

SUNBEAMS.

The plaintiff's attorney in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate young man who was the unwilling defendant.

Do you mean to say, he asked, after a lot of embarrassing questions, that after you had been absent for an entire month, you did not kiss the plaintiff to whom you were engaged to be married when you first saw her on your return?

I do respond to the defendant firmly. Will you make that statement to the jury?

Certainly, if necessary. Do you think that they would believe you?

One of them would I know. Ah, indeed. And why should he, pray?

Because he was present when I first saw her on the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second story, and I said to her, how d'ye do?

And she said to me, how d'ye do? and I said to her, how d'ye do? and she said to me, how d'ye do?

That's the way, howled Mr. Wigglesworth. "That's the way to go through the wickets."

He took the bent wire from his wife's mallet and thrust it back in the ground. "Lemme show ye," he said in a tone of importance.

Mr. Wigglesworth sent his ball through the first wicket, and nearly got it through the second, and probably would have done so anyway if the minister hadn't leaned over the fence at that moment and disconcerted his aim.

"Delightful game," commented the minister in a kindly tone. "Full of life, requiring the exercise of skill and an admirable discipline for the temper. I am very fond of it."

Encouraged by this favorable opinion, Mrs. Wigglesworth bunted her ball under the wire arch and struck the ball of her opponent.

"Bravo!" cried the minister, gleefully clapping his hands. "A good stroke. Now, you can croquet his ball out of your way."

He explained how this could be done, and under his instruction Mrs. Wigglesworth sent her husband's ball merrily bounding to the far extremity of the lawn.

Encouraged by this favorable opinion, Mrs. Wigglesworth bunted her ball under the wire arch and struck the ball of her opponent.

"Who's playing this game anyway?" he sneered, glancing at the minister. "Why, Ellery!" expostulated Mrs. Wigglesworth.

"I can beat the whole box and dice of ye!" ejaculated her husband angrily, as with a lucky stroke the ball rolled.

"Let me help you," suggested the minister, leaning over him with a look of sympathy in his countenance.

Mr. Wigglesworth straightened out like a cracked spring. "You get out of this yard!" he yelled.

"Don't you think because I go to your church and drop an envelope in the contribution box that you can come around here putting on airs and trying to make my wife think she's the head of the family? I want you to understand that I can run this ranch without any!"

With a face frozen in horror the minister had already dashed up the street, and Mr. Wigglesworth turned the battery on his wife. But that lady had discreetly vanished.

A neighbor saw a man peering wildly about the lawn, waving above his head a painted mallet. At every blow, struck with terrific violence, a wide wicket would go sailing through the air and rattle upon the barn roof far distant.

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.

WIGGLESWORTH NEEDS EXERCISE. And So He Purchases a Croquet Set and Starts In.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Wigglesworth, following up the steps at noon and setting down a long, flat box. "There's something that's got life in it."

"Why, Ellery, what is it?" said his wife, giving a little scream and backing away. "Don't shy," grinned Mr. Wigglesworth; "it's a croquet set."

"O-o-h-h!" cried Mrs. Wigglesworth, clapping her hands. "How nice! And will you play with it?"

"Play with it?" mimicked Mr. Wigglesworth. "Why'd ye think we'd do; hang it on the parlor wall? Might wear it to the governor's reception, I s'pose. Or maybe the hired girl would like to stuff a turkey with it—she's tried most everything else."

Finishing his dinner to the accompaniment of this cheerful style of comment, which Mr. Wigglesworth, along with other men, kept in reserve especially for his wife, he went out on the lawn and adjusted the wire hoops according to diagram.

"Best exercise in the world," he boasted, waving a mallet in the air. "Old Wetheres told me he reduced his weight nine pounds in two weeks. Come down here!" he called to his wife, "and let's have a game."

Mrs. Wigglesworth adjusted the ball under her husband's direction. "Do I knock it through this first wicket first?" she asked.

"Course," tartly answered Mr. Wigglesworth; "think ye had to knock it through the last one first? Might try to get it through the seventh one fourth, I s'pose. Mrs. Wigglesworth's new rules for croquet, got up by her own self."

Putting her tongue between her teeth, Mrs. Wigglesworth struck smartly at the ball and dug a hole in the lawn. Quickly recovering, she dealt a second stroke, avoided the ball and tore the wicket out of the ground.

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Legal Notice. Cruz Sanchez, et al., Complainants, vs. Hartman & Weil, a partnership composed of George W. Hartman and Alfred Weil, Defendants.

In pursuance of a final decree made and entered on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1895, whereby it was provided that, in the event of the failure of the defendants herein to pay the complainants within twenty days the sum of \$1,868.85, with 6 per cent interest thereon from March 1, 1894, and costs as therein decreed, the property hereinafter described should be sold to satisfy said decree, I, William H. Pope, special master, hereby give notice, the condition of payment not having been complied with, that I will on the 10th day of September, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the court house of the county of Santa Fe, territory of New Mexico, offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash, as an entirety, the following described property, to-wit:

The southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section thirty-two, township thirteen north, range nine east, New Mexico principal meridian, together with all veins of coal and improvements thereon, situated near the town of Cerillos, in Santa Fe county, New Mexico; said property being known as the O'Mara coal mine.

The purchaser or purchasers shall upon immediately upon the confirmation of said sale by the court and the tender of the special master at least ten per cent of the purchase money together with a memorandum signed by or in behalf of said purchaser or purchasers promising to pay the balance of said purchase money immediately upon the confirmation of said sale by the court and the tender of the special master's deed. The undersigned special master on the day of sale and from time to time thereafter may adjourn and keep open said sale in his discretion; and from and after the date of the sale of the property by the undersigned in the manner aforesaid, the defendants and all persons claiming under them shall be and stand absolutely debarred and foreclosed of and from all equity of redemption, in and to the lands, real estate and premises herein ordered to be sold.

WILLIAM H. POPE, Special Master. A. B. RENEHAN, J. H. SUTHERLIN, Solicitors for Complainants. Dated at Santa Fe, N. M., August 9, 1895.

Legal Notice. In the district court of the first judicial district of the territory of New Mexico in and for the county of Santa Fe thereof. Norman B. Cornwell, Complainant, vs. Mary L. Cornwell, Respondent.

The above named respondent is hereby notified that suit for dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between the said respondent and the complainant in said cause and for general relief has been filed against her in the district court aforesaid and that unless she enter or cause to be entered an appearance in her behalf in said cause on or before the return day of process therein to appear on the first Monday in October, 1895, a decree pro confesso therein will be entered against her in the same.

[SEAL] GEO. L. WYLLYS, Clerk. A. B. RENEHAN, Solicitor for Complainant. Dated at Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 10, 1895.

To Boston. A one-rate rate for the round trip for the Twenty-sixth Triennial Conclave Knights Templar, which will be held in Boston August 26th to 30th, inclusive, has been made by the Burlington Route.

Tickets on sale from Colorado points August 17th to 22nd, inclusive. A slightly higher rate will be charged for tickets which are good going by one and returning by another or different routes. Take advantage of these greatly reduced rates and visit your friends in the east. Select your own route and write to the undersigned for rates and full particulars. Apply to your agent or Geo. W. Vallery, General Agent, 1039 Seventeenth street, Denver, Colo.

G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10-14, 1895. For the above occasion the Santa Fe route will place on sale tickets to Louisville, Ky., and return at one fare for the round trip to Chicago or St. Louis, added to 1 cent per mile from those gateways to Louisville and return. Dates of sale September 6 to 8, 1895, good for return passage until September 25, 1895.

For particulars call on agents of the "Santa Fe Route." H. S. LUTZ, Agt. GEO. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A.

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, Cerillos. S. E. Newcomer, Albuquerque. B. T. Link, Silver City. J. B. Hodgen, Deming. C. C. Miller, Hillsborough. B. Dailley, East Las Vegas. L. R. Allen, Las Vegas. San Felipe, Albuquerque. Jacob Weltmer, City. Fletcher & Arnold, Bland, N. M.

ANTONIO WINDSOR. Architect & Contractor. Close Figurine, Modern Methods, Skilled Mechanics.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Manhood. Not till life's heat has cooled, The heading rush slowed to a quiet pace, And every purrilled passion that had ruled Upon us from the vast and wilding height.

How beautiful is rest! After the long and wearying day of care, When motionless the fervid summer air, To feel that toil and striving are all done, To watch the fields and hills at set of sun, Type of that land by every nation blessed— How beautiful is rest!

How beautiful is sleep! After the fever leaves the throbbing veins, To close the eyes and slumber are all done, And 'neath the shadows of the earthly streams To gently glide into the land of dreams, Where memory and fond youth their visions keep— How beautiful is sleep!

How beautiful is love! The heart that beats in sympathy with thine, The smile that lights the earth with rays divine, The song that soothes the soul in pain and woe, The hands that clasp thine own when hot tears flow, The tender tone, like music from above— How beautiful is love!

How beautiful is hope! When breaking stormclouds show the blue sky rifts, After the snow melts and the vapor lifts, When spring returns and the white dove draws near, To dwell with us, type of the spirit dear, When rainbow arches crown life's mountain slope— How beautiful is hope!

How beautiful was peace! When brothers met in strife that foes abhor On crimson fields of interminable war; When fond hearts bled far o'er a shuddering sand, While brave souls fled to join the scrupled band, When trumpet tones proclaimed that war might cease— How beautiful was peace!

How beautiful is death! After all care and pain and toil are o'er To close the eyes upon this earthly shore, Followed by memories of undying love, Welcome'd by guardian angels from above, How tranquil to resign this laboring breath! How beautiful is death! —Julia Noyes Stickney.

The Children. Only to keep them so, Soft, warm and young, The wee feeble fingers, The babbling tongue, Tears that we kiss away, Smiles that we win, Careless of knowledge, As gullies of sin.

Only to keep them so, Frank, true and pure; Of our full wisdom, So lovingly sure; Our frown all they shrink from, Our bent their law, Our store, whence all gladness They fearlessly draw.

Only to keep them so, Sweet hands that cling, Sweet lips that laugh for us, Sweet tones that ring, Curis that we train to wave, Feet that we guide, Each fresh step a wonder, Each new word a pride, —All the Year Round.

Dear Mother Earth! Dear Mother Earth, full oft I long To sing thy praises in a song! I ache to lay me down to rest Somewhere upon thy yielding breast, To turn my weary wearied feet Beyond the seeming endless street And seek some dimpled country place, Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace, Each fresh step a wonder, Each new word a pride, —All the Year Round.

Like old Antaus long ago, Whose strength surged up from earth below, I feel there is a peace in thee Which thou dost whisper unto me When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek, Thou art so strong and I so weak, And some time there shall come a day To me like thee, when I shall lay Me deep to mingle with thy clay, Dear Mother Earth!

Thy gift to me shall come to thee, And as thou art, so shall I be. I owe thee all, and so must try To make thee better than I be. And as we twain are one I see Bettering myself may better thee. And so I rise from thy embrace, Revived and with a hopeful grace, Thus having met thee face to face, Dear Mother Earth! —J. Edmund V. Cooke.

Shall I Regret? Shall I regret my youth is gone? And gone its sweet attendant train, Fond hopes which unto me alone It should be given to attain, Illusions which should ne'er dispel The slow, remorseless march of time, Desired I should not fear to tell When prose had to us the place of rhyme, Beliefs which, though they changed with me, I should not laugh to have believed, And trust and hope and love of thee, All gone since love has been deceived. All these are gone, shall I regret That thou hast robbed me of my youth? No; rather let me thee forget, And strive to still believe in truth, And if in this I should succeed Shall I regret that I am old? A happiness of honest deed Is more worth winning than a face. —Fall Mall Budget.

The Eye. A little spot, just bordered round With colors caught from pony bed— A window where the panes are bound In sashes framed in human heads— The iris is A passageway, unlit, but used By messengers who know the way To human souls at times abused, By idle ones who stop to play There, purposeless. —Willie Walton Frantz.

Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy Walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud, For you, pocketless of a dime, may purchase The pick of the earth. To glance with an eye or hear of a bean in its pod confounds the hearing of all times. There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero. —Walt Whitman.

"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.

DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? If so, then permit us to say that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed, a true "Mother's Friend," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted. Send to cents for a large Book (168 pages), giving all particulars. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PAINELESS CHILD BIRTH. Mrs. FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. Y., says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two babies last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I kept your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suffered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor, and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was born seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day."

Mrs. CHILSEY—I see statistics show that seventy-five per cent of male criminals are unmarried. Mr. Chilsey—which shows how many men prefer matrimony. And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsey could hear herself reflect.

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.; 5:00 p. m. Leave Denver at 11:50 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. Lv. Ar. Albuquerque... 8:45p. 6:40a. 2:45a. 9:10a. 3:30p. 1:35p. 3:07a. 8:15a. 1:10p. 2:50p. 1:07a. 3:35a. 10:05a. 12:30p. 12:30p. 12:30p. 10:15p. 5:30a. 12:50p. Navajo Springs. 12:30p. 10:15p. 6:50a. 1:25a. Holbrook. 10:40a. 8:55p. 8:30a. 1:50a. 1:30a. 1:30a. 2:50p. 10:45a. 5:40p. Flagstaff. 7:20a. 5:40p. 12:35p. 7:50p. Williams. 6:00a. 4:20p. 1:20p. 8:40p. Ash Fork. 1:30a. 2:50p. 2:45p. 9:50p. Seligman. 3:35a. 2:30p. 4:05p. 11:40p. Peach Springs. 2:10a. 12:40p. 1:20p. 1:40a. Kingman. 11:30p. 9:10a. 8:30p. 4:10a. Needles, Cal. 8:50p. 7:50a. 10:30p. 1:00a. Blake. 7:25p. 6:10a. 12:50a. 9:50a. Bagdad. 4:10p. 3:10a. 3:35a. 12:30p. Darggett. 2:45p. 12:32a. 4:15a. 8:00p. Ariz. 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.

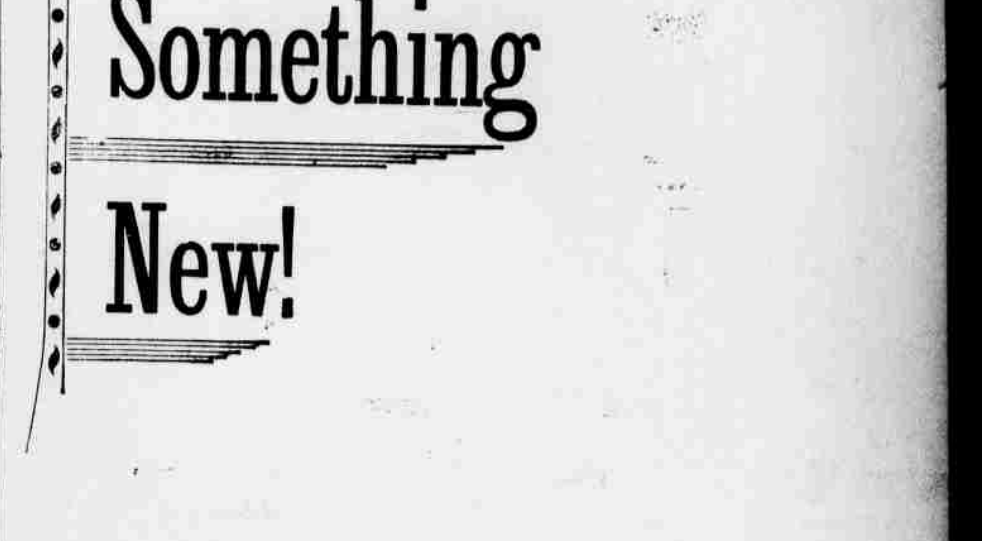
CONNECTIONS. ALBUQUERQUE—A. T. & S. F. Railway for all points east and south. ASH FORK—Santa Fe, Prescott & Phoenix Railway for points in central and southern Arizona. BLAKE—Nevada Southern Railway for Purdy and connection with stage lines for mining districts north. BARTOW—Southern California Railway 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

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