

The Artesia Advocate.

VOLUME I.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO, JANUARY 16, 1904.

NUMBER 21

WATERWORKS SYSTEM.

License Was Granted by the County of Eddy Last Week.

Following from the Carlsbad is a report of the proceedings held last week and that there is something "doing" in waterworks and electric light

application for franchise for a new, Electric Light and Power System at Artesia, County of New Mexico, was submitted to this board in Water, Power and Light through, over and upon the highways in said town and which franchise are to be controlled by the Artesia Water and Light Company or assigns and said application considered and fully un-

derstood in all respects for the same as in said application, telephone, Electric Light, and Water Supply, but how in the following conditions, that in constructing any or all, plants, excavating, erecting, setting wires, handling and maintaining said plants, ways shall be left in exactly condition, as they were or

in this franchise had never and all of said work done without injury to the highways and with due care to interests and in all things for protection of life and the prop-

erty and the County of New Mexico and in no sense property or life which may not be construed to be an exclusive franchise. It is not being our intent to grant an exclusive franchise of any of the above purposes.

Application for franchise for a new and Electric Light System of Artesia, County of New Mexico was submitted to this board by Logan, through, over and upon the highways in said town and which franchise are to be controlled by said Logan or assigns and said application being read and fully understood by the same is hereby granted, on all the conditions in the terms of the grant of the Artesia, Water and Light Com-

pany. It is noted, there were two licenses before the court, one by Artesia Water, Power and Light (a corporation chartered in 1890) and one by Mr. A. M. Logan's application for electric lights and telephones, the former company adds the franchise also. Both franchises granted, but each one amounts to a permit to do business. The city grants exclusive control of the city's highways. The goods will be the one who business. Well, this is better for the companies at least. If smoke is any indication, Artesia should have these public utilities before a

city. There is no crying need for electric lights and telephones, but we need waterworks. Tree planting time is here, but the man is here, but the city dare not make an order of a dead loss for want of the waterworks is something to be in the town for all time and it is to the interest of the city to get the good will and of our citizens and keep it to us to delay and antagonize

the water consumers necessarily destroys that spirit of cooperation and good will that the company will find itself in need of in after years. The present company, as you see has no exclusive franchise, and another system could be put in at any time. This will not be necessary and not be done, if the Artesia Water Power and Light company will get down to work, put in such a system as the situation warrants and relieve the want that now exists, then extend the plant as the town grows. The citizens of this town are like other people—not unreasonable if approached in the right way. They bought property expecting to get water and it makes them impatient to see millions of gallons going to waste every day and not a particle to irrigate with. We realize that it will take money to put in the mains, but we also realize that the waterworks company will eventually make big money out of the proposition.

LATER.—Concerning the above there have been later developments. Mr. J. R. Hodges, secretary of the Water, Power and Light Company, has thoroughly canvassed the town the past two days and made water contracts with nearly every property holder in town. The number is sufficient to warrant the putting down of mains on the principal streets and a contract will be let immediately for necessary piping and the company will proceed to supply the wants of the people. We are glad to be able to give out this information. It not only means plenty of convenient water for home use, but ample for the growing of trees and flowers. Now lets make Artesia the prettiest town in the valley.

If Jesus had left nothing but the parables, His name would have been imperishable in literature; if He had bequeathed to posterity nothing but the simplicity of His speech and irresistible logic of His argument, He would have had a permanent place among the orators of the world; if He had given to the world nothing but the commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self," enforced as it was by His own example this one gift would have been sufficient to outweigh all the wealth of the world, if He had left no record but the sermon on the Mount, it alone would have made natal day worthy of perpetual celebration, but all these added to the matchless majesty of a perfect life and the inspiring influence of an all pervading love, are turning the eyes of an ever increasing number to the path that He trod from the manger to the cross.—The Commoner.

An Ohio paper hits the nail on the head when it says: "Man's business requires haste." The average business and professional man eats in a hurry and gets dyspepsia. He walks in a hurry and gets apoplexy. He talks in a hurry and gets the lie. He does business in a hurry and becomes a bankrupt. He reads in a hurry and is superficial. He votes in a hurry and produces corruption. He marries in a hurry and gets a divorce. He trains his children in a hurry and develops spendthrifts and criminals. He gets religion in a hurry and forgets it in a hurry. He makes his will in a hurry and leaves a legal conundrum. He dies in a hurry and goes to the devil—and his tribe increases.

If you want to buy a nice farm place close to Artesia, I have a few patented places from 40 to over 400 acres sure to be in the artesian belt.

E. A. CLAYTON.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

Some Items of Local and General Interest Clipped Today from The Argus and Current.

At the session of the supreme court at Santa Fe last week, the following gentlemen from the Pecos valley were admitted to practice, after due examination by the bar or upon their credentials from other states: Emmet Patton, of Roswell; E. P. Bujac, L. G. Fullen, C. R. Brice and J. S. Fitzhugh, all of Carlsbad. At the election of bar officers, James H. Hervey, of Roswell, was elected vice-president for the fifth judicial district.

Last Wednesday the Supreme Court handed down a decision in the Mote Watson case. The judgment of the lower court was affirmed and the case ordered dismissed. Watson was convicted here at the last term of court of assault with a deadly weapon and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.—Carlsbad Current.

Complaint was filed Monday before Squire Cunningham against Al Mangum, charging him with forging two checks, one for \$8.75 and the other for 11.60. He is a sheep herder for A. J. Crawford and Mr. Crawford's name was signed to them. Mangum was arrested in October charged with obtaining money under false pretenses but was released upon paying the amount back.—Carlsbad Current.

The case of "Red" Stokes, charged with handling a deadly weapon to the possible danger of his friend Alphonse, came up in Judge Cunningham's court Wednesday, and attracted a large crowd, as general interest in the dam fight is intense. After hearing the evidence, Mr. Stokes was discharged by the justice.

Monday afternoon, J. S. Crozier, as official auctioneer, spent an hour's time and 600 pounds of steam in selling a certain gray burro with colt, which had been impounded by the town officials. The animals were finally knocked down for \$1 to a health-skeeter, who will ship them back to the hoosier state.

Mr. Hart Couch has about completed the four-acre reservoir on J. Mack Smith's "K. D." Ranch and the big well will be turned over the embankment in a day or two.

Mr. J. F. Stinson went to Roswell this morning.

Sixty men, working on the dam, struck Monday morning. It seems that several had worked over time and when their checks were drawn for a larger amount than the balance of the workmen the other men kicked, thinking a few were drawing larger wages, and refused to go to work Monday until the scale was fixed and the matter satisfactorily explained. At the present time they have not seen fit to resume their toil.—Carlsbad Current.

Mr. H. L. Humphries and wife, of Coleman, Texas, arrived this morning to make their future home in Artesia. They were accompanied by Mr. J. W. Banner of Comanche county, who is father of Mrs. A. V. Logan. Mr. Humphries will be employed in the mercantile house of Logan & Dyer. We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Humphries to our city.

Mr. W. P. Wilks, of Little Elm, Denton, county, Texas, arrived this morning to spy out a location in the great Pecos Valley. He is an old friend and neighbor of Mr. E. S. Robertson.

How Editors Die in Oklahoma.

Another name has been dropped from our territorial exchange list. The valedictory of the editor of the defunct paper is as follows: "With this issue the Herald-Banner folds its lily-white hands upon its bosom and turns its pink little toes to the daisies, and Milburn, I. T., U. S. A., is without a paper, having witnessed the death of two. It has cost the present firm \$263 to advertise the town, the beautiful blue and fertile soils, and we now throw up the sponge and vacate to make room for another sucker. Ta, ta, an revoir, good by. We are going to do something for you that the devil will never do—that is leave you, darn you."

"There was a reunion of old war veterans in Illinois some years ago," said Jim Johns, a Decatur traveler, "and the editor of the local paper wanted to say something nice about the old boys, so he wrote a very elaborate editorial, referring to them as 'battle-scarred heroes.' While the paper appeared the item read 'battle-scarred' heroes. Seeing his blunder the editor made profuse apologies the next day and laid the blunder to a typographical error. But again the article came out referring to the old boys as 'bottle-scarred heroes.' And they simply went after the editor and demolished him."

The Fort Cobb Record springs this as a bright little school girl's composition on men: "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear and have ever so many pockets, but they won't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung further than the men."

The city council of Carlsbad is debating the question of cutting down the shade trees on the main business street, and the citizens of the town are protesting vigorously. Wouldn't it be better to spare the trees and cut down the council? Such talk as that is anarchistic in a town whose chief attract on is its shade trees and pretty drives.

The J. S. Groves lumber sheds at Carlsbad were partially destroyed by fire Saturday night. Loss about two thousand dollars, fully covered by insurance.

What it Should Do.

Roswell, without a depot, is now in a position to sympathize with Artesia which is in the same fix. If the Santa Fe resolved on the first to put a neat brick depot, like ours, at each point, the pledge will be hailed with delight at both places, and the sooner it is carried into effect the better.—Carlsbad Argus.

Miss Majors entertained the young people of the city with flinch last evening.

The highest monument in the world, otherwise known as the Eiffel tower in Paris, is doomed to disapper. It has been found that it is inclining to one side, like the leaning tower of Pisa, and that unlike the latter, its center of gravity will inevitably be displaced and it will topple over. It will therefore be taken down in the near future and with its removal the best means of seeing the country around paris will disappear. The tower is 965 feet high and since its erection has been popular with tourists generally.

THE ROSWELL DEPOT BURNED.

The Building and Contents a Total Loss—Origin of the Fire is Unknown.

Yesterday morning a short time before 7:30 the fire alarm sounded and it was soon discovered that the Pecos Valley depot was in flames. The fire was first discovered by a woman who was passing the depot early in the morning. She saw the flames breaking through the roof and her cries immediately alarmed the neighborhood, and the fire alarm was sent in. Avery Turner, the vice-president and general manager, had arrived in town the night before and was in his special car a few rods north of the depot when the fire broke out, and he was one of the first men on the scene. The origin of the fire was in the battery room, but how it was started is not known, no one having been in the room for some time.

When the fire was discovered the building was already past saving as the entire structure was of frame and it burned like a hay stack. The fire company was on the ground in a short time, but entirely too late to save the property. This fire again emphasizes the need of a team of fire horses to be kept at the fire house.

Immediately after the fire the wires were connected and news of the fire sent into the company's offices at Amarillo. What the loss is the officials are not yet able to estimate. The loss of freight in storage is much more than the loss of the building. As one of the trainmen put it, nothing was saved but the lot, and it was badly scorched.

A temporary depot consisting of three cars on the side track has been improvised. A freight car answers the purpose of a freight depot, a passenger coach for a waiting room, and a combination coach for an office. The telegraph instruments have been installed, and Agent Burns will handle the business as best he can until these difficulties.

No word has been received as yet as to what the officials will do in regard to a new depot.

Come to Artesia.

You can't afford to wait, now is the time to buy lots in Artesia. E. A. Clayton is selling lots so every one can afford to buy now. But you will have to pay more money after awhile. The town is growing fast and the seven artesian wells soon will be finished which makes us thirteen large wells inside of six miles of Artesia.

E. A. CLAYTON, Manager Artesia Improvement Co.

Mr. Eugene Keene, who was a resident of Artesia up to a month ago, writes from Washburn, Texas, that he and his father will arrive with a car of household goods Monday to make Artesia their future home.

Messrs. J. G. Welch and J. C. Maxwell, of Wichita, Kansas, secured a section of land a few miles southwest of town this week and will improve the same.

Frank Frost, the Roswell photographer has fallen a victim to the irrigated farm idea. He got 320 acres of land southwest of Artesia this week. The Artesian well idea is what caught him.

Mr. T. J. Beckham, Jr., has rented the G. W. Dent four-room cottage now being constructed by Contractor Clayton and will move down immediately from Roswell.

The town has been comfortably filled with prospectors all the week.

AND NOW

For our price list for 1904. Our seeds are adapted to the Pecos Valley.

Roswell Produce and Seed Co. ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

MY LOST YOUTH.

By LONGFELLOW.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town.
And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lullaby song
Is haunting my memory still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams,
And the burden of that old song,
And the dead captain, as they lay,
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea,
And the voice of that wayward son,
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill,
And the music of that old song,
Thrills in my memory still,
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captain, as they lay,
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died,
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a will,
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods,
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are the longings wild and vain,
And the voice of the fitful song,
Sings on, and is never still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die,
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye,
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that overshadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again,
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



Why They Went Astry.
A Buffalo clergyman is bemoaning the loss of three trunks, and might, if he were a layman, call the stipendiary of a station master up in Franklin County, Me. It seems that the reverend gentleman when returning from the Rangleley Lake region was in a hurry to catch his train. He had but a few minutes, and approaching the much-bedeviled and perspiring agent pointed out four trunks and said: "Here! Give me checks for these four."
"Where to?" gasped the agent, who was a new man.
"Buffalo," replied the cleric.
With trembling hand the agent detached four checks, wrote "Buffalo" on one of them and thrust the four claim checks into the minister's grasp. But the trunks never arrived. One came along all right, and the officials are hunting for the other three.
It seems that the new man, being in a hurry, made out one check all right, and wrote "Ditto" on the others.

Mrs. Astor a Woman of System.
Mrs. Astor, who is known the world over as the social empress of New York, is a woman of system. Her social life is ordered in a most business-like way. She always gives her balls on Thursdays and her dinners on Mondays, and she leaves New York for London or Newport on the same date each year.



Tilroe began life as an illustrator for a comic paper, and the habit of the calling has followed him into the legal profession. He never can see a face intended by nature for caricature without involuntarily putting his hand to paper. The slight of a nose that by an emphasis of his skillful pencil will mark a man as a shynock, or a jaw which, adroitly shaded, changes firmness to pugnacity, is a temptation which he is unable to resist.

During the course of a trial, while his opponent is rattling his fortress of evidence with bullets of logic and eloquence, Tilroe is wont to console himself with paper and pencil at counsel's table, selecting whatever subject is convenient.

Tilroe had counted from the first upon winning the case of Fleet vs. Moritz. He had studied the knotty points for months, had interviewed witnesses by the score and had trained them to convincing lucidity of utterance. He had waded through acres of legal law and gathered therefrom a choice collection of "cases in point," and unanswerable "authorities."

Having rested the case for the plaintiff, he settled back in his chair, reached for his pencil, as was his habit, sharpening it to the proper degree of pointiness, drew toward him the most convenient piece of blank paper and looked carelessly about him for a model. He found it immediately in the person of a tall, awkward jurymen, whose heavy eyebrows and prominent proboscis were planned by nature for exaggeration. The defendant's attorney ambled through his examination of witnesses and argument in an unexciting fashion and Tilroe remained absorbed in his drawing. The model was proving interesting.

When is a man rich? Perhaps when he thinks he is rich. The popular conception of riches is the amassment of great wealth. A man whose exchequer represents revenues beyond his rational needs and his reasonable luxuries will be popularly designated rich. It must be remembered, however, that the standard of wealth, like the standard of many other things, has been raised. Synchronously with the evolution of civilization, we find human wants multiplying, making larger incomes necessary for the satisfaction of those wants.

In the days of our grandfathers the man who could draw his check for a hundred thousand dollars would have been reckoned one of the plutocrats of the times. It is not so now. This is the century of colossal fortunes. It is estimated that the income of Mr. Rockefeller is \$100 a minute. This is wealth with a vengeance, while the prospective millionaire is becoming a very interesting possibility of the future.

After all, what is it we are so strenuously pursuing? Concretely, it is happiness. This logically leads to a philosophical differentiation of pleasure and happiness. Our pleasures are objective. They are inseparably connected with environment. They are prismatic, delusive, and derive their greatest force from anticipation. Conversely, happiness is a growth from within. Happiness, or true riches, is to be discovered in the attainment of nobility of character, in the cultivation of altruistic impulses, in becoming self-reliant, in the enjoyment of the most serene reactionary influences that come from uplifting the unfortunate.

The trouble with money getting is that it becomes a mania; begets the spirit of discontent. It feeds on itself. Each million brings new care, new anxieties, the necessity for new safeguards against the day of calamity, when our riches jump the track, and we are unceremoniously landed in the ditch of poverty. To affirm that a man is truly rich, who, in an esoteric sense, he is, in excellent terms with himself, and is a living, practical exponent of the divine principle of the brotherhood of man.—New York Times.

When the time arrived for the submission of instructions to the jury there was a hurried search on table, books and files for one of the plaintiff's instructions was most unaccountably missing. Under the stimulus of sharp words the clerk from Tilroe's office finally produced the lost document from the waste paper basket, somewhat crumpled. The usual preliminaries having taken place, the jury, armed with the customary documentary information, filed out of the courtroom.

Brother attorneys hovering in the vicinity nodded congratulations to Tilroe. "Won't have to wait long for that verdict, Tilroe. Written on the face of every jurymen. Plain as daylight how the case is going." Tilroe himself chuckled as he said: "Take them about five minutes to come to a decision, I think." Even the defendant's attorney reluctantly admitted, by his demeanor, that he hadn't any show.

At the end of the first hour of waiting the bailiff came back with a discouraging message—"Jury disagrees." Court adjourned for luncheon. But in the afternoon it was the same. They kept the jury there thirty-six, forty-eight, fifty-two hours, but one obstinate man out of the twelve refused to acquiesce. The jury was discharged.

Tilroe, his brow corrugated with many frowns and scowls, called Bithers, his clerk. "Bithers, you follow this thing up and learn what idiot of a jurymen spoiled the game." After a tour of investigation Bithers walked into Tilroe's office and without a word of explanation laid before him a piece of paper. Upon one side was the plaintiff's instructions to the jury; on the reverse was the big-nosed jurymen in startling caricature.

When He Thinks He's Rich.

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SPECIAL LAND BUYERS' EXCURSIONS

Will run to the new lands of Greer County, Oklahoma, and other sections of the great Southwest in November and December, via the Frisco System. Are you looking for an open fertile farming lands in the Southwest which you can buy for from one-fourth to one-tenth the cost of lands of the East and North? They produce as much acre for acre. Here is a chance to better your condition and add a liberal amount to your pocket book. For full particulars and special railroad rates apply at once to R. R. Lemon, Secretary Frisco System Immigration Bureau, St. Louis, Mo.

An Island of Lacemakers.
The Maltese are famous as lacemakers, although the methods employed are of a primitive type. All Maltese lace is of necessity hand made. The people of Gozo, one of the Maltese group, have a deeply rooted aversion to labor-saving machinery and the kinds in many lines of industry there are the methods in vogue a century ago are employed to-day. The art of lace-making is a slow and tedious operation to generation and one will often find an exceptionally beautiful design the jealously guarded secret of a single family.

The Prayers of Children.
"The two nicest children of my acquaintance have a way of resuming the prayer, after interrupting their prayers," says a writer in an English magazine. "God forgive Frances. God forgive Frances. For pushing me into the fountain today while I was standing on the edge and then daring to say that I fell in. It is not yet quieted, but I interrupt praying so Frances reserves her answer for her own prayers. 'God forgive Marjorie for daring to say that I pushed her in the fountain today while she knows she fell in her own self.'"

What a happy world this would be if people couldn't worry trouble with one putting up collateral security.

The Doctor's Statement.
St. John, Kan., Nov. 16.—This town has a genuine sensation in the case of a little boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William McBride. Dr. Limes, the attending physician, says:

"Scarlet Fever of a very malignant type brought this child very near to death and when the fever left him he was straggling in his mind and legs and right arm. He is now lost bearing in his right ear, and his mind was much affected."

"His parents tried another treatment for a time and when I was recalled found a decrease of 90,000, or less than 3.2 per cent from the same period last year; Omaha packed 110,000, an increase of 165,000, or 17.3 per cent; Kansas City, 835,000, an increase of 70,000, of 8.1 per cent; St. Joseph, 787,000, an increase of 73,000, or 9.3 per cent; St. Louis, 650,000, an increase of 110,000, or 16.9 per cent; Sioux City, 212,000, a decrease of 183,000, or 46.2 per cent. St. Louis shows the highest percentage, but not the highest number of animals packed, Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City and St. Louis exceeding it in volume. Chicago and Sioux City show a decrease. Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Cudahy, Wis., each exceed Sioux City in the number of hogs packed. The pork-packing business is a great industry in this country, and the mill-owners who control the output are known by reputation not only in this country, but abroad as well.—Duluth Herald.

Queer Street Names.
Many British towns have distinctive and interesting names for their streets. London's Chesapeake and Aldwych are more than matched by oddities many times stranger. Botham is a street in York, and Burchgate in Carlisle. Norwich is assertive of class distinction in Gentleman's Walk, and Shrewsbury may stand almost at the highest number of an aristocratic pack of its street labeled Dogpole, which may or may not be related to Newcastle's Dogleg Stairs; but then Newcastle is Dogleg Stairs, and what may that signify?

"Some men are born business-like, my dear, the same as they're born bow-legged."

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 cents, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

It is better to keep the Sabbath bright than to keep it rusty.

Hunt's Cure is not a misnomer. It does cure itch, Ringworm, Eosama, Tetter and all similar skin diseases. A wonderful remedy. Guaranteed. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Lambs rush into Wall Street when the old sheep far to tread.

Sure to Turn Out Right.

I knew a man who never said the world was going wrong,
Who saw in all life's discord but the greater need of song,
He never said misfortune's of which he had his share
Were brought about because "some fellow had been hardy on the square."
He had no time at Providence to hurt his puny career,
And, for a wonder, didn't care to run the gauntlet there,
He did his best, and while some things would never come to pass,
He'd never mind and whisper: "It will turn out right some day."

He lost his farm, and then he hid what-
ever he could find,
As long as he was able to stand the steady grind,
And then his greatest trouble—his wife, so good and true,
Who'd stood by him in sorrows, and in joys, all too few,
Died, and left him feebly stranded on the shores of time alone;
And surely now, we thought, his usual courage must have
Died, smiling through his tears, he paused and bowed his head to say:
"Of course I don't see why, but then I should turn out right some day."

When Trees Were Valued.
Harry C. Pierson, member of the Republican Club House Committee, overheard an amusing conversation at the ladies' reception in the new club house last week. A very pretty girl was talking to an elderly man. They were standing by the window in the dining room facing Bryant Park.
"Oh, Colonel," said the young lady, "just look at those trees! Aren't they beautiful?"
"Yes, to some extent," replied the old warrior; "but—"

Wireless News at Sea.
The first extra of a "wireless" newspaper was published on the Campania during her recent trip. She passed the Lucanis in midocean and not a mile of news from her wireless. The little paper was a newsy and interesting affair.

The Artesia Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GAYLE TALBOT, PROPRIETOR.

This paper has been entered in the postoffice at Artesia, New Mexico, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

TIME TABLE V. & N. E. R. E.
ARRIVES ARTESIA:
Northbound (daily except Sunday) 7:00 p. m.
Northbound (daily except Sunday) 9:15 a. m.
POSTOFFICE HOURS:
8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. except Sunday
Sunday 10 a. m. to 12 o'clock p. m.

A contract has been signed by parties at Roswell to construct a two-story brick hotel building on Main street three doors west of the Advocate office. Material is to be on the ground by February first. Thus the town takes on substantial growth.

Who ever saw a town grow faster than Artesia? New houses are going up in every direction and the carpenter's hammer makes music all the day. No boom, mind you, but the work of considerate business men who know the conditions upon which good towns are always built.

With the new two-story brick hotel and the brick bank building, Main street will look like a stranger to the little prairie village of a few months ago. Just an ordinary, wooden town would be sadly out of place in this beautiful valley, with its wonderful artesian geysers, anyway.

"You couldn't stop the immigration to the Artesia country if you wanted to," remarked United States Commissioner Smith yesterday, "the fame of the valley has gone abroad and our big artesian wells are attracting the attention of people all over Union; it is a demonstrated fact that irrigated farming is the only successful kind and no where else is the proposition so successful and inviting as around Artesia."

Mr. Chas. F. Easley, general attorney of the Santa Fe Central Railway was in Roswell some days ago, and in conversation with a citizen of Artesia, said it was the intention of his company to continue its survey right on down the valley from Roswell, to connect with a point on the Texas & Pacific presumably Big Springs. The survey is completed almost to Roswell. Mr. Easley says his company has never thought of simply touching the valley at Roswell and then leaving, but wants to get to haul away a share of the products of the entire irrigated section. He says the line will come by Artesia, and our people should see that every reasonable want of the company is granted.

Some Good Fish.

Will Ferguson and Chas. Woods sold a couple of cat fish to the Hotel Artesia Monday that would have been considered fine at any season of the year. One weighed 21 and the other 22 pounds and were caught with an ordinary hook and line out of the big lake three miles southeast of town. The boys caught 90 pounds of fish from the lake one day recently, one being a cat which weighed 35 pounds.

J. C. Gage Land Company

ARTESIA, N. M.

Agents for Pecos and Penasco Valley Lands

Has a long list of deeded ranch and farming lands in the celebrated irrigated belt and can supply lands to suit any one. Has complete plots of government lands and can locate homeseekers at a very moderate price.

Abstracts Carefully Prepared.

If you want to buy or sell lands in New Mexico, don't fail to see us. All correspondence cheerfully answered.

J. C. Gage Land Co., Artesia,

The expected has happened. The depot at Roswell burned Monday morning. Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, a Roswell paper intimated that the old barn would have to be burned before the Santa Fe would build a suitable one. At the time, the Advocate pleaded in its most persuasive tone for a postponement of the affair until Artesia could get a station house built, but our pleadings fell upon deaf ears. We feel that we have been treated exactly right in the matter. Roswell could have done with the old barn awhile yet and we need a depot so very badly. Just as Carlsbad's new station house is about completed after their burn and Amarillo assured of a new depot in place of the one burned recently, here goes Roswell! We know this is very discouraging to the Santa Fe people, but if they will only put in a building at Artesia, we'll see that no harm comes—will set up with it o' nights, if necessary, and guard against fires. If we deserve only a box car with a telegraph wire at each end, give us that. We'll not burn it, Mr. Turner. Honest, we won't.

Some of our folks want rain soon, others don't want rain until April. We are not sure they will ever get rain until they can all agree on some date for it to come.—Hale County Herald.

Yes, there it goes! Why don't you move on down to the Valley, Brother Shafer, where every man can have water on his crops when it suits him to do so and stop that constant worry and wrangle about rain. Life is hard enough, at best, without a fellow having to sit and waste his eye sight looking for rain clouds, or waiting for the moon to get right, or his contrary neighbor gets ready for it to come. For a man and his family to labor all the year putting in a crop, only to see it curl up and die for the want of rain in July is most too trying on the constitution—to say nothing of the pocketbook. Come on to the Pecos Valley where you can get water any time you want it.

We have received on our exchange table the Artesia Advocate by our old time friend, Gayle Talbot. Artesia is a new town in New Mexico and the Advocate is doing its share towards her upbuilding. Talbot is a first-class newspaper man and Artesia has done well in securing so valuable a citizen in her midst.—Hico (Texas) Review.

Rodey's Argument.

Delegate Rodey made the closing argument on New Mexico's bill to be admitted to the union as a state, before the house committee on territories, on Wednesday, the 6th inst. His argument had lasted for portions of three days, and, when finally completed from the stenographer's notes and the statistics referred to added, will probably be as good a presentation of New Mexico's condition, resources and possibilities as was ever presented to the house committee. Oklahoma and Arizona have already introduced some evidence on their bills, and will continue all of that some time towards the end of the month, reports on the bills may be looked for.

Deacon Williamson, of Roswell, has been with us this week.

With the Well Drillers.

Clark Brothers have gone steadily down without interruption all the week, and Latien brothers will soon have a spouter.

Circle & Strong have made 175 feet since starting Monday morning. The progress of this machine is closely watched, as this is the furthest well north.

Mott & Thomas, drilling for Mr. Stanfield, are nearly five hundred feet deep, and progressing nicely.

The last news from Chapman & Sperry, on the Gilbert well, says they had left the rock and were grinding rapidly down in quick sand at a depth of about 400 feet. They may find water any day now.

R. B. Barnes received his casing Tuesday and has started on his well in the Penasco valley.

The Artesia Well Drilling Company started its big machine on the J. C. Hale place last Thursday afternoon and have already made four hundred feet. This is record-breaking time, and if nothing unforeseen happens, the well may be in before another week.

From Mr. E. C. Higgins, who was up from Dayton yesterday, we learn that Mr. J. M. Day's condition is somewhat improved. He has been suffering with acute pneumonia for a week.

A son of Mr. Buck came upon three antelopes lying down the other day. One was dead and each of the others had a broken leg. Some hunter has been making a desperate attempt to violate the law.

Mr. Buck, whose ranch is on Cottonwood, told us Thursday that his sheep were in fine condition, in fact, he had some as fat as he ever saw a sheep at any season of the year.

We have had several regular spring days this week. The heat in the afternoons was uncomfortable.

Mr. G. P. Cleveland is in Coleman, Texas, attending to court matters and auditing old friends.

The following prospectors left on last evenings train for Artesia in company with C. L. Higley, R. L. Heath, Dighton, Kansas; J. C. Maxwell and J. G. Walsh, Wichita Kansas; Joseph E. Johnston, Alva Oklahoma; Jos Bennington, Woodward, Oklahoma and G. A. Sweetman of Gage, Oklahoma.—Roswell Record.

Miss Mary Rawls, of Dexter, is the guest of Mrs. G. P. Cleveland this week.

Mr. C. L. Higley returned Thursday night from Roswell, Amarillo and intermediate points. Mr. Higley has some choice land north of town and says he expects to live long enough to eat walnuts off his own trees, yet to be planted. Here's hoping.

Mrs. J. F. Bryson, of Roswell, was at the bedside of her brother, J. M. Day, several days this week.

Rev. J. C. Gage went to Hope Friday to fill his regular monthly appointment to-morrow.

Take supper with the ladies of the Library Association to-night. The cheapest and best meal in the city.

Remember, the Advocate can furnish you nicely printed envelopes with a picture of one of the big wells and advertising matter for the Artesia country. They cost very little and they help the great Pecos valley. Patronize home institutions and come to the Advocate office for your stationery.

Mrs. J. F. Stinson has returned from a visit to relatives in Austin, Texas. She was there during the recent street fair and says Texas' capital city did herself proud on that occasion.

Dr. J. F. Rhodes this morning reports a fine baby boy born unto Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Walling yesterday. It is a twelve-pounder.

Mr. A. Foltz, of Oswego, Kansas, secured him some irrigable land near Artesia this week.

CLARK BROS.

Are having a Special Sale for

30 Days.

Everything Reduced.

Artesia Flour and Feed Co

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, MILL FEED, HAY and GRAIN.

J. O. GIFFORD, Manager.

ARTESIA,

Artesia, New Mexico.

Do you want to make an investment? If so, come to Artesia and buy some town lots from the Artesia Improvement Co. They will sell you lots that will make you money and on easy terms, especially if you want to build on them.

E. A. CLAYTON,

Messrs. Lacy and Talbot have had their lots near the artesian well fenced plowed and trees put out on them this week.

Mr. Chas Minter and wife left Monday for their former home in Ohio.

E. A. Clayton is preparing this week to irrigate his alfalfa. Some say it is too early, but Clayton says he is going to experiment on his and he thinks it's the thing to do, that a wet freeze won't hurt like a dry one. His is the closest alfalfa to town and he invites Artesia visitors out to see it growing. It was planted this fall.

Land Agent Lewis Sholars says he has supplied a number a prospectors with land this week.

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, DISTRICT OF NEW MEXICO, LOS ANGELES. A sufficient contest affidavit filed in this office by Allan Sholar, against honest entry No. 102, 20, 109, for S 1-2 of SE 1-4 and S 1-2 of Section 24, Township 15, S. Range 18 West, the unknown He Wilbert G. West being Contestee, is alleged that said Wilbert G. West prior to his death he never claimed title on said land and never authorized or cultivated the same; that he and said brother, whose names and addresses are unknown, but that said brother established any residence on said cultivated the same as required by that said alleged absence, from the time of his death he never cultivated the same or marine crops of the time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence in support of their claims, on or before J. M. Clark, Esq., U. S. District Commissioner, at Artesia, Pecos Valley, New Mexico, (said that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 10, 1908, at the Recorder and Receiver at the Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico. The said contestant having in view that said notice, after due diligence service of this notice cannot be hereby entered and directed, that be given by due and proper publication. DAVID L. GIBBY, JR.,

DR. ROBERT M. ROSS,

GENERAL PRACTITIONER SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SURGERY PULMONARY DISEASES POSTOFFICE BUILDING, ARTESIA

John Schrock Lumber Co., INCORPORATED

CARRY A FULL STOCK

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

Artesia, New Mexico

The Dayton Realty Co.,

Dealers in Improved and Unimproved Farms and Ranches in PECOS, PENASCO and SEVEN River

Valleys. Can furnish tracts of from 40 to 2000 acres. Farms with deeded water rights for sale, as well as unimproved lands in the artesian belt. We do a general commission business in land and live stock. Thoroughly familiar with the entire irrigated section, and all inquiries answered.

Gains in Lots in New Town of Dayton

paper at the N. Y. Store. S. Stovall, Christian, preached school house last Sunday. Merchant Wm. Clark spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Roswell.

L. R. Sholars says he will go to his ranch southwest of the

A. Clayton, manager of the Art Improvement Company went to last Tuesday.

J. V. Ormand and wife, of all, visited the coming city of Alley Tuesday.

all off with Mr. Gobbler. They left his head and will serve him at supper tonight.

R. Morrow, of the firm of Seay, Morrow, Roswell, was an Ar visitor Thursday.

J. F. Stephens, of Hereford, bought the tin shop of F. D. and will become a citizen. We glad to welcome Mr. Stephens wife and baby to the city.

S. P. Stanford and wife of Oklahoma City, arrived in the city Wednesday evening. Mr. Stanford is having a well put down by Mott & Thomas five miles southeast of the city.

The waterworks are a sure go. Now place your orders for fruit and ornamental trees. Lets make Artesia the "Lilly of the Valley" indeed and in truth.

R. A. Eaton was before U. S. Commissioner Smith, Monday, making final proof on his homestead claim. Mr. Eaton is now ranching on Seven Rivers and says his cattle are doing remarkably well, considering the long drought.

Mr. R. M. Love returned to Carlsbad Thursday after having spent a week in Artesia recently taking orders for nursery stock.

Messrs. E. S. Helmick and R. E. McNally, of Roswell, came Wednesday night to put the tin roof on the bank building.

Johnny Hurt says a party of five gentlemen invaded his bachelor quarters on Cottonwood Saturday while he was absent. They ate up everything on the place and left five nickels and a note saying they were very hungry and just had to break in. Hurt says he is not afraid of their getting sick from eating too much out there is more or less danger of them dying with an enlargement of the heart.

The Messrs Kennicott had a shilow well dug on their claim this week. The well is 79 feet deep and the water comes to within 30 feet of the top. This is a strange country—there is more water under the ground and less on top than any place in the world.

Services in the school house on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m., classes suitable for all. The Rev. Ernest Geo. H. Jackson, pastor of the Presbyterian church will preach. Subject of the morning sermon, "The Spirit of God;" and evening "Life's Fellowship." A cordial invitation is extended to the public and especially to the visitors within our city.

Woodmen of the World, the regular meeting, Saturday, January 18. All members are requested to come early. Special business, only twenty minutes work, must be attended to. Come early so all can attend the supper at the N. Y. building. C. C.

Dangerously Ill.

As the Record goes to press, Mrs. Elmer Richey is lying dangerously ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. R. McCain, with little hopes of her recovery. This sad news comes with a shock to Mrs. Richey's many friends.—Roswell Record.

Dr. M. E. Clary bought a business lot on Main street from F. D. Crago and informs us that he will erect a building on the same right away.

Contractor Joe Clayton began work Monday on the first of the two cottages which he has the contract to build for Mr. G. W. Dent, who came up from Tennessee last week. They are in Artesia Improvement Company addition, west of the school house, and will be of modern style of architecture. They will be for rent when completed.

Mr. V. R. Kenney, county surveyor of Chaves came down Tuesday to do surveying for Dr. Kinsinger on his land southwest of town.

Mr. C. L. Heath and wife of Hereford, arrived in the city Monday to visit his brother, E. N. Heath, and to close a contract for the boring of an Artesian well on his land north of town. He is a very enthusiastic believer in the Pecos Valley and informs the Advocate that he will move to Artesia as soon as the present term of school there is out.

Preliminary work has begun this week on a new business house being erected by Eugene Hardwicke on the corner of Main and Front streets. It has been rented and will be occupied as soon as completed.

Mr. Chambers has completed a residence on his claim three miles south and will be prepared to live at home and enjoy farm life as soon as his well is completed. He expects to move his family down from Roswell this week.

Mr. G. R. Updike was down from Roswell this week and let the contract for plowing and preparing a five-acre orchard on his land east of Artesia. He will put down a surface well, got his orchard started and move down later. Mr. Updike is a strong believer in Artesia and doesn't fail to advertise the country at every opportunity.

Paint is being spread over Artesia at a very liberal rate these days. There is no one thing adds more to the gentility of a place than plenty of clean paint and Artesia citizens are exhibiting a degree of pride that is commendable.

In Grand Rapids Furniture Market, Our Buyer, Stocking up For the New Year.

Ullery Furniture Co.,

ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

J. N. FENTON, REAL ESTATE.

Nice list of city property Ranch lands a specialty.

See Me Before Buying.

Artesia Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

H. CROUCH, Proprietor,

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

H. CROUCH.

HOTEL ARTESIA.

Rates \$1.50 Per Day.

This hotel has recently changed management and been enlarged. Is centrally located. The present management will strive to please the traveling trade as well as the regular custom. Our table is supplied with the best the market affords. Clean beds and courteous treatment.

GIVE US A CALL.

R. W. YEARGIN, PROPRIETOR.

EDDY COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY,

(INCORPORATED.)

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

Complete Abstracts of all Lands in Eddy County.

WRITE US

F. G. TRACY, President.

C. H. McLENATHEN, Sec'y.

J. T. PATRICK,

Contractor and Builder.

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

A Hot Water Bag,

properly applied, will relieve any case of "cold feet"—besides many aches and pains. During this month we will sell our stock of Rubber Goods at reduced prices.

Artesia Drug Company.

Mr. George Johnson, of Riverdale, Texas, was down this week looking over his property interests. He has dug on the ground for a well on Penasco valley land and says he will move his family down in the spring. Thus the population grows. The Alva National Bank, which closed last week, caught a couple of peseta citizens for good sums of money. E. F. Hardwicke and P. C. Carn.

Messrs. George and Harry Krull, partners of Albert Krull, arrived from Oklahoma Monday. It is the boy's first visit to the valley and they were greatly surprised. They say the climate is all right, but the climate is all right, but the climate is the star attraction. This week of warm sunshine is a treat to a man from Indiana.

Mr. D. W. Robertson returned Monday night from his old home in Deaton county, Texas, and brought with him two friends, Mr. Pike Martin and son, Morgan, from Little Elm, that county. He has taken the gentleman over the country and they are elated over the Pecos soil, water and atmosphere. They expect to get some farming land before they leave.

Remember the big turkey Supper at the Cornell building tonight, and assist a most worthy organization—the Artesia Library Association.

The D'Arcy hotel building on front street is almost completed. It is a two-story structure.

LOST—Spectacles, blue tinted, gold bow, leather-covered metal case. Finder please leave at Advocate office. Reward.

Do You Want One?

Well, come to the Pecos Valley, where they may be had for the boring. It is the most successful irrigation system known. No such thing as droughts. I was among the first comers and am "on to" the situation. If you want an irrigated farm or ranch I can fit you up. Open government lands, cheap relinquishments or deeded land with water. I make it my business to get bargains for my customers. Write me.

Geo. W. Witt, Artesia, New Mexico.



International Industrial Exposition.
An international exposition of industries connected with the utilization of alcohol and products of fermentation is to be held in Vienna, opening April 16, 1904, and closing May 31, 1904. The exhibition is to give a comprehensive illustration of the present condition of the alcohol industry, with particular reference to the use of alcohol for technical purposes and of other industries connected with products of fermentation—namely, breweries, distilleries, malt houses, starch works and the production of fermented vinegar.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children
Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Head Stitches, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, Use Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

New York City now contains more Irish than Dublin, more Italians than Florence, more Poles than Warsaw more Jews than Jerusalem.

A girl never thinks a young man's heart is in the right place unless she possesses it.

How to Succeed in Business.

Keep your liver in good condition by using Simmons' Liver Purifier (in box). It corrects constipation, cures Indigestion, Biliousness, stops Head ache, gets your heart in the right place so you can smile at your neighbor.

Some folks start out ter meet trouble on de road, en a'ter dey gits da dey hotlers kaze dey foun' him.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Star.

The Education of Boys.
Mrs. Theodore W. Birney has a suggestive paper on the Education of Boys as Future Fathers and Citizens in the Delinquent for November. The gist of her argument is that boys seldom receive the sympathy to which they are entitled—not a maudlin, sentimental sympathy that is calculated to spoil the child, but an intelligent comprehension of his needs and an interest in his doings and belongings. Her conclusion is that if parents will only take a genuine interest in all things that interest their boys, they can hold their confidence, and so long as they possess that they can be reasonably sure that their boys will not go far wrong. Parents are wont to look on the problems of youth with the eyes of an adult. How much good would result to many little fellows if their parents would come down to their view point, or come up perhaps recognizing the limitations of their inexperience, and judging their deeds and misdeeds in the light of it. The rule of the rod is past, and inasmuch as the new order of things has brought much harm to the lives of the little ones, so will a better understanding of the boy nature on the part of parents benefit them immeasurably.

J. Bull Drinks Too Much.

Statistics, "shakier" than ever of this line, assure us that the average Englishman consumes in a year, 120 bottles of wine, 178 bottles of beer and six bottles of spirits. A Frenchman disposes of 141 bottles of wine, thirty of beer and eleven of spirits. If these figures are at all dependable an interesting question arises as to whether this large consumption of wine is the cause of the effect of the fiery Gallic or Celtic temperament if stout John Bull would let up on beer for awhile interesting historical developments might follow.

AN OLD TIMER.

Has Had Experiences.
A woman who has used Postum Food Coffee since it came upon the market eight years ago knows from experience the necessity of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a steady brain.

She says: "At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum and got a sample and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life and it had affected his nerves terribly. I persuaded him to shift to Postum and it was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him.

"We now learn that Postum does not exhilarate or depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach. To make a long story short our entire family has now used Postum for eight years with completely satisfying results as shown in our fine condition of health, and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner.
Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

BEFORE NIGHT.

It is the hour when faints the long, gold day.
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest.
The sun has gone, the lilies lidle away,
And drops the bee into the rose's breast.
Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.
Now the round notes of nestless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow as it fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace on me."
—Eleanor Norton, in Harper's Magazine.



HER SACRIFICE

By ELEANOR LEE
Copyrighted, 1903, by The Authors Publishing Company

He walked slowly along the dusty country road on a lovely July evening. His air was dejected, his clothes worn and shabby. A tramp, one might decide at first glance; at a second, one could see that he had known better days. Not age but a sense of failure had bowed his form and drawn lines on his face and mouth. He had wrecked his life; he had nothing to live for, no one to love.
The sharp click of shears suddenly attracted his attention. He raised his tired eyes from the road and turned in the direction of the sound. It came from a cemetery on a steep, green hill to his right. He could see the marble shafts gleaming through the trees. A neat picket fence enclosed it, and the gate was slightly ajar.
Impelled by a curious feeling he did not stop to analyze, he pushed it open and walked wearily up the slope. A young woman was on her knees beside a grave, clipping the grass along its edge. Her back was turned to him and she had not heard his footsteps on the turf. In a soft, cultivated voice she was singing:

"The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies,
And now I awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice."

He felt a languid interest in watching the girl as she took some flowers from a basket and arranged them in a crown—white roses and pink, sweet peas—and scattered pansies on the velvety green sward.

Then she arose and stood at the foot of the grave, regarding it with a look of subdued satisfaction. Her face was turned in the direction of the lilac shrub, behind which the intruder stood, and the sight of it made him start violently and come forward hastily.

The girl's exclamation of surprise and alarm was cut short by the stranger's courteous lifting of his hat, any saying in the voice of a gentleman: "Do not be alarmed, madam. Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

The girl pushed her hair from her heated forehead with a nervous movement. "My name is Alice Osborne," she answered.

"Osborne"—in a disappointed tone. "Are you not—you resemble my—someone I knew. Did you ever hear of Alice Dale?" He spoke eagerly and yet hopefully.

Her eyes opened wonderingly upon



"Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

him. "That was my mother's name. Is it she you mean?"

"It can be no other. You are her very image—when I saw her first. The same features, the same wavy hair, the same pretty color your eyes—how like her you are!"

"I am glad you knew my mother," she said, gently. "Sit here on the grass and tell me about her. I was scarcely two years old when she died."

"And fortunate it was that she died then," the man's voice was full of bitter despair. "She escaped a world of trouble."
"We will not speak of my father now," the girl said quickly.
"Do you remember your father?"
"Yes," reluctantly.
"What became of your money when he absconded with his partner's money?" the man went on, as though taking a grim pleasure in raking up past misdeeds.
"A wealthy farmer adopted me. I am called Osborne now. I have a luxurious home and every advantage



He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her.

of education and travel. One great sorrow though—my foster father died a year ago. This is his grave."

The man looked at it with new interest. Then he noted the black ribbons on the girl's simple white dress. "And you are happy in your new home?"

"It is not new to me; I scarcely remember any other. I love my mother—I have always called Mrs. Osborne so."

"But your father," persisted the stranger, "do you never think of him? Or have your new friends taught you to forget him?"

Alice looked sadly up at the placid evening sky. "I pray for him always," she murmured softly.

The man's face gleamed with a sudden hope. "And would you be glad to know him? Would you forgive him?" "I forgive him long ago." She turned to him quickly, and noted his agitated face. "You know where my father is—tell me."

"He has served his term of punishment. He is free once more. He is—Alice—I am your father!"

The rosy light died out of the girl's face; her hands clutched the grass at her side. Even in her worst dreams she had never pictured her father like this. She shrank involuntarily from him as he moved a little nearer. Her eyes had no welcome for him.

Without a word the convict turned away. The ray of hope faded from his face, and the old, bitter look returned. He got up slowly from the grass, and stumbled on his way blindly among the graves.

Alice watched him for a moment unreluctantly. Then the bent, gray head and stooping shoulders, the attitude of a man prematurely aged, moved her soul to pity. She sprang up and followed him.
"Father," she called.
The man turned. The girl's arms were around his neck, her lips touched his rough beard, her soft hair brushed his cheek.
"Father, what would you have me do for you?" the daughter asked after a pause.
"Take your mother's place. Make a home for me. Had she lived I would not have sinned. Help me to be a better man."

Alice grew herself from an arm with a sudden revulsion of feeling. Go away with him! live with him! She had not anticipated this. That she should shelter him for a time and provide money to start anew was all, surely, that could be expected of her. Most she knew she could obtain for him—was not that enough?
The sun had set behind grey clouds; the night breeze moaned through the trees; she shivered in her thin dress. It seemed to her that all the brightness had gone from her young life with the setting of the sun.
The man watched the expression of the girl's face, saw the struggle going on, the change from a light-hearted girl to a care-burdened woman. He was dimly aware of the magnitude of the sacrifice he had called upon her to make. And he knew, perfectly, that his destiny depended upon her decision.

As he watched her, now hopefully, now despairingly, the expression of the sweet face changed again to one of high resolve, of noble purpose, and he knew that Duty had won the victory over Self. In his heart there grew a strong resolve, with God's help, to live down the past.
He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her. "You will come," he said in a voice husky with deep feeling.
"For my mother's sake—and for yours," she said, and placed her hand in his.

HAD A LAUGH COMING.

Why Citizen Paul Gas Bill Without a Kick.
"You must excuse my ignorance," he softly began at the window of the gas office, "but I want to settle a doubt in my own mind. Is your gas the same as last week's?"
"I never heard of any one laugh over it very much replied the clerk. "In fact, it is generally the other way."
"But I—I—ha, ha, ha!"
"You are laughing over it, it seems?"
"Yes, because you know, my June bill was \$2.25. We go away for July and shut the house up, and yet my July bill is much larger than the June."
"Perhaps that's where the laugh comes in?"
"I know it does—ha, ha, ha!"
"Yes, we are always hearing of those things, and it is unnecessary to say that they make us tired. The bill seems to be \$4.80."
"Yes."
"And you—you—"
"I'm going to laugh. It's a good joke—capital joke—ha, ha, ha!"
"And you'll have to pay and not kick," queried the astonished clerk.
"That's it. I'll even—ha, ha, ha!"
The clerk handed him back the change from a five-dollar bill and looked at him in such a way that the customer felt called upon to explain.
"Yes, I have shut up for July, but we left six burners blazing away, and I thought you had me for a cool hundred dollars. Only \$4.80—ha, ha, ha!"

The Irish.
Now a health to the Irish, big-hearted and brave.
From Erin, far over the sea;
Who has it, here for aye, braved the wind and the wave
And braved the land of the free.
And though homeless, perchance, in the land of the free,
Which, indeed, is the blue ocean's sea,
They want not for homes, for throughout Every home is wide open to them.
Or, deprived of the power, so justly to rule o'er the fair Emerald Isle,
In the heart of mankind they have found a new throne.
And the scepter they wield is a smile.
And the Patrick busses, striding down from above,
Must smile on his day when he sees How all classes and creeds show their fealty and love
For the Irish by wearing the green.
They have borne to the hearts of the West.
We acknowledge their genius and proudly admit
That the world would not half be so goodly
If these princes of kindness, good humor and wit
Were to pass like a dream in the night.
When musing alone, looking into the Counting faces of friends loved the best,
We marvel to note that the quaint Irish are the ones that outnumber the rest.
So we'll drink to them all, to the Fitzes and Macs,
To the Murphys, Morneys and O's!
To the Kellys and the Patricks, the Jameses and Jacks,
From the land of the shamrock and rose.
—W. L. Sanford in the Galveston News.

Monument to Shelley.
When the project of erecting a monument to the poet Shelley in Italy was discussed, Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Edmond D'Amicis and other prominent Italian men of letters gave their approval. None of them, however, attended the unveiling of the monument at Viareggio recently. The speeches were of a political rather than a literary character. Eighty-one years have elapsed since Shelley was drowned at Viareggio.

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The Old Fashioned Way.

We like the old fashioned way of doing everything: old fashioned religion, old fashioned dancing, if any at all, old fashioned dinners, old fashioned weddings, and above everything in the world, give us the old fashioned people. What we mean by the old fashioned way, is the common sense style. Of course we believe in advancement, growth and evolution. We believe that man evolves from a lower life to a higher. We believe that every generation ought to be smarter and better than the preceding one. We will lay this proposition down, and we don't think it can be refuted, except in a very few instances. There can be but very little improvement made on the good old common sense way of doing things, but there is such a thing as people drifting away from it—and that is what we propose to talk about. Not long since we made a trip to the city, and while there visited a city church. The edifice with all its furnishings must have cost \$75,000 or \$100,000. We occupied a seat with the common herd; on either side of us sat the elite in their private pews. Presently the organ came out and sat down at the machine, and played like a machine. When he struck the first key two ladies and two gentlemen came out to the banister on an elevated gallery and sang like machines. The music sounded funny to us, but we guessed that it must have been all right, but plume-taken if we understood a word they said (possibly they might have been foreigners) and we never did catch the words. At the close of the first act the curtains were pushed aside and the minister, stiff and staid, occupied the pulpit. He opened the book, read his text and delivered a very learned and wordy discourse. We don't think he made a false gesture, and if he made a single grammatical error we didn't detect it, tho' we are not very good on grammar. We went there as a stranger, we came away a stranger. When the doxology was sung it reminded us of a funeral dirge at the grave of old fashioned religion. We went out to hear the gospel of the lowly Nazarene, but instead we heard a battle of words from the lips of a trained elocutionist, whose language was chosen from the classics, calculated only to tickle the ears of aesthetic society. The edifice, the music, the minister and the congregation were there, but if the one whom this assembly was supposed to typify had walked in, travel-stained, foot-sore and hungry, there would have been no Marthas nor Marys there to anoint his hair, bathe his feet and wipe them with their silken tresses; no, not one in all that vast assembly would have pressed forward to touch the hem of his garments. We like fine clothes, we like fine houses and furniture, and above all we like a smart preacher—but if he ain't got a good case of old fashioned religion he is not our sort of a preacher, and if fine clothes, fine houses and a little book learning destroys that old fashioned, every day sociality in people, we prefer to wear our old clothes, continue to dwell in our little log house on the hillside and let the extent of our learning be just what it is—reading and writing.

If we go out to hear a lecture on a scientific subject we are seeking intellectual food; but if we go out to hear the gospel we are seeking spiritual food. Religion doesn't necessarily appeal to the intellect, but rather to the heart. Some of our seminaries and colleges are turning out preachers whose brains have never been plowed, but their hearts have never been touched. We can remember away back a long time ago when it was fashionable for people to work hard and make a living. We lived in the mountains of East Tennessee; we would plow all the week in the new ground and Saturday evening while we were resting we would work the tobacco patch or stick the poll-buns. We dealt in spots then, not

in futures; instead of sweating and fuming in the wheat pits of Chicago we sweated in the harvest fields of Tennessee. That's what's the matter with this country now, there's too many futures and not enough spots to go round. As we went to say, in those days we worked six days and rested on the seventh; we always cut up enough wood Saturday to last over Sunday, because in those days it was fashionable to keep God's day holy. After supper we children would all sit down around a pine knot fire and grease our boots with sheep's tallow, then take a little pot-black and give them a beautiful greasy gloss. Sunday morning by the time the first cock crowed everybody in that home was astir; we would eat breakfast by candle light. After breakfast mother would dyke us out in our Sunday clothes, all home spun, (New England had not caught on to us then) and then we would all start to Sunday school and church, just three miles away. In crop time we would always walk; yes and mother always went with us, too. When we got to church everybody was glad to see us, we all shook hands with each other, and the ladies kissed; it all seemed just like a home affair, and it was, too. The men all sat on one side of the house and the women and children on the other side. In those days they didn't have any church organ, everybody had a hymn book and everybody sang, and they did it with the spirit and the understanding. In those days the human voice wasn't affected with warbling, trembling, quivering and jumping—but just ran along calmly and smoothly like a great deep river, taking everything in its sweep. After the song service and two or three warm spiritual prayers, which it seemed reached clear up to the very throne of God, the preacher would open the book and read the word; his countenance and his language were an index to the subject he was going to talk about, in other words he looked like he had been with God. Oh! but wouldn't we like to live the old fashioned days over again and hear a good old fashioned sermon that would make the preacher sweat his collar down, and hear the brethren over in the amen corner holler "Amen!" "Lord, grant it!" and see the good sisters' cups get so full they would overflow! It was fashionable then for people to get religion, enough to make them cry anyhow, but they don't get very much now, they just join the church and let the preacher do the rest. I'll tell you, ladies and gentlemen, we have been away from home long enough, we have got to go back to the old homestead and yoke up old Buck and Dick and go to plowing in the new ground; we've got to deal more in spots and less in futures; we've become a nation of gamblers, we've been traveling too fast, we've sacrificed our honor upon the altars of greed and fashion, and the devil is doing a land office business catching suckers without bait. This is a commercial age and our religion and honor have been converted into greed and gain; the world won't shake hands with you unless there's something in it. We spell God with an "I" it it. The world is dying for love and one to give it an old fashioned lump and an old fashioned kiss. The other day in one of our northern cities a ragged urchin walked up to a kindly looking gentleman and said, "Mister, please kiss me; I am ten years old today and was never kissed in my life." Yes, we've got to come to, and the sooner the better, the old fashioned way of doing every old thing. We have got to put on our jeans pants and cotton frocks, go to splitting rails again and making soap and lye hominy, deal in spot corn, spot wheat and spot cash. We have got to quit raising zoo-suckers and butterfies and go to raising men and women. This way of being a millionaire on paper is going to play out, and when it does, there'll be no more money parties. When we do this we won't have to rob a bank or

If You Want to Make Money

See E. A. CLAYTON and buy some town property in Artesia. He will sell you lots on Main street that you can double your money on in a short time and residence lots, too. He has almost any kind of location if you wish to build. He says he wants the people to own the lots, so they can take an interest in helping to build the town.

The Artesia Improvement Co.

E. A. CLAYTON, Manager.

Wunder the government for funds to keep peace with fickle fortune.—Albany News.

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by J. H. H. Rogers, contestant, against homestead entry No. 224, made February 22, 1894, for the NE 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 22, T. 18 S., R. 20 E., of S. 14, of Section 1, Township 18 N., Range 20 E., by George A. Winbury, contestant in which he alleged that said George A. Winbury has wholly abandoned said tract and has not resided upon and cultivated same for a period of six months last past, as required by law, and further, he has never established his residence thereon, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment as 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 allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 8, 1895, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

I, the said contestant, having in a proper affidavit filed December 11, 1894, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and decreed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

Notice For Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, LAND OFFICE AT ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, November 27, 1892. 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 United States Commissioner at Artesia, New Mexico, on January 11, 1894, viz: Richard A. Eaton, upon Homestead application No. 2293, for the N 1/4 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 22, T. 18 S., R. 20 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the above land, viz: David W. Runyan, N. M.; Thomas E. Becke, Jr., Artesia, N. M.; William F. Daugherty, of Artesia, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, November 24, 1892. 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 Court Commissioner at Artesia, New Mexico, on February 9, 1894, viz: Daniel J. Hunter, upon Homestead application No. 2293, for the southeast quarter of Section 9, T. 18 S., R. 20 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the above land, viz: John B. Gilliland, Artesia, N. M.; David W. Runyan, of Artesia, N. M.; Thomas E. Becke, Jr., of Artesia, N. M.; John M. Day, of Artesia, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

Articles of Incorporation.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, Washington, D. C., November 24, 1892. Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

The First National Bank of Artesia, located in the town of Artesia in the County of El Paso and Territory of New Mexico, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking.

Now therefore, I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, hereby certify that the First National Bank of Artesia located in the town of Artesia in the County of El Paso and Territory of New Mexico is provided in the Statutes of the United States, and is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in section fifty one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fourth day of November, 1892.

W. B. RIDGELY, Comptroller of the Currency.

Notice For Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, February 11, 1894. 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 United States Commissioner at Artesia, New Mexico, on February 22, 1894, viz: Thomas Runyan, upon Homestead application No. 248, for the NW 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 5, T. 18 S., R. 20 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the above land, viz: Thomas E. Becke, Jr., of Artesia, N. M.; Richard A. Eaton, of Artesia, N. M.; John B. Beckers, of Artesia, N. M.; Walter McDonald, of Artesia, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

"What an Eastern Man Thinks of the Pecos Valley"

The famous newspaper correspondent, Henry Hall, made a trip through the Pecos Valley last spring and the "Pecos Valley Lines" Passenger Department has reprinted what he had to say in a neat little folder suitable for mailing. Send us a list of names and we will take pleasure in giving your friends in the east an opportunity to read what Mr. Hall says.

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

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