



PET CIGARETTES
ARE THE BEST
CIGARETTE SMOKERS
who care to pay a little more for the cost of ordinary trade cigarettes will find the
PET CIGARETTES
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS
Made from the highest cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia, and are
ABSOLUTELY PURE

SUNBEAMS.
Visitor (who has been round the ruins of a castle, to guide) Can I now see the antiquities inside?—Guide:—Have you permission?—Visitor:—No.—Guide: Then I am very sorry you can't, for the old ladies are not at home.

Securely 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 cake, 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.

It was All Arranged.—Game Dealer: I bring you, madame, the deer that Herr Mayer shot early this morning.—Wife (laughing): Why my husband has not been out. He is ill in bed.—Dealer: Well last week he ordered me to leave one here today.

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.

She New Her Business.—The reason I let my rooms so cheaply is because there is an old lady next door who plays the piano the whole day.—That will not matter at all, as my nephew, for whom I engage the room, is deaf.—So; then of course I charge three shillings a week more.

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.

In a Country Train.—Passenger (shouting to guard): Why do we stop here? There is no station. What has happened? Guard: Nothing sir. The engine driver allowed the whistle to blow too long, so that he has no steam now!

The Wish Granted.
You have often wished for something to take the place of pills. Now try a 25-cent package of Simmons' Liver Regulator powder. Take it dry, on the tongue, or make it into a tea. It is pleasant to take, and gives quick relief—two good recommendations.

Of Course.—The baroness over there appears to be rather aged to-day; in fact, I have never seen her look so old.—I can quite understand that. She was not so old yesterday.

In Barracks. Sergeant (to private): Karl, your revolver is very rusty—three days' arrest—perhaps then Cavalieria Rusti-cana will be played.

Men Don't

Sanden's Electric Belt.

Further waste money on drugs, tonics, etc. They will never cure you. Yes, have them and know WAYS will cure you, and no more suffering from the following: **Neuritis, Headache, Brain Exhaustion, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, etc.** But nature's own remedy must be scientifically used. It is **ELECTRICITY**, and the greatest possible perfection for its application is situated in the well-known **Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt**. This invention has been sold and given complete satisfaction for nearly thirty years, and we refer to hundreds of cures in every State. Throw drugs to the dogs, and join our army of cures. It brings the greatest benefit ever given weak men. This belt also cures:

Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and general ill-health.

A pocket edition of Dr. Sanden's celebrated book

"Three Classes of Men,"

will be sent free, sealed, upon application. Every man should read it. It is the only and complete guide for self-treatment ever offered. Free to everybody. Send for it.

The Sanden Electric Co.,
No. 226 Broadway St., Denver, Col.
Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng.
Largest Electro-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.

PRESCIENCE.
The new moon hung in the sky,
The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
In the churchyard paused to rest,
Happy maid and lover,
Dreaming the old dream over.
The light winds wandered by,
And robins chirped from the nest.
And, lo, in the meadow sweet
Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet
And the ivy running wild,
Tangled ivy and clover,
Folding it over and over.
Close to my sweetheart's feet
Was the little mound up piled.
Stricken with nameless fears
She shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
For a sorrow I did not see.
Lightly the winds were blowing,
Softly her tears were flowing,
Tears for the unknown year
And a sorrow that was to be.
—T. B. Aldrich.

A FRESH PROFESSOR.

I was an undergraduate and he was a don of Exham college, Oxford. We both bore the same name—Unwin-Jones. Why Dame Fate should have gifted two such antitheses with similar names, why she should have brought us to one and the same college is inscrutable. I do not upbraid. I thank her from the bottom of my heart. I forgot the frayed shirts, "dickeys" and antediluvian collars of Don Jones that the laundress fathered on me. I do not regret my wines, but not the bills thereof, that went to his cellar. Instead of to my humble cupboard. I forgot the torn envelopes in ladies' hands marked "not for Professor Jones"—everything, and why?

It was a sunny afternoon in the merry month of May as I returned at 5 o'clock, in flannels and a blazer, from an hour's fagging at the cricket nets, and tripped up the stairs of my "digs," that overlooked the dear old college gardens, whistling "Oh, Phyllis Mine!" I burst open the door, and—"Are you vision about?" came the lightning thought, as I saw, seated in the armchair by my window, gazing out on the glories of the horse chestnuts opposite, one of the—no! the (vide "subsequent events")—most charming little girls I have ever seen! By the side of the armchair was a lecture note book, and what I knew only too well to be Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose." She rose, bowed deferentially, and somewhat nervously began: "Oh, Professor Jones, I am so sorry I am late! Mr. Boothby of Gannalid said he hadn't time to look over my prose, and asked me to bring it to you at 4:45, and said, as you sometimes took his work, you would correct it for me."

I saw it all, or rather I saw nothing but her—slim, petite, with stray strands of nut brown hair peeping from beneath a dainty straw hat trimmed with marguerites. The porter had directed her to my rooms instead of to those of the professor (I gave him a sovereign at the end of term). One more to the long list of mistaken identities, but worth them all! Should I deceive her? And I thought of the dryad's Jones. He was the sea monster, I was Perseus, and she was—Andromeda. "A thousand times no," said my heart. I shall be a professor for 30 minutes! With all of him I could muster, and re-enforced by my gold-rimmed pince-nez—

"Ah!—let me see, what—or—is your name?"
"Ethel Mayner," said Ethel-red, for the rosy hue had mounted to her cheek, as it did to Virgil's Venus, "I'm—I'm one of Mr. Boothby's 'extension' pupils."
"Of course," I said and looked professionally at a card I picked up, "here's your name."

It was a card of the XL's summer term fixtures. Inwardly I vowed it would be more "extension" than "lecture." But did she think I was a professor? Could she not see my chin, innocent of a razor—the galaxy of London actresses on my mantelpiece, the hunting sketches, my bat on the table, the siphons cheek by jowl with McTavish's "best"? Did professors play banjos and whistle "Oh, Phyllis Mine," as they bounded up to unravel the mysteries of "Oration Obligato" with fair pupils? I stifled snarls and lived only in the present and the sunshine of Ethel. She renned her seat, and I rang the bell. Up came the landlady.

"Bring up tea for two, Mrs. Grabbe," I said, "and send out for the best cake Boffins have in the show—I—er—mean the premises."
"Oh, professor," she interposed, "please don't trouble about tea for me."
"Madam," I rejoined, "we cannot discuss the position of Caesar in winter quarters or that plebeian bricklayer Balbus without some light refreshment. Come, let us commence. Bring your chair up to the table." (Oh, how brutal of me! And I would have carried it miles for her dear sake, but I was a professor.) And she drew her chair so close to mine that I could almost—"Page 21," I granted, with a beating heart, for I knew that the sentences were plain sailing till about page 80.
"Oh, no," she said, "I'm at page 210!"
My heart sank, at least such of it as was not in my mouth. How could a twice plowed fresher essay the mares and pitfalls of page 210?

"The passage begins," she continued, "The rotation of crops" and ends at "rustic simplicity."
"It was hopeless. She, Ethel-well-read, was an "Honors" candidate, and I, the un-read-y, nothing but a manufacturer of "howlers" and classical faux pas.
"Er—er, ah—let me see, er"—
I gaped, and her deep brown eyes, with a look of incipient perplexity, met mine. Her hands were toying with the handle of my bat. Would it had been me!

"I used the word rotatio," she said.
"I hope it's not too doggy?"
"Oh, no," I sighed, "it's an excellent word—used by Bohn, I believe!"
How could any word she used be wrong? I thought only of the miserable Don Jones from whom I had saved her.

Then Mrs. Grabbe came in with the tea and cake.
"Ethel, a—er—Miss Mayner, I beg your pardon! Do let me pour you out a cup of tea!"
The emphasis was more undergraduate than professorial, the work of impulse rather than discretion, but prudence was out when beauty was in.

"Oh, thank you," she smiled. "You are a dear good old man!" (I had just turned 18. I good? A hypocrite in a fool's paradise!) "But we don't seem to be getting on very quickly?" she queried. (Oh, when were prose and poetry so closely allied?) "Crops, are they feminine or masculine?" she asked.
"Ahem—It depends on the kind, you know?" I replied.
"Sages, is that the correct word?" And I, written by love and forgetful of my Latin dictionary, told her it meant a soldier!

She sipped her tea and tried to suppress a laugh. It was the "soldier" that did it, and amidst her emotion a little red rosebud fell from her breast on to Herr Crammer's "Latin Prose."
"You funny man!" she rippled. It would have been cruelly from any one else in the world, but from Ethel it was sweetness and joy. I drew my chair closer to hers. My left hand strayed toward that cricket bat. A magnetic thrill was generating. I looked and thought only of her dream face, her eyes, where the merry twinkle at the "soldier" copped was just dying away, and I was about to—when a knock came at the door, then Mrs. Grabbe, and her words fell on my ears like molten lead.
"If you please, sir, the porter says as Professor Jones says, as the young lady what 's was expecting at 5 o'clock 'asn't arrove, he wants you at once with 'Steps For Beginners.'"—

I burst from the room, fled like a hunted slave over to the common room and fell into an armchair. My brain was in a mad whirl, love and indignity striving with deception and remorse. Ethel! Love! She knew all—that I was a "Steps For Beginners" man—Ethel, who was at page 210, and "the rotation of crops!"
When I went back to my rooms at 6:30, dazed and wracked with love, the rosebud was still on Crammer's "Prose," as it fell, and a note—a note in a dainty little hand—Ethel's!

Your tea and cake were excellent. How I wish I could say the same of your prose! I left the book for you, if you care for it, and I stole your "list of pupils"—cricket fixtures. We may never meet again, professor. Yours, ERNEST.

But we did, and Mrs. Unwin-Jones always laughs at "Steps For Beginners" when she dusts it.—Sketch.

A New Typewriter.

Patent rights have just been granted to a young inventor in St. Paul for improvements on the typewriting machine which will greatly increase its speed. The improvements consist of the introduction of the stenographic principle, making the machine capable of printing whole words at single strokes of the keys. Many of the small words and word endings which are most frequently used are represented in the new machine by separate keys of their own, and by a clever device the spacing is made to correspond automatically with the length of the words thus set apart. Another time saving device is the two space lever, which enables the operator to form the space between the words with the same stroke which makes the last letter of a word. An automatic spacer, used to print tables of figures and similar work, is also added to perfect the equipment of the new typewriter. The inventor claims that the speed to be attained by the use of these devices is much greater than has yet been secured. Next he proposes to introduce electricity as the motive power in the manipulation of all the mechanical parts, leaving it necessary for the operator only to press lightly on the keys to print whole words with great rapidity.—New York Post.

A Snake the Negro Feared.
Mr. Powe, in speaking of snakes, said that the "coachwhip snake" was the terror of the negroes. There was an old superstition among them that the coachwhip would whip a man to death and then put the tip of its tail into the nostrils of the victim to see if he was dead. An old negro man went out to catch the horses of the party, which were turned into pasture, while they were out fishing and hunting, and on the way began to think about snakes. The old man had a bride on his arm, and by some means one of the long leather reins had got loose and was dragging behind him. His imagination had worked him up so that the sweat was standing out on his black skin. He chanced to look back and catch a glimpse of the rein. He let a blood curdling yell and ran. He looked back and on came the rein, which he took for a coachwhip snake after him to beat him to death. The negro actually ran until he fell exhausted, and then fearing the superstitions act of having the tip of the snake's tail run up his nose he clapped his hands over his face and prepared for the whipping.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Geneva's Water Fireworks.
The municipality of Geneva has recently built a new reservoir on the Besingues heights at an elevation of about 440 feet above the level of the lake. This reservoir is filled by motor power obtained from an artificial fall of the waters at the Rhone, where it leaves the lake. At the entrance of the harbor a waterpost is provided, which is turned on only Sunday and several evenings during the week. The spout is the biggest in Europe, rising to nearly 800 feet in the air. In clear weather it can be seen from afar and appears like a sail oscillating in the wind. On summer evenings other beautiful effects are shown, with several smaller fountains electrically illuminated in various colors. These water fireworks, as they style this entertainment, have become great favorites, and the natives and tourists are greatly admiring the innovation.—Philadelphia Press.

Squire: I can give you a good prescription for your cold, Giles: What be that, Squire?—Squire: A drop of whiskey. Giles: But I know a better than that, sir; a lot of whiskey.

Parliamentary Proverb.—There's many a slip 'twixt the M. P. and the Whip.
Betrothed.—She: A fly has got into my eye.—He: What a heavenly death!

The Best Time.—Aunt: Hans, which time do you prefer, schooltime or playtime?—Little Hans: Meal time, auntie!

WOMEN'S FACES
—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It is a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

Mrs. Jessie Williams, of Mohawk Lane Co. Oregon, writes: "I was sick for over three years with blind diarrhoea, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and legs, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills."
The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. I began to get better; could sleep well, and that good, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in three bottles of "Prescription" and "the 4th Discovery."

Mr. Edison said recently that he believed the newspapers of the future would be published by phonographs. His reason for this was that the eye-sight of people was becoming poorer, the time of busy people was becoming more and more occupied, and many of the newspapers were now so large that it was impossible for busy people to read them through.

My dear, where's my overcoat?
Your overcoat!
Yes; I'm going down to the strawberry festival.

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 6:10 p. m.; 5:00 p. m.
Leave Denver at 11:50 p. m. Arrive at Denver at 6:15 a. m.; 4:45 a. m.
Leave La Junta at 7:20 a. m.; 10:10. Arrive at La Junta at 10:50 a. m.; 8:55 p. m.

| WESTWARD | STATIONS | EASTWARD |
|----------|-----------------|----------|
| 9:40 p. | Albuquerque | 8:15 p. |
| 2:45 a. | Coolidge | 3:50 p. |
| 3:00 a. | Wagoner | 1:30 p. |
| 3:35 a. | Gallop | 12:25 a. |
| 5:00 a. | Navyajo Springs | 10:20 a. |
| 6:00 a. | Holbrook | 10:55 a. |
| 8:10 a. | Winslow | 9:50 a. |
| 10:45 a. | Flagstaff | 7:50 a. |
| 12:25 p. | Williams | 6:00 a. |
| 1:30 p. | Ash Fork | 4:50 a. |
| 2:45 p. | Seligman | 3:50 a. |
| 4:00 p. | Peach Springs | 3:10 a. |
| 6:00 p. | Kingman | 11:55 p. |
| 8:30 p. | Coalinga | 9:50 p. |
| 10:30 p. | Blake | 7:55 p. |
| 12:30 a. | Bagdad | 5:10 p. |
| 1:35 a. | Baggett | 3:45 p. |
| 4:15 a. | Barstow | 2:20 p. |
| 6:00 p. | Mojave | 1:50 p. |

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 at 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 FORK—Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix railway for points in central and southern Arizona.
BLAKE—Nevada Southern Railway 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 only 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.
Geo. J. Byans,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. H. Evans,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco, Cal.
H. B. Van Sycor,
Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.



The Morning After.
Distinguished Amateur Actor—I must have tumbled out of bed during the night. I wonder if any of the folks heard me.—Life.

Our Servants.
Lady (engaging a new servant)—I hope you don't mind children.
Servant—Oh, no. I always leave the missus to look after them.



—Brooklyn Life.



Verger—Hi, mister, come in for a few minutes; the parson wants to say "My dear brethren," and there's only me in the church.—Judy.



Forwarded.
"He has been dead two years, and today I received a bill against him, with the request to forward it."
"Why, what did you do with it?"
"Put it in the fire."—Life.



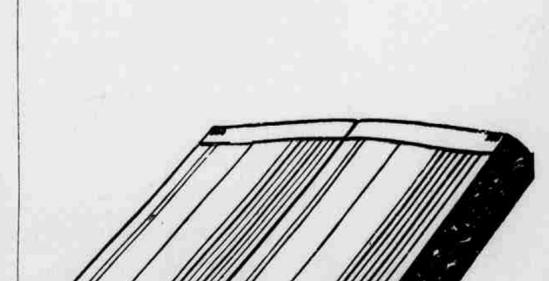
Strange.
Brown—I never thought that parting with Maria for the first time would have made me feel so very ill.

Opening of the "Montezuma" June 20, 1895.—Dedication of Masonic Temple, Las Vegas, June 24, 1905.
For the above occasions the Santa Fe route will place on sale tickets to Las Vegas Hot Springs and return at a rate of one cent per mile (\$1.85). Dates of sale June 18, 19, 20 and 23, good to return until June 25, 1895. Parties wishing to remain as guests at the "Montezuma" can have these tickets extended for any reasonable length of time.
H. S. Lutz, Agent.
Geo. T. Nicolson, G. P. A.

Something New!

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

We make them in all manner of styles.
We bind them in any style you wish.
We rule them to order



JOB WORK
Of all kinds done with neatness and despatch. We carry a large and complete line of commercial stationery, consisting of wedding cards, business cards, programs, etc.

BOOK WORK
We are the best equipped establishment in the whole southwest for this line of work, and our unequalled facilities enable us to turn out work at the lowest possible figures.

LEGAL BLANKS
We carry a full and complete line of all Legal Blank, including those required by the Brand Law enacted by the last legislature.

NEW MEXICAN PRINTING COMPANY.