

**Politeness Brings a \$5,000 Legacy.**

A young lady in a department store has just fallen heir to \$5,000. The money was left her by an eccentric old lady, who was treated with great politeness by the young woman when shopping. Her joy was as great as her surprise when the money was given her. Surprise and joy will be the lot of many people if they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters when suffering from malarial fever, ague, loss of strength and appetite. The Bitters makes the weak strong, tone up the stomach and assist digestion. In bad cases of dyspepsia, the cures it effects are truly remarkable. It is a palatable medicine. If you feel "out of sorts" try a few doses of these famous Bitters.

**Badly Put.**

Bob—Look at the fire engine house; draped in black.  
Tom—That's so. Some poor fellow has gone to his last fire.—Life.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by A. C. Ireland d.

**Consolatory.**

Miss Sharpe—Believe in vegetarianism? Why, I love good beef!  
Cholly—I wish I were beef, you know.  
Miss Sharpe—Never mind; you'll grow.—Puck.

**Two Pointed Questions Answered.**

What is the use of making a better article than your competitor if you can not get a better price for it?

Ans.—As there is no difference in the price the public will buy only the better, so that while our profits may be smaller on a single sale they will be much greater in the aggregate.

How can you get the public to know your make is the best?

If both articles are brought prominently before the public both are certain to be tried and the public will very quickly pass judgment on them and use only the better one.

This explains the large sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The people have been using it for years and have found that it can always be depended upon. They may occasionally take up with some fashionable novelty put forth with exaggerated claims, but are certain to return to the one remedy that they know to be reliable, and for coughs, colds and croup there is nothing equal to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**Letting Himself Down Easy.**

I think my old overcoat will do till Christmas.  
Yes, and after Christmas you won't get one because it will be so near spring. Chicago Record.

**Mr. Hardin Norris, clerk of the drug store of R. Shoemaker, Perry, Ill., says:**

"A man came into our store the other day and said, 'I want a bottle of that stuff that saves children's lives. I read in the News about it. The children may get sick when we can not get the doctor quick enough. It's the medicine you sell for croup.' He alluded to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and bought a bottle before he left the store. For sale by A. C. Ireland.

**He Furnishes the Inspiration.**

President McKinley is not making any political speeches this year, but he is supplying the orators with a first class article of inspiration. Kansas City Journal.

**Pains in the chest when a person has a cold indicate a tendency toward pneumonia.**

A piece of balm dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the chest over the seat of the pain will promptly relieve the pain and prevent the threatened attack of pneumonia. This same treatment will cure a lame back in a few hours. Sole by A. C. Ireland.

**Solved the Problem.**

Willie was greatly puzzled as to why there should be a best man at a wedding. Finally to his own mind the problem was solved. It's so if the groom backs out there'll be some one to take his place.—Judge.

**Never a Serious Affair.**

Mrs. Wabash—She never takes a man seriously.  
Mrs. Dearborn—Indeed!  
Yes; she's giggled on every wedding day she ever had.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Strong Drink is Death**



**DR. CHARCOT'S TONIC TABLETS** are the only positively guaranteed remedy for the Drink Habit, Nervousness and Melancholy caused by strong drink.  
**THE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES** to cure any case with a positive written guarantee or refund the money, and to destroy the appetite for intoxicating liquors.  
**THE TABLETS CAN BE OBTAINED WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE PATENT.**  
**STRONG DRINK causes Illness, Poverty and Death.** Upon receipt of \$10.00 we will mail you four (4) boxes and positive written guarantee to cure or refund your money. Single boxes \$2.50.  
Ireland's pharmacy, sole agent, Santa Fe, N. M.

**THE WAY TO GO EAST** means where the Wabash runs. IS there free Chair Cars? Yes, sir! VIA Niagara Falls at same price. THE shortest and best to St. Louis. **WABASH!** C. M. HAMPTON, Com'l Agent, Denver. C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Mgr. ST. LOUIS.

**THE WAKARUSA BAND.**

You talk about your Brooks' band on Sousa at his best.  
An Thomas' big orchestra on Boyer on the rest! Their brilliant music, I suppose, is good.  
For city folks who educate on operatic stuff. But when you want to reach the heart an make it laugh an sob  
An be in touch with nature like an make it thrill an throbb  
With melody an music that a child can understand  
You ought to hear a concert by the Wakarusa band.  
They ain't up on concertos an cantatas an the like.  
But you can't beat 'em grindin' out a quickstep on the pike.  
An when they play old "Nolle Gray" an "Whirlin' Daisies Grow"  
My memory goes slidin' back to the long, long ago.  
An music that'll work like that an strike your very soul  
An flood you full of memories an all your past unroll—  
That kind of music plays fills its highest mission  
That's why I like to listen to the Wakarusa band.

I saw the great directors in Chicago at the fair with all their fine musicians annihilatin' air. A drum 'nd bang, a horn 'nd blat, a clarinet an of you call that music—say, you ought to hear me speak!  
I want the kind of music that'll melt into the heart  
I wouldn't give a picayune for any of their classic art.  
Let educated critics gulp it down an call it grand,  
But I'll just sit an listen to the Wakarusa band.—Dave Florence in Chicago Record.

**OVER THE TRAIL.**

"I took a ride in one of them palace cars while I was gone," said Hank as he took a seat on a box in the shade of the big mesquite tree in front of the cookhouse where the boys of the day shift generally congregate after supper to smoke and talk over the incidents of the day.

"The first morning we was clippin' along through a country that I knowed every foot of, used to drive a stage over it for Uncle Ben Halliday a matter of 40 year ago. I knowed every valley, creek, foothill and mountain butte. I knowed we was comin' to the head of Devil's gulch, where Jumpin' Johnny used to live before the 'Raphahoes got him, and I begin to wonder if they would go down the trail at the gate we was knockin' off them. I sort of grabbed the seat and hold on, but, sir, they dropped over the hill so easy that if I'd 'a' shot my eyes I would not have knowed it." He "grabbed the seat," and yet day after day down that same gulch on a worse "trail" he had sent six thoroughbred on a dead run, dragging after them a swaying stagecoach, where the fall of a horse or the slip of a wheel would have hurled all to destruction.  
"The last time I pulled Uncle Ben Halliday over that trail we was jumped by 'Raphahoes. We didn't happen to have any outside passengers that mornin', only me and Uncle Ben and his niggers, and the express and mail. We was a-salin' along when I noticed some pony tracks in the trail, and says to Uncle Ben, 'Get the gun ready, for we are apt to be jumped by Injuns.' Just then we topped a little rise, and there was a band of 'Raphahoes about 400 yards away. 'Take a shot at 'em,' I says. I had a good Henry rifle, and Uncle Ben blazed away, but for some reason missed, and they come for us. Uncle Ben got sorter white about the mouth, but settled down in the seat and says quiet like: 'I guess we'd better move along.'  
"All right," I says. 'Hold tight.' There was nothin' but thoroughbreds on Uncle Ben's lines through the Injin countries. He wouldn't have a hoss that could run less than two minutes on them runs, and I'll bet he thanked his God for it that day. Maybe we didn't go. You bet I kept my foot off the brake and made that 20 foot lash whistle and snap over them thoroughbred's backs. This, with the Injins yellin' and shootin' behind, and the Willows ahead of time. I begun to blow my horn long before we got to the station, and the stock tenders and guards knowed there was somethin' wrong and come out to meet us. When the Injins saw them, they went the other way.  
"But as the 'Raphahoes used to run me into the stations time and again. I've had the coach riddled with bullets and arrows, and once I went into a station with an arrow in the flank of the nigh wheeler. One time I remember I had an army colonel and his wife and children, a captain and his wife and their servants, all bound for Fort Laramie. We was jumped by Injins and piled the mail and cushions about the women and children in the bottom of the stage and started in to make a rummin' fight. Them officers was dead game, you bet, and for miles and miles we put up the prettiest rummin' fight that a man would want to see. It was tough and got through lots of time, but as we got close to a station they heard us a-shootin' and come out. At first the Injins thought they would come on, but the stock tenders had long range rifles and knowed how to use 'em, and them Injins was soon a-huntin' for a thick hill a long ways off. I've forgot them officers' names, but I bet if they're a-livin' they remember me and that day's ride on the Laramie trail. An army officer's life was no picnic them days.  
"I used to throw off the brake, put the bud to the six horse team, tie the lines to a seat back, take my Henry and drop on my knees in the front box and shoot over the seat. Many and many's the single handed rummin' fight I've put up that way. Sometimes I'd be jumped by Injins two or three times in one day's drive of 75 miles. It was about all the excitement there was in them days that a feller could really enjoy. We'd drive over our division of 75 miles in one day and back the next. Generally there was four or five stations with changes of horses on the run.  
"But as we whooped it along in that palance car I reckon it come to me more than ever that times is changin' and that I am gettin' old, but I plinched myself to see if I was awake. Over on that hill is where Ewe-necked Smith and his gang of bull-punchers was corralled by Cheyennes and lynched the whole gang. There's a farmhouse now at the mouth of the gulch and a big crop of corn in the valley below. At a town where we stopped for noon I drove up to once along to find the only house left in the town, a stage station, burned down, the station keeper and the stock tenders killed, scalped, half roasted and chopped up and the stock drove off. I had to drive to the next station without change of horses. Now it's a big town with trou-

bley cars and such; and there I was kiltin' an two bit cigar, and all I had to do was to press a little button and a nigger in uniform would fetch me liquor. Change? Humph.

"It was the same everywhere. Up on the Walla Walla division the country is all settled up an a nigger, but you couldn't fool old Hank on the rivers and mountains. I drove once alone from Walla Walla to The Dalles, 240 miles, in about 18 hours. Them river Injins up in that country was had too—sawdusty cusses, sneakin', crawlin', shootin' from bushes and fight as the Injins cast of the Rockies. The way of that drive was this: I had just got off my 75 mile run, washed up, had my supper, dressed and was startin' for a dance down in 'The Bottoms' when I met the Wells-Fargo office agent comin' a-rushin' up the street.  
"Hank," he says, "I was huntin' you! We're in a devil of a fix! We've got nearly \$10,000 in gold bullion just come in that's due in The Dalles by tomorrow night at the close of business hours, or one of our best shippers stands in line for a million already paid on a mine. It ought to have been down yesterday, but our down stage thrown a wheel and missed the regular connection for The Dalles. I've been to the stage office, but Haworth says for me to see you.  
"What can you do? The Dalles by noon tomorrow."  
"But it's 240 mile."  
"Nobody knows that better than I do, Mr. Price, but you got your bullion ready and in half an hour send it down to the stage station in a wagon. And I went on down the street. The superintendent was still at the stables.  
"Did you see Price, Hank?"  
"Yes, sir," I says.  
"Can you make it?"  
"Sure thing," I says.  
"All right. Pick your teams."  
"I had the stock tenders hook up six horses that I picked out, then went to the boardin' house, changed my clothes and went back to the stables with two or three demijohns of whisky. Price was gallopin' the million. It reached just 400 pounds. I had 'em put it in the bottom of the stage and throw a lot of sacked feed on top of it, then I climbed up to the seat. Three or four shotgun messengers started to follow me, and I said: 'Hold up, gentlemen; one man's enough on this trail. You'd only be an advertisement for trouble.' I had my way and drove off with the bullion, feed and four gallons of whisky and knowed that if I passed Willow Springs all right I'd make it. The Springs was the toughest place on the trail, and I knowed that was a holdup we could bank on it being by some of that Willow Springs gang, made up as it was of cattle rustlers, hoss thieves, road agents and all around bad men. Haworth had give me a pointer that he thought the gang was a-lookin' for the bullion, and the last thing he said was: 'Now, Hank, look out for your team and yourself. Let the express go if it comes to a show down.'"  
"I got to the Springs 'long in the night. Toward mornin' I was hittin' the trail mighty fast, I tell you. I knowed I was a game horse, for at the last station I passed, they told me that the regular had held up the mornin' before, so long before I got to the station I commenced whoopin' and yellin' and singin' as loud as I could and sure enough when I rolled up there was about 20 of the toughest lookin' fellows you ever saw, all hooded and didn't look like they had been to bed. Lord, wasn't I drunk! Whoee! Most of 'em, I knowed me, and the antics I cut made 'em laugh. I was too drunk to pay any attention to the station keeper or the stock tenders, but I grabbed the one of the demijohns, and yellin' for the boys to come on, I staggered into the house. I poured about a half a pint of good, strong whisky into each one of them fellers, and in my drunk way managed to tell 'em that I was down to replace an old one of the demijohns on the south end and had a load of food for the way stations.  
"I told the station keeper that five of the sacks of grain on top was for him and for him to have it taken out. Then I sang another drunken song and staggered out to the coach for the other demijohn. I kept up to the coach, where the station keeper was takin' out the grain, and spoke quick and low: 'I'm runnin' extra to The Dalles with bullion. Have the tender—change my team for the freshest and best you've got—quick, man!"  
"Oh, I'm a jolly ole driver—"  
"Stay with it, boys. Here's 'more.' And I staggered back with the other demijohn. Well, sir, in 15 minutes I had that grain fixed—plenty. What wasn't on the floor or the ground outside was a-tryin' to fight over the balance of the whisky. I saw my team was hitched up and made rummin' jump for the front box, grabbed the lines and how I did cut loose from there! Whoop! Well, I eat my dinner in The Dalles and got mighty well paid for that trip. The Willow Springs gang held up the regular that followed me the next day. This was dead on that the bullion was due all right.  
"Comin' back I struck a wagon train of 15 families, and they was in trouble. The cussed Injins had made a rush and stampeeded some of their hosses. You could see the Injins, five or six of 'em, a-drivin' the hosses across the valley two or three miles away. The women and children in the train were cryin' and yellin', purty nigh scared to death. The men was scared, too, and didn't know how they was going to pull out. I wasn't on schedule time, so took out a leader, tied the others up, grabbed my Henry rifle and rode for the five men to come on. The Injins was headin' for a mountain, but I knowed the country too well to believe they was goin' there, so rode to head 'em off below. My thoroughbred was too fast for the others, and I was soon in range. I cut the hosses of two ponies, and the other Injins left the hosses and cut for shelter. I headed the train hosses back and met the other fellers comin' up. I reckon my soul's all right if them women's bleasin' is any good. I told 'em to hook up and pull right out of there, and they had to have to tell 'em twice. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Leaky Souls.**

"Sinkin'!" Griffin, a colored evangelist, thus addressed a gathering of negroes in Guthrie, O. T., the other night: "Wherefore, you black scoundrels, does the turpitude of your souls leak? I know. You've been shootin' craps, I done say. You're dallyin' with God now, but St. Foster'll grab you by de nape of de neck and shake dem horse die outen your souls. Oh, women, wives of all dese men, you can't operate to cover up your sins by copious sprinklin' of smokeless powder. Whyfure that why your souls leak!"

**Notice for Publication.**

(Homestead Entry No. 406.)  
LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., Nov. 7, 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, register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on December 15, 1888, viz: Jose Apodaca for the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 12, T. 19 N., R. 10 E.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land: Teodoro Abeyta, Simon Apodaca, Alejandro Abeyta, Tomas Abeyta, of Santa Fe, N. M.; MAURICE R. REGISTER, Register.

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Most women approach the critical period of motherhood for the first time with a sense of dread and foreboding lest the ruthless hand of death should snatch them away and leave the expectant baby absolutely free from danger and nearly free from pain.  
This matchless "Prescription" will give her exactly the kind of healthy vitality she needs and at the time she needs it most. It will give elastic endurance to the entire delicate organism involved in motherhood. It will make the coming of baby absolutely free from danger and nearly free from pain.  
It will insure the baby's start in life by imparting through its influence upon the mother that sturdy infantile vigor which gladdens a mother's heart. It is the only medicine which can be implicitly relied upon for this purpose, and the only remedy expressly designed by an educated, experienced physician to give perfect health and strength to the delicate, special organism of women.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, S. C. writes: "I have been using your medicines for some time and am happy to say that they have done all that you claim for them. I think they have no equal in the world. I would advise all women while in a delicate state to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It shortens the time of birth and makes the labor easier. My wife is the mother of five children and she suffered from the same troubles as I until this last one; the time of birth was short and labor easy, from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."  
Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser used to sell for \$1.50, now it is free. It tells all about the home-treatment of ordinary diseases. Several chapters are devoted to the diseases of women. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 cents. "Favorite Prescription" can be obtained in any good medicine store.

**Impossible.**

"Take my seat, madam," he said politely.  
"Oh, I really couldn't," she protested.  
And she was right about it, too, for he was something over a 250 pound man, and she was something under a 90 pound woman. But that didn't prevent her from taking enough of the seat so that the rest of it was of no value to him.—Chicago Post.

**SOCIETIES.**

Montezuma Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Regular communication in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. F. S. DAVIS, W. M. J. B. BRADY, Secy.  
Santa Fe Chapter No. 1, R. A. M., Regular communication first Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. JAMES H. BRADY, H. P. ARTHUR SHELGMAN, Secy.  
Santa Fe Commandery No. 1, E. C. M., Regular communication first Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. J. H. BRADY, E. C.

**I. O. O. F.**

PARADISE LODGE No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers always welcome. H. W. STEVENS, Recording Secretary.  
CENTENNIAL ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F., Regular communication the second and fourth Thursday of each month at Odd Fellows hall; visiting patriarchy welcome. J. H. A. GOODWIN, C. P. A. F. EASLEY, Secy.  
MYRTLE REBEKAH LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F.; Regular meeting first and third Tuesday evenings in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting brothers and sisters welcome. THERESA NEWHALL, Noble Grand. HATTIE WAGNER, Secretary.

**K. O. F. P.**

SANTA FE LODGE No. 2, K. of P., Regular meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Castle hall. Visiting brothers give a cordial welcome. ZIMMERMAN, Chancellor Commander. LEE MUEHLBACH, E. of R. and S.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**  
MAX FROST, Attorney at Law, Santa Fe, New Mexico.  
E. CHAS. A. SPIESS, District Attorney for the First Judicial District. Practices in all the courts of the Territory. Office—Griffin Block, Santa Fe, N. M.  
GEO. W. KNABEEL, Office in Griffin Block. Collections and searching titles a specialty.  
EDWARD L. BARTLETT, Lawyer, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Office in Catron Block.  
CHAS. F. EASLEY, (Late Surveyor General.) Attorney at Law, Santa Fe, N. M. Land and mining business a specialty.  
E. A. FISKE, Attorney and Counselor at Law, P. O. Box "F" Santa Fe, New Mexico. Practices in Supreme and all District Courts of New Mexico.  
T. F. COWAY, W. A. HAWKINS, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Silver City, New Mexico. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to our care.  
A. B. REBEHAN, Attorney at Law, Practices in all Territorial Courts, Commissioner Court of Claims, Collections and searching, Rooms' and Fidelity Block.  
**INSURANCE**  
S. E. LANKARD, Insurance Agent, Office: Griffin Building, Palace avenue. Represents the largest company doing business in the Territory of New Mexico. In both life, fire and accident insurance.

**CHICAGO & CALIFORNIA LIMITED.**

Going East	Coming West
Read Down.	Read Up.
No. 2, No. 23.	No. 17, No. 1.
12:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 1:15 p. m.	12:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 1:15 p. m.
4:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 5:15 p. m.	4:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 5:15 p. m.
7:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 8:15 p. m.	7:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 8:15 p. m.
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11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 12:15 a. m.	11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 12:15 a. m.
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9:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 10:15 p. m.	9:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 10:15 p. m.
11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 12:15 a. m.	11:30 p. m. Lv. Santa Fe. Ar. 12:15 a. m.
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