



PET CIGARETTES

ARE THE BEST

CIGARETTE SMOKERS who care to pay a little more than 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.

Barber (to nervous customer who is being shaved by a young assistant): It is all right, sir, don't be afraid of him. He won't cut you, and if he does—well, it won't matter, because he knows something about medicine!

A Distinguished Family.—Judge: Have you any parents?—Prisoner: Yes, sir. Surely you have met them!

The Point of the Pistol

Is an effectual persuader, and there are many persons so unmindful 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, failing digestion, biliousness and irregularity of the bowels, and completely fortifies the system against their further inroads. Its ingredients are drawn from nature's storehouse, consequently it is free from the objections attaching to many absolutely or semi-mineral remedies. For the delicate, infirm, convalescent and elderly it is peculiarly beneficial. It will merit 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.

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.

Proprietor (pointing to Hebrew inscription on window): Bet you any money you can't read it. Patriek—Hibernian (rately): True for ye, like, but if my sonny-in-law were here with his iddle he'd play it for ye.

Papa, what is a fad?—A fad, my son, is somebody else's fancy.

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.

He: Don't a good many folks annoy you with their attentions?—Waitress: What makes you do it as well?

Miss Inquirer: And do you draw everything larger than it really ought to be?—Artist: Everything, but my salary!

The Value of a Package.

The contents of a 25-cent package of Stumans 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, W. Va. Take it dry on the tongue, or make a tea.

Naval Gossip.—Finney: Bah, sir! I tell you our navy is going to the dogs. See; Well, I wish some of our old sea dogs would come back to it.—Hatchley: There, don't run down our poor ships! They manage to do the running down themselves often enough, and to spare.

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



WHY BE SICK

When a trifle will buy the greatest health invention of the day? Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is a complete body battery for self-treatment, and guaranteed, or money refunded. It will show in easy, safe and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed.

THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.
No. 920 Wisconsin St., Denver, Colo.
Sole U. S. Agents, Chicago & London, Eng.
Largest Electro-Medical Concerns 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.

HELEN'S HAT.

Helen and I had a bet of a hat the other day, and she won. At that time I thought from looking at them that the price of ladies' hats could not run to more than 5 shillings, but this is a complete mistake. The cost of ladies' hats varies according to what is not on them—that is to say, half a sovereign extra is charged for taking out the feathers and a golden crown for taking out what a man would call a hat and leaving only one bow and ribbon. As almost nothing is the fashion now, hats are unusually dear this season.

To pay for a lady's hat, however, is, after all, a small matter. The difficulty is to go into a shop in cold blood and buy one. That is what I had to do, according to the conditions of the bet, and I was allowed to take no one with me. Helen said that if I could not pick out a hat that would suit her it was plain that I did not really love her, and she coolly stared when I asked permission to take another man with me, not to help to purchase, but to stand by while I said sternly to the salesman, "I want a lady's hat."

There is a milliner's store next to my tobacconist's, and I thought I could slip into it as if by mistake. Just as I was about to do so, however, the tobacconist came to his door, and so I had to buy a box of cabanos instead. I was very angry with the man and have given him up ever since then.

My original intention had been to go into a milliner's shop and bribe them to tell me which was their best hat for a pretty girl with brown hair, dancing eyes, 20 inches around the waist, but Ravenscroft, who pretended to know about hats—though it is quite clear that he thinks the bigger they are the dearer—said that would not be safe. His advice was that I should do a round of milliners' windows on wet days, so that my umbrella might hide me. Woodhouse, however, who has two sisters and hearkens to them, said this would be foolish, as they only exhibited a variety of hats in the second rate shops. He urged me to walk boldly into a shop and insist on their giving me a hat. Another friend, Hooper, said: "The hat itself is of but little consequence. The great point is that it should be dear. She will forget the name of the milliner, but she will never forget a cheap one." Then Trotter, who thinks himself clever, said, "How can you buy a hat when you don't know her size?" This philosopher is 80 years old and has not discovered yet that ladies' hats are worked with pins.

Several days passed and I had all but bought the hat many times. It was strange and interesting to me to reflect, at say 5 o'clock, that if I had entered the shop at 4:30 the whole thing would be over now. Once I did go into a milliner's shop in Regent street, but I left it without having bought the hat. This was because my courage failed me, and instead of asking for a hat I requested the boy who opened the door to direct me to Piccadilly circus. If he had been a boy of average smartness, he would have read between the lines and insisted on my taking a chair. I hurried into a side street after this escape and presently came to.

The place to buy ladies' hats, warranted dear, is Bond street, but in no thoroughfare in London are there so many ingenious people. Bond street can never expect to do a great trade so long as the jewelers and fish sellers, and even the sandwich board men, stare impudently at wayfarers. I was simply driven from a milliner's door by a fish seller, who kept looking after me as if he thought I was afraid to face him. Then there is a dressmaker's window, in which a woman in black stood all day looking for me. I soon discovered that she knew I was honestly desirous of buying a lady's hat, but she would not let me. It was impossible to go into a hat shop. A grocer's boy, too, passed me twice within ten minutes, lingering about in the most impudently suspicious manner, which so incensed me that I followed him to his shop and complained to his master. There was a curious look in the latter's eye, and I could not help feeling that he knew I wanted to buy a lady's hat. With another person, dressed like a gentleman, I had quite a scene. I was just going into a shop to buy the hat when he looked fixedly at me. This confused me and turned me back for my purpose, but half an hour afterward I was back at the shop door. Again he passed, with a look that told me plainly that I was discovered. I lost my temper, and gripping my umbrella demanded to know what he meant. He replied with affected surprise, but I saw through him, and said that I would stand there until a policeman came to my aid. He answered that as he wished to consult my convenience entirely he would not go away. So he put his back to one window and I put mine to another, and there we stood glaring at each other until 4 o'clock, when a mist came on, in which I walked softly away.

When I was a mile from the shop, I saw that the mist was my opportunity for buying the hat, and at once halted a hansom. I got out at the top of New Bond street, however, as it struck me that there was a look of enlightenment in the cabby's face. To blind him I walked a little way down Oxford street and then turned back. Soon I was at the shop I now knew so well from the outside, and though my throat felt dry I determined to buy that hat. I waited until two ladies had left—I had seen them through the window—and then entered, with my teeth set. "I want a lady's hat," I said, and I had a face on me that showed I was resolved to stand no laughing. The milliner had a twinkle in her eye, but my fierceness put it out, and I saw her hand shake as she brought some hats. I bought the dearest one, gave the address to which it was to be sent and then retreated, keeping my eyes on her to the last moment. That woman was afraid of me—nearly as much as I was of her.

Helen says it will do.—J. M. Barrie in Woman at Home.

How to Stop a Hat.

"I would like to stop a hat," says Mr. Goslington, "by something that I saw in the street this morning, the manner in which a man stopped his hat, which was blowing away. It is well known that under such circumstances a hat often develops great eccentricity of movement. When you stoop down to put your hand on it as you run, it is not there. But this man ran past and just to leeward of his hat and stopped it as it rolled toward him."—New York Sun.

Disqualified.

"You say you are never sick?" inquired the impresario.

"I never had a sick day in my life," replied the lady who was ambitious to go on the operatic stage.

"Then, madam," replied the impresario, "I must encourage your hopes. You can have become a great prima donna."—Chicago Record.

Three Classes of Men.

Innagrated, 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 in easy, safe and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed.

THAT ACCIDENT.

It Didn't Keep Her Out. So Far as Jack Was Concerned.

She lay on the sofa in her prettiest gown, with the blinds carefully lowered, and her dearest friend, rushing into the room, exclaimed:

"Oh, Effie, I've just heard that you had an accident the other day, and I came right over to sympathize and hear all about it."

"Indeed, I had," she groaned. "I had no idea it hurt so badly just to fall off a wheel. It was all Fan's fault too."

"How did she manage it this way. You know, Jack is a bicycle enthusiast, and I knew if I wanted—that is, if I cared to—"

"Don't be bashful, dear. Those eyes would be your excuse if his bank account was not."

"Well, I knew I must learn to ride one of the horrid things, so I asked him to teach me. He was delighted, and then Fan decided she must learn, too, and, of course, politeness obliged him to offer to teach her too. We each bought a wheel and got a lovely bicycle at last. Mine—"

"Yes, yes, I'll see it later. Go on."

"I said nothing to any one, but I was determined to get ahead of Miss Fan, so I just took a few lessons on the sly. You should have seen Jack's surprise when he took us out for the first time and found I could ride right off, for, of course, I didn't think it necessary to speak of the lessons."

"Of course not. Now, did Fan?"

"Oh, Jess, if you could only have seen her! She wobbled about and scrambled and plunged and held on to Jack until I was actually ashamed of her. It was so bold and unfeminine. Poor Jack, he couldn't get away for an instant. I saw then I'd made a great mistake."

"But didn't he praise your ability?"

"Oh, yes. But praise doesn't amount to much when it has to be shouted to you 15 feet away and interrupted by screams and clutches as his was."

"But wasn't it any better next time?"

"It was not, or the next, either. She didn't make any effort to learn—she just played off those eyelashes and clung to him and screamed, and I did not think he displayed an unnecessary amount of patience."

"Why didn't you get her out to practice alone?"

"I did try, but she wouldn't go—said she'd never dare to mount her wheel without Jack. Well, I knew I must do something, so the next time we went out I just went over a stone and fell. He left Fan quick enough then—but I fell harder than I meant to and sprained my wrist awfully."

"Oh, well, it wasn't so bad after all, since Jack is a medical student, and he'd bandaged my wrist and has been coming over every day to look at it. Fan came with him one day and told me that it was all because I was too independent, and asked Jack if he didn't admire clinging, feminine women."

"That girl will be the death of me some day."

"Mhm. I'm sorry now that I fell. You see an hour a day spent here doesn't amount to much, and Fan pretends that she is so anxious to learn and has him out every spare moment."

"And she is not learning a bit faster, either. Why, here comes Katie!"

And after a hasty greeting, Katie cried: "Oh, Effie, I've come to ask you to be my bridesmaid. You see, Jack and I quarreled two weeks ago because I refused to ride a wheel. Yesterday he came over and said I was quite right. I was not to be outdone in generosity, so I said I'd ride, after all, and—well, the wedding is set for June."

"How perfectly lovely," remarked Jess. "By the way, if you want to buy a wheel for me, I'm sure Fan would be glad to sell you hers—she has no use for it."

"Thank you," replied the bride elect. "I shall speak to her about it. Why, Effie, I'm afraid you must be suffering more than Jack thinks. I declare you look quite feverish!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Demoralized the System.

"What time will that train be in, do you think?" asked the impatient man.

"It is pretty hard to tell," answered the agent of the little northern branch line.

"Sense Bill's tree was cut down by a pack of dumb foot niggers after a noon he finds it a heap of trouble makin' jest the right time."

"Bill's tree?"

"Yes; Bill, he is the conductor, you know. The tree I was speakin' of stood alongside the track, about 80 mile up the road from here, and when the train come along on the abutment of the tree laid across the middle of the top rail of Buck Johnson's fence Bill knowed he was on time and could gauge her about right to get here on schedule time. Now them fool niggers has cut it down, and all Bill has to go by is his own guess. Company was talkin' some of puttin' up a pole in the place where the tree user be, but they hailn't done it yet."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Literature in the Suburbs.

First Book Agent—Keep away from that house! I had a terrible experience there.

Second Book Agent—What happened to you?

First Book Agent—Man wanted me to trade the encyclopedia for lots down in that swamp. He'd hardly let me go.—Brooklyn Life.

The Proud Boston Boy.

The little Boston boy was so plainly puffed up with juvenile vanity that the visitor noticed it.

"Robert seems unusually proud today," she said.

"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his first pair of spectacles."—Indianapolis Journal.

Just the Thing.

Miss Wellalong—I think I made quite a sensation in my antique costume at the levee last evening.

Miss Marketmade—Oh, decidedly! Er-orbyrdy exclaimed, "How appropriate!"—Boston Transcript.

Alas!

Angeline—A half an hour has went, and still he hasn't come. Great heavens, can he have discovered that I have a pav? If so, his manly air will never again encircle my wasplike waist, his hazel eyes will never gaze as fondly into mine, these ruddy lips will never—Oh, it is too much! Why should I be confronted thus with my own past?—New York World.

Jaspur—Children often say very funny things.

Jumpuppe (guardedly)—Yes, but never funny enough to be repeated.

Saving Up.—The waiter had the order. Dear, did you mean it when you say you will be mine? She was a bit impatient. Fitz Maurice, she replied, did I not just this moment say clearly when I might have said champagne? This was certainly coincisive.

Cave and Cliff Dwellers.

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

JNO. J. BYRNE,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. E. SPYER,
City Manager, San Francisco, Cal.
H. B. VAN STURON,
Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

TO PUT ON

needed flesh, no matter how you've lost it. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works wonders. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it builds the flesh up to a safe and healthy standard—promptly, pleasantly and naturally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made strong, plump, round and rosy. Nothing so effective as a strength restorer and flesh maker is known to medical science; this puts on healthy flesh not the fat of cod liver oil and its filthy compounds. It rouses every organ of the body to activity, purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood so that the body feels refreshed and strengthened. If you are too thin, too weak, too nervous, it may be that the food assimilation is at fault. A certain amount of bile is necessary for the reception of the fat foods in the blood. Too often the liver holds back this element which would help digestion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stimulates, tones up and invigorates the liver, nourishes the blood, and the muscles, stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit.

M. J. COLEMAN of 22 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with untold agony for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know a slight headache. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in one year (for his services) the sum of \$200, and in another year \$250 for medicine, as far as my stomach was concerned, thus from all the other medicine I had taken. If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicine as I have done, he will never regret it."

Degrees, Mrs. Plimpton: Ah! my dear; marriage is a very serious matter. Miss Humphreys: No doubt; but the chance of being left on the shelf is more serious still.

Enough for Her. Mrs. Gabley: What do you think of the new women? Mrs. Placid: Nothing. I'm bothered enough about the old man.

ATLANTIC & PACIFIC RAILROAD.

(Western Division.)

(J. W. Reinhardt, 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.; 6:00 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 7:20 a. m.; 10:10. Arrive at La Junta at 10:50 a. m.; 8:55 p. m.

WESTWARD	STATIONS	EASTWARD
9:40p. 3:30a.	Ly.	8:15p. 4:10a.
3:45a. 9:10a.	Albuquerque.	3:25p. 1:35p.
3:57a. 9:15a.	Coalgate.	2:50p. 1:57a.
4:10a. 10:00a.	Wingate.	2:20p. 12:35a.
5:30a. 12:25p.	Navajo Springs.	12:25p. 10:15p.
6:00a. 1:25p.	Hobbs.	9:40a. 5:55p.
6:30a. 2:55p.	W. Hallow.	9:20a. 5:20p.
10:45a. 5:40p.	Flagstaff.	7:55a. 3:40p.
12:35p. 8:15p.	Flagstaff.	6:30a. 2:55p.
1:45p. 9:15p.	Ash Fork.	4:30a. 3:55p.
2:45p. 9:50p.	Seligman.	3:55a. 2:40p.
3:35p. 10:50a.	Galup.	3:20p. 1:25a.
4:55p. 1:40p.	Kingman.	11:25p. 10:10a.
5:30p. 4:10a.	Needles, Cal.	8:50p. 7:50a.
6:30p. 5:10a.	Blake.	7:55p. 6:10a.
12:50a. 9:30a.	Bagdad.	5:10p. 3:10a.
1:55a. 12:17p.	Daguerre.	3:45p. 12:30a.
4:15a. 2:20p.	Bartow.	2:20p. 12:10a.
6:30p. 4:10a.	Mojave.	1:20p.

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

BLAKE—Nevada Southern Railway for Purdy 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 by Flagstaff, Williams or Peach Springs 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." See the petrified forest near Carrizo. Visit 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.

JNO. J. BYRNE,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. E. SPYER,
City Manager, San Francisco, Cal.
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HE PAID UP.

A Wedding That Cost Stuart Robson \$5,000.

"I read in the newspapers one morning," says Nat C. Goodwin, "that Lawrence Barrett's daughter had been married, and that among the bridal gifts was a check for \$5,000 from Stuart Robson. 'That can hardly be true,' thought I. 'Robson and Barrett are great friends, but Robson would not be likely to give so much money as a wedding present. The newspapers must be wrong.'

"A day or two later I met Robson in Broadway.

"Look here, old man," said I. 'How about that gift of \$5,000 you are said to have made to Larry Barrett's daughter? Have the newspapers been lying about you again?'

"'Nat,' said he solemnly, 'it's true—true as gospel! Stop out here one side, and I'll tell you how it happened.'

"We retired to a convenient corner, and Robson told me the whole story, and it amused me immensely.

"'About two years ago last summer,' said he, 'a young man called at my cottage in Chelsea, bringing a letter of introduction from a friend in New York. I was as cordial as I could be, and the fellow kept calling off and on all summer. He did not interest me particularly, but he was harmless. One day he said to me, 'Mr. Robson, that Miss Barrett is a charming girl.' 'Ah, and so you have met the Barrett, have you?' says I.

"'I have,' says he, 'and I regard Miss Barrett as one of the most charming young ladies I ever saw.'

"'She is, my boy, she is!' says I. 'Pitch in and win her, and the day you wed her I'll give you \$5,000. And here's \$1 to bind the bargain.'

"'Nat, I pledge you my word I had no idea that anything further would ever come of the matter. My idea was to encourage the fellow to spend his time at Barrett's cottage instead of mine. But he was in earnest, it seems. I used to hear of his being with Miss Barrett a good deal, and occasionally I would see them sauntering along the beach listening to the music of the sad sea waves. But, as I said, I thought nothing serious of it all, and I forgot all about my stipulation involving the \$5,000. So you can imagine my astonishment, my horror, when, about two months ago, that young man turned up at my cottage again, wearing a particularly triumphant smile.

"'Mr. Robson,' said he, 'I've done it.'"

"'Done what?'

"'Proposed to her,' says he.

"'Proposed to whom?'

"'Why, to Miss Barrett,' says he, 'and I'm going to marry her!'

"'The—you are!' says I, for the news fairly knocked the wind out of me.

"'I am, indeed,' says he, and then he reminded me of the promise I had given him about the check. Yes, you may not believe it; but Nat, the fellow had the bad taste to recall that I had promised to give him a bridal present in case he won Larry Barrett's daughter.

"'My boy,' says I as amiably as I could, 'Stuart Robson never forgets and he never violates a pledge or a promise!'

"The morning of the wedding I was feeling too indisposed to leave my bed. I had been sitting up too late the night before with a sick friend. So I called my daughter to me.

"'Allice,' said I, 'are you going to the wedding?'

"'Yes, father.'

"'Then take this check with you,' said I. 'Be careful not to lose it, and after the wedding hand it to the groom. But, mind you, Allice, do not give it to him until after the minister pronounces them man and wife, for he might drop dead in the meantime.'

"'When my daughter returned that afternoon, I said, 'Allice, is it all over?'

"'Yes, father.'

"'And did you give him the check for \$5,000?'

"'Yes, father.'

"'What did he do when you gave it to him?'

"'Father, he cried.'

"'I was gratified, I will admit, that my trifling benefaction had touched his heart, yet I was anxious to know the full extent of his appreciation.'

"'He cried, did he?'

"'How long did he cry?'

"'Father, I am not sure, but I should say about a minute.'

"'A minute! A minute!' said I. 'I cried an hour before I signed that check.'—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Army Intelligence.

An army officer, Captain Poker Chip, who has been dismissed from the army for duplicating his cash account, was seen walking on the street with a lady. Several United States officers of the club saw the couple, and Colonel Mountain Howitzer remarked to Major Blow:

"I can't comprehend how Poker Chip has the cheek to be seen on the streets with a woman who would so far forget herself as to walk out with a man of his reputation."—Texas Siftings.

Warned In Time.

Mr. Hardnut—I admit, sir, that my life has not been what it should be, but I truly and unselfishly love your daughter, and if ever I give her a moment's pain I hope I'll be made to suffer torture for it.

Old Gentleman (warningly)—Oh, you will! You don't know her.—New York Weekly.

Impossible.

Mrs. Bellefield—Mrs. Oakland has a great secret.

Mrs. Bloomfield—Oh, no! She can't have.

"Why not?'

"If she had, she would have told it to me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hat to Benedicts.

"I don't like to interfere in domestic affairs," says the Manyuk philosopher, "but I would suggest to the married man that it would be well for him to let his wife bring up the family while he brings up the coal."—Philadelphia Record.

A Peculiarity.

"Money talks," said the confident man.

"Yes," replied the melancholy citizen, "but when it's conversing with a poor relation it usually talks in a whisper."—Washington Star.

Defined.

"What do we mean by health?" asked the teacher. "Health," said a timid little voice, "is when you're real fat and have lots of skin!"—Youth's Companion.

Answered.

"How many bulls are in this chime?" asked the curious traveler.

"Eight, all told," said the sexton.—Indianapolis Journal.

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.
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We make them in all manner of styles.

We bind them in any style you wish.

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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.

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.

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