

SUNBEAMS.

We struggle and strive for a wonderful place. In the wonderful world about us, And then we die, and the wonderful world Goes merrily on without us.

Eat and Be Happy!

Nobody can do this who has dyspepsia. Even a light meal, eaten with relish, inflicts more or less torture upon the wretched victim of indigestion. But why allow one's self to be thus victimized when stealer in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can be summoned? If you are going to any locality—a remote country farm house, or new settlement, for instance, where it is not readily procurable, provide yourself in advance with an adequate supply. An unaccustomed diet is very apt to produce dyspeptic qualms, such as brackish water aboard ship and the eating of acid fruits. Forestall further encroachment of the complaint with this superb and genial corrective and preventive. Heartburn, sour eructations, biliousness, constipation, malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble promptly succumb to the onset of this vanquisher of bodily ailments and restorative of vigor.

Pretty Assistant (in a sugar shop)—What can I get you, sir? Young Swell—I want a box of cigarettes and a kiss, my dear. Pretty Assistant—I am sorry, I have no cigarettes with mouth-pieces.

It is a big thing to say, but nevertheless true, that a great multitude of people have crowned Simmons Liver Regulator, the "King of Liver Medicines." There is nothing like it for malaria, rheumatism, chills and fever, constipation, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion and all troubles arising from a sluggish or diseased liver. Simmons Liver Regulator is the prevention and cure for these ailments.

If Mr. Carlisle resorts to whistling as a means of keeping up his courage over the treasury deficit he will soon need the services of a large steam calliope.

One night when Mr. Isaac Reese was stopping with me, says M. F. Hatch, a prominent merchant of Quartermaster, Washington, I heard him groaning. On going to his room I found him suffering from cramp colic. He was in such agony I feared he would die. I hastily gave him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He was soon relieved and the first words he uttered were, "what was the stuff you gave me?" I informed him. A few days ago we were talking about his attack and he said he was never without that remedy now. I have used it in my family for several years. I know its worth and do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends and customers. For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

The people of the United States to-day want some plain common man whose interests and sympathies are with the people, for president. The next president should be a man like Abraham Lincoln, a man of the people and for the people.

Men Don't



Further waste money on drugs, treatments, etc. They will never cure you. You have tried them and know Nature is a WAXY willing and waiting to cure you, and no man suffering from the following ailments can be cured by any other means. Sanden's Electric Belt. This invention has been sold and given complete satisfaction for nearly thirty years, and we refer sufferers to hundreds of cures in every State. Throw drugs to the dogs, and join our army of cures. It is the greatest boon ever given weak men. This belt also cures:

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

"Three Classes of Men,"

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

The Sanden Electric Co., No. 226 Sixteenth St., Denver, Col. Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng. Largest Electro-Medical Concern in the World!

ANTONIO WINDSOR.

Architect & Contractor

Close Figurine,

Modern Methods,

Skilled Mechanics

Plans and specifications furnished on application. Correspondence solicited.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Mr. C. G. Strong, principal of the public schools at Anderson, Cal., says: "I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and have found it an excellent remedy for lameness and slight wounds. Lameness usually results from sprain, or other injury, or from rheumatism, for which Chamberlain's Pain Balm is especially intended and unequalled. It affords almost immediate relief and in a short time effects a permanent cure. For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Could it but speak, what strange and moving stories. What tales of joy and grief, it would unfold, Of faded beauty and forgotten glories. Of love and sorrow in the days of old! Perchance it played the grave and stately measure While powdered couples trod the minuet; Perhaps it was a beginner's only pleasure Or helped a prince his trouble to forget. Ah, violin, we dream and wonder vainly! Time with the sweet June roses never stays. The past is dead. We cannot learn more plainly The buried history of forgotten days. Yet, as a faint and odorous sweetness lingers With faded petals, though their bloom be dead, So, charmed anew by sympathetic fingers, You bring a haunting memory of the past. So, as of old, you speak in tenderest fashion, Mellow with memories of unseemly years, To raise our minds from worldly care and passion And stir the thoughts that lie so close to ours. —Anthony C. Deane in Longman's Magazine.

WILLED TO DEATH.

The doctor paled. Decidedly it was something more than mere embarrassment that caused his unwillingness. "I have given it up, ladies," said he. "I have nothing more to do with magnetism."

"But why, why, doctor?" the pretty pleaders persisted. "Put us to sleep— one of us—you must, or tell us the reason why." "Well, so be it," said he at last, still visibly reluctant. "I will tell you why. It may teach you a lesson. "Eighteen months ago," he began, "I went into the country to see a friend. We will call him Paul, if you please. Though old comrades and devoted 'chums,' for a long time the chances of life had separated us, particularly his marriage, which, for certain reasons, had obliged him to locate for awhile upon one of his properties, situated, as I have said, in the depths of the country. But often and often my thoughts carried me—a trifle enviously in the midst of my hard work—toward that forgotten corner where his hours were passed in the quiet routine and bliss of a domestic life. "Nor was I mistaken in the picture my fancy had drawn. Peace, serenity, repose, breathed from the very trees, with their great moss covered trunks, against which an old chateau leaned in the mingled shade and shine of the sunny Provence woods. "Paul met me at the station. His wife I did not see till later—just before dinner indeed—a beautiful woman, with dark, brilliant eyes, which flashed when not shielded by the long, curling lashes, with the light of burnished steel. She had a superb figure and a complexion the tint and texture of old ivory, through which was flowing vigorously the rich red current of a healthy blood. Very, very beautiful she was; but, oddly enough, as I looked at her I felt a sense of a deception somewhere under that fair exterior. "Was it fancy? Or was this full, robust beauty but similar to a too fervid summer that forces the sap to rise so fast that the fruit turns sour? I do not know, only that this woman entered with difficulty into the idyl I had evoked from the shadowy aisles of these old woods, that seemed always whispering and murmuring to themselves. "Her intense vitality seemed to shatter this setting of peace and serenity. Moreover, we were not alone; another guest had arrived—a young man and a close neighbor. From the moment of his coming to—did I fancy that also?—Paul, my friend, seemed less genial. The first joy in his eyes at my arrival had faded; I saw him now in his habitual state, doubtless, a little aged, slightly constrained, with that vague, nervous reserve of the distrustful husband who in his inmost thoughts suspects treachery. "I had no time, however, to ponder long on these reflections. Old memories, serious and gay, crowded thick and fast upon us in the ease and comfort of that well ordered dining room, looking out upon the lawn, the soft melancholy of the coming twilight slowly enveloping us and carrying hearts and minds both far back into the past. "Dinner was nearly over when a chance word or question turned the conversation upon a subject no less absorbing than now, ladies"—and the doctor bowed courteously to the circle of eager listeners closely clustered about him—"turned, I say, upon the subject of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion. "My friend, from the first discoveries, had watched the advance of these studies with the liveliest interest, and many and frequent had been the discussions between himself and his wife concerning them, she denying the phenomena arising from these experiments and stubbornly pronouncing them humbug and charlatanism, and he affirming that strange things could and did happen, as he knew from his own experience—a certain evening in Paris, when he had offered himself as a 'subject' as incredulous as she, and had been put to sleep promptly and made to accomplish in his sleep things of which they told him afterward. "Bah! They duped you!" insisted his wife. "Doctor," suddenly appealing to me, 'help me to get this rubbish out of his head or Paul will certainly go crazy.' "Forced to take sides, I was obliged to admit that I myself was deeply interested in these matters, and had witnessed things that I did not dare to doubt. She was still obstinate, still mocking. She would believe what she saw—no more, no less. "If Paul is a subject, as he declares, said she, 'the thing, too, is easy enough. Convince me—you have done such things, you say—by trying it here and now.' "Paul was willing. I looked intently at him. His eyes wavered curiously away from my gaze. He was a marvelous subject and fell immediately under my will. "We passed into the drawing room, placed him in a chair, and I had not

made six passes over his brow when he was in a sound hypnotic sleep. "Well, he is off," said I. "Impossible! No!" "She bent over him, called him, pinched him—no movement. Raised his arm—it fell inert like a log. "Quick, quick! Suggest something!" said she, a strange eagerness showing suddenly in her face. "You would perhaps feel the proof stronger, madame, did you make the suggestion yourself." "She appeared to think, murmuring half aloud, 'It must be an unaccustomed act, something unusual, that he cannot divine, that does not enter into his habit of life. "She looked about her. Near by on a table a magazine lay opened at a recent article on 'Hypnotic Suggestion,' a slender mother of pearl paper knife thrust between the folds. She turned the leaves hurriedly. "Ah-h, we have it at last!" said she, putting her finger upon a certain paragraph. "An experiment just made successfully, they say—at the hospital of La Salpêtrière. Repeat it with Paul, and I shall be convinced." "The experiment was to suggest to the patient at a fixed hour a predetermined act—the act in this case suicide—with some harmless object that the 'subject' should be made to believe a poniard. "Willingly," I responded. "She handed me the paper knife. "This is harmless enough, isn't it?" she said, yielding it to me with a charming smile. "It would not hurt a fly." "Perfectly harmless." And I held up the little pearl dagger before Paul's eyes. "Do you see it, Paul?" said I slowly and impressively, 'this poniard here? Well, I am going to put it on that table yonder. Tomorrow, when the luncheon bell rings—the luncheon bell, remember—you will come here, take this poniard and—kill yourself!" "Then I roused him. He remembered nothing and felt nothing, only a comic uneasiness concerning the act that he was to accomplish and from which he was determined to defend himself. "The evening finished gaily with a rubber of whist, ending at 10 in order to give the handsome young neighbor—a silent listener to what had been going on—time enough to reach home at a reasonable hour. "We were walking, Paul, his wife, and I, on the terrace next morning when the luncheon bell rang. Paul raised his head, listened a second, turned brusquely and re-entered the chateau. His wife had become very pale. "Come, quick," said I. "He has gone for that paper knife!" "She remained motionless. "To what good?" she said. "I see already that suggestion has reason in it, for Paul has gone. He will come back madder than ever, I suppose." "I did not wait for her to finish. I hastened to the drawing room, where my 'subject' had gone. "I ran. I threw open the door, and Paul was there—dead, face downward on the floor—a dagger in his heart!" "A real dagger, doctor?" cried the mistress of the house laying her hand softly upon the doctor's arm. "A real dagger, madame. I turned to the table—the little mother of pearl paper knife was gone. Who had taken it! Who had put the other—the real dagger—in its place? "God knows, but she, Paul's wife, and he, the neighbor who dined with us that night, were married ten months ago."—From the French For San Francisco Argonaut.

Challenged In Court. What looked at the time like a close call for Ingersoll occurred six or seven years ago in New York, when he and the gifted Daniel Dougherty were arrayed against each other in a divorce case before Judge Barrett. Dougherty was for the husband. He closed his case in this way: "Through all this dreadful case, this struggle for what should be to her many thousand times dearer than life, has a veil mantled that beautiful face? Has one tear rolled down those cheeks? Has there been a single blush on that face? Not a tear! Not a blush!" He shook his fist at Ingersoll as he said this. "Do you state that as a fact?" asked the infidel. "Yes." "Then I tell you it is untrue." "Consider yourself challenged," shouted the Philadelphian. "Let us have no interruptions," said Judge Barrett, showing great anxiety and displeasure. "Well, then, he must not look at me when he says untruths," said Ingersoll, shaking all over with rage. Sensation in the courtroom. Mr. Dougherty explained that he had challenged Ingersoll in a purely Pickwickian sense, and when the two lawyers left the room they shook hands.—New York Press.

Injuries From Horses. An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the English cavalry that, should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking them down, and not by his stepping on them.—Boston Herald.

And Babies Go Hungry. The dogs at the French watering place Trouville are a source of unfailing amusement. A white terrier belonging to the Comtesse de Breteuil had on white doekin leggings the other day when it was muddy, and a correspondent counted five different coats on one white pup one day, all embroidered with heraldry. "It is the best patent medicine in the world" is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marquam, Oregon, says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "What leads me to make this assertion is from the fact that dysentery in its worst form was prevalent here last summer and it never took but two or three doses of that remedy to effect a complete cure." For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

Gold seems to be going out of the country fast enough, without waiting for free silver to drive it out.



Hypochondriacal, despondent, nervous, "tired out" men—those who suffer from backache, weariness, loss of energy, impaired memory, dizziness, melancholy and discouragement, the result of exhausting diseases, or drains upon the system, excesses, or abuses, bad habits, or early vices, are treated through correspondence at their homes, with uniform success, by the Specialists of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. A book of 136 large pages, devoted to the consideration of the maladies above hinted at, may be had, mailed securely sealed from observation, in a plain envelope, by sending 10 cents in one-cent stamps (for postage on Book), to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at the above mentioned Hotel. For more than a quarter of a century, physicians connected with this widely celebrated Institution, have made the treatment of the delicate diseases above referred to, their sole study and practice. Thousands, have consulted them. This vast experience has naturally resulted in improved methods and means of cure.

Irene—Isn't it curious how innocent George Ferguson is? They say he never kissed anybody in his life and doesn't know how to kiss. Laura—There is not a word of truth in it! He has—that is, he—why, I should think he would know how by this time.

A Well Affair. Irene—Isn't it curious how innocent George Ferguson is? They say he never kissed anybody in his life and doesn't know how to kiss. Laura—There is not a word of truth in it! He has—that is, he—why, I should think he would know how by this time.

Accommodating. "Can I trouble you for a light, sir?" "Certainly."—Life.

A Fair Inference. "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!"—Pick Me Up.

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, Carrillos. A. E. Newcomer, Albuquerque. E. T. Link, Silver City. J. B. Hodgen, Deming. C. C. Miller, Hillsborough. N. Dalley, East Las Vegas. L. R. Allen, Las Vegas. San Felipe, Albuquerque. Jacob Weisner, City. Fletcher & Arnold, Bland, N. M.

Cave and Cliff Dwellers. View the longest and best bridge in America across the Colorado river. Jno. J. Byrnes, Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal. C. H. Sikes, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco, Cal. H. S. Van Slyke, Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado the most sublime of nature's work on earth, indescribable, can easily be reached via Flagstaff, Williams or Peach Springs on this road. To the natural bridge of Arizona and Montezuma's well you can journey most directly by this line. Observe the ancient Indian civilization of Laguna or Acoma, "the City of the Sky." Visit the petrified forest near Carrizo. See and marvel at the 'Cave of the 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.



For Size and Shape. "The first thing that phrenologist exclaimed when he saw me was, 'What a head!'" "Where were you the night before?"—Life.



Gentleman (to little street arab)—What are you gathering up those old cigar butts for? Street Arab—Me feather is going to have a birthday party, and the gentlemen will want to smoke with their coffee.



After Them. "Certainly."—Life.



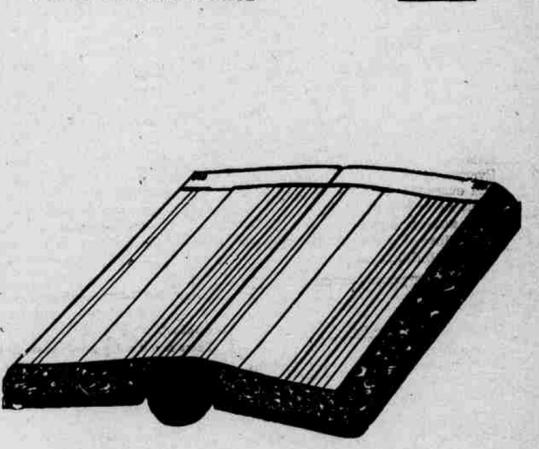
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Something New!

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



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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.

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