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Tooth Powder
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Chicago, $76.70; St. Louis, Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans, $71.70; St. Paul and Minneapolis, $72.10; Missouri River Points, $64.20. Sale dates June 4th, 5th, 24th and 30th, inclusive; July 15th and 16th, August 25th and 26th. Final limit 90 days. For full particulars call on or address

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EL PASO-NORTHEASTERN SYSTEM

CLOUDCROFT
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THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE SOUTH-WEST
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EL PASO, TEXAS.

GRAND CANYON WILD MAN

An Additional Attraction Has Been Provided at the Great Gorge.

The people of Arizona duly appreciate the fact that they have in the Grand Canyon the greatest attraction for tourists that the world affords, but they have silently mourned the absence of exciting features in connection with the wonderful gorge. Every little jim-crow seashore resort has its sea serpent, but the Grand Canyon has been under a serious handicap in having nothing but its own scenery wherewith to thrill visitors. The shortage has been remedied, however. The Canyon has a wild man. We know it harbors a wild man, for the San Francisco Examiner is authority for the story, and the Examiner never lies—at least it does not always admit that it is lying. And, anyway, people are hard to please who insists upon an affidavit with each story that appears in the Sunday supplements of the yellow journals. Our own cittizens, who visit the Canyon this summer, should not fail to take along a camera for protection against the wild man. But here is the story:

Many strange stories have been told of the "wild man" of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and while some persons have credited these weird tales, they have for the most part been regarded as the ingenious inventions of imaginative travelers, and have passed into tradition as such. But according to I. W. Stevens of Cedar, Col., the "wild man" is not a myth, and he gives a thrilling account of an encounter he had with the creature.

"Two years ago," says Mr. Stevens, "I had business in the northwestern part of Arizona that took me in the neighborhood of the extreme lower end of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river, in Mohave county, Arizona. Having the misfortune of getting my arm broken, I took a trip to the river to the river to kill time and catch a few beaver. I constructed a skiff, with the aid of a friend, and, when my arm got strong enough, I took a trip up the Canyon as far as I could go with a boat. A few miles above the entrance I hauled my boat upon the sand and got ready to examine the rock walls.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was the imprint of bare feet in the sand. Thinking the tracks had been made by some Indian, perhaps a Piute or a Hualapi, I began looking the gorge over with much interest. Going down stream a short distance I found more tracks.

"The third day of my stay I saw the head of a man on a bench of rocks on the north side of the river. Evidently he was seated on the edge of a cliff some distance above my camp. I rowed up stream a little above the point where I saw the man's head and part of his houlders above the greasewood brush. Climbing up to the bench I had some difficulty in finding a place that I could get over the ledge and be on a level with my strange neighbor.

"I finally succeeded in approaching closer to the point. I saw sitting on a large boulder a man with long white hair and matted beard that reached to his knees. The creature was unaware of my approach, and I gazed upon him for some moments unobserved. He was about fifty yards away and in full view. He wore no clothing, and upon his talon-like fingers were claws at least two inches long. A coat of gray hair nearly covered his body, with here and there a spot of dirty skin showing. I had found the 'wild man' of the rocks!

"At that moment a rock loosened by some animal came rolling down. The creature turned his face toward me. Horrors! What a face—it was seared and burned brown by the sun, with fiery green eyes. With a wild whoop and a leap he was up over rocks and cliffs like a mountain sheep for about seventy-five yeards. Then he stopped. He was armed with a queer shaped club, large enough to fell an ox. Brandishing this bludgeon, he shrieked and chattered for a moment, then started toward me, roaring and still floursh ing his weapon. Faster and faster he came and my hair began to stiffen.

"I am a poor runner, so I stood my ground. When the creature was within about fifteen yeard of me I raised my rifle to fire, thinking to cripple him. As I glanced along the barrel I heard a growl just above the wild man. He also had heard the growl and braced himself for the shock.

"I drew a hasty bead on the cougar and pressed the trigger. When the smoke had cleared away the mother cougar lay dead whre the wild man stood. The man himself had disappeared. The two young cougars were still on the rock, apparently greatly frightened by the report and echoes of my old Sharp's rifle.

"Reaching hastily for a cartridge, I found I had neglected to buckle on my belt when leaving camp, so I hastily retreated to the boat, where I found everything as I had left it. I shoved the boat off and drifted toward camp, which was near the cougars. There lay the old cougar where she had fallen. The wild man was standing over the two cubs, which also were dead, he having beat the life out of them with a club. He stood a moment gazing on the carcasses, then got down on hands and knees and drank the warm blood as it flowed from the death wounds. The sight sickened me.

"I stood up in the boat and yelled. The man sprang to his feet, took a long look at me, then fled up from ledge to ledge until he reached the fourth ledge, where he stopped. Here he flourished his club again and screamed the wildest, most unearthly screech I ever heard, then turned and sprang up the craggy wall of the canyon.

"Not fancying my wild neighbor, I packed my outfit into the boat and drifted down and out of the canyon before I made camp for the night. That was the strangest adventure of my life.

"Tradition records that years ago hostile Indians captured three men, bound them to logs far up the canyon and cast them adrift upon the swollen river. It may be that this wild creature is one of those unfortunate men who, by chance, freed himself and escaped death, but was made insane by his awful experience."

Is your Stomach weak—Bowels Constipated or Liver and Kidneys Inactive? Then don't neglect the matter. Nature needs assistance and the Bitters being Nature's remedy for these ailments is surely the medicine you need.

It positively cures. Try it.

El Paso & Southwestern Railroad Company.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Effective December 10, 1902.

WEST BOUND	STATIONS	EAST BOUND
9:00 a. m.	lv...El Paso..ar.	5:15 p. m.
1:00 p. m.	ar..Hachita ..lv.	1:15 p. m.
1:15 p. m.	lv. .Hachita ..ar.	1:00 a. m.
4:45 p. m.	ar.. Douglas .lv.	9:45 a. m.
4:55 p. m.	lv.. Douglas. ar.	8:55 p. m.
6:15 p. m.	ar.... Naco ...lv.	8:15 a. m.
6:02 p. m.	ar... Bisbee ..lv.	8:30 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	lv.. Deming ..ar.	6:00 p. m.
12:05 p.m.	ar... Benson ..lv.	1:05 p. m.

W. G. CHOATE,
Genl. Supt. and Traffic Mgr.
V. R. STILES,
Gen'l. Freight and Pass. Agt.
EL PASO, TEXAS.

Maricopa & Phoenix & Salt River Valley Railroad

TIME TABLE—Pacific Standard Time
(City time is ½ hour later.)

Phoenix to Maricopa read down	MARICOPA DIVISION	Maricopa to Phoenix read up
	STATIONS	
5:45 p. m.	Lv Phoenix Ar	6:10 a. m.
6:15 p. m.	" Tempe "	5:45 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	Ar Maricopa Lv	4:15 a. m.

Mesa to Phoenix read down		MESA DIVISION		Phoenix to Mesa read up
		STATIONS		
a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m.
7:00	1:30	Lv Mesa City Ar	9:30	6:00
7:25	2:00	" Tempe "	9:05	5:30
7:45	2:30	Ar Phoenix Lv	8:45	5:00

Southern Pacific Passenger Trains Pass Maricopa as Follows:

EAST BOUND	ALL DAILY	WEST BOUND
No. 8, 10:05 p.m.	V'lib'd Overl'd.	No. 7, 8:45 a.m.
No. 10, 3:45 a.m	Sunset Limited	No. 9, 7:50 p.m.

Only 17 Hours to Los Angeles.

M. O. BICKNELL,
Supt. and Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

"Just What You Want"

It Cures Nervous Men.
Cures Female Weakness.
Cures Back Pains.
Cures Stomach Troubles.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT is a popular remedy nowadays. It is the only remedy which will cure while you sleep. Just put it on when you go to bed, feel the warm, glowing vitality going into you and restoring life and vigor, and not a moment's inconvenience.

And you don't have to dose your poor stomach with nasty drugs. This shows what it does.

PAINS HAVE ALL GONE.

Dulce, N. M.,

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir:—The Belt I bought from you cured me in twenty-eight days after I had suffered for two years with Rheumatism. I owe my health to your Belt. Yours truly, TIM GALLIGOS.

FREE BOOK. I will send you my FREE BOOK, with full information, sealed, free, if you will send this ad

Dr. M. J. McLaughlin, 129 South Spring Street, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TURN IN BASCOM'S LUCK

Related to Unsympathetic Audience by Man From Over Pochuck Way.

Chester, N. Y.—"My Uncle David Beckendarter's brother-in-law, Hackaliah Bascom, was the unluckiest man, I s'pose, that ever lived," said the man who persists that he is entitled to be believed when he says that he lives over toward Pochuck, as he leaned against the wall facing the Howland house cash register. "Then, again, you might say he was the luckiest man that ever lived. There are two sides to every question, and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

The manipulator of the cash register was compounding a cocktail for a stranger who came in and said he had been all night at Goshen. The stranger quaffed his tipple and went out.

"A cocktail," said the man from over toward Pochuck, "was something that my Uncle David Beckendarter's brother-in-law, Hackaliah Bascom, never would drink.

"'Give me mine straight,' he used to say, 'and then if I fall by the way I ain't goin' to git mad and abuse the bartender, and lay it to too much sugar, a squirt more bitters than there 'dought a-been, or the lemon that was squeezed in it,' he used to say.

"Hackaliah was a philosopher, but I think he carried his philosophy a little too far as to the matter of what he took to drink. Now, I ain't partic'lar whether mine is a cocktail or a dead straight."

The man from Pochuck paused. The manipulator of the cash register was busy fixing his necktie at the mirror among the glassware. No one remarked anything. The Pochuck citizen sighed, sat down, cracked a couple of fingers on both hands, and said:

"Yes, Hackaliah Bascom was the luckiest and the unluckiest man that ever lived. He was always havin' narrow escapes until a year ago. He hadn't a whole bone in his body when he died—for Hackaliah is dead, and I'm feelin' mighty bad about it—and as to years, he'd have made a good twin brother to the tattooed man in the sideshow.

"As soon as Hackaliah Bascom went anywhere near a railroad an engine would blow up and give him a clip or he'd git run over or his horse would git scared and run away and break a leg or somethin' for him.

"Once he was ridin' on an express train, goin' up the mountain, over in Pennsylvania, near where he lived. The train hadn't gone far before Hackaliah got it into his head that he'd go back in the hind car. He walked out of the door and square off the platform. He was in the hind car all the time and didn't know it.

"He tumbled around on the track in the wake of the train for about a quarter of a mile, and was cut and slashed and scraped in a way that would have filled a peddler of arnica plaster with joy. Hackaliah picked himself up joy and by, and started on his way afoot.

"He had walked pretty near all the way to his station when along came the emigrant train, going his way. The cowcatcher of the ingine lifted Hackaliah up and pitched him ag'inst the bank as if he'd been shot out of a 40-pounder. The ingine didn't seem to mind the shock a bit, but went right on as if nothin' had happened.

"The emigrant trains in them days was more than half a mile long. Hackaliah Bascom had plenty o' time to consider what was best for him to do. He felt something like a piece o' meat might feel after it had passed through a sassage machine.

"'There's one thing certain,' says Hackaliah; 'I ain't going to stay here all night, and I'm blistered if I feel much like walkin' any further. I guess I'll ride the rest o' the way on the emigrant train,' says he.

"So he jacked himself up till he got on his feet. The train was goin' twenty miles an hour. When the hind car came along Hackaliah Bascom made a grab for it. He ketched it and got on, jest as sure as—sure as you're drawin' beer for thet feller, who is seemin'ly as dry as if he'd been talkin' for the last fifteen minutes and nobody hadn't said nothin'."

The customer who came in for the beer got it and went out again. The manipulator of the cash register whistled "I'm a Jonah Man," with a far-away look in his eyes. The man from toward Pochuck cracked some more fingers and resumed.

"Hackaliah ketched that hind car," said he, "and got on to the train as slick as straddlin' a sawbuck. I forgit how many stitches the doctor took in him when he got home, but Uncle David Beckendarter says they had to send to the county seat after more thread.

"Then there was the time Hackaliah had the big runaway accident. He was watering his horses and stood right in front of 'em. Some boy or other sot off a firecracker and away the team started.

"The old man—Hackaliah was comin' 77 then—grabbed this end o' the wagon tongue and throwed his feet up around it. There he hung. The horses run for two miles, when they fetched up ag'in the side of a stone wall and stopped. But Hackaliah Bascom went right on. He sailed through the air clear to the middle of a five-acre lot, and lit on his head.

"Now it wouldn't be natural to expect that a man o' his years, after setch a fight as that, would git up all tickled to death, and go to dancin' a hornpipe. Mr. Hackaliah Bascom didn't up at all. He laid there till some of his folks went lookin' to see in what part o' the district he was, found him, and picked him up.

"The top of his head was rammed in some, and the doctor said the most likely thing he could do to get Hackaliah on his pins ag'in was to trepan it. So he pried out a piece o' the skull and sot an old Mexican silver dollar in the place. Hackaliah got around in about a month as lively as ever.

"One day he went to town. While he was there a thunder storm came up. Hackaliah Bascom had a great way o' settling in one o' the big armchairs on the tavern stoop, tippin' it back ag'in a post, an' goin' to sleep.

"The thunder an' lightin' didn't prevent him doin' this that day he went to town, and besides, so Uncle David Beckendarter says, he had been lucky in runnin' up ag'in considerable o' the old stuff. He got his chair a little too close to the edge o' the stoop, and in his sleep his head got to rollin' over to one side, and pretty soon the chair lost its balance and kerplunk! went Hackaliah to the ground, four feet below.

"The concussion knocked the silver dollar out o' the old chap's topknot, and it rolled out on the ground. Hackaliah jumped to his feet. The first thing he saw was the silver dollar. He picked it up.

"'Sizzlin' John Snodgrass!' says he 'What a clap that was! Struck the bank, didn't it?'

"They fixed Hackaliah up all right, and he gave the dollar to Uncle David Beckendarter Uncle David gave it to me for a birthday present, and I've had it ever since—but I haven't got it with me."

The Pochuck chronicler paused, but no one said a word.

"A year ago," he continued, after an eloquent sigh, "Hackaliah Bascom made up his mind thet it would be a good stroke o' business for him to take out a policy ag'in accidents happenin' to him, then when the next time come around for him to have somethin' happen to him he could lay back and draw $25 a week, and if he got killed, his folks would get his insurance money.

"He said there wasn't any sort o' doubt but what when he died it 'd be 'owin' to an explosion or a collision, or somethin' o' that sort, and he might as well make a little somethin' for his family out of it as not. So he got a five-thousand-dollar policy.

"After that he drove the skittishest horses he could git, but they always fetched him home safe and sound. Billsouzer's saw mill was known to have a bi'ler that wasn't much safer than lightin' a match in a powder mill. Hackaliah Bascom took a great fancy to settin' in that saw mill day after day and arguin' politics.

"One day he didn't go to the mill for some reason or other, and the bi'ler busted and killed the sawyer, and laid up for two months two men that hadn't ever been nigh the mill before.

"A bridge fell into the creek, fifty foot below it, one day jest as Hackaliah Bascom had drove across it. He got out of a train at Bullsnip station one day, and a mile further on the train ran off the track and smashed the car he was in all to splinters.

"He went out to shoot a chicken one day. John Snavley, a neighbor, asked him to let him take the gun and knock the hen over. Hackaliah handed over the gun. The barrel busted and took off four o' Snavely's fingers.

"And so it kept goin' all along. Hackaliah's luck seemed to have changed entirely. Everything seemed to go ag'in him, and at last, three weeks ago, he was took with bilious fever and died as peaceful as a chloroformed rabbit.

"Yes, Hackaliah Bascom is dead, my Uncle David Beckendarter's favorite brother-in-law, and I'm feelin' mighty bad about it. Mighty bad. I tell you. Bowed with sorrow."

The cash register jingled merrily over the purchase of a couple of highballs. The manipulator inspected his complexion critically in the mirror among the glassware. Nobody said a word until the man from toward Pochuck rose, with a remark, uttered with some pepper in it.

"I'm feelin' mighty bad about poor, old Hackaliah Bascom," said he, "but a feller might be bowed down with sorrow till he doubled up like a jackknife, by cats, and nobody around here 'd pour anything on to it to drownd it!"

Then he strode out and went Pochuckward.

BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO EMERSON.

The meeting at Symphony hall last evening will readily hold the first place in the remarkable series of memorial observances of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It was a conspicuously notable tribute, both by reason of the high intellectual distinction of those who took part and by the character of the utterances on the occasion.

The address of President Eliot serves to bring to the people of this generation a clearer realization of the marvelous foresight of the Concord philosopher. Emerson was a prophet as well as a poet. Half a century later, we are working out his visions of high destiny; and to this end his teachings have steadily advanced the efforts of those who were his contemporaries and those who have followed.—Boston Post.

MRS. SOPHTHARTE.

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Sophtharte as she dropped into a chair in the millinery emporium of Madame Paree. "I feel so unstrung."

"What is the matter?" queried the proprietress.

"As I was coming down street I saw two horrid little boys carrying home a bird's nest containing four poor little ibrds. It makes my heart ache to think how the poor mother bird must feel when deprived of her dear little nestlings."

"Do not worry, Mrs. Sophtharte, I have the mother bird here and it will make a beautiful mounting for the new hat I have designed for you."—The Commoner.

NOT BY MAIL

I Accomplish More in One Week to Ten Days Than Can Ever Be Had by Mail Treatment

When I have seen you and examined your case I will know just what to do and how to do it. This will give you better results than six months' treatment by mail. In view of this fact you can rest assured my undertaking your case is equivalent to a guarantee of a permanent cure. This is the wisest, most economical, quickest and safest way. It's personal application that brings permanent results. Those being treated by me are cured because I do not guess. Patients coming to the city are furnished rooms free of charge and may arrange fees to suit their convenience.

Varicocele Cured 4 to 6 Days

The methods which I employ in the treatment of varicocele and associated diseases for speedy results, have long been approved by the extent of my practice and by my phenomenal success in the cure of these conditions. My methods result in the establishment of perfect health. They do not involve loss of time from business and are free from painful, harsh measures, which patients would do well to avoid. I will be pleased to explain to gentlemen who are interested.

I don't work for temporary relief—a prompt and perfect cure is always my object in view, and after 20 years of practice I know just how to go about it. Consultation and examination, including X-Ray, free.

I CURE

Contracted Diseases, Rectal Troubles, Stricture, Piles, Fistula, Hydrocele, Prostatic Disorders causing Functional Decline, and all Chronic Conditions.

Hours:
9 to 4;
7 to 8
Evenings.
Sundays:
10 to 1 p. m.
Consultation Free

Nature Won't Always Patch Up

My "Exact Cause" Treatment Does Effect Permanent Cures. Have You Been Told You Need An Operation?

My Treatment Removes the Necessity

If your case has been pronounced incurable, or if you think you have had the best treatment and are not yet satisfied, you are the one I am especially anxious to have investigate my methods and see if there isn't something you have overlooked in your efforts to get well. Vast numbers of people have expressed themselves as more than satisfied with the thoroughness of my work in the treatment of

Men and Women

My experience enables me to treat with certainty those deeply seated chronic conditions that yield only to skill acquired during 20 years' arduous work.

Examination Free, including X-Ray Work. By this you Stop all Guessing.

Contracted Diseases

I am confident I cure these ailments more quickly and with less pain or inconvenience than anyone claiming to treat successfully these conditions. Has your case become chronic through improper treatment or the use of caustic remedies? Has it caused deep-seated inflammation in the urinary tract, the result of which you now suffer from stricture? Chances are you could have been cured in one week or ten days with my treatment, and even now the chances are favorable to make the cure as quick.

DR. MORTON Fourth and Broadway 312 W. Fourth Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THEIR GREAT SORROW.

"I am so worried about baby," says the fond young mother to the proud young father.

"What's the matter? He isn't sick, is he?" asked the husband, with some natural alarm showing itself on his countenance.

"No, but he is beginning to talk, and——"

"And what? Does he have an impediment in his speech?"

"No. Worse than that. He says things that don't sound any more sensible than the choruses to the popular songs!"

That night, with strained, tearless eyes, a man and woman sat by a little crib, wondering why this great sorrow should come upon them.

WONDERS OF RADIUM.

It Is Worth Fully 3,500 Times Its Weight in Gold.

If the new element, radium, could by any possibility be secured in quantities and at a cost fitting it for commercial uses, it would be by all odds the most powerful force which human beings had ever brought under their control. To make it work all one needs to do is to have it. It gives off so much heat that it will melt more than its own weight of ice in an hour. A fragment of it held near the skin will quickly produce an open sore. It is so powerful that M. Curie, its discoverer, says that a pound of it in a room would probably kill everybody present. And it does all its work with such a slight loss of weight that scientists figure that it would lose only one grain from each square inch of surface in a thousand million years.

But in the getting of it is the trouble. Some facts as to its scarcity are given in the current number of the Nineteenth Century and After and of the Contemporary Review. It is obtained from the mineral pitchblende, where it occurs in such minute quantities that it would require over 400 tons of the mineral to yield a pound troy of radium. The pitchblende is itself so scarce that a rough guess has been made that all there is of it on earth would not yield over two tons of of radium. Only a pound of radium compounds and only a few grams of the pure element were obtained by M. and Mme. Curie in three years' work, and the cost was so great that it came to about 3,500 times the cost of an equal weight of gold.

Of the many theories concerning radium which the scientists are advancing the generally accepted one is that its radiation is due to the dissolving or explosion of its atoms, which hurl off volleys of their component electrons. An interesting application of this theory to the radiating power of the sun has been suggested by the supposition that other elements can decompose in much the same way under proper conditions. If this were the case the sun's power of radiation could be accounted for without recourse to any meteoric or other hypothesis.

SIFANS OF THIBET.

Worship Ancestors, Believe Sun Is a Ball of Meat and Fat.

The worship of ancestors is curiously carried on among all tribes. Twice a year their bones are dug up and religiously washed, it being ludicrous in the extreme to watch the preternatural gravity with which the natives go about this stupendous operation, carrying huge pots of water to the open graves and religiously scrubbing the bones. When I first saw this operation it struck me as being remarkably funny, but to the natives themselves it is an intensely solemn and sacred ceremony. As the possession of a large "bonery" gives to the unfortunate proprietor great power in the tribe, these bones are seized upon for debt or on the inauguration of a feud, the persons or family so deprived of their sacred relics being shunned by the others until the bones shall have been redeemed.

One of the most remarkable of all the strange myths believed in by this curious people is one pertaining to the sun, moon and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak-meat and fat, whereon the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast, which dropping to the earth give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon they conceive to be a less ball of similar texture, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow, the non-appearance of the sun or moon on cloudy or stormy days being accounted for by the fact that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and religious abnegation. The parched and desert condition of sterile regions is ascribed to the fact that many thousand years ago this immense ball slipped from the hands of its keepers, and, descending too near the earth, scorched those parts with which it came in contact before it could be recovered.—Collier's Weekly.

"You should sleep on your right side, madam."

"I really can't do it, doctor; my husband talks in his sleep and I can't hear a thing with my left ear."—Town Topics.

"Yes, a man can be ungrammatical and still be considered a Christian."

"Guess you never lived in Boston."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The college graduate never ceases to marvel at the success of the public school boy.—Philadelphia Record.

"FOLOW TH EFLAG."

Wabash Niagara Falls Short Line

Ask your agent to route you via the Wabash railroad from Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago to all points east. Tourist cars, Chicago to Boston, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

ROSS C. CLINE, P. C. P. Agt., Los Angeles.