

SUNBEAMS.

A crowded railroad train is completely in the hands and at the mercy of the engineer, but if he is sober and competent we are all ready to trust him, for we know it is to his interest to carry us through safe. But here we are with our national financial interest placed completely in the keeping and at the mercy of a gold syndicate composed of persons who are strangers to us, and whose interests may be anything but compatible with our safety.

When They're Rebellious and Shirky Duty.

Don't attempt to overcome inactivity of the kidneys with fiery, unmedicated alcoholic stimulants. Use instead Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, in which the spirituous basis only serves as a vehicle for the superb tonic medicinal principles blended with and held in perfect solution by it. Just the right degree of impetus, and no more, is given to the kidneys and bladder by this estimable tonic, stimulant and corrective, which expels through those channels the impurities that give rise to rheumatism, dropsy and gravel, and remedies the chronic inaction of the organs which otherwise must terminate in Bright's disease, diabetes or some other formidable renal malady. An incomparable remedy is the Bitters also for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, malaria and nervousness. Promote appetite and sleep with it.

It is said there is between six and seven hundred million dollars in gold in circulation in the United States. This is a mistake. There is very little gold in actual circulation. The gold in this country is hoarded in banks and safe deposit vaults. The real money in circulation is the money of the people—silver and silver certificates.

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.

Good for grand old Missouri and glorious Dick Bland, no matter if the state is Democratic and Mr. Bland a life long Democrat. The state convention yesterday declared unhesitatingly and emphatically for free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 by an almost unanimous vote. The declaration is thoroughly American and patriotic.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

Full many a fish has landed At Bazzard's bounteous bay, But none so fat and frisky As the fish that got away. He'd give a year's good fishing Likewise a year's full pay, Had he but snatched the fish that failed The fish that got away!

The difference between pills and Simmons Liver Regulator, is just this: Pills don't go down very easy with most people, and you feel them afterwards. While Simmons Liver Regulator in liquid or powder is very pleasant to take, and the only feeling that you have afterwards is the great relief that it gives from constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. It is a mild laxative and a tonic.

What has become of all your fine diamonds? They're still in the family, I hope? Oh, yes; my uncle has them. Gawge—Cholly was badly frightened this morning. Willie—What happened? Gawge—Just as he turned the corner the shadow of one of those big rats fell on him.

Where are you going—What's that? she said. And the woman now held up her head. Don't be too gay; I'm tired and sick Of ogling dudes. Skeddadle! Bud, Edger, love, would you die for me? Willingly, dear. What is puzzling me now, is how I am going to live for you.

Men Don't

Sander's Electric Belt.

Further waste of money on drugs, ointments, etc. They you. You have them and know. Nature is a law. WAYS willing cure you, and no man suffering from the following ailments is incurable: Neurinal Weakness, Excesses, Paralysis, Total Impotence, Brain Exhaustion, Losses, Forgetfulness, Indigestion, Rheumatism, etc. But nature's own remedy must be scientifically used. It is ELECTRICITY, and the greatest possible perfection for its application is attained in the well-known Sander's Electric Belt. This invention has been sold and given complete satisfaction for nearly thirty years, and we refer our sufferers to hundreds of cures in every State. Three drops in the dose, and join our army of cures in blessing the greatest benevolent given weak men. This belt also cures: Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and general ill-health.

A pocket edition of Dr. Sander's celebrated book

"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 Sander Electric Co., No. 236 Sixteenth St., Denver, Col. Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng. Largest Electro-Medical Concern in the World!

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.

THE NEW BOY.

Scene—The upper hall of Dr. Pushman's select family school, in which pupils enjoy all the advantages of a refined home and are thoroughly prepared for college or commercial life. Half a dozen promising young gentlemen are seated about the stove listening to Foxy Gallup's graphic description of how Godwin tripped up Dr. Pushman, rolled down stairs with him and then ran away to New York, a happening with which Foxy is thoroughly familiar, and which is regarded as one of the most important landmarks in the history of the school.

Master Thomas Wintergreen (entering)—I say, fellows, the new boy's just come, and he'll be here in less'n five minutes.

Foxy (excitedly)—Hurrah! Now we'll have some fun. Tomny, you run and make a big snowball to put in his bed, and I'll tie a string across the door to trip him up.

Master Wintergreen—Choose! The old man's coming up with him, so you'd better lay low. (The doctor and the new boy are heard approaching, and the young gentlemen quickly throw themselves into attitudes of decorum.)

Dr. Pushman (entering in company with the new boy)—Young gentlemen, this is Master Ridgway, my new pupil. He will share your studies and have his room on this floor. I trust that his manners will not be contaminated by the association. (The young gentlemen rise and salute the newcomer with well feigned cordiality, and the doctor disappears down the staircase.)

Foxy—I say, young fellow, where do you hail from?

New Boy (diffidently)—I live in Brooklyn.

Foxy—You don't tell me? Why, that's not very far away. On clear nights you can see the Brooklyn bridge from Tomny's window.

New Boy—I don't believe it. My mother told me I was coming 100 miles from home.

Foxy (very politely)—Oh, yes, you can see it. Just sit in with me and I'll show it to you. The atmosphere here is so highly rarefied—as you will learn in the daily sessions of the natural history class—that we can see through immense distances. After you, please. (As the new boy crosses the threshold a can of water which has been standing on the top of the door falls on him, to the intense amusement of his companions. Foxy and Tomny are assiduous in their expressions of regret at the disaster and administer a severe rebuke to the others for laughing at it.)

Foxy (in pleasant tones)—Sit close to the fire, you new fellow, and dry yourself before you go to bed. I hope we'll get some sleep tonight, for the ghost kept us awake last night. Gracious, how he did scream, though!

New Boy—What ghost?

Foxy—Why, the ghost of the boy that was beaten to death by the doctor about two years ago. Every once in awhile we hear him hollering and screaming, and I tell you there isn't much sleep when that row is going on.

New Boy (defiantly)—I don't believe it, and, what's more, you can't scare me with any of your ghost stories.

Foxy (significantly)—Well, you needn't believe it unless you want to, but you'd believe it wouldn't you, if you work to see that ghost walk up to your bedside in the middle of the night? There's the last bell, and we'd better get to bed before the old man comes around.

(Exit omnes.)

Act II.—Time, 10:30 p. m.

Scene—Dr. Pushman's study on the lower floor.

Dr. Pushman (awakening suddenly from a doze)—My dear, it's so quiet up stairs tonight that I can't sleep. I wonder what those boys are up to. I noticed two or three of them reading the Bibles when I made the rounds last night, and that is always ominous. Our last pupil, you remember, ran away this morning after he arrived here, and I don't care to lose this one too. Just hand me my rattle, please. I think I'll step up stairs and see what's going on.

(Exit with rattle and tread.)

Act III.—Time, 10:30 p. m.

Scene—Apartment occupied by Foxy Gallup and Master Wintergreen. Half a dozen young gentlemen clad in nightshirts discovered engaged in an animated consultation.

—Now, then, Billy, you'd better go down on the staircase and keep watch for the old man.

Billy Trumbull—Oh, the old man's all right, and, besides, I don't want to miss the fun.

Foxy—Well, we'd better all keep our eyes peeled. That's all I've got to say. Now, just look alive with that sheet and remember we mustn't run out till Tomny hollers, "Oh, doctor, don't beat me!" (Draps Master Wintergreen in a sheet and pins it together in a secure and artistic manner.) Quick! Gimme the phosphorus till I make a pair of eyes and a fiery nose. Then! How does that look? Not quite as good as the one we frightened the last fellow with, but it'll do.

Master Wintergreen—Can't you fix it if I can't? I'm blind as a bat in here and can't tell which I'm going.

Foxy—Never mind seeing. You can feel your way all right after you've once started. Don't fall over the stove. Now, then, off you go and be sure you holler loud enough to wake him. (Propels him into the hall and closes the door softly.) Now, then, you fellows all keep quiet and listen. There he goes!

Ghost (from without)—Oh! Oh! Oh! Please don't, doctor!

Foxy (dancing with glee)—Hear him now, will you? I'll bet that new fellow's a-trembling in his shoes. Tomny's the boy can play ghost better'n any one in the school. There he goes again. Now out we go and see the fun! Come along, fellows! (Opens the door and sallies forth, followed by the rest.)

Ghost (whistling in the doctor's grasp)—Oh, please, doctor, I can't help walking in my sleep! I want a-doin' nothin, an I won't do it any more! Oh, doctor!

Foxy (aghast)—By gosh, fellows, the doctor's got him, an he's catchin' it! Cheese it! (Exit omnes.)

Curtain.—Boston Herald.

Hearts Were Not Trumps.

A little fellow who was evidently taking his first lessons in orthography picked up a heart-shaped pin from his mother's dressing table recently, and running to her for the purpose of displaying his talent said, "That is a h-o-r-t, isn't it, mamma?" "You are a fine speller, Freddie," replied the fond, but ignorant parent. "You should say h-o-r-t." All of which goes to show that it is a good idea for parents to learn how to shoot before they attempt to teach the young idea.—New York Herald.

Largest Coin.

The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold Ingot, or "hog," of Arizona, a flat, round goldpiece worth about \$510, the value being written upon it in Indian ink.

CHILDREN'S SAVINGS.

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled expresses it about as well as any who we have seen. "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"Nothing escapes your eagle eye, Harold," said a proud father. "No, nor my eagle ear either," replied the lad.

A small boy began his regular prayer in his regular way. "Now—I—Jay—me"—and there he stuck fast. "Down," said his mother, prompting. Whereupon Johnny set off again with great alacrity and fluency. "Down came a blackbird and nipped off her nose."

A little child in one of the public schools was rebuked for using a slang expression and excused herself by replying, "Well, my brother said it." The teacher said, "Your brother ought to be more careful of his language." "Oh," said the little one apologetically, "you know you can't stop boys from bringing slang into the house. Can you?"

Mother (to Bobby)—I'm shocked to hear that Willie Waffles whipped the poor cat. My little boy wouldn't do such a thing. Bobby (with conscious moral superiority)—No, indeed, ma. Mother—Why didn't you stop him, Bobby? Bobby—I couldn't, ma. I was holding the cat.

Little 3-year-old was out in the fields the other day and came running in with, "I saw a pansy, and I was going to pick it up, and it was a butterfly, and it flew away!"

"What is an apostle?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.

Business Man (with his feet on his desk, to small applicant)—Boy, don't you know enough when you enter a gentleman's office to take your hat off? Boy (taking off his hat)—Yes, sir. Where shall I hang it; on your feet?

Her grandmother was so sick that the report got out that she was dead. A sympathetic old gentleman met the child on the street. "And when is your grandmother to be buried, my dear?" he asked her. "Not till she's dead, sir."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hard Work.

May—Jack sprained both of his arms last summer.

Algio—How did it happen?

May—He was the only man at Sea Beach.—Brooklyn Life.



A Smart Dog.

"I suppose you remember my dog, Dagobert?" asked the man with the ginger beard.

"Can't say as I do," said the grocer, "though I remember hearin you say you had such a dog."

"Well, one time I lost him. I waited about four days 'lowin' probly he was away on some of his own business. Then I advertised in the country paper, and what do you think but the dog comes in home as cool as you please the day after I put in the advertisement!"

"Wasted your money, eh?" said the man from Potato creek.

"I thought that away myself," said the man with the ginger beard, "till I heard the straight of it. You see, me and the dog had had a little fallin out, and I said in his presence that I didn't care much of I lost him. Next day he was gone. I found out afterward he had gone to one of the neighbors, and he made himself useful in haws and in killin rats, so they let him stay. But they tell me that every mornin Dagobert he would get the paper and look over the 'lost' column, and as soon as I put that notice in he give one bark and started for home as fast as he could leg it. Second time we had a quarrel, though, the lost dog business didn't work worth a cent."

"So it was just a coincidence the first time, was it?" said the man from Potato creek.

"No. The next time I had to put in one of them there 'come home and all will be forgiven' personals."

"The man from Potato creek looked sad.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Was Prepared.

Julian Ralph, when he went to China, prepared himself very carefully by learning English, which he had been learning the first useful, and on discovering a Chinaman in his bedroom at a hotel in Shanghai remarked: "Hello! What thing? What fashion man you belong? What side you come?" To which the Chinaman replied: "This is Mr. Ralph, I presume. We have mutual friends who suggested my calling on you. Oh, that's all right! I spent eight years at school in Norwich, Conn." "Ah," said Mr. Ralph, partially recovering his presence of mind, "velly well, velly well!"—Argonaut.

Lengthy.

A—Why did Jay break off his engagement with Miss Oldacres?

X—On account of her past.

A—What was the matter with it?

X—Nothing, only he thought it was too long.—Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Myaherr Wilhelm happy married Franklin Lizzy Nappy, a maiden very scrappy, full of fight, And since then it is related that this pair so badly mated have a fine old row created every night.

All the day long they are busy, are Wilhelm and his Lizzy, but at night they'd make you dizzy with their tongues. There'll be curse and imprecation in a Dutch accentation till you're red in admiration of their lungs.

But last night as they were sitting by the fire the thought went flitting through her mind they'd best be quitting all their strife.

And after much reflection on all matters in connection with the move in deep dejection sat the wife:

"Now, Wilhelm, vas I admire is dat dog und eet Mariah vat can sit down by der fire in a wad a spat."

Dey sit down nice and kviet, and dey never yass like dat?"

"Yav," said he in rising ire, "dat same dog und eet Mariah vas sit kviet by der fire—dat's all right."

But, mein frau, I dank you beedder woen to tie dem two tergedder like ve are und don see vedder dey von't fight."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE NEW MEXICAN.

Daily, English Weekly and Spanish Weekly editions, will be found on sale at the following newsdeposits, where subscriptions may also be made:

A. O. Teichman, Oerrillos.

B. E. Newcomer, Albuquerque.

B. T. Link, Silver City.

J. B. Hodgen, Deming.

O. C. Miller, Hillsborough.

B. Dudley, East Las Vegas.

L. B. Allen, Las Vegas.

San Felipe, Albuquerque.

Jacob W. Altier, City.

Wiescher & Arnold, Bland, N. M.

Partly Able to Identify Him.

Mr. Chugwater went to one of the banks the other day to make a deposit. While he was filling out a blank at one of the counters provided for that purpose a large, beery man with a draft in his hand stepped alongside, seized a pen and proceeded to intorse the draft. Finding Mr. Chugwater in his way, he unceremoniously elbowed him to one side, scrawled his name hastily on the back of the draft and stepped up to one of the windows.

"I like to get this cashed," he said.

The paying teller examined the paper, looked at the large, beery man and replied: "I don't know you, sir."

"My name is Tuggins. I've done business at this bank off and on for more than a year."

"I don't doubt that, but I don't happen to know you, and you'll have to get somebody to identify you."

Mr. Tuggins looked round. There was nobody in sight except Mr. Chugwater, who stood directly behind him awaiting his turn.

"You've seen me here occasionally, haven't you?" he said. "I know you very well by sight. My name is Tuggins. You can identify me, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Chugwater cheerfully. "I can identify you, sir. I can identify you as the man that shoved me away from that table just now, sir, but I don't know your name, sir, and I don't want to know it, sir. Will you have the kindness to get out of my way?"

Mr. Chugwater pushed him aside and stepped to the window, and Mr. Tuggins went outside to find an acquaintance and to cool off.—Chicago Tribune.

It Ended as Usual.

A colored man was standing with his back to a wall of a grocery on Gratiot avenue, near Beaubien street, a night or two ago, when a second of the same complexion came along and exclaimed: "Ho! Dat's yo', am it? I've bin wantin to see yo' fur a good while. What 'bout dat fo' dollars yo' owe me?"

"Fo' dollars?" queried the other.

"Yes, sah—fo' dollars. Mr. Tuggins owed me dat money sence las' fall. Am yo' gwine ter pay or git licked?"

"I owes yo' fo' dollars, does I?"

"Of co'se yo' does. What yo' keep axin me if yo' owes me fo' dollars?"

"If I owes yo' fo' dollars, I kin pay it."

"Whut?"

"Right off now, sah. Joss git me out de change fur a \$50 bill. Can't no man say I owes him fo' dollars longer dan I kin git into my pocket. Out wid dat change!"

"Has yo' got a \$50 bill?"

"What's dat change?"

"Show me dat change."

"Hu, nigger, doan' yo' fool wid cog wheels!"

"Coon, doan' yo' monkey wid buzz saw!"

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

And then they breathed hard and glared at each other and began backing off, and 60 seconds later darkness hid them, and the angel of peace smiled as before.—Detroit Free Press.

An Accommodating Road.

"In Santa Rosa," remarked a commercial traveler, "the street railway company lives up to its public announcements.—Every courtesy shown travelers on our line."

"The last time I was there the conductor stopped the car and sat down to read a newspaper."

"What's the matter? Broke down?" I asked.

"No; Joe Thomas wanted to collect a bill from a fellow in that shoopshop. He's owed it about three years, and this is the first time Joe has seen him," explained the conductor.

"The passenger returned in three minutes, and we went a few blocks farther, when the car stopped again."

"What's up now? Another debtor in sight? I asked."

"Just a minute and we'll go. Henry Hopper and Charlie Hardin wanted to shake razzle dazle for a drink."

"In the next block the conductor waited for Will Keenan to buy a steak for dinner and look up his blacksmith shop. It's an accommodating company."—San Francisco Post.

After the Negotiations at Chenu.

"And now?"

The Cent Mutes smiled amiably.

"After our lengthy labors over the terms of peace a little collation?"

He turned to the representative of the Flawery Kingdom.

"—would not come amiss. Your favorite dish is?"

He paused for a reply.

"Rats!"

It was the chief man of China who answered.

Even after the gloomy guests had departed the Japanese statesman pondered whether the terms of Li Hung Chang were indicative of distemper, a wish for what he wanted.—New York World.

Not His Fault.

Judge—I am surprised that a youth of your age, who has been carefully reared by God fearing parents, could have become such a hardened criminal. Where did you learn to steal?

Prisoner—In Sunday school, sir.

Judge—In Sunday school? What do you mean?

Prisoner—The superintendent, sir, turned out to be a forger. I had always been taught to look up to him as a good man and to follow his example.—Buffalo Express.

An Average Housekeeper.

Mrs. Bingle—What perfectly horrible weather we are having! I haven't seen the sun for a week and everything is moldy.

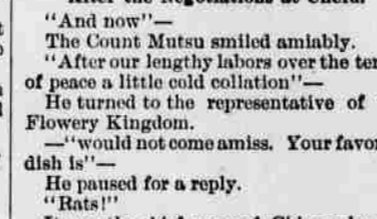
Mrs. Bingle (a day later)—Mercy on us, Mary! The sun is shining right in on the carpets. Close the shutters.—New York Weekly.

Explained.

Wife (at breakfast)—I didn't hear you when you came in last night.

Husband—I guess that's the reason I didn't hear you.—Once a Week.

"It is the best patent medicine in the world" is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marqum, 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.



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 purifies every organ of the body to activity, purifies 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 builds up the stomach and nerves get the rich blood they require.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars with no Benefit. M. J. COLEMAN of 77 Sargent St., Roxbury, Mass., writes: "After suffering from dyspepsia and constipation with me for at least 18 months, I am more than pleased to say that after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for one month, I was entirely cured, and from that day to this I do not know, thank God, what it is to suffer from slight headache. I paid a doctor on Tremont St., Boston, in case of my dyspepsia only the sum of \$100 with \$250 for medicine, and derived of M. J. COLEMAN, Esq., Lowell, I got more relief in one hour from your medicines, as far as my stomach was concerned, than from all the other medicine I used. If any person who reads this is suffering from dyspepsia or constipation and will use your medicines as I have done, he will never regret it."



Aristotle was the first philosopher to suggest the real cause of the phenomenon of dew. He said: "The sun's heat raises the vapor, from which the dew is formed as soon as that heat is no longer present to sustain the vapor."

We make them in all manner of styles.

We bind them in any style you wish.

We rule them to order

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	
9:45p.	3:00a.	Ly.	Ar.
8:45p.	8:00a.	Albuquerque	8:15p.
3:07a.	9:15a.	Coolidge	3:35p.
3:35a.	10:00a.	Wingate	2:50p.
3:55a.	10:50a.	Gallup	2:20p.
4:25a.	11:50a.	Navajo Springs	1:35p.
4:55a.	12:50a.	Holbrook	10:40a.
5:15a.	1:25p.	Winslow	8:30a.
10:15a.	3:00p.	Fingstap	7:25a.
12:35p.	7:30p.	Williams	6:50a.
1:05p.	8:00p.	Ash Fork	4:30a.
4:05p.	11:00p.	Pench Springs	2:10a.
4:35p.	10:00a.	Kingsman	12:50a.
8:30p.	4:10a.	Needles, Cal.	8:30p.
10:30p.	6:10a.	Blake	7:30p.
12:50a.	8:00a.	Bugeton	3:10a.
4:15a.	12:05p.	Daggett	2:45p.
8:20a.	3:05p.	Harstow, Lv.	12:30p.
		Ar., Mojave	1:30p.

WESTWARD STATIONS EASTWARD

9:45p. 3:00a. Ly. Ar. 8:15p. 6:10a.

8:45p. 8:00a. Albuquerque 8:15p.

3:07a. 9:15a. Coolidge 3:35p.

3:35a. 10:00a. Wingate 2:50p.

3:55a. 10:50a. Gallup 2:20p.

4:25a. 11:50a. Navajo Springs 1:35p.

4:55a. 12:50a. Holbrook 10:40a.

5:15a. 1:25p. Winslow 8:30a.

10:15a. 3:00p. Fingstap 7:25a.

12:35p. 7:30p. Williams 6:50a.

1:05p. 8:00p. Ash Fork 4:30a.

4:05p. 11:00p. Pench Springs 2:10a.

4:35p. 10:00a. Kingsman 12:50a.

8:30p. 4:10a. Needles, Cal. 8:30p.

10:30p. 6:10a. Blake 7:30p.

12:50a. 8:00a. Bugeton 3:10a.

4:15a. 12:05p. Daggett 2:45p.

8:20a. 3:05p. Harstow, Lv. 12:30p.

Ar., Mojave 1:30p.

Arrive Los Angeles 9:35 a. m.; 6:30 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles at 7:00 a. m.; 8:00 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 1:00 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 and San Diego and Chicago.

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, the great middle route across the American continent, in connection with the railroads of the "Santa Fe route." Liberal management; superior facilities; picturesque scenery; excellent accommodations.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado

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