



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.

Crushed Tragedian—I am going into the heart of the wilderness to camp out for the next three weeks.

Inquiring Friend—Going into the wilderness in July? Why, man, do you realize that you'll be eaten up alive by black flies and mosquitoes?

Crushed Tragedian—My dear boy, you do not seem to comprehend that after six months' experience of these pestering critters a siege of mosquitoes and black flies would be sweet relief.

Why Does a Fellow Get Yellow?

You needn't mail an answer to this simple conundrum. We know that you know that a fellow—we use the term in no offensive sense—is yellow because he is bilious.

In other words, his liver has got out of order, his bowels have become constipated. His skin and eyeballs assume a most unwarrantable assumption.

a saffron tinge, his tongue puts on a coat of fur, even in the summer time; beneath his right shoulder blade and ribs twinges remind him that a very restless imp is in his immediate vicinity. Now, if this happens individual will simply procure and use at once Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It'll be all right shortly. Constipation, biliousness, malaria, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia and disorder of the kidneys and bladder all yield to this peerless family remedy and preventive. Use it promptly, with persistence and regularity. A winged glassful thrice daily.

Some people do their best work in the winter. Now, I can do the clearest and most brilliant thinking when the weather is hot.

How brilliant you will be when you die! She—Have you ever loved another? He—Yes; of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?

The Result of Trial.

Cannelton, Ind.—I have used Simmons Liver Regulator, manufactured by J. H. Zeltin & Co., Philadelphia, and found that for indigestion and liver complaint it is the best medicine I ever used.—E. E. Clark. Your druggist sells it in powder or liquid; the powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

She—I want \$400 for pin money. He—Umph! That must be dear this summer. She—Yes, Diamond pins are.

She—Can you spare me a little change this morning? He—Certainly. Go and spend a few days with your mother. The change will do you good.

A Pioneer's Recommendation.

Mr. J. W. Nenabie, of Downey, a pioneer of Los Angeles county, Cal., says: "Whenever I am troubled with a pain in the stomach or with diarrhoea I use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used it for years, know it to be a reliable remedy, and recommend it to every one." For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

A young woman, who had never learned the art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to leave the kitchen door ajar the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims, proudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where is the soap?"

"Oh, no, mother, my uncle is quite well again," said Antoinette quickly.

"Ah, you have some news about him?" Antoinette bit her lips. Her answer had slipped out too quickly.

"The gardener told me," she added naively.

Mme. Odier watched not to notice her daughter's embarrassment.

"Will you come with me? I am going at once. As he is your guardian I ought to let him know at once of your decision with regard to M. de Merillac, for he knows all about him."

"Yes, my uncle knew?"

"And he approved?"

"Yes."

"Then Gaston knew that it was proposed I should marry this man?"

"Perhaps."

"But he has said nothing to me about it!"

"I thought you had not seen him!"

"Oh, yes—that is—oh, no! I have not," replied the girl, turning her face away in her confusion over her little fib with which she was inexperienced.

"Let us go. Are you coming?"

"Is my presence very necessary?" the young girl asked. Then she added: "I think that my uncle and yourself will be able to talk more at your ease if I go away; besides, my uncle will question me, and I shall not know how to answer him."

"That is quite simple. You will answer him just as you answered me!"

"You are making fun of me, mother," replied Antoinette peevishly.

"Not the least in the world! It is not quite natural that you should refuse a match so agreeable to your mother and your tutor for so plausible a reason. You do not want to get married. But here we are talking again on this subject, which we had agreed to leave alone! It was you that started it again, you must notice!"

"Oh, now, mother, you make me cry!"

And Antoinette burst into tears and threw herself upon her mother's neck.

"Why do you cry, my misgibbon? There is surely no cause for tears in our conversation."

At this moment a servant girl entered the room and announced that the Baron de Merillac and his son were waiting outside.

"We had an epidemic of dysentery in this vicinity last summer," says Samuel S. Pollock, of Briceland, Cal. "I was taken with it and suffered severely until some one called my attention to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle and felt better after the first dose. Before one-half of the bottle had been used I was well. I recommended it to my friends and their experience was the same. We all unite in saying it is the best." For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

PERHAPS YOU KNOW HER.

If there's any one should ask you Who I'm loving on the sly, Though I never dare to tell her, Just because—I know not why, You can easily determine By the glances of my eye.

If you know the sweetest maiden In the widest world today, Who has not an affectionate As she walks along your way, Do not hesitate a minute— She's the lady of my lay.

In the distant delta country There's a soil germ of the heat, And the sugar cane in springtime Forms a picture all repetitive, And 'tis there my love was nurtured, Where the maiden grew so sweet.

I've a fancy that the rosebud, Though it blooms but one brief hour, Dearest is to many mortals, Than the merely sweetest maiden As is far more precious dower.

—W. H. Ballou in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A TEST OF LOVE.

"I assure you, mother, that I do not want to marry yet," said Antoinette to Mme. Odier. "I am so happy with yourself, that should I enjoy the same happiness, I should not want to leave you. I should like to change your friends for another? I doubt it! No, no, I have plenty of time yet, I am only 18 years of age. While I am much honored by the attentions of M. le Baron de Merillac I repeat that I must refuse him."

"My dear child," replied Mme. Odier, "you should reflect that one of these days you will lose me. I have been suffering for a long time, and very little would suffice to carry me off. You will then find yourself without support, since your dear father is gone, and a husband is the natural support of a young girl when she has lost her parents. Baron Merillac is a very estimable young man. You will probably never get such another offer. He is enormously rich, and he has a title and is the only son of parents who will adore and worship you as if you were their own child. It would surely be madness to persist in a refusal that has no basis. The baron is a handsome cavalier, and his manners are of the best. What more can you wish?"

"Then you know him?" asked Antoinette, with surprise.

"Without doubt."

"Yet I have never seen him here," persisted the girl.

"No, he has never been here, but I have met him several times at the house of Mme. de Saverny, where you would never accompany me, under the pretext that she displeased you, and it was Mme. de Saverny who spoke to me of the baron as a man who would be suitable for you, from every point of view."

"I shall like Mme. de Saverny still less now," exclaimed the girl. "What business is it of hers? If she is so anxious to get M. de Merillac married, let her take him herself. She is a widow."

"You are foolish, ma bonne chérie. M. de Merillac is 35 years old and Mme. de Saverny is 60. She might be his mother. But you should not get angry. One would almost think that you had some other reason than the one you give so vehemently for refusing M. de Merillac."

"Some other reason," stammered Antoinette, lowering her eyes, while a pretty little flush came into her cheeks.

Mme. Odier watched her smilingly, and several minutes passed in silence.

Antoinette took up her sewing again, and being aware no doubts that her mother's eyes were fixed upon her presently rose and went over to the piano. Mme. Odier stopped her as she went.

"We will settle the matter once for all," she said, "never to return to it. The reason you refuse M. de Merillac is because you don't want to marry. Is it not?"

"Mais oui, maman," said Antoinette in a voice that nevertheless lacked the ring of sincerity.

"So that no matter who else may come to me to ask your hand I may tell him no and send him about his business?"

"Oh! I didn't say that—perhaps later—when I am older—if the—if I liked him," stammered the young girl, much embarrassed.

"So be it! We will talk of something else. For instance, my dear nephew Gaston has now been with us for three weeks and has nearly finished his picture. He has been very busy making some sketches in the woods for another one he has in view. I think he is with your uncle at this moment. Let us go across and see him—I mean my brother. He has not been very well of late."

"Very well, indeed," said Antoinette quickly.

"Ah, you have some news about him?" Antoinette bit her lips. Her answer had slipped out too quickly.

"The gardener told me," she added naively.

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"Oh, now, mother, you make me cry!"

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"Why do you cry, my misgibbon? There is surely no cause for tears in our conversation."

At this moment a servant girl entered the room and announced that the Baron de Merillac and his son were waiting outside.

"M. le Baron de Merillac and his son," she said.

Then she withdrew. Antoinette hurriedly made up her head and to conceal herself, when they appeared upon the threshold of the room her uncle and Gaston. She stood gaping at them without moving and examined them.

"What does this mean?" she stammered, turning toward her mother.

"Call your uncle and Gaston himself," replied Mme. Odier.

"It means," said M. Lambert very seriously, "that I come as your guardian to ask for you in marriage to the Baron de Merillac."

"But—the announcement just made by Justine!" interrupted Antoinette, who could not understand why the baron and his father did not make their appearance and why her uncle made this request, when they were evidently both waiting in the next room.

Her interrogating glances passed from her mother to M. Lambert and Gaston, the latter of whom appeared a little disturbed and nervous in spite of his smiling face. Antoinette had dried her tears, but her eyes were still red and swollen from crying.

Gaston noticed this.

"You have been crying, Antoinette?" he asked her while M. Lambert and Mme. Odier stood apart and conversed in low tones.

"Yes," she replied to her cousin's question.

"Why?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Oh," was all he said.

"Well, Antoinette," interrupted M. Lambert, "you have given me no answer."

"Mother has already spoken to me about this gentleman, uncle, and—"

"And?" questioned Gaston's father.

"And"—continued Antoinette, playing nervously with a skein of wool she held in her hands.

"Well!" insisted M. Lambert. "Is it difficult to say?"

Gaston made a step in the direction of the young girl as though to encourage her.

"Tell them, mother, what I answered you," murmured the poor girl. Gaston's attitude was torture to her.

"Well," began Mme. Odier, exchanging a glance with her brother, "my daughter does not wish to get married!"

Gaston made another step toward Antoinette and seized her hand.

"Not even with me?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"With you?" cried the young girl, blushing and growing pale by turns.

"Yes, with me, for I love you! Do you not know it?"

"I was sure of it," replied M. Lambert, with a wink.

"For goodness sake, explain yourselves!" exclaimed Antoinette, looking at all of them in turn.

"It is easy to explain," said Gaston. "I thought I had guessed your love for me, and I told my father, confessing my love for you as at the same time. He and your mother talked it over and laid this trap to see if your love was strong enough to resist a rich and titled lover."

"Oh, Gaston! and you have fallen into the trap!"

"Yes, petite cousine, for I, too, wanted to feel quite sure that I was being loved for myself alone. Now I know and can no longer doubt, can I? You will be my wife, won't you?"

"But she has not said so," interrupted Mme. Odier mischievously, without giving her daughter time to reply, and having laid her hand on her head to keep a serious face.

"Yes, I have, mother," cried Antoinette, with delightful simplicity.

"Ah, Antoinette! Antoinette! Thank you, my darling little cousin," exclaimed Gaston, mad with joy.

The young girl had flung herself upon her mother's neck and embraced her with all her heart.

"Naughty mother!" she murmured in her ear as she kissed her.

"You are crying still!" asked Mme. Odier happily.

"Oh, no, no, here petite mere. I am laughing now."

And, turning her radiant face toward her uncle and cousin she placed her hand in that of Gaston and allowed him to draw her to his shoulder in a warm embrace.—From the French.

A Masquerade Protest.

"I wonder what my wife would say," demanded a weary looking man the other day, "if I should bring my tailor into the house and keep him there three or four days, snipping and cutting and occupying all the comfortable rooms, while she hangs around on the outskirts, took her meals between hawk's and buzzard, and just lived by the skin of her teeth?"

"You forget," interposed I, "that your wife does this from motives of economy."

"I don't know why I should forget it," he retorted hoarsely, "for she hammers it at me morning, noon and night. But I deny the economical part of it. By the time the dressmaker has had her pay and her three or four meals it comes to about the same thing as would the bill of a competent party who does the work outside."

"But even admitting that a few pennies are saved, look at the loss in other ways."

"If I ask my wife to go out for a walk or to read a letter, or to listen to one that I've written, she will say, 'I can't now, for I've got to help Mrs. — galloon these brads.'"

"There is no such thing as gallooning brads," said I severely. "You are talking nonsense."

"Well, it's something just as absurd," he replied, "and I am tired of it. We can't have any conversation at meals, and my wife works as hard as the other woman and gets a nervous fit from trying things on; so altogether I object."—New York Recorder.

Farmer Jones' Whisky Spring.

The discovery of an alleged spring of pure whisky on the farm of Silas Jones, near Smithton, Westmoreland county, has created intense excitement among the people of that place. Several days ago Farmer Jones, while digging a ditch, came upon an old well. He struck a ledge of soft sandstone, and from a crevice in its side came drops of whisky. To make sure of it the farmer tasted the liquid and pronounced it a fair quality of barleycorn. After arranging to run the drippings into a cask he closed up the well in order to keep the discovery secret. Many think the whisky comes from a storage vault of an old distillery that probably stood where Jones began digging. The oldest inhabitants do not remember such a distillery. Barrels of whisky were probably buried in the hillside and forgotten. Now that the casks are decaying, the contents are oozing out through the hill.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Abolish Fenecs.

The absence of fences makes a saving and is also a benefit, and the drives, walks and landscape effects are such that a cheerful harmony prevails, and the grouping of several homes thus forms one harmonious whole.

Among the numerous persons who have been cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, mention should be made of Mrs. Emily Thorne, of Toledo, Wash., who says: "I have never been able to procure any medicine that would relieve me of rheumatism like Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I have also used it for lame back with great success. It is the best liniment I have ever used, and I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends." For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

Call It a Craze.

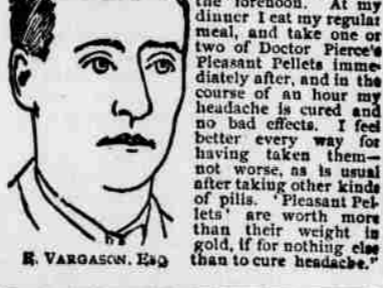
AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases, their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a raging headache and soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally they are morose and phlegmatic, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; once used, always in favor. They positively cure sick headache and remove the disposition to it.

Mr. E. VARGASON, of Otter Lake, LaPere Co., Wis., writes: "I am infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular breakfast Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is gone. I feel better every way for having taken the Pellets. It is not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. Pleasant Pellets are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."



The largest circulation of any paper in the country—Curl paper.

I am the Cheerful Idiot, remarked the new arrival.

I am sorry, said the hotel agent; but we are lighted with electricity throughout. Never mind, rejoined the other, as he registered; I shall manage some way.

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 11:40 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.	Albuquerque	8:15p.
9:40p.	Coolidge	8:15p.
9:40p.	Wingate	8:15p.
9:40p.	Gallup	8:15p.
9:40p.	Navajo Springs	8:15p.
9:40p.	Hobbs	8:15p.
9:40p.	Winkelman	8:15p.
9:40p.	Williams	8:15p.
9:40p.	Ash Fork	8:15p.
9:40p.	Seminole	8:15p.
9:40p.	Peach Springs	8:15p.
9:40p.	Kingman	8:15p.
9:40p.	Needles, Cal.	8:15p.
9:40p.	Blaine	8:15p.
9:40p.	Bagdad	8:15p.
9:40p.	Barstow	8:15p.
9:40p.	Ar. Barstow	8:15p.
9:40p.	Ar. Mojave	8:15p.

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.; 9:30 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 FORK—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 junction 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 Leguana or Acoma, "the City of the Sun."

Visit the petrified forest near Grants, 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 cableway bridge in America across the Colorado river. J. W. J. BYRNE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal. C. H. BYRNE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco, Cal. E. B. VAN BUREN, Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

For Women's Convenience.

A new departure has been made at the New York Exchange For Women's Work, which is one of the most progressive of such institutions, in the opening of a room in their building, 13 East Thirtieth street, for the accommodation of ladies who are coming to town to do shopping through the summer. Here every convenience will be supplied. Parcels will be kept; there is a telephone and messenger service in the building; a good luncheon is served after 12 o'clock every day, and bouillon, iced tea, lemonade, etc., may be had at all hours, excepting Saturdays, when the exchange closes at noon during the summer months.

A subscription of \$3 entitles any one to the use of the room for the season. Single tickets for the day may be had at the cashier's desk for 50 cents. The managers of the exchange trust that, with the added attraction of a comfortable waiting room, there may be an increase in the number of visitors to the rooms of the society and a large patronage, not only in the luncheon room, but in the various departments, and it is hoped that what is usually a dull season may be a prosperous one for the contributors, all women who are trying to support themselves and in many cases their families.—New York Times.