty little sketch, humorous, but ending with a depth of pathos, that brought tears to chase away the smiles. To the regret of those assembled, Mr. Talbot was absent. However, they hope for a talk from him next time. Under the head of general remarks, some of the best features of the evening were brought out. Prof. Brown spoke eloquently of the work of the club, and the results to be hoped for, and his speech was an inspiration to those who are enlisted in the work. Bro. Mathes, who never fails to lend his voice to encouragement of a good cause, insisted that he had no speech to make, but gave us, among other illustrations, that of a Greek

girl, who, after looking at a marble statue of one who represented her station in life, was filled with a spirit of emulation, so much that in beautifying and adorning her own person, she, in time grew to be almost as beautiful as the sculptured image; thus exemplifying the influence of beautiful surroundings, and inspiring thought. After short speeches from one or two others, the meeting adjourned. Next regular meeting, first Monday evening in May, at the Christian church.

L. G. H.

Robin & Dyer, the saddlers, have moved their stock of goods to the east side of Main street, in the Adams building and their goods show up to much better advantage.

Franklin Pierce Gully, the jolly entertainer, will be in Artesia April 21st, and give an entertainment for the benefit of the Library Association. Don't forget the date, and don't forget to hear him.

NOTICE!

If the party who borrowed my compass would return same, I would appreciate it.

J. B. HANCOCK.

We regret to learn that Dr. E. P. McCormick has been very sick the past few weeks with congestion of the brain, at his ranch, four miles north of town.

The members of the Wonan's Literary Club met at the home of Mrs. Wm. Idler Wednesday afternoon, April 4th. Subject, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mrs. Blake was leader, and told in a very interesting manner of the life of the writer. She was ably assisted by Mesdames Idler, Richey and others who read sketches from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast table." Mrs. Dyer read "The Chambered Nautilus," and Mrs. John Hodges "The one Horse Shay." Refreshments were served by the hostess.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. E. E. McNatt. This is the regular yearly business meeting, and a full attendance is desired.

A Lucky Postmistress is Mrs. Alexander, of Cary, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the stomach, liver and bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co. druggist, price 25c.

Rev. E. E. Mathes, pastor of the Presbyterian church at this place goes to Lakewood to-day, and will preach there tomorrow, hence there will be no Presbyterian services here.

J. C. Elliott has completed a fine well for Samuel L. Tucker, one mile north-east of town. There is a thirty inch flow over a six inch pipe, and the well is 970 feet deep. Mr. Elliott has proven himself one of the most successful drillers in the valley.

FOR SALE—Double seated hack and set of chain harness.

J. C. ELLIOTT.

EMPLOY JUDGE GATEWOOD.

We Will Assist in the Prosecution of Murderer of Conductor Curtis.

The order of Railway Conductors of Division 421 has employed Judge W. W. Gatewood, of this city to assist in the prosecution of E. L. Price, the news agent who shot and killed Conductor Frank B. Curtis last Friday night. Judge Gatewood's reputation as a shrewd and successful criminal lawyer led the order to retain his services. The National order will assist financially in the prosecution should it become necessary.—Roswell Record.

Candidates W. J. Barber, W. H. Merchant, John O. McKeen and W. L. Bobo spent Tuesday in Artesia watching the Artesia sovereigns vote.

A magnificent rain fell north and west of town Tuesday night and hundreds of acres of fresh oats were benefited thereby, and the young alfalfa is coming with a whoop.

Oh! Never Ask Me "Why?"

Oh! never ask me why the rose is red,
Oh, never ask me why the lily's fair,
Enough for me to know that Nature shed
Her beauty there—
So, never ask me "why?"

Oh! never ask me why I love the night,
And why the bright stars hold me in
their spell,
For why I love, or how they give their
light,
I can not tell—
So, never ask me "why?"

Oh! never ask me why I'm fond of thee—
We may be sure of much we can't ex-
plain!
I only know 'tis joy thy face to see,
To part is pain—
But, never ask me "why?"
—Samuel Lover.

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT

BY NELLIE CRAZY GILMORE

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

Andrews had come to the point where he had to tell somebody else of his great happiness. As long as there had been no assurance that his love was returned, he had proudly and resolutely eschewed confidants, but now that the thing was settled even beyond his most sanguine hopes, an equal sense of pride and determination assailed him to share his glorious secret with the world.

It was after 10 o'clock, and he had already frittered away the best part of two hours dreaming before the fire, reading sentimental nonsense and poring over the photograph which had arrived in the afternoon post. It was the picture of a strikingly beautiful woman, hovering close on thirty. The eyes were wide and intent and full of a charm that nearly everybody realized without analysing; the mouth below, was soft and humid and laughing. The red of her cheeks appeared only as an indication of some particular emotion; ordinarily, her skin was warmly pale, with just a suggestion of rose beneath the satin surface. Her brows were fine and black, contrasting in a ravishing way with the shining pile of seal-brown hair with its illusive glints of gold.

Andrews placed the picture on a table beside him, and closing his eyes, drifted off into a delicious reverie. A clock striking 11 roused him. He sat up and looked about the room half-guiltily. At the same time, there came a hurried rap on his door, followed immediately by Preston himself.

"Thought I wasn't coming, didn't you? Well, I had the devil of a time making it. Had a breakdown five miles from town and was forced to walk in nearly half the distance before I could get a car."

Andrews had pulled himself together and got up to help the other off with his coat.

"What about the machine?" he laughed, waving Preston to a chair and taking the one opposite.

"I sent Brown out with his 'wrecking car.' I'll get my engine next week, I presume, along with the inimitable Brown's bill."

Andrews smiled and shook his head as he slit the paper on a fresh box of cigars.

His friend kept his eyes pretty well on Andrews's face, trying sharply to make out its radiant significance, unobserved.

Presently, the sleepy valet came noiselessly in response to his master's imperative ring, and reappear-



Sentimental nonsense.

ed almost immediately with the cock-tails.

The next fifteen minutes slipped by in comparative silence. Preston was divided between a desire to press the question and some instinctive sense of prudence not to. Andrews was doing his best to muster the requisite courage to commence. Finally he said:

"I suppose you have no idea, old man, why I was so particular about your coming here to-night?"

"Not the slightest."

Andrews cleared his throat and took a fresh light with assumed delibera-

tion. For such a staid lawyer in business hours, he felt that he was acting half a simoleon in this new role of ardent lover.

Preston laughed and grabbed him by the hand.

"Congratulations are in order, I see," he remarked, regarding the other with a half-sympathetic, half-accusing glance.

Andrews flushed furiously and at once became painfully dignified.

"You are right," he said. "Congratulations are in order—and numberless ones at that. It is not often that a man—that a woman—"



"What is her other name?"

Preston interrupted him with an indignant gesture of protest.

"I understand," he observed in a pacifying tone, "I happen to have seen in love myself once."

"But you never realized—"
"I realized the whole thing, Dick; I married her." His expression underwent a swift change.

Andrews contemplated him in silence a second. When he spoke, his voice was more subdued.

"I never knew," he said.

Preston smiled a little bitterly at his friend's abrupt solemnity.

"Oh, she didn't die," he hastened to add, "better if she had."

Another silence. Preston was the first to break it.

"I did not mean to be dragging up skeletons," he apologized, "I wouldn't for the world throw a shadow across this new joy of yours. But a fellow sometimes—" he broke off and turned away.

Andrews bent and laid a sympathetic hand on his friend's arm.

"Of course not," he said, "there is nothing that can shadow my happiness, but—I am sorry for you all the same."

Preston dismissed the topic, and when he looked toward the other again, his face was quite cloudless.

"When is it to come off?" he questioned, fingering the leaves of a magazine on a table beside him.

"Not until my return. I am leaving town to-morrow for an absence of eight weeks. During that time, Lucile will be in New York arranging for her trousseau and the great event."

Preston made no response. He felt his lips grow positively numb and the color ebb from his face. It was absurd, of course, but somehow, the name had struck him like a slap in the face. Certainly, it was not such an uncommon name—there were probably a hundred Luciles in the city. After a little, he collected himself and rose to go.

Andrews rose too and held out his hand. "I wish I could take you to see her right away," he said, "but as that is out of the question, I'll let you look at her photograph anyway."

He produced the picture with trembling hands and exhibited it proudly.

"You don't blame me?" he asked, as Preston stood gazing as though transfixed at the likeness.

"How—could—I?" he managed to get out in sheer desperation. He

caught his breath in a little sharp spasm as he placed the photograph carefully on the table.

Had Andrews been less infatuated, there might have been room in his perceptions to notice the other's tense excitement. As it was, he could only attribute Preston's apparent feeling to some of the keen admiration which blessed him so entirely.

"What is her other name? You didn't tell me that, did you?" he asked with an assumption of carelessness. He turned away as he spoke and went over to the mantel.

"Carwell—her father's name, although she has been married. She left her husband when they had been married but a year."

"Why?" Preston turned again and came back eagerly, no thought of impropriety in the question occurring to him in his intense excitement.

Andrews lost color for an instant as he replied:

"I've never questioned her about this to any extent, but from what I can glean, the fellow must have treated her rather brutally."

"Brutally! God!" thought the other with a swift rush of bitterness. Then a quick revulsion seized him. They had never been congenial, even as lovers. Their married life had been decidedly uncomfortable, as far as he was concerned, although he felt that he had done the best he could.

She was not the sort of woman for him; he was certainly not the man to make her happy. Perhaps the very difference had been a daily crucifixion to her; had been as a raw lash on her sensibilities! He looked again at Andrews' illumined face. No; there could be no doubt of the genuineness of his love. Nor, looking at the face in the picture, could there be any doubt that she was perfectly content. For a brief moment, Preston thought with keen resentment of the things she had done to make their brief wedded life all the more unbearable. Then he caught the smile on his friend's eye—a smile of unalloyed happiness—and the past vanished. Andrews had been the best friend he had ever had, and he could not bring himself to that! If anything could reclaim her, it was a love like this. And if, in the old days, his had been the blame in any degree, he owed it to her now to keep silence.

At midnight he shook hands with Andrews for the last time, giving his promise to come and stay with him and his wife on his return the following summer.

But he never saw him again.

ARE LEAD TO DEATH IN STUPOR.

Condemed Persons Drugged Before Their Execution.

They were discussing the horrors that attended on the hanging of Mary Rogers.

"But she suffered little," said a physician. "Every murderer who goes to the gallows or the electric chair is drugged to the point almost of unconsciousness. Otherwise the death sentence, unendurably hideous, would be abolished."

He frowned and continued: "No man alone in a cell with the knowledge that on a certain day, at a certain hour, he is to be killed can keep his nerve."

"He stops eating, he stops sleeping; in a little while he begins to shriek."

"Then the drugging begins. With opium or with alcohol he is lulled into a torpor. On the day of his death he is so heavily dosed as to be, to all practical intents and purposes, unconscious."

"Condemed murderers as the last day approaches are so wild with terror that it takes an incredible lot of dosing to compose them. I have seen men untouched by three grains of morphia, and a pint of whisky would have no more effect on them than a shell of beer."

"Thank goodness, I say, that man is at least humane enough before he slays his brother to drug the poor fellow into a stupor. Thank goodness that when we kill legally we kill with kindness."—Chicago Chronicle.

Commissioned Officer at Sixteen.

Capt. Joseph Burger of St. Paul claims to have reached that rank at a younger age than any other man in America, having been commissioned at 16 during the civil war. He was 13 years and 3 months old when he enlisted in 1861. He was in the battle of Mill Springs, one of the first decisive union victories in the war. He also fought at Corinth, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Tullahoma. In the second engagement at Dalton, Ga., he lost his left arm, besides receiving wounds in his right hand and leg. He was promoted to a captaincy when stationed at Fort Douglas in 1864.

Change.

For wisdom men were once revered, They studied hard and told Their knowledge, and were thus endeared Unto the world of old.

They lifted up their heads to speak Where all mankind might view, And cheered the strong and helped the weak By telling what they knew.

But now the man who claims success In all this strife for gold, Is stoutly struggling to suppress Some fact that might be told. The man who claims the public eye By some financial plot Is, for the most, distinguished by The things he has forgot.

—Washington Star.

Wedding Bells Have Just Rung for Royalty



The German people subscribed between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000 for new hospitals and other charitable works in honor of the silver wedding anniversary of Emperor William and Empress Augusta Victoria, which was marked Feb. 27 by the wedding of Prince Eitel Fritz.

Their majesties announced several months ago that they would not receive any presents from their subjects on the occasion of their silver wedding. They urged all who contemplated a wedding gift to give the money to charitable enterprises.

The result was almost unparalleled in German history. Municipalities,

mercantile companies and private individuals poured out money for charity. As a result 100 new hospitals or extensions to new hospitals have been dedicated.

The wedding of Prince Eitel Fritz and the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg was almost a replica of that of the crown prince and crown princess last June. The Duchess Sophie, as part of the pageant, entered Berlin on the evening of Feb. 26, proceeding through a flower and banner bedecked way to the castle, where the emperor, surrounded by his family and numerous German princes, welcomed her.

NEW TREATMENT OF CRIMINAL.

Woman to Work Out Reformation in Salvation Army.

A little paragraph in the public press this week points to an important and significant event in our social history. Twelve years ago a woman committed murder in a fit of jealousy. She has been in prison ever since. Now the Home Office, desirous that the woman should be given a chance of retrieving a broken life, has taken the initiative in offering to hand over the woman to the care of the Salvation Army. She will be placed in one of the Army's country homes, and will remain entirely under the supervision of that organization, which will also be responsible for her maintenance. This is a new experiment in the reformation of criminals, and one which it is intended to repeat in the case of other unfortunate persons, who are not necessarily criminal in their inclinations, but have lost their liberty through evil chance or circumstance.

—London Mail.

Wanted Merry Men in Camp.

Dr. William Henry Drummond, the poet of the French Canadians, has given up his medical practice and gone into copper mining in the dominion. Part of his duty recently was to engage a number of workmen. In doing so he astonished everybody by a radical departure from old-time methods. After asking some more or less perfunctory questions regarding a candidate's ability as a miner he inquired: "Can you play the fiddle or concertina? Do you dance or sing?"

It was noticed that unless the man could give affirmative reply to at least two of these questions he stood small chance of getting work. The wisdom of Dr. Drummond's course became apparent when it developed that nearly all the men he engaged were good humored fellows whose happy spirits kept the mining camp in peace.

What Kansas Owes the Hen.

Nightingales, larks, swans and such poetic fowl have been hailed and hymned until the world is very weary of them. Where is the robust American bard who will write high with joyous pen the harmless, necessary hen? Why do our children read about those fabulous geese of the Roman capital? The hens of Kansas are worthier subjects. Here is one year's work of them: \$7,226,111 worth of eggs, which, as a Kansas economist does well to remind the world, is interest at 5 per cent on \$144,522,220. To say nothing of "broilers" and other by-products. Kansas hens make more money for Kansas than do her sheep, wool, barley, flax, fruit, sorghum, oats, potatoes. The hen should be the bird of Kansas as the eagle is the bird of freedom.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fortunes Made from Lotteries.

A man was brought before Magistrate Cornell in New York the other day charged with selling lottery tickets. His honor held him for trial, at the same time saying: "It may seem surprising, but I know that some of the wealthiest families in New York, who are now mingling in high society, accumulated their fortunes through lottery." Magistrate Cornell told what he knew about lottery and how men who had secured fortunes by means of it were today educating their children in Harvard, Vassar and other colleges. He said that he knew what he was talking about and could point these persons out.

KEEP SOCIETY WOMEN POSTED.

Girls Make Good Incomes Acting as "Book Digesters."

Half a dozen clever girls in New York are earning substantial incomes as "book digesters." Each of them has for her clientele women too busy with social engagements to find time for reading, yet who wish to keep abreast of current literature. The "digester" carefully follows noteworthy publications in fiction, art, science, history or religion. Once or twice a week she calls at the house of a "client" to review the contents of the books read. She is careful to memorize any epigram or witty saying that her client might introduce effectively in conversation. "It is remarkable how little leisure some women have," said a Vassar graduate who has adopted the new calling. "They can seldom give me a half hour all to myself. I am asked to call at the same hour as the hairdresser, the manicure or the chiropodist, and in specially gay seasons all three of these attendants may be at work upon her while I sit at a little distance and post her upon current books."

Senator's Expert Knowledge.

Senator Foraker, while debating the pure food bill, was getting warm on the subject of fusel oil in whisky. He had submitted to several interruptions and his patience was about exhausted when Senator Tillman asked him a question. The Ohio man replied somewhat pettishly, whereupon Tillman said: "I was head barkeeper down in South Carolina when the dispensary system was inaugurated, and I know what I am talking about." Mr. Foraker allowed him to go on, and in five minutes the Southerner amply made good his boast and had shown that he was the best posted man in the senate on the making of whisky, and had silenced everybody. Foraker included. "I am not every bit of a sharp on the taste of whisky, but I know all about the making of it," he ended triumphantly, and no one could say him nay.

German Ambassador Popular.

Baron Speck Von Sternburg, German ambassador to this country, is one of the most popular members of the foreign set in Washington. He is approachable, democratic and probably knows more of American institutions than any other diplomat from abroad. He is a constant visitor at the White House and frequently accompanies the president on long walks or horseback rides. The friendship between President Roosevelt and Baron Von Sternburg began years ago when they were both young men and holding humbler positions in the service of their governments. Mr. Roosevelt was at that time a member of the civil service commission, while Von Sternburg was an under secretary in the German legation.

Eminent Preacher Recuperating.

Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage of New York, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, has retired from the active duties of the pastorate for a few weeks and is now resting at Redlands, Cal., where his son has a charge. Mr. Savage is with him. Dr. Savage, while in need of much rest and quiet, is not alarmingly ill. He may be able to take up his work again in a month or two. Rev. Robert Collyer, who retired as the active head of the Church of the Messiah some time ago, will attend the pastoral duties until Dr. Savage returns.

For Sale.

Several hundred weeping willows and mountain cottonwoods from the Buck Ranch. All sizes. See R. M. Ross.

Cold Storage Meat In Summer.

Government reports say "Beef that is kept directly upon or next to ice, in warm weather is unhealthy as well as unpalatable," also that "meat killed one day and used the next is not suitable food in such weather."

We have installed one of the best "Cold Storage Rooms" upon the market to enable us to furnish our customers meat free from the above objections.

A ton of ice can be put in the top at once. Every part of the room is air tight, but it is so constructed that a continuous circulation of cold, dry air is obtained.

With this Cold Storage Room we can assure our trade Swift's "Government Inspected Beef," properly cooked, and free from taint or sourness.

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

The Artesia Market Co. Phone 8.

Human Blood Marks.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bac, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I had severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since. It cures hemorrhages, chronic coughs, settled colds and bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co., druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

S. P. Davis arrived this week with his family and a car of household good from Hoyt, I. T., and will go to farming on the Hall place, near Hope. He expects to homestead some government land as soon as possible.

Seeded Ribbon Cane Seed for Sale

As soon as same can be threshed. An extra fine lot of pure seed, same from which "Farmer Terrill's seeded ribbon cane syrup" was manufactured. Will ship in large or small orders, or call at residence west end Main Street, Artesia, N. M.

R. W. Terrill.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who do not know that Electric Bitters cure headache, biliousness, malaria, chills and fever, jaundice, dyspepsia, dizziness, torpid liver, kidney complaints, general debility and female weaknesses. Unequaled as a general tonic and appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Pecos Valley Drug Co., Druggist. Price only 50c.

MANDOLIN, GUITAR BANJO.

Thorough instruction, for terms etc., inquire at the cobble stone house, Richardson avenue.

JOHN E. QUINLAN.

Wm. E. Clark has contracted with E. F. Hardwicke for the boring of an artesian well on his ranch seven miles north of town, work to begin immediately.

Caught Cold While Hunting a Burglar.
Mr. Wm. Thos. Lanorgan, provincial Constable at Chapleau, Ontario, says: "I caught a severe cold while hunting a burglar in the forest swamp last fall. Hearing of Chamberlain's Cough remedy, I tried it, and after using two small bottles, I was completely cured." This remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than by any other treatment and is a favorite wherever it superior excellence has become known. For sale by Fatherree and Robertson.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received at Bank of Dayton, Dayton, New Mexico, 17th day of April, A. D. 1906 for the construction of a bank building of brick or cement blocks, according to plans and specifications which will be on file at Bank of Dayton on and after April 12, 1906. All proposals must be addressed to the Building Committee and in their hands by the 17th day of April 1906 at 12 a. m. Each proposal must be signed by the bidder and accompanied by a certified check for two hundred dollars for the satisfactory execution of contract and a security bond for its performance within the specified time in case the bid is accepted. The committee reserves the right to reject any and all proposals should it deem it to the best interests of Bank to do so.

H. A. VanEpps }
H. B. Pearson } Committee.
W. T. Harris }

Advocates Wanted.

One copy of the Artesia Advocate for each of these dates: September 9th and 16th, and October 7th and 14th, 1905, is needed to complete a library file, and will be paid for at this office.

Rheumatism Makes Life Miserable.

A happy home is the most valuable possession that is within the reach of mankind, but you cannot enjoy its comforts if you are suffering from rheumatism. You throw aside business cares when you enter your home and you can be relieved from those rheumatic pains also by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. One application will give you relief and its continued use for a short time will bring about a permanent cure. For sale by Fatherree & Robertson.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS—Pure bred Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for sale. \$1.00 for setting of thirteen.

J. M. Conn, Artesia, N. M.

Feed, coal or wood delivered promptly to any part of the city. Christopher & Davis.

FOR SALE. WANTED. LOST and FOUND.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The building now occupied by the Advocate. Possession will be given sometime in April. This office.

FOR SALE.—House and two lots, one block from Main street. \$375.00. Box 74, Artesia, N. M.

HORSES FOR SALE—A number of good work horses—several matched teams in the lot—for sale. Apply to E. A. Clayton.

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

FOR RENT—320 acres of watered land near Artesia. L. R. Sperry.

WANTED—We will pay 5c for five-pound and 10c for ten-pound empty lard pails bearing our name. The Artesia Market Co.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A No. 4 National well machine, in good condition, with 8-horse power gasoline engine. Apply to

B. Vanderwork, Lakewood, N. M.

HENS WANTED—Plymouth Rocks or Brown Leghorns. Apply to Marshall McIlhany.

FOR RENT—40 acres with water and two-room house. Kennicott Ranch.

FOR EXCHANGE—Mitchell wagon for two-seat spring hack. Call or telephone Kennicott Ranch.

SEED POTATOES—I have a fine lot of home-raised seed potatoes for sale at 2 cents per pound in 100-pound lots. W. M. Carson, three miles

THE BANK OF ARTESIA,

CAPITAL STOCK \$30,000.00

DIRECTORS:

J. C. Gage, E. N. Heath, J. K. Walling, A. V. Logan,
Jno. B. Enfield, A. L. Norfleet, A. H. Bromelsick.

OFFICERS:

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

We appreciate the patronage extended to this bank and assure the customers that all interests committed to its care will be faithfully looked after.

Notice For Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 2959.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
Feb. 28, 1906

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Albert Blakie, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia New Mexico, on April 11, 1906, viz: Thomas A. Merrill, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the S1-2 of NW1-4 and N1-2 of SW1-4 Section 15, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Enos S. Wigdale, of Artesia, N. M., Hugh J. Allison, of Artesia, N. M., Sallie L. Robert, of Artesia, N. M., John C. Gage, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 3241.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
March 7, 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 April 19, 1906, viz: William Hale, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the E1-2 SW1-4 and W1-2 SE1-4 Sec. 35, T. 17 S., R. 26 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Hart Crouch, of Artesia, N. M., Whit M. Smith, of Artesia, N. M., Sidney Hale, of Artesia, N. M., David W. Runyan, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

FOR SALE—House with five rooms, two lots, one water right. Four blocks south of Main street, cheap.

A. M. Graham.

Artesia is one of the most popular voting places in the valley, if we are to judge by the number of strangers who came in and cast their ballots in the city election Tuesday.

Notice For Publication.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATION NO. 4777.
Department of the Interior,
Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico,
February 29, 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 April 4, 1906, viz: J. Ward Cave, of Artesia, New Mexico, for the North East Quarter of Section 3, T. 17 S., R. 25 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Henderson of Artesia, N. M., A. G. Caraway of Artesia, N. M., David W. Runyan of Artesia, N. M., James Montgomery of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico,
March 29, 1906

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Orville T. Calloway, contestant, against Homestead entry No. 3725, made April 4, 1905, for the NW 1-4 of section 30 Township 16 S., Range 25 E., by John C. Mann Contestee, in which it is alleged that said John C. Mann has wholly abandoned said tract and has not resided upon and cultivated same for more than six months last past; and that said alleged absence from said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegations at 2 o'clock p. m. on May 26th, 1906, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, N. M.

The said contestant having filed a proper affidavit, filed March 29, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

Howard Leland, Register.
David L. Geyer, Receiver.

Notice For Publication.

(Desert Land—Final Proof.)
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
March 19, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Gustina R. Hardwick, assignee of Mamie Hall, assignee of Mary S. Jones, of Roswell, Chaves county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1191, for the south west quarter of section 15, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before the Register or Receiver at Roswell New Mexico, on Thursday, the 3rd day of May, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Albert M. Powell of Artesia, N. M., Barney D. Clark of Artesia, N. M., John T. Patrick of Artesia, N. M., John Sichey of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

(Desert Land, Final Proof.)
United States Land Office, Roswell, N. M.,
March 19, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Gustina R. Hardwick, assignee of Mamie Hall, assignee of George W. Jones, of Roswell, Chaves county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 1020, for the north west quarter of section 19, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before the register or receiver at Roswell, New Mexico, on Thursday, the 3rd day of May, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Albert M. Powell of Artesia, N. M., Barney D. Clark of Artesia, N. M., John T. Patrick of Artesia, N. M., John Sichey of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

Notice for Publication.

DESERT LAND, FINAL PROOF.
United States Land Office,
Roswell, New Mexico,
March 1, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Mary A. Cecil, of Artesia, Eddy county, New Mexico, has filed notice of intention to make proof on her desert-land claim No. 885, for the S1-2 NE1-4, SE1-4 Sec. 23, and N1-2 NE1-4, Sec. 26, T. 17 S., R. 26 E., before Albert Blakie, U. S. Court Commissioner at his office in Artesia, New Mexico, on Wednesday, the 11th day of April, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove the complete irrigation and reclamation of said land: Hudson A. Porter, of Artesia, N. M., Edward F. Phillips, of Artesia, N. M., William Idler, of Artesia, N. M., Robert M. Ross, of Artesia, N. M.

Howard Leland, Register.

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.

R. M. LOVE, Proprietor,
Rose Lawn Suburban Tracts, Artesia, N. M.

The directors of the First National Bank held a business meeting Wednesday afternoon.

S. P. BAUGHMAN,

Veterinary Surgeon.

Office at Club Stable

Residence 1-2 mile N. E.

of depot.

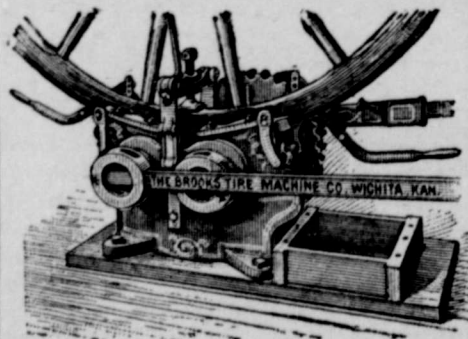
Your patronage solicited.

ARTESIA TRANSFER LINE.

LEE TURKNETT, Prop.

All kinds of drayage work and hauling. Baggage transferred.

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



See the new firm,

Johns & Coleman

For quick and neat work in Buggy Wagon and Plow repairing.

Tires set cold for 50 cents each.

We have \$500 worth of black hickory and white oak timber for buggy and wagon repairing.

come and give us a call.

Chamberlain's Salve is good for any disease of the skin. It allays the itching and burning sensation instantly. For sale by Fatherree and Robertson.

The Womans' Guild of the Episcopal church will serve ice cream, straw berries and cake April 18th. The place will be announced later.



THE OLD HOME.

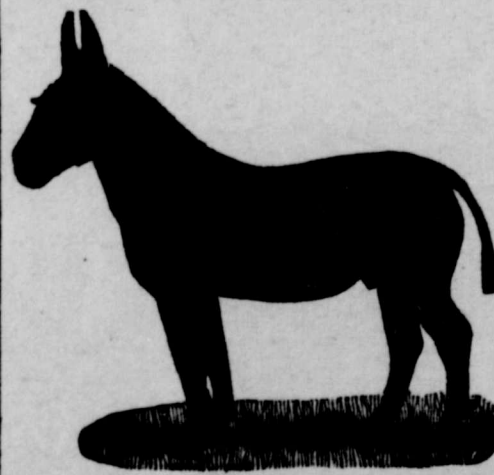


How About That Trip This Year?

We are ready to quote the rates that will make the trip possible. Haven't the time? Well, write your friends in the east to come and see YOU. Homeseeker rate of 75 per cent of the one-way rate for the round trip is in effect March and April, 1906. You know what the SANTA FE is. Ask for a ticket via that route.

D. L. Meyers,

Traffic Mgr., P. V. Lines, and South Kans Ry Co., of Tex. Amarillo, Texas.



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.

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.