

**Her First Experience.**  
He—Why that sigh dearest?  
She—I was just thinking that suppose you went to war and—  
He giving her a reassuring squeeze—  
And got killed?  
She—No! Not that! Suppose you should go to war and lose both your arms?  
Weeps.

**The Great Battleship Oregon.**  
The trip of the Oregon around Cape Horn, a distance of 13,000 miles, without doing any particular damage to her machinery, is an achievement in which we all take pride. It is like the man or woman who reaches the ripe old age of 100 years. Very few do it, but a great many could if proper care be taken of the health. At the first sign of disorder in the stomach, liver or blood, help should at once be secured by taking Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The stomach is the starting point of nearly every disease, and the Bitters correct the ailments of that important organ. With the digestive organs in a healthy state, the length of life is increased.

**Home from Linnson.**  
The Patriot—When I think of the growing greatness of this nation I am filled with awe.  
The Anglonian—aw!

**That's Different.**  
She looks nice enough to eat.  
Not to me.  
Oh, you've just dined.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for years and always with good results," says Mr. W. B. Cooper of El Rio, Cal. "For small children we find it especially effective." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Peace of Mind.**  
I don't know how his war broke him, said Uncle Eben, and I'm mighty thankful that I ain't in no position which I is required to make a bluff.

"During the hot weather last summer I had a severe attack of cholera morbus, necessitating my leaving my business," says Mr. C. A. Hare, of Hare Bros., Placitas, Colo. "After taking two or three doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I was completely relieved and in a few hours was able to resume my work in the store. I sincerely recommend it to any one afflicted with stomach or bowel trouble." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Moss-grown and Grave.**  
Snobby—Time gets the best of every one, doesn't it?  
Poplow—Every one except the orchestra conductor—he beats it.

**A Patriot.**  
Wickwire—You are about the most solid specimen I have ever seen.  
Dismal Dawson—And you bet every foot of it is good American soil.

Persons troubled with diarrhoea will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhoea, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a traveling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been very satisfactory and almost complete relief from the affliction." For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**It Makes a Difference.**  
I thought you said you didn't care for him?  
Well, I thought I didn't, but I didn't know then that the Smith girl in the next block is desperately in love with him.

Our baby has been continually troubled with colic and cholera infantum since his birth, and all that we could do for him did not seem to give more than temporary relief, until we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Since giving that remedy he has not been troubled. We want to give you this testimonial as an evidence of our gratitude, not that you need it to advertise your meritorious remedy.—G. M. Law, Kookuk, Iowa. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Not Balked by a Quibble.**  
Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say you can't learn me nothing?  
Patsy—Yes'm.  
Teacher—Why?  
Patsy—Course you can't.

**OFFICE FITTINGS.**  
Filing cabinets of every description, document boxes and files, pigeon hole cases, legal blank cases, office ticklers and every conceivable kind of office fitting and furniture can be had of the New Mexican Printing Company. Write for descriptive, illustrated pamphlets.

**Summer Tours In Canada!!**

**THE THOUSAND ISLANDS**

**ST. LAWRENCE RIVER**

**DOWN THE HUDSON**

Before deciding on your summer holiday, you should write for the beautiful tourist folder published by the Washah Railroad, the short line from Colorado points via Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit to all the pleasure resorts of the east and northeast. Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for rates or write to  
**C. M. HAMPSON,**  
Commercial Agent,  
Denver, Colorado.

**Notice for Publication.**  
[Homestead Entry No. 416.]  
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M.,  
June 17, 1888.

**Irresistible Attraction.**  
A colored "Colonel" who had been trying to get up a regiment in the rural districts reported as follows: No, sub—It's no use trying! I wuz des about ter succeed in getting men enough ter jine when de watermill season come along en broke up de business!

**Plainly a Greenhorn.**  
First Saleslady—That new salesman is no real gen.  
Second Saleslady—Ain't he? Why?  
First Saleslady—No! Right in the middle of a conversation he left me to go and wait on that woman!

**THE RULING PASSION.**  
Some sing the praises of love's young dream  
When things which are and the things which  
seem  
Guide as one down youth's golden stream,  
And the song birds wake us early,  
When one's heart is fresh with the morning  
dew,  
When there are many and cares are few,  
When life is flushed with a rosy hue  
And one's hair is crisp and curly.

Some say 'tis sweetest when love comes late,  
When the strings of grief and thorns of fate,  
The weary battle of grief and hate  
Make life's great good the stranger;  
The Indian summer in royal dyes,  
Close to the heart of the sunset lies,  
The last glad smile of the year we prize  
And wish each moment longer.

But, ah, there only remains the truth  
That love is love, be it age or youth;  
That love is love, and in every south  
Of every soul his master.  
For love is love, come he soon or late,  
And love alone is the lord of fate,  
Deride him, chide him, the god is great,  
And he leads not priest nor pastor!  
—Mrs. Warner Snaad in Womankind.

**LARK AND TAMARIND.**  
It was the night of the governor's state ball 100 years ago, a languid, tropical night.

At the darkest and quietest part of the balcony a knot of naval officers had gathered together in eager conversation. Their voices were half suppressed, but the governor's private secretary drew the curtains close as he passed by.

"Only my respect for the uniform which you wear prevents me from calling you a coward and a liar," said Captain Hawke of H. M. S. Lark in a voice made hoarse and flaming by resentment.

"You boast safely, sir, since the commanders of his majesty's vessels may not meet here," replied Captain Blade of H. M. S. Tamarind in the same strident voice.

"Does that apply to their seconds?" asked the first lieutenant in the same breath.

"Aye, aye," said Blade.

"And to their other officers, too," said old Hawke, mopping his red face vigorously.

"But not to a midddy," suggested young Blake of the Lark, with a grin upon his smooth young face.

"May I, sir?" inquired little Hanson of the Tamarind, with his hand ready upon his hip.

"D—n you, no!" roared Hawke.

"Put back your dirk, Hanson," said Blake in his quiet way, "and peace, gentlemen all. The quarrel is Captain Hawke's and mine. Some day we shall doubtless settle it."

"No, no," broke in the other voices.

"It is our quarrel too."

"Faith, sir," said Blake lightly, "it is the quarrel of the two ships. There isn't a man of us that wouldn't like to fight it out fair and square."

For the two vessels had long been rivals in suppressing the pirates who infested the islands and had cut each other out in turns. Hawke had gained the decoration for which Blake would have given a limb. Blake had secured the great haul of prize money which Hawke, who was poor and proud, so sorely needed.

The first lieutenant had quarreled over a woman, and the other officers over their dingies and had come to blows over a game.

The boatswains had quarreled over a smuggled keg of rum and the carpenters over the way to stop a bow leak. The sailors had fallen out over the Nans and Bets and Sues, black or white, of every port, where the ships had touched.

Now a middle-aged admiral, newly come from home, had ordered them off together after some particularly well armed and daring freebooters. So the quarrel had reached fever point. And the cure for fever in those days was nothing but some letting of blood.

Some of these infernal pirates have painted their ships to resemble ours, there are less likely things than a mistake some foggy night. I, for one, should not regret it, though we carry ten men and two guns less," muttered Randall, the first lieutenant of the Lark, who had lost the lady.

"For the matter of that, I shall leave ten men ashore, and two of my guns need repair. The foreman of the yard shall have them tomorrow," said Captain Blade, bowing courteously.

"Of course it would be a great calamity should such a mistake happen."

"Do you mean to suggest?" asked the ruddy Hawke, with his eyes bolting almost out of their sockets and flaming like live coals.

"Nay, sir, I suggest nothing. You will, I am sure, take care to avoid such an event," replied Blade, with the softness that sets one's teeth on edge, like the touch of satin.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" expostulated the governor's secretary, appearing through the window.

So the polite contest in yielding precedence, the bowlers went smilingly within. This mutual forbearance lasted right up to the time when they went to sea, and the magnanimity of the officers in forgetting their notorious feud when allied upon his majesty's service was a common theme of admiration to the colonials.

Nevertheless they persuaded the new admiral to let them make sure of the enemy by falling round the island in opposite directions, though their foolishness in going single handed moved every one to astonishment, for at least two of the pirate vessels were as large and as well armed as those of his majesty.

Blade even carried his folly to the extent of loading two guns on account of defects which the master gunner ashore failed to discover and of proposing to leave ten men behind. "They are in indifferent health," said he, "and it is but fair that Hawke and I should overcome the pirates on equal terms."

The men, however, declared that they were fit, and the little midddy, Blade's favorite, who was to stay in charge, cried like a girl.

"Hard a port!" cried the captain.  
"Stand ready for a broadside!" commanded the next officer.

At the same moment the stranger turned a little to the other way, so that the vessels passed side by side. "The Lark," whispered one man to another.

"Shall we let go?" asked the first lieutenant.

But Blade shook his head. "Not first," said he decidedly.

Suddenly, as if the mouth of hell had opened, the stranger belched forth thunder and smoke and flame, and a storm of shot tore through the Tamarind from side to side, leaving tracks of mangled flesh and blood.

"Fire!" called the first lieutenant; but before he had spoken the answering torrent had sprung forth. Then the ships swung slowly away from each other.

Blade, who, although a dandy on ships, was the equal of any man afloat in seamanship, gained a great advantage, out-maneuvering his enemy and bringing his broadside to bear right across her stern, so to make her from head to foot as he passed and leave a crater trail of mangled flesh.

Then, swinging dexterously away from the answering broadside, he countered upon the other side.

First one mast and then another was shot over, and at length the vessel heeled so heavily that the few guns which were still replying shot harmlessly in the air.

"God forgive us, captain," cried the first lieutenant hoarsely—he was lying on the deck with half a leg shot away—"it is enough. And Blade, who had grown very white, cried out in a broken voice:

"Stop firing, and get out the boats, going down!" But the boats readiest for use were shattered; their oarsmen suddenly listed over, two or three of her guns firing a last derisive shot as she went.

The men of the Tamarind sat down—those who were left on the left—around the deck, with eyes averted from the slain around them. The officers buried their faces in their hands, save the youngest midddy, who lay quiet and forever still with a handkerchief over his handsome boyish face.

"I am a disgraced man!" he cried, with the voice of one gone mad. "May heaven curse us all!"

But heaven, which blesses or curses not as we call, for answer sent up the rising sun, and the morning light upon a lonely vessel short of a mast sailing slowly along three miles away! And the first lieutenant, pulling himself up to look through the porthole, cried like a child: "It wasn't the Lark! God forgive us all!" Then he sank into a swoon from loss of blood and was mercifully unconscious in the surgeon's hands.

The Lark, when she sailed to the west, had to beat up against heavy head winds and so made but slow progress. Yet when the fifth day came the men were kept constantly under arms, and ere nightfall they caught a glimpse of a fighting ship in the distance.

There was a vessel whose sailors had courted their Polls and Bets near these regions by now they knew. And if in the fog and dark they should come together many an old score would be set out.

At length the fog lifted a trifle, and suddenly a big vessel rushed swiftly upon them from the quarter where they had least expected it. "Stand to the guns below!" shouted Hawke, "and boarders make ready!"

A hail of shots poured out upon them before they were fully prepared, but fortunately few so high as to do little damage beyond bringing down the foremast, while the Lark ran close alongside the foe and put in a terrific broadside before grappling.

Then there burst forth a very volcano of flame and a roar that shook the heavens, for a shot had reached the stranger's powder magazine, and the forces of nature, let loose from their thraldom, scattered the vessel to the four winds and her men to the mercy of God.

Those on board the Lark looked at one another in mute horror, and the tears ran down some cheeks.

"We are traitors and unfit to live," groaned Hawke. And they took their weapons from him lest he should do himself a mischief.

Then the sudden tropical morning dawned, and afar in the east, with the rising sun glinting through her tattered sails, the Tamarind sailed into view.

When the governor sent home his great dispatch a couple of months later, to announce the total suppression of piracy in those regions, he observed that this result had been achieved by means of the remarkably cordial co-operation between the captains, officers and crews of the Lark and the Tamarind, which after sinking separately the two most dangerous pirates had joined their forces with marvellous success and now wished to combine their prize money in a common fund.

Such harmony, he observed, was equally to the advantage of the service and the credit of the captains. But the admiral, newly arrived from home, took the credit of the co-operation to himself.—St. Paul's.

**How He Got the Right Expression.**  
"Thanks," said the tragedian; "many thanks for your good opinion. I always study from nature, sir. In my acting you see reflected nature herself."

"Try this cigar," said an admirer of nature reverently. "Now, where did you study that expression of intense surprise that you assume in the second act?"

"From nature, sir, from nature. To secure that expression I asked an intimate friend to lend me \$5. He refused. This caused me no surprise. I tried several more."

"Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the note I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw there surprise, but it was not what I wanted. It was alloyed with suspicion that the note might be a bad one. I was in despair."

"Well," said the other breathlessly. "Then an idea struck me. I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the \$5 note to my friend the next day, and on his astonished countenance I saw the expression of which I was in search."—Pearson's Weekly.

**Notice for Publication.**  
[Homestead Entry No. 472.]  
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M.,  
June 29, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on July 25, 1888, viz: Monte for the w. 1/4, n. 1/4, sec. 19, tp. 36 n., r. 3 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alejandro Martinez, Faustino Maza, Juan Martin, Otero, Manuel R. Otero.

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"Save the women and children first!" is the instinctive cry of every brave man in a moment of peril, but in the every day concerns of life many who are ordinarily brave and noble are overcome by the petty and disease that overhang their families. A man engrossed with his own affairs seldom realizes how hard his wife is working and that perhaps she is breaking down under the strain and becoming weak and sickly; incapable of doing the family work or of looking after the children.

It is just as much a man's duty to look after the health of his family from day to day as it would be to give them first treatment in a moment of shipwreck or peril.

It does not cost anything more than a few minutes of time to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Inverness Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., who will give the best professional advice free of charge with suggestions for inexpensive home-treatment whereby any of the family who are weak and ill may be put on their feet again well and strong and hearty.

Thirty years Dr. Pierce has successfully treated many of the most obstinate and apparently hopeless cases of severe chronic disease. His medicines are known throughout the whole world for their astonishing efficacy. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most perfect remedy for all weak and debilitated conditions of the system. It gives power to the digestive organs, to the muscular force, to the muscular flesh and active energy. His "Favorite Prescription" is the most successful medicine ever devised for the delicate ailments peculiar to women.

His "Pleasant Pellets" are the best mild and natural laxative for constipation.

**A RESORT TO DIGNITY.**  
And the Retainer the Young Lawyer Received From the Stranger.

Judge Hobbs is one of those men who have attained a standing in their profession that permits them to admit faults in their earlier career without impairing their present standing as able lawyers.

"I once had an experience while coming west on a train from New York that I'll never forget," tells the judge. "After three other gentlemen and myself had played whist for a couple of hours we fell to discussing numerous subjects of current interest. One of our number seemed to be absorbed in his own meditations and contributed but little to the conversation. Finally, as pertinent to a subject under consideration, he propounded a somewhat complex problem in law and turned to me for an answer, for I had not neglected to make known my calling.

"Not being able to furnish him with a solution, I foolishly sought to cover my ignorance by a resort to dignity and a pretended regard for professional ethics. 'This is not the time or place for transacting legal business,' said I. 'The question you submit is a very important one, I went on, with the solemnity of an owl and about the same degree of wisdom. 'I would be glad to give you the benefit of my opinion and advice at my office and after receiving a retainer.' With that I handed him my card, on which appeared the fact that I was an attorney and counselor at law, notary public, member of a sure thing collection agency, real estate operator, circuit court commissioner and a life insurance man.

"He looked at the thing in an amused way, reached into his pocket, handed me a half dollar with the remark that he had nothing smaller and repeated his law question. While I was arranging to thrash him one of the other men whispered to me that it was Rufus Chouteau. I sneaked into the smoker, pulled my cap over my face and never removed it till I reached the home depot."—Detroit Free Press.

**SUMMER WRAPS.**  
A Fashionable Finish For the Costume of the Day.

The fashion of small summer wraps is always pretty and becoming, and this year the articles in question are prettier and more becoming than usual. The variety of style and shape is so great that no definite rule as to what may and what may not be worn can be made. Short capes, jacket capes and shawl capes are the three general divisions of form, but there is great diversity among the individuals of each class. Shawl capes are the most dignified and the least easy to wear with effect since they require to be carried with elegance in order to be effective.

Among the very short capes affected by young women there are little peleries round at the back and front and others short behind, but having elongated fronts. These outline short and are the most juvenile in appearance. All are lavishly trimmed with platings, ruffles, pullings and similar fluffy decorations. Frills of pinked silk are perhaps the newest adornment.

These wraps are made in silk of all colors and are additionally trimmed with passementerie and embroidery. The most generally useful, however, are those in black or black and white, as they will prettily accompany any gown.

The illustration given today shows a new design for a thin cape. The yoke of embroidered pink silk is cut in points, and upon it are mounted two circular ruffles of silk of graduated depth, bordered with narrow satin platings. The collar and the fronts are trimmed with platings of mousseline de soie, which form co-ques.

**SUMMER STYLES.**  
Hosiery and Gloves to Be Worn With Warm Weather Gowns.

Figured, striped and plaid goods always require less trimming than that which is plain, and where broad stripes are concerned they should be made as simply as possible, as irregular shirtings and platings give them a very bad effect. For slender persons stripes employed in a cross-wise direction are always advantageous, while for fat figures the lines should invariably run lengthwise. Striped and plaid goods are most often pleasing when they are combined with plain goods to match.

Black stockings are always worn, although those of the same color as the costume are now permissible. Black is most becoming, however, except with evening shoes of a light color. Stockings of the same tint should accompany those.

Light gloves are still preferred. There is a new shade, a very bright yellow, but it is hardly likely to be adopted by women of the most elegant taste. White, pearl grey, cream, silver grey and putty color are considered the best, and of course the only virtue of a light glove is lost when it is soiled. For summer wear white or yellow gloves are always advantageous, while for fat figures the lines should invariably run lengthwise. Striped and plaid goods are most often pleasing when they are combined with plain goods to match.

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**The . . .**  
**MAXWELL LAND GRANT,**  
Sited in New Mexico and Colorado,  
On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe  
and Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf

**1,500,000 Acres of Land for Sale.**

**FARMING LANDS UNDER IRRIGATION SYSTEM.**  
In tracts 20 acres and upward, with perpetual water rights—cheap and on easy terms of 10 annual payments With 7 per cent interest—Alfalfa, Grain and Fruit of all kinds grow to perfection.

**CHOICE PRAIRIE OR MOUNTAIN GRAZING LANDS.**  
Well watered and with good shelter, interspersed with fine ranches suitable for raising grain and fruits—in size of tracts to suit purchasers.

**LARGER PASTURES FOR LEASE,** for long terms of years, fenced or unfenced; shipping facilities over two railroads.

**GOLD MINES.**  
On this Grant near its western boundary are situated the famous Gold Mining Districts of Elizabethtown and Baldy, where mines have been successfully operated for 25 years, and new rich discoveries were made in 1895 in the vicinity of the new camps of Hematite and Harry Bluff as rich as any camp in Colorado, but with lots of as yet unlocated ground open to prospectors on terms similar to, and as favorable as, the United States Government Laws and Regulation.

Stage leaves every morning, except Sundays, from Springer for these camps.

TITLE perfect, founded on United States Patent and confirmed by decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

For further particulars and pamphlets apply to.

**THE MAXWELL LAND GRANT CO.**  
Raton, New Mexico

**HOTEL WELLINGTON**  
Formerly Welcker's.  
American and European Plans.  
5th Street, Near U. S. Treasury,  
Washington, D. C.

European Plan, \$1.00 per day and Upward. First Class Restaurant and Cafe.  
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and Upward. Transient and Permanent Guests.

L. M. FITCH, Proprietor.

The DAILY NEW MEXICAN will be found in file at the Hotel Wellington.

**The Timmer House**  
SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

On the European Plan, or Board and Room \$1.50 to \$2 per day. Special rates by the week.

SPACIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS