



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.

Tillinghast—Can love come after marriage? is a much discussed question now. Gildersleeve—I know it can. A man of my acquaintance got married, and two months later he fell in love with another woman and eloped with her.

The Point of the Pistol
Is an effective persuader, and there are many persons so unkind of the symptoms of an coming disease that it would almost take that deadly argument to induce them to adopt precautionary measures. The best of these is a recourse to that botanic restorer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It vanquishes malaria, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, falling digestion, biliousness and irregularity of the bowels, and completely fortifies the system against their further inroads. Its ingredients are drawn from nature's storehouses, consequently it is free from the objections attaching to many absolutely or semi-artificial remedies. For the delicate, infirm, convalescent and elderly it is peculiarly beneficial. It well merits continuous and systematic use. Take it at bed time to induce sleep, and between meals to stimulate appetite and digestion. The medical fraternity concur in indorsing it.

Indeed, I think I know why knots are always found in trees immense; tis so that there may be some holes for small boys in the base ball fence.

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.

Equine Sagacity—First Lieutenant: How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?
Second Lieutenant: Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though.
First Lieutenant: Oh! that will come all right when he is paid for.

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.

Patience.—He: Your friend with whom you have the appointment is keeping you an awful time. I wonder you stand it.
Mlle. Eulalia: He has promised to marry me, and as I have been waiting for him four years another hour or two is nothing to me!

The Value of a Package.
The contents of a 25-cent package of Simmons Liver Regulator will cure many a sick headache. It's the woman's friend. "It cured me permanently of sick headache."—C. S. Morris, Brownsville, Va. Take it dry on the tongue, or make a tea.

Practice Makers Perfect.—Goot night, Mrs. Brown. I had to snuck you for do most pleasant evening I had offer rebless in my life.—Oh, don't say that, Herr Schmidt! Ach! bot I do say dat! I always say dat.

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



WHY BE SICK
When a trifle will buy the greatest healing invention of the day, Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is a complete body battery for self-treatment and relief. It will cure without medicine Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lame Back, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Losses, Brains 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 entering the military service should read it. It will show an easy, sure and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed.

THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 996 Sixteenth 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.

THE QUEEN.
He knows, the roguo on the tree,
That over mountain and lea
The spring is coming, coming,
Faster than eye can see.
Last week he was stark with cold,
Went heavy, songless and old.
Why, hark to the tune he is humming!
'Tis a song for the days of gold.
And her voice that callets the swallows
Home, and the gold wren follows,
Nearer is coming and nearer,
Thrilling the hills and hollows.
And he knows, the roguo on the tree,
'Tis the queen from over the sea,
Her voice is sweeter and dearer
Than any blackbird's can be.
—New York Tribune.

NONA.
Some years ago I passed several weeks at a fishing village on the coast of Brittany. What a hole it was! But how picturesque! A miserable anchorage, for ten boats at the most, a single stony street, which I can compare to nothing better than a mountain torrent. On top of the hill a church, a veritable gothic toy, which stood in the middle of a cemetery from which a magnificent view of the ocean was obtained. Finding myself in the vein for work, I lingered in this out of the way corner until the end of the month of September, which by a rare chance in rainy Finistere, was that year exceptionally mild and clear.

But one cannot always compose verses and write, and a walk was my hygiene and my distraction. My most frequent promenade was along the beach, having on my right the bleak and rocky cliffs and on my left the uncovered stretches of sand—an immense desert of sand left bare by the outgoing tide. Two or three times I had exchanged civilities with some custom house officer going his rounds, his gun slung over his shoulder. I was so regular and peaceful a promenade that the sea swallows were no longer afraid of me and hopped in front of me, leaving the print of their star shaped feet in the wet sand. I walked six or eight kilometers a day and returned home with my pockets filled with those dainty shells which are found by burying the hand deep down in the damp pebbles.

This was my favorite excursion. However, on the days when a strong breeze was blowing and the tide was very high I abandoned the seashore, and climbing the village street I strolled along the sandy moor, or else I settled myself with a book on a bench in a corner of the cemetery, which was sheltered by the church tower from the west wind.

It was a lovely spot, conducive to sadness and reverie. The church tower stood out against the autumn sky, over which dark clouds were scurrying. Crows, whose nests were in the steeple, flew out with their hoarse cawing, and the shadow of their large wings glided over the scattered tombstones, almost hidden in the grass.

In the evening more than at any other time, the last rays of the setting sun bathing the sea as though with blood, the ragged branches of the skeleton of an old apple tree silhouetted against the crimson sky and the deep intense stillness of the wild home of the dead flooded my soul with melancholy.

It was on such an evening as I have just described that, wandering among the tombs, many of which bore under the sailor's name this mournful legend, "Died at sea," I read on a new cross the following words, which astonished and puzzled me: "Here reposes Nona Le Magnat. Died at sea Oct. 26, 1878, at the age of 19."

Hardly ever go out in the fishing boats. How did this happen?
"Well, monsieur," said a gruff voice behind me suddenly, "you are looking at poor Nona's tomb?"
I turned around and recognized an old sailor, with a wooden leg, whose good graces I had acquired by the aid of a few glasses of brandy, which I had given him in the taproom at the inn.
"Yes," I replied. "But I thought that you fishermen never permitted women to go out with you. I have even been told that they bring you misfortune."
"And that is the truth," responded the good man. "Besides, Nona never went into a boat. Would you like to know how the poor little one died? Well, I will tell you.
"First of all, I must tell you that Pierre, her father, was a topman, like myself, and an old comrade. At Bourget, when Admiral La Ronciere raised his golden helmet on the point of his saber, and we swung ourselves, hatchet in hand, on the embattled houses, we marched elbow to elbow, Pierre and I, and it was he who received me in his arms when those cursed Prussians put a ball in my thigh. That same evening in the ambulance at the fort Pierre held my hand to give me courage while the surgeon amputated my limb, and he was there at my bedside when the admiral brought me my medal. But those rascally Prussians got the best of us, and we were sent home. I, with my wooden leg, was practically helpless. But Pierre, who was uninjured, hired on board a fishing smack. Very soon afterward his wife died from an intermittent fever, leaving him the care of little Nona, who was going on 10 years of age.
"Naturally while the widower was at sea it was I, his comrade, I, the old bachelor, who cared for the little one. She was a good and pretty child, mischievous and sweet tempered. We very often went to the rocks at low tide to gather turtles, shrimps, prawns, and sometimes we were fortunate enough to find a lobster. Ah, but we were good friends!
"This went on for about two years. Nona had made her first communion, grown and shot up like a thistle in the sand. But one day the Amelia, Le Magnat's boat, was overtaken in a storm and wrecked. The skipper did not haul in his sail soon enough, and the boat struck on that reef you can see over

there—just a little more to the starboard. There were four men in the crew—the skipper, two sailors and my poor Pierre. But the sea only gave up three of the drowned men, and retained my comrade. Nona became an orphan. It goes without saying that I did my best to replace her father. But the child, even after the first sorrow passed away, did not seem to console herself. And do you know why, monsieur? Because of an idea all the women around here have. They believe that a soul must remain in pain unto the judgment day unless it reposes in consecrated ground. We men do not believe in all this nonsense when we know what happens when there is a death on board ship. But Nona could not be forced to believe other than the women had taught her and continued to burn candles at all the pardons in the neighboring towns for the repose of her father's soul.
"However, in spite of everything, time is a famous marchant of forgetfulness, and Nona, after a few years appeared to me to become somewhat reconciled. Besides, her grief had not prevented her from growing handsome and taking a pride in herself, and it is not because I loved her like a father, but upon my honor, she was the freshest and prettiest young girl in the parish. We lived so happily together. We were not rich, to be sure, but we lived, and we enjoyed ourselves all the same. I had my pension and my medal, and then we used to go together to hunt for lobsters in the rocks. The trade is a paying one, and there is only one danger, that of being overtaken by the tide. Ah, unfortunately that was how she met her death, poor little one!
"One day when my rheumatism confined me to the house she went fishing alone. It was just such a day as today, the sky clear, the wind high. When the rock searchers gathered together with full baskets, they perceived that Nona failed to respond to their calls. There was no possible doubt. Great God, she had been delayed and surrounded by the rising tide! She had been drowned! Ah, what a night I passed, monsieur! At my age, yes, a hard hearted man like me, I sobbed like a woman. And the remembrance came to me of the poor child's belief that to go to heaven she must be interred in consecrated ground. Therefore as soon as the tide went down I went to the shore, and with the others, searched for the body.
"And we found poor Nona," continued the old sailor in a trembling voice. "We found her on a rock covered with seaweed, where, knowing that she was going to die, the poor little one had prepared herself for death. Yes, monsieur, she had tied her skirts below the knees with her fish, through modesty, and with her old idea uppermost had attached herself to the seaweed by her hair, her beautiful black hair, certain that she would thus be found and interred in consecrated ground. And I can say, I, who know what bravery is, that there is perhaps not a man brave enough to do likewise."

The old man was silent. By the last gleam of the twilight I saw two great tears rolling down his weather beaten cheeks. We descended to the village side by side in silence. I was profoundly touched by this simple girl's courage, who, even in the agonies of death, had retained the modesty of her sex and the piety of her race, and before me in the distant immensity, in the solitudes of the heavens and the sea, gleamed out the beacon lights and the stars.
Oh, brave men of the sea! Oh, noble Britanny!—From the French of Francois Coppee For Romance.

Dickens' Characters.
Not even Dickens, I think, found room for a butcher amid his Babylon of trades. A bullfinch he has and eight sherriff's officers, half a dozen bondles and half as many more brokers. The sherriff's officer is, of course, a familiar enough figure from the days of our literary drama.
An ingenious American has compiled a list of Dickens' characters, classified by callings, and it reads like nothing so much as a trades directory. There are architects, auctioneers, bankers, barbers, boarding house keepers, blacksmiths, carpenters, carriers, chandlers, chemists, clerks (a perfect army of them), coachmen, coal merchants, constables, corn chandlers, costumers, detectives, doctors, domestic servants, dry salters, engineers, engine drivers, farmers, fishermen, gamekeepers, grocers, green grocers, haberdasheries, hogrovers, jokers and turnkeys, laborers, lamp-lighters, lawyers, law stationers, locksmiths, manufacturers, merchants, medical students, money lenders, notaries, hostlers, pawnbrokers, parish clerks, plasterers, porters, postmasters, potboys, reporters, robenmakers, saddlers, sailors, sextons, shipwrights, stewards, stokers, stonemasons, sugar bakers, tailors, teachers, tobacconists, toymakers and merchants, undertakers, watermen, weavers, wharfingers, wheelwrights.
The list might be made longer, but that perhaps is long enough to make you realize how amply provided with trades and tradesmen are the teeming streets of Dickens' imagination.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Iridium.
Singularly enough, iridium, though a metal of such comparative rarity, is said to be a source of no small trouble in the operations of our mine, on account of the difficulty experienced there in separating it from gold bullion. Practically, as is well known, this metal is utilized to some extent for making instruments of delicacy which require to possess the property of not corroding, and is obtained from iridosmine, a natural alloy of iridium, osmium, rhodium, platinum and ruthenium, an extraordinarily white mixture of rare metals, much of it being found in washing for gold in the beach sands of Oregon, and it resists the action of all single acids. In its use for tipping gold pens, in which it is especially serviceable, the grains of it, which are flat, like gold dust, are picked out with magnifying glasses.—New York Sun.

Marion: Oh, Laura, I don't know what to do. Fred has promised that he will stop drinking if I marry him, and Charlie says he'll take to drink if I don't marry him.
In Maine, U. S., they are so in favour of celebrating Abraham Lincoln's birthday that they passed a resolution by which the old Abe becomes a general holiday.
Hard Luck—Aristocratic young Student: I shall not pay for these photographs. There are only twenty-seven hairs of my moustache shows, whereas I know I have thirty-four.



WOMAN'S ILLS.
Mrs. W. R. BATES, of Detroit, writes: "A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. It's a remedy especially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict women at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the 'Prescription' is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well."
In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

Misunderstood. Gamekeeper (to shortsighted sportsman): I should advise you, sir, to shoot with your glasses.—What, do you think I should hit more than if I used my gun?
Miss Uppercut (out shopping): What a beautiful woman!—Mrs. Uppercut: Yes, but she evidently moves in some vulgar set or other. I just heard her ask the price of a bonnet before trying it on.

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.

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD
9:45p.	Albuquerque	8:15p.
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