

SUNBEAMS.

The only women who are permitted to wear trousers in France are Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dicaufay, the Parisian archeologist, Mme. Fousault, the bearded woman, and the feminine stonecutters.

Wearry and Worn.

When the tired factory operative, the weary out-door laborer, the overtasked book-keeper or clerk seeks a medical recourse for expenditure of bodily force, where shall he find it? Could the recorded experience of thousands of workers be voiced, the verdict would be that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters renews falling strength, stimulates the jaded mental powers to fresh activity, and relaxes undue nervous tension as nothing else does.

Dr. Theodore R. Timby, the inventor of the turbine wheel, is now living in Chicago. At 72 years of age he is as hale and active as most men of 50.

There is one medicine which every family should be provided with. We refer to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. When it is kept at hand a severe pain of a burn or scald may be promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for.

Four generations of the same family are being taken care of at the poor farm near Oldfield, Me. There are hereditary paupers as well as hereditary millionaires.

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

A Kentucky family has broken the record in being visited by a death, a birth and a marriage within one hour.

The burden of labor is constantly being lightened by new inventions, but nothing new has yet been discovered to brighten the hours of labor, and make life worth living like Simmons Liver Regulator does.

Sir Thomas McNeal says: When a man insists on telling you how honest he is, listen to him as if you believed it, but trade horses with some other man.

"While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chalmers, editor of the Ohio (Cal.) Enterprise, "I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints." For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

A piano in a lion cage is the latest stage specialty. It has been introduced by a hitherto obscure female piano teacher, who first performed in a lion cage in a menagerie at Dewsbury, England.

Men Don't



Further waste money on drugs, medicine, etc. They will never cure you. You have probably tried them and know it. Nature is waiting to cure you, and no man suffering from the following: Headache, Weakness, Emission, Partial or Total Impotence, Urinary Excretion, Leucorrhoea, Protrusion, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, etc. But nature's own remedy must be scientifically used. It is SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, and the greatest possible perfection for its application is attained in the well-known Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt. This invention has been sold and given complete satisfaction for nearly thirty years, and we refer to hundreds of cures in every State. Throw drugs to the dogs, and join our army of cures in blessing the greatest boon ever 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. Sanden'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 Sanden Electric Co., No. 928 Sixteenth St., Denver, Col. Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng. Largest Electro-Medical Concern in the World!

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and treasurer of the Corinne Mill, Canal and Stock Co., of Corinne, Utah, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says: "I consider it the best in the market. I have used many kinds but find Chamberlain's the most prompt and effectual in giving relief, and now keep no other in my home." When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial and we assure you that you will be more than pleased with the result. For sale by A. C. Ireland, Jr.

BANSHEE.

An aged desolation, She sits by old Shannon's flowing, A mother of many children, Of children exiled and dead. In her home, with bent head, homeless, Clasp her knee, she sobs, Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy grass Trembles on dun and barrow, Around the foot of her ancient crosses The grave grass shakes and the nettles swing. In haunted glens the meadow sweet Flings to the night wind Her mystic mournful perfume. The sad spearmin by holy wells Breathes melancholy balm. —Dr. Todhunter.

DEFENSE OF DAMLLI.

It was sultry in the smoking room. For one thing the weather was hot, for another, the commodore had just finished a yarn. Markham always maintained that the atmosphere became sulphurous after the commodore had recounted a personal reminiscence, but then he was given to exaggeration. Still we felt grateful that the story had passed off without the intervention of a thunderbolt and sat gasping relief and credulity. Then Midway, from sheer nervousness, I believe, not from any desire for a recurrence of the Ananias episode, stirred up the colonel. The colonel was sitting behind a big cheroot, evidently incubating a kettle wherein to cook the commodore's cabbage.

"Wonderful escape that, sir!" said Midway, addressing the colonel. "Yes, sir. We in the service in the old days, before it became a school for step dancing and circus riding, used to have experiences which the country never heard of. Adventures were common as bilberries, sir, in those days. Gad, sir, a British soldier in those days thought no more of walking 1,000 miles through the enemy's country than you do of step dancing round the park.

"Probably, sir, you've never heard of the defense of Fort Damli? No, sir, I don't blame you, sir, if you have not heard of a feat of arms which preserved half a continent for her majesty, God bless her! We've all heard of suppressed dispatches and ingratitude in high places, but the feather bed step dancers should be replaced by men.

"It was in—never mind the date, sir, and never mind the place. If I mention it, you will recall the episode, and it is not for me to boast by telling the full extent of the services it was my good fortune to render this country. "A foreign power (no, sir, I will mention no name—damme, sir! I hope I know my duty better than to rekindle international complications) had stirred up the niggers against us. I was in command of Fort Damli, sir, at that time, with a handful of men—a mere handful—but men, sir, such as your dancing schools do not turn out nowadays.

"Fort Damli is built on a promontory running out into the sea and is only get-at-able from one side. The niggers had massed all their forces in the plain in front of the fort. Twenty thousand of them, sir—or rather, as I wish to guard against exaggeration, I will say that I counted 10,835—a swarming over the plain thick as cheese mites in a Stilton. "I had 93 men all told, including a one eyed drummer boy, but we laughed at them, sir. Whenever the niggers came at the fort, we loaded our big guns with broken bottles, bedsteads, war office regulations, which was about the only thing they had supplied us with from home, and mowed them down by the dozens. When they reached the walls my boys, giving them cold pig, took tea with the niggers.

"I used to sit on the powder magazine, smoking a cheroot, as comfortably as I'm doing now. Gad, sir, how it all comes back to me! That little devil of a drummer used to nip out after the fight and mend his drum with niggers' skins. After about a fortnight of it we had the niggers piled up three deep facing the fort.

"Well, we had held that fort for seven weeks—no, damme, let's be accurate, for 48 days—and we looked like holding it for seven years, or until there wasn't a nigger left to come on, when one afternoon, it was about half past 4 on Feb. 21—I'm not likely to forget that date in a hurry—Lieutenant Simpkins of the Bombardiers, my subaltern, came to me and said: 'It's all up, sir. We haven't a round of ammunition left, and the niggers are preparing for a general assault tonight.' He was a brave man, was Simpkins—fell afterward at Seringapatam, out clean in half by a cannon ball—but he looked a bit scared.

For a moment—a breathing space—I felt that the game was indeed up. I sat down on one of the now useless 40 pounders to review the situation. As I meditated my eye fell on some coils of telegraph wire which Hudson of the survey department had brought into the fort before the outbreak of the disturbance, to connect us with the capital. As my glance fell upon it a thought flashed through my brain.

"Saved!" I cried, leaping from the cannon. 'The captain's got 'em again,' remarked that devil's imp of a drummer boy. Without heeding this breach of discipline I sent for Hudson. In a few words I whispered my idea to him. He caught my idea at once. 'Captain,' he cried, 'you are a genius, a marvel, a—' However, it is not for me to repeat the compliments, perhaps not altogether undeserved, he paid my resource.

"With his help I wound the telegraph wire round two cannons, connecting every two guns with a special wire. In this way we connected eight guns on the land side of the fort and six commanding the bay. Then the wires from each gun were taken into the powder magazine, where Hudson had rigged up an infernal machine of his own devising.

"We had hardly completed our work when night fell. 'You are sure they haven't any muskets?' Hudson said to me before we separated for the night. 'Perfectly,' I answered. 'Only spears and knives.' 'Then it ought to be all right,' he murmured, 'but how about the ships?' 'Let's settle the niggers first,' I replied. 'Sufficient for the day are the ructions thereof.'

"With these remarks he left me, and I sat in my powder magazine awaiting events. The hours crept by very slowly. I fidgeted with excitement for I knew the next hour would determine our fate. At length in the pitchy darkness the drummer boy, with his only eye glowing in the blackness like a carbuncle, whispered softly, 'Captain, they're coming!' Still I waited.

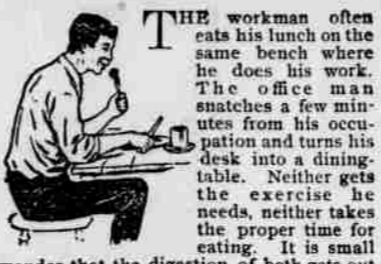
"Then in the deathlike stillness a yell broke on the startled air. I knew the crucial moment had come, and I—I pressed a button. There was a whirring sound. Then all was quiet again until a cheer from my men rang out and I knew that all was well. Seizing my club I hurried out into the darkness. Everything was as dark as—as the war office—and the fort was deserted.

"Just outside the gate I stumbled across a body. I turned it over with my foot. It was a nigger. He was lying on his back, and I knew that my plan had succeeded. Hurrying forward, whether a dull thud, varied by an occasional groan, guided me, I found my gallant Bombardiers clubbing for dear life—for the bayonets and barrels of their muskets had been removed by my orders—among a scurrying crowd of savages.

"Well, sir, we banged and banged until we could no longer raise our arms. As day broke I ordered the drummer to beat to quarters. He was nowhere to be found. Shouting to my men, I bade them retire to the fort. Then the sun rose, and what a sight met our eyes! Every cannon in the fort was studded with spears and knives as thick as a pudding is of plums, as close as a pin-cushion is of pins.

"What had happened would be obvious to you, sir. By the telegraph wires and an electric tangle in the powder magazine I had turned all my cannons into electro magnets of 40 horsepower. Consequently as soon as the enemy were within range I turned on the current. Every steel weapon in the hands of the niggers simply whirled out of their grasp and stuck like horse leeches to my magnets.

"The absence of the drummer boy was soon explained. As, against my distinct orders, he had been wearing a hanger when I turned the current on, he flew against the nearest gun and stuck there as a C. O. does to a decoration. It took six men to haul him off.



THE workman often eats his lunch on the same bench where he does his work. The office man snatches a few minutes from his occupation and turns his desk into a dining-table. Neither gets the exercise he needs, neither takes the proper time for eating. It is small wonder that the digestion of both gets out of order.

Nature works as hard as she can, but there are some things she cannot stand. If a man gets some foreign substance into the works of his watch, he doesn't expect the watch to run until the impediment is removed. His own digestive system is a much more wonderful and delicate mechanism than that of his watch, and yet he neglects it and abuses it. He lets it get out of order, and refuses to help it. In the end his neglect reacts with terrible force upon himself. The reaction comes on gradually, however, so that sometimes he scarcely suspects the cause.

The cause of nine-tenths of the sickness of the world is constipation—a condition so common that four people out of five take it as a matter of course. From this one cause come indigestion, disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys; biliousness, headaches, flatulence, heartburn, impurity of the blood and the serious complications that follow. To begin with, constipation is a little thing, and a little thing will cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules. They give to nature just the little help she needs. They are as gentle as they are efficient, and will perfectly cure the worst cases of constipation. There is nothing in the world like them, so there can be nothing just as good. The druggist who tries to sell you something else has his own interest in view and not yours.

For a free sample package of from 4 to 7 doses, address World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Any one sending 21 one-cent stamps to cover the cost of the sample package will receive a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The expense of producing this wonderful book has been paid by the sale of 68,000 copies at the regular price, \$1.00. It has now been decided to give away absolutely free an edition of 500,000 copies. Address as above.

Martha McIntyre, an 8-year-old girl of Hot Springs, S. D., has as many as two dozen rattlesnakes, which is her favorite companions. When she was only 4 years old she was found one day playing with a large rattler, over which she seemed to exert a mysterious power, and she has all of her formidable pets under complete control. She is the new Elsie Venner.

The Wabash Railroad. Commencing Sunday, September 8, Wabash trains 4 and 5, between St. Louis and Kansas City, will have the following sleeping equipment: No. 4, Kansas City to St. Louis, will have one compartment sleeper to St. Louis, and the Denver-St. Louis through sleeper. No. 5, St. Louis to Kansas City, will have one compartment sleeper to Kansas City and the Cincinnati-Kansas City through sleeper.

The Denver-St. Louis sleeper, west bound, is carried on Wabash train No. 1, leaving St. Louis at 12:01 p. m. midnight, arriving in Denver at 7:25 o'clock on the second morning. The Kansas City-Cincinnati through sleeper, east bound, runs on Wabash train 6, leaving Kansas City at 6:20 p. m., arriving at St. Louis at 2:30 a. m. thence via B. & C. S. W. train No. 4, arriving Cincinnati 11:30 a. m.

C. S. CRANE, C. M. HANFORD, G. F. & T. A. Commercial Agent, St. Louis, Mo. 1025 17th St. Denver, Colo.

RIO GRANDE & SANTA FE

AND Denver & Rio Grande Railroads.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

Time Table No. 36.

[Effective Sept. 1, 1895.]

Table with columns: EAST BOUND, WEST BOUND, No. 475, MILES No. 475. Lists train numbers and destinations like Santa Fe, Espanola, etc.

Connections with main line and branches as follows: At Antonito for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. Newton's drug store.

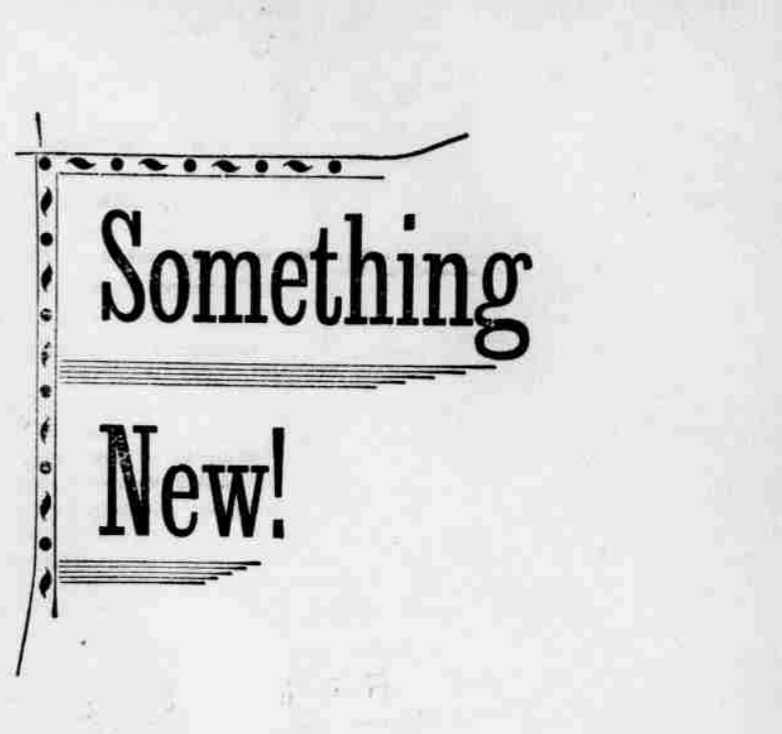
Desert Land, Final Proof.—Notice for Publication.—No. 849. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. Santa Fe, N. M., September 11, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that C. Leon Allison, of Santa Fe county, has filed notice of intention to make proof on his desert-land claim, No. 349, for the s e 1/4, n w 1/4 and lot 3, section 3, tp 16 n, r 9 e, before the register or receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1895.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Newton's drug store.

Homeseekers' Excursion. A second series of homeseekers' excursions have been arranged for, and all agents east of the Missouri river will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip to all points in Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Louisiana, New Mexico, Oklahoma, North and South Dakota, Texas, Wyoming and Utah, dates of sale October 8 and 22, 1895.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. De Witt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best. Newton's drug store.



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 are the Sole Makers. We bind them in any style you wish. We rule them to order.

Job Work. 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.

Book Work. We are the best equipped establishment in the whole southwest for this line of work, and our unequalled facilities enable us to turn out work at the lowest possible figures.

LEGAL BLANKS. We carry a full and complete line of all Legal Blank, including those required by the Brand Law enacted by the last legislature.

A LADY'S TOILET. Is not complete without an ideal COMPLEXION POWDER. POZZONI'S. Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beautifying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

NEW MEXICAN PRINTING COMPANY. H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe. G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A. Chicago.