

SUNBEAMS.

Good morning, doctor! You seem to be troubled about something. Doctor, I am; rheumatism is what's bothering me. Passer: You surprise me; I don't know that you had rheumatism. Doctor: I haven't it a patient, but I'm afflicted with the same old trouble of what to prescribe for him.

Mrs. W. B. Meek, who resides at Campville, Cal., says her daughter was for several years troubled at times with severe cramps in the stomach, and would be in such agony that it was necessary to call in a physician. Having read about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy she concluded to try it. She found that it always gave prompt relief. It was seldom necessary to give the second dose. "It has not only saved us lots of worry and time," she says, "but also doctor bill. It is my opinion that every family should have a bottle of this remedy in the house." For sale by Ireland's Pharmacy.

Mr. Clinger was here last night. Fiddleback: Was he? Say, I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me whether he kissed your sister or not. Harold: I can't do it. Why not? Harold: She gave me a half dollar to keep it quiet.

Sore throat. Any ordinary case may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm as directed with each bottle. This medicine is also famous for its cures of rheumatism, lame back and deep-seated and muscular pains. For sale by Ireland's Pharmacy.

Traveling Guest (meaningly): In Europe the custom of tipping has been reduced to a system—one-twentieth of the bill. Thus a one-dollar check entitles the waiter to five cents. Waiter: Yes, very. But in this land of liberty, eh, every gentleman feels free to grab a quarter, sah.

Say, why don't you try De Witt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They are small, but do the work. Newton's drug store.

Medium (who is giving a private seance, in sepulchral tones): The spirits are about us—(sharp tap-tap heard in direction of door; shiver runs through audience and ...). The new servant: Please, ma'am, am I to cook all those sausages for supper?

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Newton's drug store.

It's a pity, said the visitor, that your poet should have died so young. He had such a bright future ahead of him! Yes, said the editor, his last words were that he saw it blinding!

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.

Friend: Why didn't you ever marry! Maiden Lady: Because, by the time my relations thought I was old enough to marry, the men thought I was too old.

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.

A woman can't help gossiping. With every one she shall; And even mermaids in the sea Are always bearing tails.

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

I see, said the Chinese Emperor, that Puggist Corbett, after all his talking, is not going to fight. Yes, replied Li Hung Chang. And then, with a mournful, faraway look in his eyes, he added: If we had only had that much foresight!

The healing properties of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles. Newton's drug store.

I say, tell me. I hear you've been in a marvellous country, where everything grows rapidly and luxuriantly. Grows? Well, I should say so. Why, if you stick your cane in the ground the next morning it will be covered with leaves.

Ferry—Seon Hargreaves to-night? Wallace—Saw him down at the billiard room with Boswell. Playing billiards? Playing Boswell, mostly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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



WHY BE SICK

When a trifle will buy the greatest healing invention of the day! Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is a complete body battery for self-treatment, and guaranteed, or money refunded. It will cure without medicine Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Lamé Back, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Nervous Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, and all other ailments of the system or excess. To weak men it is the strongest possible tonic, as the mild electric current is applied directly to the nerve centers and improvements are felt from the first hour used. A pocket edition of the celebrated electro-medical work.

Three Classes of Men,

Integrated, is sent free, sealed, by mail upon application. Every young, middle-aged or old man suffering the slightest weakness should read it. It will show an easy, sure and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed. THE SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 926 Sixteenth St., Denver, Col. Also New York, Chicago & London, Eng. Largest Electro-Medical Concern in the World!

Messrs. C. F. Moore & Co., Newberg, Ore., say: "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than all others put together, and it always gives satisfaction." Mr. J. F. Allen, Fox, Ore., says: "I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have handled." Mr. W. H. Hitechock, Columbus, Wash., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells well and is highly praised by all who use it." For sale by Ireland's Pharmacy.

THE FIRST TRYST.

She pulls a rose from her rose tree, Kissing it to a white foam. Far over years, far over dreams, And sides of chances dim. He plucks from his heart a poem— A fever sweet messenger; Far over years, far over dreams, Flutters its soul to her. These are the world old lovers, Clashed in one twilight's gleam. Yet he is but a dream to her, And she a poet's dream.—S. M. B. Platt.

A STREET TRAGEDY.

The torrent of homeward traveling humanity was flowing down Piccadilly. The city man, warned by his physician that if growing dyspepsia was to be checked he must walk to and from his work, trudged manfully homeward. The clubman wandered more leisurely to his diggings to dress for dinner. A white petticoat here and there flashed out from the trowelled throng. At the corner of Half Moon street there was a momentary block—a swearing cabman delayed to hurl a volley of oaths at a smart brougham across which he had inexcusably drawn. An appreciative audience in the front rank of the walkers laughed, though what there was to amuse in the coarse language it was hard to see. Suddenly there was a quick, bright flash, a ringing report, a dead fall of a body and a woman seized and pinioned by prompt and powerful arms. Then the walkers gathered round and enjoyed the tragedy even more than they had appreciated the blasphemy.

The victim, who was "dead as nail in door," proved to be Lord Charles Summers. The Nemesis, a true daughter of night, was Julie Stanton, a demimondaine as impulsive and dangerous as she was dissolute. And her wantonness and recklessness brought her this way to the gallows. The wonder lasted for nine days, and then the puppy's eyes were opened. What the world wondered at was that Charles Summers, of all people, should have proved licentious. The husband of a woman who was as charming as she was beautiful, he and she had passed for partners to all contemplators of matrimony. And now, of a sudden, all dignity, all honor, was gone. Death and ignominy had come at one blow. In truth, it was an inglorious heritage that his offspring drew at a stroke. Nor was the horrid acquisition all, for disposition was at its heels and victimized them too.

"My money go to the children of a profigate dog! Not a farthing of it! Let the little stars, for all I care, and the sooner the better!" And the opulent uncle nursed his wrath and his gout. "No, no," he went on, "so long as Charlie showed himself a gentleman after he married—although, mind you, I always said he'd be better as a bachelor—so long he might look forward to inheriting my money. But now there's an end of him and his, so far as I'm concerned. I'm sorry for the young woman, his wife, but she took her chance, and it's turned up a blank. Now it's Edward's turn." This was Lord Edward Summers, Charles' twin brother, double and alike ago. "And Edward, as long as he shows himself a gentleman, shall walk in Charlie's shoes. Not that I look upon Edward as a paragon of virtue. On the contrary, I fear he's not altogether a Joseph. But, then, I've no reason to suppose that his peccadilloes are vulgar, and I draw the line at vulgar." And the old gentleman gave a grunt of satisfaction, as much as to say, "Now, I think that's a very virtuous and proper view to take of life."

Having thus delivered himself, Lord Stonehouse called for pen and ink and wrote, commanding a visit from his nephew and clearly hinting that the corpse in his heart which Nephew Charles had occupied was now "to let," and Edward might be his tenant during good behavior. But it is open to doubt whether the old misogynist would have been so ready to replace the one by the other had he known that the two brothers had been equally enamored of Miss Flora Carew, and that it had only rested with her to decide whether she should become Lady Charles or Lady Edward Summers. However, the secret had been kept, and Lord Stonehouse never even dreamed of it. And the next day Lord Edward called on his uncle, as he was bidden.

"Edward," said the old peer, "this is a devilish nasty business!" "It is, uncle."

"I'll drag the family horribly in the mud." "It will, uncle."

"I suppose nothing can be done to hush the matter up? I suppose they'll hang the trollop, and not be content to do that without turning up all the disgraceful particulars?" "Fancy not?"

"There's no possibility of squaring the reporters, is there?" "None, I should think. The murder of a lord is much too valuable for copy."

"Then there's nothing further to be said about the cursed business, except this—that not a farthing more of my money shall go to his brood, if I shall not even continue the allowance I made him to his widow." "And why not, uncle?" "And why not, Ted? Why, because I've got better things to do with my money than to keep it in keeping out of beggary the spawn of a vulgar libertine. No, Ted, not one word on their behalf. I beg you. The young woman I pity, but she has made her bed, and she must lie on it."

"You must forgive me, uncle, when I say that I think you have come to a too hasty conclusion and that, when you have heard further particulars, you will think so too." "I beg you to explain yourself, Ted." "I will do so, uncle, as clearly as I can. Oh, God help me!" suddenly exclaimed the young man, burying his face in his hands and starting Lord Stonehouse by the sudden change from the unnatural calm which had possessed him hitherto. "Oh, God help me! God help me!" And his whole frame shook as only does a strong man in mortal agony.

leaning on the mantelpiece and into the fire until the butler came and gave. He then strode to the table, poured out and swallowed a stiff glass of spirits and faced his uncle with resolve at his mouth.

"The fact is, uncle," he said, standing with his back to the fire and speaking calmly and deliberately: "the fact is, uncle, that Julie Stanton never knew Charlie at all. She mistook him for me. You know that no stranger could tell me apart. I was meant to be her victim. That is all and that is what will have to be told at the trial. It's even worse than you had expected, I'm afraid." And when the one man stopped speaking, the other, too, kept silent. Indeed not another word was said either.

How long he stood there waiting Edward did not know. Finally, he took his hat and left the old man looking straight into vacancy.

Such was the story, as near as I could gather from Lord Stonehouse, of the affair of my friend Edward Summers himself. Lord Charles I had never been intimate with, but I am sure that no one could have been more astonished at his falling a victim to the jealousy of a dissolute woman than I was to learn that Edward had got entangled in the meshes of such a one as Julie Stanton. It was only the old story—

Let us be open as the day, Each one doth to the other say When he would better hide his aim. I would have gone bail for Edward's pudence of living to any amount, and here he was another Elymas, who had proclaimed to me a hundred times the practicality of virtue, forgetting his glory in the foul pleasures of Aëca. With the horrible trial that followed and the details of the vulgar intrigue my faith in goodness took wings, and with Edward's disgrace and sudden and complete disappearance thereafter began my own loss of self respect, my own rapid demoralization.

Not that I appear very different probably to the world than I did, for I have learned to patch up the gaps in my modesty with hypocrisy, which matches it well. In speaking of which I am reminded that the last of poor Edward's canting lectures was called forth by my remarking that hypocrisy is one of the healthiest signs in a community, for it shows that virtue is the fashionable rule, otherwise there would be no object in spying it.

Two years have gone. Lord Stonehouse died soon after the trial, and all his fortune passed to Lady Charles Summers and her children. Not a word was said in the will of Edward, and I know that he had practically nothing to live on. Attempts from time to time to trace him have been made, but to no purpose. Wherever he went he evidently succeeded successfully some evasive name. After all, he was rather a fool to give himself away. I'm inclined to think I should find him a trifle too virtuous for me and something of a bore if he turned up now, so perhaps it's better as it is.

"Oh, it's you, Brown, is it? Why, I declare you quite startled me. I was so engrossed in writing that I didn't hear the door open. A letter, is it? Thanks."

An envelope with a South African postmark addressed in a strange hand. Inside a letter—by all that's extraordinary—a letter in Edward Summers' handwriting. But what's this? Dated two years ago—

MY DEAR GILBERT—Death, as I remember you once saying in the dear, good old days that are passed, death, the great arithmetician, will one day reduce us all to a common denominator. This I write with a request attached—that when I have gone ad majores it shall be forwarded to you. Since I last saw you I have suffered something—I have, too, known something more than happiness.

Poor devil! He doesn't seem to have got over his hypocritical phrasology. And in this letter I propose to myself the luxury of being a little ungenerous. Yes, so far ungenerous as to let just one person know that Charles was guilty, and that I was not the hypocrite you imagine. Far, far my greatest trial has been the knowledge that I had lost your love and respect and the love and respect of Flora Carew, whom I almost loved better than my own soul. And here I solemnly charge you, by our friendship, to keep the contents of this letter to yourself, but I cannot die without leaving one heart loving and one friend believing in me.

Gilbert, by the God in heaven above us, I swear to you Julia Weston was unknown to me, even by name, when she killed my brother. EDWARD SUMMERS.

Phew! He expects me to believe that, does he? No, my dear Edward, I really can't.—Sketch.

Tibetan Monasteries. Of all the wonders of the Tibetan religion none is so striking as the abundance of monasteries. These great assemblages of religious houses are full of monks, or lamas, and the marvel associated with them are truly surprising. Their number is amazing. They literally swarm in the inhabited portions of Tibet, and a traveler journeying through the country passes monastery after monastery in endless succession.

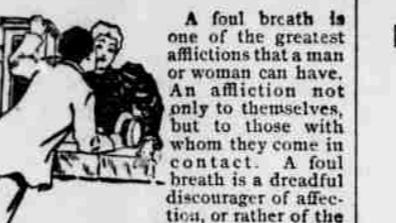
So numerous are they that Mr. Rockhill, the indefatigable American explorer of Tibet, tells us that while the population of eastern Tibet is but small one-fifth of it consists of lamas. He also says that in his journey from Yekundo in Tibet to Ta-chien-lu, on the frontier of China, a distance of 800 miles, he passed 26 large monasteries, five of which contained from 2,000 to 4,000 lamas. Many monasteries in other parts are equally large.

The great monastery of Kumbum, near the Lake Koko-Nor, contains 4,000 monks. Chiando, which is one of the chief towns in eastern Tibet, and contains 12,000 inhabitants, seems to be half composed of a gigantic monastery, and Captain Bower, in his recent journey through Tibet, passed the large town of Rituch, which seemed to him to be all monastery. The wealth of some of these monasteries is astonishing.—All the Year Round.

A Blind Person's Senses. Throughout my whole life, my blindness has had this remarkable feature in it: I always have before my eyes a brilliant light, so that the whole air around me seems, as it were, incandescent. I appear to be walking in light. In this light I can call up as well all sorts of beautiful scenes, which I see mingled with the radiance and forming part of it. Thus, my blindness has always been for me in a certain way brightness.

As I grew older there came to me other abnormal peculiarities, which have been mercifully sent as compensations. I can always tell when others are looking at me, and I can generally tell whether they are looking at me in kindness or the reverse. My sense of hearing is extremely sensitive, and through it I can read character in the tones of the voices of men and women around me.

I can also discern character accurately in the touch of the hand. I have certain instincts for which I have no exact name, which sometimes make me foresee future events. My sense of touch and smell are excessively delicate.—Argony.



A foul breath is one of the greatest afflictions that a man or woman can have. An affliction not only to themselves, but to those with whom they come in contact. A foul breath is a dreadful discourager of affection, or rather of the admiration of affection. It would probably be more so if people only realized just what bad breath means. Bad breath is one of the symptoms of constipation. They lead to dyspepsia and worse things. They all start with constipation, and constipation is inexcusable because it can be cured—easily, quickly and permanently, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are a perfect remedy for this most common of all troubles. They give to nature just the little nip that she needs. They are very mild in their action, and act without any violence whatever. In this, they are different from many preparations offered for a similar purpose. Sometimes the remedy is worse than the disease. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are mild, but they are infallibly efficient. They do the work which they are intended to do, without deranging the system in any way. They not only remove the cause, but the benefit derived from them is permanent. You can stop taking them by and by and there is no danger that you will become a slave to their use. The drug-giver who tries to sell you something else "just as good," either does not know what he is talking about, or he makes more money on the other thing. If you care more for his prosperity than you do for your own health, take the other thing. If you value your health, insist on having Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are a sample of from 4 to 7 doses, will be sent to any address.

A copy of Dr. Pierce's celebrated 1008 page book on the Common Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated, will be sent free on receipt of twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only.

Address: WELLS'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I had a long argument with Digby this morning, said the controversial man, and I convinced him. He told me. He acknowledged it to you, did he? Yes. He said he'd rather be convinced than talked to death any day.

A. G. Bartley, of Magio, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and to public that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Newton's drug store.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the district court within and for the county of Santa Fe, and territory of New Mexico, directing the issue of a commission to take the depositions of the following named witnesses: Francisco Romero, Jesus Narvaez, Ambrosio Ortiz, Ascension Silva, Antonio Jose Silva, Valentin Montoya and Antonio Ortiz y Salazar, the testimony of whom is to be taken relative to who were and are the heirs and legal descendants of Domingo Romero, one of the grantees of the Mesita de Juana Lopez grant, situate, lying and being in the county of Santa Fe, territory of New Mexico, the Cerrillos Coal & Iron Company will on the 9th day of December, A. D. 1895, at the office of Robert C. Gortner, a notary public named in said order, in the presence of whom such depositions shall be taken, proceed to take the depositions of the witnesses herein named.

CERRILLOS COAL & IRON COMPANY, By R. E. TWITCHELL, Attorney and Agent.

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.

FLAT-OPENING BLANK BOOKS. Being satisfied that if you have once used a flat-opening book, you will always use them, and in order to give you to try one the New Mexican Printing Co. of Santa Fe, will sell you HAND-MADE BLANK BOOKS, bound in full leather, with patent FLAT-OPENING STITCHES, with your name and the number, or letter, of the book on the back in gilt letters, at the following low prices: 50 p. (400 pages) Cash Book - \$5.50 60 p. (480 ") Journal - 6.00 70 p. (560 ") Ledger - 7.50 They are made with pages 10 1/2 x 16 inches, of a good ledger paper with round cornered covers. The books are made in our bindery and we guarantee every one of them.

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De Witt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for cleansing the blood. It builds up and strengthens constitutions impaired by disease. Newton's drug store.

Professor, how does the hair out suit you? The hair is altogether too short—a little longer, please.

Pure blood means good health. De Witt's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, cures eruptions, eczema, scrofula and all diseases arising from impure blood. Newton's drug store.

New Fast California Train. On October 29 the Santa Fe Route will inaugurate new and strictly limited first-class service to Southern California. The California Limited will leave Chicago at 6:00 p. m. daily, reaching Los Angeles in three days and San Francisco in three and one-half days, a saving of half a day. Time from this station correspondingly reduced.

Equipment will consist of superb new vestibuled Pullman palace and compartment sleepers, chair car and dining car, through to Los Angeles without change. This will be the fastest and most luxurious service via any line to California. Another daily train will carry through palace sleeper and tourist sleeper to Los Angeles and tourist sleeper to San Francisco, as at present.

For full particulars inquire of local agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

International Regatta, Austin, Texas, November 4-7, 1895. For the above occasion the Santa Fe Route will place on sale tickets to Austin, Texas, at one fare for the round trip, (1895). Dates of sale, November 1, 2, and 3, 1895. Final return limit November 10, 1895. For particulars call on agents of the "Santa Fe Route." H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. GEO. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

RIOGRANDE & SANTA FE

AND DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROADS.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD. Time Table No. 36. [Effective Oct. 15, 1895.]

Table with columns for EAST BOUND, WEST BOUND, and MILES. Lists train routes and arrival/departure times for various stations including Santa Fe, Espanola, Embudo, Herradura, Tres Piedras, Antonito, Alamosa, Salida, Florence, Pueblo, and Denver.

Connections with main line and branches as follows: At Antonito for Durango, Silverton and all points in the San Juan country. At Alamosa for Jintona, Creede, Dol Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley. At Salida with main line for all points east and west, including Leadville. At Florence with F. & C. C. R. R. for the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor. At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east.

Through passengers leaving Santa Fe at 8 a. m. take supper at Alamosa, at which point through sleeper will be re-arranged if desired. For further information address the undersigned. T. J. HELM, General Agent, Santa Fe, N. M. S. K. HOOPER, G. P. A., Denver, Colo.

Legal Notice. District court, Santa Fe county. Daniel Carter vs. Assumpit C. G. Story and by Attachment James M. Allan. To C. G. Story and James M. Allan, defendants above named:

You and each of you are hereby notified that Daniel Carter, the above named plaintiff, has brought the above entitled suit against you in which he seeks to recover the sum of three hundred and seventy-eight and 20/100 dollars against you together with interest from December 13, 1894, and costs for work, labor and services rendered to you as custodian and watchman of your property in Glorieta, in said county of Santa Fe, territory of New Mexico; that your said property has been attached in said suit; and that unless you appear at the next regular term of said court, appointed to be held on the second Monday of December, 1895, being Monday, December 9, 1895, judgment will be rendered against you and each of you in said suit and your said property sold to satisfy the same.

Dated Santa Fe, N. M., October 25, 1895. GEO. L. WYLLYS, Clerk. Attorney for Plaintiff, Office and Post-office address, Santa Fe, N. M.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Newton's drug store.

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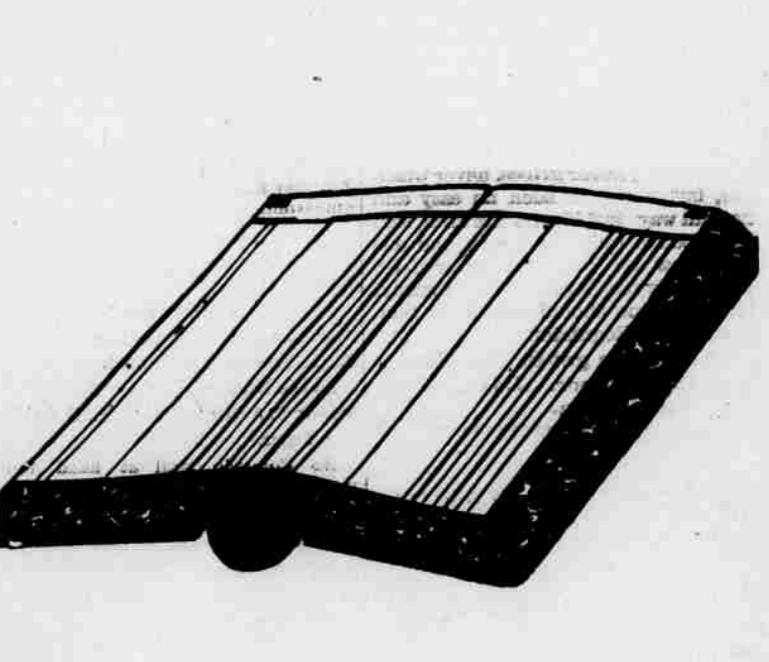
For full particulars inquire of local agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

Something New! Large stylized text advertisement for Frey's patent flat opening blank book.

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



FLAT-OPENING BLANK BOOKS. Being satisfied that if you have once used a flat-opening book, you will always use them, and in order to give you to try one the New Mexican Printing Co. of Santa Fe, will sell you HAND-MADE BLANK BOOKS, bound in full leather, with patent FLAT-OPENING STITCHES, with your name and the number, or letter, of the book on the back in gilt letters, at the following low prices: 50 p. (400 pages) Cash Book - \$5.50 60 p. (480 ") Journal - 6.00 70 p. (560 ") Ledger - 7.50 They are made with pages 10 1/2 x 16 inches, of a good ledger paper with round cornered covers. The books are made in our bindery and we guarantee every one of them.

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Pure blood means good health. De Witt's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, cures eruptions, eczema, scrofula and all diseases arising from impure blood. Newton's drug store.

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Equipment will consist of superb new vestibuled Pullman palace and compartment sleepers, chair car and dining car, through to Los Angeles without change. This will be the fastest and most luxurious service via any line to California. Another daily train will carry through palace sleeper and tourist sleeper to Los Angeles and tourist sleeper to San Francisco, as at present.

For full particulars inquire of local agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

A LADY'S TOILET COMPLEXION POWDER POZZON'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. IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.