

<b>HATS AND CAPS</b>	Hand-made Giesecke Boots, best on earth, at \$6 a pair.	<b>BOOTS AND SHOES</b>
<b>CLOTHING</b>		
of all kinds, ready made and tailor made, at prices to suit purchaser. Call and be suited.		
		
<b>A fall line of every-thing found in a first-class GENT'S OUTFITTING STORE constantly on hand.</b>		
<b>J. W. WEATHERFORD'S</b>		
Cluett & Coon and E. & W. Collars and Cuffs—		
The prettiest, newest, most up-to-date line of Neckwear in the City.		
<b>HATS</b>		
Stetsons, Lion Brand and Eagle Brand are all sold at prices that defy competition.		
Nine-ounce Riveted Overalls at 60c. per pair.		
<b>CLOTHING, TRUNKS AND VALISES</b>	Fred Busby's Hand-sewed Gloves; get a pair and try 'em!	<b>FURNISHING GOODS</b>

gushed, a new man, recuperated, re-animated and withal more vigorous than ever. The sky never seemed bluer, the air more bracing, smiles sweeter, life more joyous and hopes dearer. The odor from the dining hall, which for two days has been a malignant fœd, is now a delicious aroma, sweeter than the sweets and dearer than the dearest. Every one seems a "hall fellow well met." In fact, it's all over—and your system is better for it. A mint would not buy your experience, nor induce you to take it again.

**Mammoth Grain Harvester.**

STOCKTON, Cal., July 31.—Farmers are coming for miles to see at work the biggest grain harvester in the world on Robert's island in the San Joaquin river near this city. The machine turns out three sixty-pound sacks of wheat every minute. The machine has a cutting line of fifty-two feet, and it also threshes and sacks the grain. In one turn around a 400-acre field it will turn out hundreds of sacks of wheat ready for market. The cost of harvesting has been reduced to a minimum by this machine, and the number of days consumed in getting a large field ready for market will be about half that of the regular harvester. Eight or ten men handle it easily while it is turning out from 1500 to 1800 sacks a day of ten hours and sweeping 100 acres of grain clear.

**Something to Know.**

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the liver and kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1 per bottle at D. J. Brannen's drug store.

**Pay Up.**

Christopher McShoes, editor of the Rocky Mountain Editor, has recently won a prize of \$1000 offered by a syndicate of Western editors for the best poem appealing to newspaper subscribers to pay up. It is as follows:

"Lives of poor men oft remind us honest toil don't stand a chance; the more we work there grow behind us bigger patches on our pants—on our pants once new and glossy, are many stripes of different hue, all because subscribers linger, and don't pay us what is due. Let us all be up and doing, send your mite, however small, or when the snows of winter strike us, we shall have no pants at all."

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Bobey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo.; and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for six years, he should certainly know. For sale by D. J. Brannen's drug store.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by D. J. Brannen.

**Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.**

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 35 cents per package.

**NEW BANK HOTEL**

LYMAN H. TOLFREE  
PROPRIETOR

Most Handsomely Appointed and Most Liberally Managed Hotel in Arizona.

This elegant hotel has had \$5000 expended on its renovation, rearrangement and decoration. Completely equipped with all modern improvements. Electric lights in every room.

CUISINE AND SERVICE UNEXCELLED.

HEADQUARTERS FOR TOURISTS AND TRAVELERS.

**PIONEER DRUG STORE.**

Headquarters for everything in the

**DRUG, NOTION AND TOILET LINE.**

Call and be convinced that my stock is a fine one.

D. J. BRANNEN.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**

Dealer In  
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc.

THE FINEST LINE OF LIQUORS AND CIGARS IN FLAGSTAFF.

San Francisco St. HARRY JACOBY.

**THE**

**SUN-DEMOGRAT.**

The Leading Weekly Newspaper of Northern Arizona.

Devoted to the Interests of, Coconino County and the Territory of Arizona.

Its pages are always Spicy, Newsy and Reliable, and ready to advance the common interest of all.

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Published every Thursday.

FINE JOB PRINTING of all kinds done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

JONES & JACKSON, Publishers.

**SEA SICKNESS.**

Professor J. Curtis Wasson Recites His First Case.

The following graphic account of this popular malady has been discovered among the posthumous effects of Professor J. Curtis Wasson and handed in to THE SUN-DEMOCRAT by a friend. It is so good that we publish it:

Well, I might as well tell you at once: I have had it—I had it had—all over. I mean just what I say when I say I have been sea sick.

Took a 600-mile trip up the Coast, and we had a very rough voyage, a high wind and great white caps. When we sailed the morning was beautiful, as San Francisco mornings go. We had a merry set of some 300 passengers and a jolly crew of sixty tars. As we left port, all were on deck, pacing the gangways and drinking deep of the bracing sea breeze. It seemed an epoch in my life; it was my first sea voyage. I was full of joyous anticipations of the trip before me. Songs—"Farewell, O Land!"—merry songs, jesting, responding to hearty farewells from friends on shore made the initial impression all that one could wish.

I stood on the gangway holding to the ropes looking back upon the great, towering smoky city as it slowly receded from sight. The wind became more fierce, the waves more angry as we struck the harbor bar. Finally the vessel rocked heavily, and heavier still, until it was apparent that some of my more unfortunate fellows were becoming pale. They one by one went to their cabins. I presently followed suit. I sat down upon my bed; I don't know why. Then I lay down. I became fearful; I knew something was wrong. I braced up and made believe it was all in the mind; but say, I have no use for mind cures. It was not in my mind, it was in my stomach.

It was now a time for action; a time for business, not for reflection. I hastened to the deck, grasped the railing, leaned over, and sir . . . The vessel heaved and sighed, I did the same and sighed again. No leper who for the first time realized that he was unclean, ever felt more wretched than I. Imagine a high, raw wind; a rocking vessel; a pale, pallid, ghastly looking youth out in amid-ocean, and sick—sick—sick. Why, the typhoid fever is a section of Paradise as compared to it.

There is consolation in all distress.

As I looked along the railing there were scores of others, princes and peasants, all in the same boat—in more senses than one. Misery loves company.

There is a period of meditation that comes over a fellow during this—unpleasantness. He thinks of all his friends who are not present, of all his sins of omission and commission (especially of committing himself to that vessel). He thinks of home and mother. The sailors passing along the gangway look at you, laugh and slapping you on the back say, "Good, old boy; heave her up." Well that is encouraging, but when the porter comes along the line and informs all the patients to be careful about soiling the sides of the vessel, there I draw the line. There are two times when a man doesn't care to live, one is when he is dead and the other is when he is sea sick. It is the most aggravating sickness in the world, because you get no sympathy, as they know you won't die, although you wish you could.

Later on there comes a period of promises. You take your stomach (most men's better half) out to one lobby awhile, and you promise it that if it will but only let up and become quiet, you will care for it most kindly in the future and train it up in the nurture and admonition of Scotch diet. Your stomach becomes quiet; you put yourself patronizingly and say, Good, old boy; you're a diplomat—when suddenly you realize that your stomach, like a volcano, ceases, rests and quiets down, only to bubble and heat up again higher, stronger and better than ever. Your gall seems to have been divided into a thousand parts and your mouth has a contract for them all to be delivered one at a time in periodical tips of ten seconds each. Say, if any one attempts to describe sea sickness, put him down as a quack who is writing by paid paragraphs or has never had the personal experience at first hand. For two days and nights the misery of each hour found its likeness in each succeeding hour.

But "every cloud has its silvery lining." About the time when you feel well nigh exhausted; when for two days you have refused to trust your stomach with any food, and thereby give it a chance to heave on you again; when you are about ready to resign your life and sign over your effects and insurances, you are disappointed by a wave of "good feeling," an atmosphere of health returned and all at once you rise from your berth, where for sixty hours you have lan-