

TEASDEL'S

Conference Visitors Invited!

We are prepared to furnish Goods at BOTTOM PRICES.

THE SALE OF DRESS GOODS

Will be unequalled in price and quality.

Cashmere, worth \$10. to \$12 per yard, will be sold 10 to 25 per cent less. We have some cut lengths of SILK for trimming, which we will sell 25 per cent below cost.

BIRBONDS in endless variety and prices.

Ladies' and Children's Shoes at our prices.

We will return you 10 per cent on every pair of shoes purchased for cash during this sale.



REMEMBER, THE SALE TO LAST DURING APRIL.

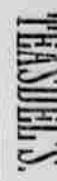
Ladies' Straw Hats one-third less than milliners' prices.

Flowers new and rich in style just received. Nothing reserved; cheap for CASH.

Men's HATS, the latest and newest styles, from 75¢ to \$4.00.

Just received, wrist or MEN'S STRAW HATS at low figures.

Men's SUITS at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and up to \$25.00; unequalled in quality. Everybody should attend to it, as no such chance will ever come again.



NICKLE-PLATED ALARM CLOCKS JUST RECEIVED,

selling for \$1.25.

No house will sell so low or give such values.

FOUR STORES are embodied in one great Bazaar.

We will take good care of our customers.

Handsome Wraps, Empire Coats and JACKETS, as large an assortment of colors, lengths, designs and styles as could be wished for.

Newest effects in WAISTS, PLAIDS, PLAIN COLORED, PANTS, BLOUSES, PAT-

TERALS, etc.

The best assortment of Flowers, Feathers, Pom Poms and Ribbons.

Ramiester, a low price means nothing unless the quality is good.

AT S. P. TEASDEL'S!

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The train was pulling out of Trinidad when the serpent man in the plain suit who was occupying much of the available space in the smoking compartment of the sleeping car, said remarked cheerfully, "It looks a bit ratty."

So obtrusive and commanding a statement under similar circumstances on the New York limited or Boston special would have been received with merited contempt. But Trinidad is in the heart of a particularly aristocratic and commanding part of Colorado, where a sense of companionship in suffering puts travelers on easy and agreeable terms. The young man who sat in the corner with his traveling cap pulled dejectedly over his eyes brightened up and replied, "Very."

Thereupon embarked the stout party entered upon a monologue of a meteorological nature, and passed by easy and graceful stages through a diversity of topics, displaying a large fund of information and a creditable fluency of expression. Noting the listless and apathetic demeanor of the young man, he said abruptly, "Ain't you well? Coming down to New Mexico for health?"

The young man rehaled, and smiled. There was something in the stout man's manner that cheered and attracted him. Curiosity always drives a man to look into the affairs of the Pacific coast. Never failing on to fail. Will guarantee a week's acquaintance in five minutes, in time to tea, involving familiarity in fifteen. Glad on all trains west of Kansas City. Stick to me, my boy.

The ladies sat in their seats, apparently oblivious of their friend's presence. The day was hot, despite the breeze that was beginning to blow from the mountains, but the eastern woman doesn't blow rapidly on a railway train. The girl was looking despondently out of the window, and the older woman, very stern and hard, was preening to rest. David Grier. Everything with an air of responsibility tends to rest. David Grier.

"The young man hesitated. "I don't know that it will interest you. I used to know those ladies back east."

"My boy, it does interest me. I congratulate you."

The young man laughed, not a very hearty laugh, but for the first effort in that direction since the train had left La Junta. It was a sincere "I believe," told you all about it." He went on despondently. "I've worked it up so long that the humbugged in side. The plain truth is that I was once engaged to the young lady."

The stout man gave him such a look of encouragement and sympathy that he continued.

"It's rather a commonplace story, after all, and follows the common lines. The girl is an orphan, and for some unaccounted and impossible reason, thinks—that's the she don't on her—wouldn't listen to me on any pretext or almy price. Her only idea seemed to be that I was dissipated and worthless, something between a dud and a pirate, and she worked on the girl that she

wasn't. I observed the soft and shiny mouth on the beach. No, on we end gives it's the Del Monte, but the soft is there just not the same. A fine sight, Mrs. Van Dorn."

The elderly lady looked kindly at the young man and the unfeasted man continued. "Here is a place where the orange groves grow in the southern country. Let me call your attention to the orange trees that grow on the most glorious of fruit trees. Misses."

"Finally said the young lady coolly, "I never knew before that peaches grow on orange trees. What a curious country!"

"I suppose," said the young lady coolly, "you know better than I do what comes of losing my glasses. I must have left them in the revolver. I am anxious about you."

"What do you want to do?" asked the young lady. "I suppose you are going to day?" asked the stout man.

"I am going to get into my letter of introduction and get some letters of recommendation for good service. Do you see the necessities of the Pacific coast? Never failing on to fail. Will guarantee a week's acquaintance in five minutes, in time to tea, involving familiarity in fifteen. Glad on all trains west of Kansas City. Stick to me, my boy."

"David," grunted the fat man. "No wonder they sent you west. But we're coming on famously. Give me about ten minutes more and then drop along as if by chance. Don't wear that hollow eye look, but try to be unconcerned and cheerful. Hump a little if you can. Nothing stirrings the lumbering passion in a woman's breast like the carbolesum of a lover."

When the stout man re-entered the main body of the car the young lady was gazing out at the footfalls, the elderly lady was deep in her book and the pictures had been significantly placed in the adjoining section. The stout man was not to be blamed. The company, and his unfeastedness, had evidently given him a rest.

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The young man came easily down the aisle and dropped into the opposite section, humoring a continental melody as only a fat man can. He glanced carelessly over his pictures, and then, as if a bright idea had seized him, he leaned over with a most singular air and said, "I beg your pardon, ladies, but perhaps these views they interest you. As you are in the Soil Survey, I understand you are going through to the east. The east, I mean, the east—on the way to the young lady."

"Then you have lived in New York," said the young lady.

"Lived in New York? My dear goodness me! You old enough to be your mother!—I was born in New York. Went to Yale, graduated in the famous class of 1883 with George Eliot, the Browning and Channing De-

lites, great editor, Channing, but

takes too much, and then again in pediment in addition. Suppose he cultivates it to keep from having dyspepsia."

"What induced you to leave such excellent society," said Mrs. Van Dorn, relaxing a little.

"Well, you see, ma'am, I was in England settling up the estate of a deceased uncle, and I met Lord Hawkesbury. Through him I was thrown in with the Earl of Dorchester (who subsequently married my youngest sister) and Lord Dartmouth. Major and Hawkesbury—why we must make some money in America, and you're the man to show us how to do it." The upshot of the matter was that we made up a syndicate and bought much land in New Mexico. Dorchester—that's my title, brother-in-law—just left us last week in Cologne—my nephew and myself. By the way, you must know my nephew—charming fellow, young and impulsive. Ah! here he comes now. Charley, my boy, I want you to meet two ladies. What! You know them and never introduced your own uncle? There's gratitude from the heart to the finest mark in New Mexico! Well, boys will be boys. We're just beginning to ascend the Raton mountains. Take Mrs. Channing out on the platform, my boy, and show her the grand view in the meantime. Now, now, my dear Mrs. Van Dorn, that's a word. There's not a lot of danger, and Charley will hold her tight."

"But I don't want him to hold her tight," cried the lady indignantly.

"A mere figure of speech, ma'am, for my nephew is not the sort of man to take advantage of a helpless woman. Ah, we are in the timber now—a timberless piece of work, a great triumph for the Santa Fe. That will fit the Anchors in Boston, but it's one of the few privileges the stockholders in that town enjoy."

The train shot out of the tunnel, and Mrs. Channing uttered the ex-

ceptionally rare and very happy, "My rose and violet fragrance," said Mrs. Van Dorn, "not a word."

Some women rise with an ex-

citement. Miss Channing was of that kind. She sprang and ran, failed to note the disengaging protecting hands of the elderly lady. The stout man continued.

"I haven't introduced myself. I am Major De Forest. You will see our ranch down near Waterville next to Steve Dorcey's property. You don't know Steve? A wonderful man. Was United States senator as long as there was any thing in it. Major McKinley taught him to run, and he's still running. That's all I can tell you about him."

"And you shall—shan't she, Charley?" said the mother innocently.

"Charley, my boy, I must say I'm fond of her. I have a son, and thinking of the Earl of Dorchester, I must say I'm fond of her."

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