

SUNBEAMS.

Sheridan was a handsome young man but in middle life dissipation destroyed every trace of his former good looks, and at first glance he seemed singularly repulsive.

On the farm of Franklin Davis, in Wayne county, Me., there is a maple tree measuring twenty-one feet in circumference, which has furnished sugar for the Davis family for the last fifty-six years.

To Write Upon a Bed of Agony

Is what the people troubled with rheumatic symptoms can fairly expect, if they take no efficient means to check the rapidly growing malady which, it should never be forgotten, has a tendency to attack the heart and terminate life. The testimony, public and professional, is overwhelmingly and concurred that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a sovereign preventive and curative of rheumatism. It completely expurgates from the blood the acid principle which, attacking the tissues surrounding the joints and muscles, causes such exquisite pain. The Bitters promotes the action of the kidneys, bladder, and bowels, and remedies malaria, nervousness and debility. It also induces appetite and sound repose, hastens convalescence after exhausting maladies, and mitigates the infirmities of age. Take it daily at regular intervals, and confidently expect the best results.

Almost every variety of corundum has been discovered in North Carolina.

The aqua marine, a variety of beryl, has been discovered in North Carolina.

Diamonds have been found in fifteen or twenty different localities in California.

Frederick the great had a sharp hatchet face, with a cold, blue eye, that as one of his contemporaries said, glistened like a reflection of light from a bayonet.

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.

Uncle Bill Hess, of Elk Garden, Va., was 109 years old on June 26 last. He has 32 children, 175 grandchildren, and 90 great-grandchildren. Elk Garden has two other aged residents, Mrs. Sarah Shelton, who is 108 years old, and Mrs. Dorton, who is 101.

Diamonds have been found in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.

Miss Varian Anne Jefferson Davis, the daughter of the Confederacy, has written a novel of old times in Virginia. It is said to be strong and of the emotional type.

A large majority of the women who have applied for pieces in the various departments of the municipal government of New York within the first half of the year were unmarried.

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

Miss Abigail Dodge (Gall Hamilton) is at her summer home in Hamilton, Mass., and has so far recovered from her severe illness that she will soon be able to resume her literary work.

Mrs. Joseph Bradley Reed, the chairman of the New York city woman's board for the Atlanta exposition, is a beautiful little Southern woman, who was at one time a famous belle in New Orleans.

"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.

Meteorologists say that the heat of the air is due to six causes: (1) That from the interior of the earth; (2) that from the stars; (3) that from the moon; (4) that from the friction of the winds and tides; (5) that from the meteors; (6) that from the sun.

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

WHY BE SICK? A little will by the greatest healing power of the day. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is a complete body battery for self-treatment, and guaranteed, or money refunded. It will cure rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, kidney and liver complaints, nervous debility, weakness, leucorrhoea, and all the ills of the female system. The electric current is applied directly to the nerve centers and improves the circulation of the blood. The belt is made of the finest materials and is guaranteed to last for years. It is the only electric belt that can be worn in any position. It is the only electric belt that is guaranteed to cure all the ills of the female system. It is the only electric belt that is guaranteed to last for years. It is the only electric belt that is guaranteed to cure all the ills of the female system.

Three Classes of Men, registered, is sent free, sealed, by mail upon application. Every young, middle-aged, old man suffering the slightest weakness could read it. It will show in easy, simple, and speedy way to regain strength and health without over-exercising or using medicine. He SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 200 West 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Mr. C. G. Strong, principal of the public schools at Anderson, Cal., says: "I have 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.

"DIDN'T DO NOTHIN."

Dan, the newsboy, got off the train at Niagara Falls and found the conductor conversing with two women. "Oh, but you must take her son-in-law," he heard the younger of the women exclaim in a distressed voice. "You see, there ain't no other way to send her, and her mother expects her sure, and she'll be at the station to take her off, and she'll be a real good girl and not trouble you one bit. Won't you, Bessie?" "They'll be most crazy if she don't come," added the other woman, "and it will put them out dreadful, 'cause they've got to start right off for Colorado."

A sharp whistle recalled the conductor, and he put one foot on the steps of the car and stood watch in hand ready to give the signal.

"Say, I'll kinder keep an eye on the kid, if that's all you want," Dan said awkwardly to the women. "Don't know much about children, but I guess some of the women will tend to her. He gave an inquiring glance at the conductor.

"All right, I'm willing. Jump aboard, will you? We're late now." And the conductor waved his hand.

Dan seized the child and placed her lightly on the platform, and the train began to move. He listened to the parting directions of the two women and threw back the silver half dollar one of them tried to slip into his hand with a toss of his hand as he shouted, "I ain't no porter, and I'm a-doin' this to 'blige you."

Then he took her into the car and left her to amuse herself with the rolls of lozenges, while he made a trip through the other cars.

By the time he got back she had made friends with a lady across the aisle, who offered to share her berth with the child, and before the afternoon was over she was playing games all over the car, and to Dan's intense amusement she insisted on eating supper with the man who had made the greatest fuss over his berth, but who, Bessie insisted, looked "just like grandpa."

He slept soundly, for the day had been a tiresome one, but after awhile he began to dream. He thought that Bessie had chewed gum till she grew smaller and smaller, and finally was nothing but a little sugar image, which he was about to eat, when—

Crash!

Dan was awake now. In an instant he was rushing toward the sleeper.

There was a second crash, and a tearing sound, and the end of the car was torn off, and a cloud of steam rushed in and about him.

The shock threw him off his feet, but he crawled on. He must reach the sleeper. There was Bessie; he had promised to take care of her. It seemed ages before he reached the platform. Overturned on the track before him was the sleeper. The dim gray light of the early morning just showed its outlines. Further than that he could not see.

He could hear cries inside, and through one of the windows a head was thrust. With his heels he broke the glass of the window nearest him; then he crawled on to the next and next, breaking each in turn, until finally he reached the fourth.

This was where Bessie was.

Here he crawled in, but there was no one in the berth.

It was lighter now. The sun must have come up very quickly.

Then a smell of smoke revealed the cause. The broken lamp at the end of the car had set the bedding on fire.

Through the broken windows people were rushing, men and women, and there were groans and shrieks on all sides.

Suddenly from beneath a pile of clothing, he saw a tiny hand thrust out, and he heard a stifled cry.

Eagerly he pushed aside the heavy blankets and pulled the child out. By the light of the flames, now rapidly roaring, he could see how white she looked, and her eyes were closed.

Could he be too late?

He tried to climb out of the window, but the seat on which he stood, broken by the crash, fell beneath his weight, and he was thrown back into the car. He struck heavily, and there was a sharp pain in his head, and little Bessie almost fell from his arms.

He seized the broken bellows that hung from his rings, and, placing the child on his back, bound the cord around and around, thus binding her tightly to him.

Then he tried a second time to gain the window. This time there was a hand held down to help him, and in a moment he felt the soft grass beneath him, and there was a sudden movement of the little body pressed close to him.

Then there was a terrible whirling sound in his ears, and the blackest night seemed to settle over everything, and he became unconscious.

News of the disaster traveled fast, and when the train bearing the wrecked passengers drew into Detroit there were hundreds of anxious friends inquiring for dear ones. Strong men were crying and fear was written with horror on their faces as they listened to the story of the dreadful collision.

In one corner, faint and weary, sat a sad faced mother, while her husband searched hither and thither in vain search for their child.

"A little girl with blue eyes!" repeated one of the passengers after him. "Let me see, there was one, but—here, porter, perhaps you can tell the gentleman," and the passenger hastened away.

"There was one child killed, sir," the porter replied slowly. "I hope it ain't yours, I'm sure. Just step this way, please."

He turned to do so, with tears blinding his eyes, but a tiny hand caught hold of his coat, and a childish voice cried: "Don't run away, papa! Ain't you glad to see Bessie?"

"I told the ladies I'd see she got to you safe," Dan explained as they were being driven to Bessie's home.

Even now his head was dizzy, and there were queer pains running through his body. "Yes," cried Bessie, with a happy laugh, as if recalling some pleasant time. "It was an awful funny going to sleep in those funny boxes with curtains. Then I woke up and was under a great big heap of blankets."

THE NEW BARMAID.

It was in Macroland in the sixties—that is, in the days when the diggers dreamed not of prohibition, and when one was much more certain than now to get in a mining town a dram of decent stuff incapable of blowing the cork out.

Plainly, there was something astray. Everybody had arrived (there is no hope for the wretches who would rob the diggers of that comfort) at Widow Brown's pub. In two, three or sixes the whole place dropped in four or five times an hour to have "another gaze."

She was the sole topic of conversation. "Ain't she clean?" said one. "That war a slashing feed we had today," said another. "Best tucker ever I struck," added a third, with a furtive glance from beneath the rim of a hat that seemed intended as a cover for his face.

By the end of the week the newcomer was no longer a stranger. Everybody knew her. She was a woman of over 30, marvelously preserved. She had never been married, though—well, she had been queen of many gold rushes.

The man who has spent a quarter of a century in the Australian provinces has seen ten civilizations, anyway. There is ground for belief that later civilizations have degenerated.

The woman of today is not the cook of the past. There is an air of cindered chops about the present hapless creature. Today too many matrons want their daughters to play "the planner." Too many mothers wash the clothes and get the languid girls to bring them in. Thus the man passing by the clothes line is deceived. Therefore our civilization is finely sharpened and too much reduced at the sides. This reduction has been visible through Australia for 20 years past.

Now, the consequences of this fatal relapse of woman are manifold and terrible. The bad cook is only a slow murderer. But there was grit in our barmaid. She was none of these. She could produce a morsel of man and dig his breads men. She was tidy to a hair. She was trim as a snug vessel, and she was handsome.

Of course the whole district became infatuated with her. Diggers got that way. They sit in the solitude of their heads and dream of the ideal in the guise of the handiest flesh and blood substitute. In the night it is their companion. In this way do single miners love a million times—it is their polygamy. They love with a distant, worshipful love—the desire of the month for the stars.

They are pleased if she visits their claim and watches the water flying from the sluicing nozzle. They show her the rainbow under the jet. They bring her nuggets. And if she speaks to them, be it only a "good day!" they fancy that their affection is making headway and rejoice in every fiber of their being.

Out of her admirers the charmer reduced the cluster to two, and between these the contest was terrible. They hung about the place like unto dogs chained. She ran against one or the other, or both each minute. She spoke to them singly or in a pair 40 times an hour. It was evident to the boys that something was looming up ahead.

The aspirants were named Louis and Charles, both Frenchmen and over 40. The worst of a Frenchman is that France hangs like a plumb bob before his nose, and everything has to be regarded across France. But the regard here was not of conceit—it was fury.

One night there was a rumor that Charles had struck a "pelle" in his claim. People began to bet whether our ideal would be influenced by the find. It was freely asserted that night would see it decided.

I was hot and restless during the evening, and I went down to their sea beach, two miles distant. I sat on a log and smoked and let the sweet hum of the Pacific eat its way into my ears. This content of reverie surpasses the pleasure of books, and is the nearest approach to the pleasure of gratified love which a mind unaccustomed can discover in this crude planet.

Suddenly I saw a figure streaming out toward the sea. It was Louis.

"Don't be a fool!" I said, as I looked my arm in his and led him away. He had been rejected. Additional confirmation was granted when the pair were seen walking out for a stroll on the morrow.

They were married. I didn't see the wedding (a most informal transaction), as I had all my work out to guard Louis. May I never again take such a contract!

Every wedding involves a contract of sentiment. On morning the husband went to work. He returned suddenly and took a silent peep into his apartments. Then he stole off on tiptoe for his gun. That is the other end of the sentiment.

When he returned, the room was empty; the birds had fled.

And because he couldn't find anybody to shoot he pined away and grew ill. When I left, the abandoned one had made his claim over to a stranger.

From that day the story is a blank. The document is unknown. But whenever she is I saw her sooner in the cupboard will be capital. As said before, she was a good cook. Some have thought that cookery is a form of virtue. They erred. Virtue is a form of cookery.—Sydney Bulletin.

How the Old Piano Tuners Escaped. I had my piano tuned yesterday by an old man with long white whiskers. He looked like the same old fellow I met in a small Pennsylvania town some years ago, engaged in the same business. When he had finished the job I thought I would touch him up a trifle. Looking quizzically at him, I said, "I won't strike a note on it for two hours." He seemed surprised and asked, "Why?"

"The old story," I said. "Do you mean to say you never heard it?" "Well, I guess you've got me. Where did you learn that trick? It was invented by the old time tuners who traveled through the country picking up a job here and there. Most of them tuned very badly. They left a piano in worse shape than they found it and were always in danger of a thrashing. They started that idea about letting the instrument alone two hours after tuning so that they would have time to get out of town before discovery. I confess that I did give similar advice in those days and generally drove pretty fast when I left a house. But you need not be afraid now. I am not going to leave New York for several days."—New York Press.

Evidence of Strength. Bellefield—Young Halfback gets his athletic tastes legitimately. He comes from a very athletic family. Bloomfield—Is that so? Bellefield—Yes. His father once held up a train. He had an aunt who did some shoplifting, and an uncle who was quite noted for jumping board bills.—Cincinnati Gazette.

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.

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PROGRESS.

People who get the greatest degree of comfort and real enjoyment out of life, are those who make the most out of their opportunities. Quick perception and good judgment, lead such promptly to adopt and make use of those refined and improved products of modern inventive genius which best serve the needs of their physical being. Accordingly, the most intelligent and progressive people are found to employ the most refined and perfect laxative to regulate and tone up the stomach, liver, and bowels, when in need of such an agent—hence the great popularity of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are made from the purest, most refined and concentrated vegetable extracts, and from forty-two to forty-four are contained in each vial, which is sold at the same price as the cheaper made and more ordinary pills found in the market. In curative virtue there is no comparison to be made between them and the ordinary pills, as any one may easily learn by sending for a free sample, (four to seven doses) of the Pellets, which will be sent on receipt of name and address on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR. The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coat of tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, they are unequalled. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but it is not the one who needs help. Address for free sample, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 565 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Twelve hundred girls and young women in Reading, Pa., earn \$6,000 by turning out 600,000 stockings every week, the market value of which is \$30,000.

It is said that Mrs. Edmund Yates carries her husband's ashes about with her in a little casket, which is fitted into a traveling bag of special design.

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 8:10 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

9:00p. 3:20a. Lv. Ar. 8:15p. 6:10a. 2:45a. 9:10a. Collierville... 3:50p. 1:35p. 3:07a. 9:15a. Wingo... 2:50p. 1:37a. 3:00a. 10:50a. Gallop... 2:30p. 12:35a. 8:30a. 12:30p. Pueblo Springs... 2:35p. 10:15p. 6:50a. 12:25p. Holbrook... 10:40a. 8:55p. 8:10a. 2:55p. Winslow... 9:30a. 7:00p. 10:45a. 5:40p. Flagstaff... 7:30a. 5:40p. 12:35p. 7:55p. Williams... 6:00a. 4:20p. 12:35p. 8:40p. Fort... 3:50a. 2:35p. 2:45p. 9:50p. Seligman... 3:50a. 2:50p. 4:35p. 11:40p. Peach Springs... 3:10a. 12:50p. 1:05p. 1:04a. Hugman... 11:55p. 10:10p. 8:30p. 4:10a. Needles, Cal. 8:50p. 7:50a. 10:30p. 8:10a. Hika... 8:50p. 8:10a. 12:30p. 9:00a. Bagdad... 5:10p. 3:10a. 3:55a. 12:07p. Daggett... 2:45p. 12:32a. 4:15a. 2:50p. Barstow... 12:25p. 12:10a. 6:30p. Ar. Mojave... Lv. 1:00p.

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 Farly 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 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 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.

J. W. BRYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt., Los Angeles, Cal. C. E. BRYAN, Gen. Pass. Agt., San Francisco, Cal. H. E. VAN STON, Gen. Agt., Albuquerque, N. M.

NEW MEXICAN PRINTING COMPANY.

SOMETHING NEW!

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