



PET CIGARETTES

ARE THE BEST

CIGARETTE SMOKERS

who care to pay a little more than the cost of ordinary trade cigarettes will find this

PET CIGARETTES

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

Made from the highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia, and are

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SUNBEAMS.

Mamma what did Tommy Jones' papa mean when he said I was a chip of the old block?

He meant you were like your papa. And when Tommy's mamma said I was a piece of impudence, did she mean I was like you.

Secretly Entrenched

Against disease are those who are prudent enough to renew failing energy by the aid of the grand fortifying agent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes a vigorous discharge of the duties imposed upon the various organs by nature, and which if impeded or relaxed speedily bring about their disorder. Digestion, assimilation, a due secretion and direction of the bile and a regular habit of body are insured by the systematic use of this safe, prompt and thorough medicine. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague enke, kidney complaint, sick headache, nervousness and other inorganic maladies are removed by it. It promotes a relish for the food as well as the ability to digest and assimilate it. The infirmities of declining years are mitigated by it. A wineglassful before retiring promotes health yielding repose.

I tell you, it is an outrage! said Mr. Newman, smiling the tea table with his gavel and sternly regarding the assembly.

What is an outrage? cried a score of voices. One of the elderwomen in the city council has introduced an ordinance prohibiting us from wearing skirts!

Invest Your Change.

A silver quarter is about as much as some people care to invest in medicine for immediate use. Spend this sum for a package of Simmons Liver Regulator powder. It is the woman's friend—cures sick headache in the right way, and quickly, too; just as good for biliousness.

Mrs. Hammond: Mrs. Husheroff has bragged again to-day about keeping her boarders so long. Mrs. Foraweck: She doesn't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin they look longer than they actually are.

Having used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and found it to be a first-class article, I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. J. V. Foster, Westport, Cal. For sale by A. C. Ireland, jr.

Dr. Pulsar: The action of winking is not without its use; people wink to keep the eyeball moist. Soda-Water-Clerk: Not much, they don't! The people who come in here wink to keep their throats moist.

Some time ago I was taken sick with a cramp in the stomach, followed by diarrhoea. I took a couple of doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was immediately relieved. I consider it the best medicine in the market for all such complaints. I have sold the remedy to others and every one who uses it speaks highly of it. J. W. Strickler, Valley Center, Cal. For sale by A. C. Ireland, jr.

Washington Star: Henry, said Mrs. Camrox, I am going out to get a frieze for the dining room.

That's a good idea, was the reply. A nice frieze'll be comfortable, the sultry weather that's comin'. I didn't know there was any invention for keepin' em on hand.

Butcher—Will you have a round steak, miss?

Young Housekeeper—Oh, I don't care what shape it is so it's tender.

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, LAME BACK, DEBILITY, Etc.



WHY BE SICK

When a trifle will buy the greatest healing invention of the day? Dr. Hansen's Electric Belt is a complete body battery for self-treatment, and guaranteed, or money refunded. It will cure without medicine Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Losses, Headaches and all effects of early indiscretion or excess. To weak men it is the greatest possible boon, as the mild, soothing electric current is applied directly to the nerve centers and improvements are felt from the first hour used. A pocket edition of the celebrated electro-medical work,

"Three Classes of Men,"

Illustrated, is sent free, sealed, by mail upon application. Every young, middle-aged or old man suffering the slightest weakness should read it. It will show an easy, sure and speedy way to regain strength and health, while everything else but failure is the result.

THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 526 Sixteenth St., Denver, Col.
Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng.
Largest Electric-Medical Concern in the World!

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.
Westminster, Cal., March 21, 1894.—Some time ago, on awakening one morning, I found that I had rheumatism in my knee so badly that, as I remarked to my wife, it would be impossible for me to attend to business that day. Remembering that I had some of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my store I sent for a bottle, and rubbed the afflicted parts thoroughly with it, according to directions, and within an hour I was completely relieved. One application had done the business. It is the best liniment on the market, and I sell it under a positive guarantee. R. T. Harris. For sale by A. C. Ireland, jr., UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day? From morn to night, my friend.
But is there for the night a resting place? A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin? May not the darkness hide it from my face? You cannot miss that inn.
Shall I meet other wayfarers at night, Those who have gone before? Then must I knock or call on just a sight? They will not keep you standing at the door.
Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak? Of labor you shall find the sum. Will there be beds for me and all who seek? Yes, beds for all who come.
—New York Ledger.

THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR

His chief occupation in the daytime was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this, and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them, and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within, for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moaning and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impacted wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself more in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions.

With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all. With the latter he had nothing in common, for they were criminals, and he had blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night; that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left; that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came a blank. He waked to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away.

When the officer put his hands upon him, he shook them off. When they did it again, he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure. Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not tell her he had committed the crime. Robbery? He shrugged his shoulders at that. He insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion.

But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word that he had played cards again. Anger? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the courtroom hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes, and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know, and I don't know, who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent. How will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less these 30 years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my ten years."

He turned from them, and as he did so he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the courtroom with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a mooring

sort of way. As he went from the courtroom another woman made her way to him in spite of the guards. It was the little chemist's wife, who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands.

He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabra. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the wardens protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excited, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of 20. He lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without. And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the courtroom haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived largely at the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself. He was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he heaved to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a warden heard him cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment. "O God, canst thou do everything but speak?" And again, "That hour, the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons, and he was doing this one day when the jailer came to him and said: "M. Converse, you are free. The governor has cut off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion and the little chemist and his wife and others more important—but he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the courtroom. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and the good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied.

"But that is no reason."

"I once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness.

"That's bad," he said. "Wofe you punished?"

She shook her head and answered, "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she said, an agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips, and his eyes were all aforesaid, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said. "I remember I waked and saw you looking at me that night! Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

She nodded. He was silent for a moment.

"The child still lives?" he asked.

She nodded again. "Well, let it be so," he added. "But you owe me five years and a lost reputation."

"I wish to God I could give them back," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was for my child, he was so young!"

"It can't be helped now," he said, and he turned away from her.

"Won't you forgive me?" she asked bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied meaningly.

"If the child did not need me, I would give my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him shiver. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud gone from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town looking neither to right nor left and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open window, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her as he had done when he went condemned to prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and entering sat down before the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.—Gilbert Parker in New York Herald.

THE NEW MEXICAN.

Daily, English Weekly and Spanish Weekly editions, will be found on sale at the following news depots, where subscriptions may also be made:

A. C. Teichman, Cerrillos.
S. E. Newcomer, Albuquerque.
B. T. Link, Silver City.
J. B. Hodgen, Deming.
C. O. Miller, Hillsborough.
D. Bailey, East Las Vegas.
L. B. Allen, Las Vegas.
San Felipe, Albuquerque.
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ON THE ROAD

to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, widowhood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and a nerve tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it that so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not cure me."

Twelve bottles of Dr. MRS. CAMPBELL, Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me."

Judge: The Captain—Good mornin' Mr. Goodman. Would yer be umpire fer us to-day? Mr. Goodman—Oh, I'm too old, boys.

The Captain—Dat's jest it. Yer so old and feeble dat de fellers 'ud be ashamed ter slug yer, an' dere wouldn't be no kickin'.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

(Western Division.)

(J. W. Reinhart, John J. McCook, Joseph C. Wilson, Receivers.)

TIME TABLE NO. 39.

In Effect Sunday, November 4, 1894.

Leave Chicago at 10:00 p. m.; 10:00 p. m. Arrive at Chicago at 10:00 p. m.; 9:00 a. m.

Leave Kansas City, Mo., at 1:50 p. m.; 2:00 p. m. Arrive at Kansas City, Mo., at 8:10 p. m.; 5:00 p. m.

Leave Denver at 11:50 p. m. Arrive at Denver at 5:15 a. m.; 4:45 a. m.

Leave La Junta at 7:00 a. m.; 10:10. Arrive at La Junta at 10:50 a. m.; 8:55 p. m.

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD	
9:40p.	Albuquerque, Ar.	8:15p.	6:10a.
2:15a.	Coalgate,	3:25p.	1:35p.
3:07a.	Wingate,	2:50p.	1:07a.
3:50a.	Galup,	2:30p.	12:50a.
5:30a.	Navajo Springs,	12:45p.	10:15p.
6:30a.	Hobbs,	10:40a.	8:50p.
8:10a.	Winstow,	9:30a.	7:50p.
10:15a.	Flagstaff,	7:25a.	5:40p.
12:30p.	Williams,	6:50a.	4:50p.
1:50p.	Ab. Fort,	4:30a.	2:50p.
2:45p.	Seligman,	3:25a.	2:00p.
3:30p.	Montezuma,	2:10a.	1:45p.
5:05p.	Kingman,	11:35p.	10:10a.
6:30p.	Needles, Cal.,	8:50p.	7:50a.
8:20p.	Black,	7:35p.	6:10a.
12:50a.	Hagdad,	5:10p.	3:10a.
1:25a.	Daggett,	2:45p.	12:32a.
4:15a.	Ar. Barstow,	9:20p.	12:10a.
6:50p.	Ar. Mojave,	1:00p.	

Arrive Los Angeles 9:35 a. m.; 6:30 p. m. Leave Los Angeles at 7:00 a. m.; 5:00 p. m.

Arrive San Diego 12:45 p. m.; 9:20 p. m. Leave San Diego at 2:15 p. m.

Arrive San Francisco at 9:15 a. m. Leave San Francisco at 9:00 a. m.

*Every day but Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

ALBUQUERQUE—A. T. & S. F. Railway for all points east and south.

ASH FORD—Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railway for points in central and southern Arizona.

BLAKE—Nevada Southern Railway for Parry and connection with stage lines for mining districts north.

BARSTOW—Southern California Railway for Los Angeles, San Diego and other California points.

MOJAVE—Southern Pacific Company for San Francisco, Sacramento and other northern California points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

No change is made by sleeping car passengers between San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego and Chicago.

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, the great middle route across the American continent, in connection with the railways of the "Santa Fe route." Liberal management; superior facilities; picturesque scenery; excellent accommodations.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado

the most sublime of nature's work on earth, indescribable, can easily be reached via Flagstaff, Williams or Peach Springs on this road. To the natural bridge of Arizona and Montezuma's well you can journey most directly by this line. Observe the ancient Indian civilization of Laguna or Acoma, "the City of the Sky." Visit the petrified forest near Carrizo. See and marvel at the freak of Canon Diablo. Take a hunting trip in the magnificent pine forests of the San Francisco mountains. Find interest in the ruins of the pre-historic

Cave and Cliff Dwellers.

View the longest cantilever bridge in America across the Colorado river.

J. W. B. Evans, Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. H. Evans, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco, Cal.
H. E. Van Brock, Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

GEMS IN VERSE.

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses;
There are balm for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream, departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better
Under manhood's sterner sign,
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain.
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.
—R. H. Stoddard.

The Hindoo's Search For Truth.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs
And steps of a god?
Westward across the ocean, and northward
About the snow,
Do they all stand gazing as ever, and what do
they wish to know?

Here in this mystical India, the deities hover
And swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops or
the gusts of a gathering storm.
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on
the rocks are seen.
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and
what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the
censer swings
As they bow to the mystical symbols or the
forms of ancient kings
And the incense rises ever, and rises the end-
less cry
Of those who are heavy laden and of cowards
death to die.

For the destiny drives us together, like deer
in a pass of the hills,
Above us the sky and around us the sound of
the shot that kills.
Pushed by a power that we see not and struck
by an unseen power,
We pray to the trees for shelter and press our
lips to a stem.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of
an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war field and
women who died in flame.
They are gods, these kings of the foretime;
they are spirits who guide our race.
Ever I watch and worship. They sit with a
man's face.

And the myriad idols around us, and the
legion of muttering priests,
The revels and riots unholy, the dark, un-
speakable feasts—
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath
even a whisper come
Of the secret—whence and whither? Alas, the
gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the words of the English, who
come from the uttermost sea?
"The secret, hath it been told you, and what
is your message to me?"
It is naught but the world-wide story how
the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a deity
once was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities, where
the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who give
the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on or
measured the curve of the unknown main."
Sadly they turn from the venture and say that
the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where
shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and
"what if the mirror break?"
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent
that is gathered and gone
From the sands, that were laupit at eve and
at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above whence
the hail and levin are hurled
But the wind that it sweeps around us by the
rush of the rolling world—
The wind that shall scatter my ashes and bear
me to silence and sleep,
With the dirge and the sounds of lamenting
and voices of women who weep?
—T. H. Doyle.

Love's Philosophy.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See! the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clap one another,
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Infants.

"O sea!" I said, "O restless sea!
What of the life that here we see?
What doth it hold for those who stand
As one upon thy wave best strand,
For the voyage they quit the land?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea,
With its mysterious melody:
"Infinitly! Infinitly!"

"O sea!" I said, "O beautiful sea!
What of the love that rests in thee?
Two forms thou dost cherish and hold,
They clasp 'em yet in fond embrace,
What of the love we here doth trace?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea,
With its mysterious melody:
"Infinitly! Infinitly!"

"O sea!" I said, "O wondrous sea!
For those can't see more over thee?
They lived, they loved, they rest at last,
What of the death to which they passed,
To another safe from every blast?"
Thus answered me the glorious sea,
With its mysterious melody:
"Infinitly! Infinitly!"
—Beatrice Clayton.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow is a shadow on the screen
Of the imagination. None hath seen
This specter, which ingloriously flies
Before the gaze of our bewildered eyes.
"Tomorrow will be"—but it never is.
And disappointment sore is hers or his
Who waits drowsy on the teeming hive,
Softly supine, the phantom to arrive.

"Tomorrow never comes"—an anxious time—
And cheats us all life's fitful journey through.
"To always some wild fancy just ahead,
And weakling manhood a mad chase is led.
Many have missed a noble, high career
Through its seductive promise of cheer,
And lost their way in paths perilous,
By following this ignis fatuus.

Away, tomorrow, let me have today,
With its substantial earnestness, I pray,
Its opportunities so vast and grand,
That lie awaiting upon either hand,
Firmly I'll grasp the present, nor delay
To take the things which spring along the way.

Though stern life's duties, yet I would not
sorrow
Any care from nonexistent, false tomorrow.
—Edgar Thorne.

Speak more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest.
—Shakespeare.

Jere said, said the new woman, seven-
relly, here's a memorandum in your pocket
which shows you have been buying sugar
stock.
Yes, my dear, replied the new man,
mrekiy.
Do you think that we can afford such
goings-on as this? No, dear. I suppose
we can't. But I couldn't help buying it.
It looked like such a bargain.

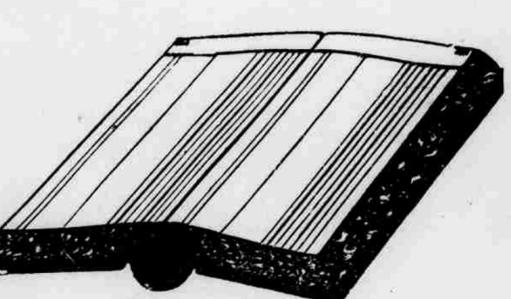
Papa's pants will soon fit Willie,
And Willie's heart would surely
burn,
Had Willie not a mother, sister,
—Like to want to wear them first



We call especial attention to our celebrated
Frey's patent flat opening blank book

We make them in all
manner of styles.
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style you wish.
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