

He Knows, of Course

"No, love," she said, "I do not say that I will give you all the space in closet, bureau, trunk—I may ask for myself a little space. But you shall have your very own. The thing that you have longed for: Yes, you, because I love you, love. Shall have the lowest bureau drawer."

He thanked her. What else could he do? For well he knew her fond intent. To prove her love was wondrous true, Of sacrifice and yearning bent.

"Oh, love," he said, "full well I know The wondrous love, affection sweet. That prompts you now to promise me A bureau drawer as mine, complete."

'Twas almost ten sweet years ago— And ever since when he has gone Unto that drawer he's found, you know, Satins and laces, silks and lawn, And women's gloves, and bric-a-brac, And things no man would e'er disclose; But still he minds it not at all, For he is married and—he knows.

—Sunset Magazine.

AMINE ROMANCE

BY FRANK H. SWEET

"That is all, I believe," said Battlesea, as he rose and buttoned his coat across his breast. "I saw the Englishman in New York, and he will be on here next week. Have the report very specific, this and that vein outcropping at the surface, so much ore to the ton, and so many tons excavated with but a minimum of expense. He has unlimited money to squander, and is wild to throw it into mine holes; but he likes details. Give it to him in the way of veins and promising indications and computations. And, oh, yes, while about it you might take a peep in Faxon's mine adjoining. Make a few golden notes about that also. After purchasing from me, the Englishman may as well buy out Faxon. The two mines could be operated as one. We will impress that on him—after we have sold. Old Faxon can't afford to hire a mine expert himself and I shall be glad to help him a little. Make the reports all right. The Englishman has heard of you and will accept the report without question. You understand?"

Yes, Clint Bayland understood, and he understood the significance of a small roll which Battlesea's hand dropped carelessly upon his desk as he turned and went out. It was a first installment for his reputation. And Clara Faxon, the most beautiful girl in twenty miles round, was the daughter of the old man whom Battlesea would be glad to help.

He walked irritably to the window of the office and looked out, not daring to trust his eyes with a second glance at the small roll on his desk. He did need the money, sorely, more than he would care to have any one know. And it was only an indication of what would come. With Battlesea, who owned more mine and town property than any ten men in the country, as his friend, his prosperity would be assured.

But somehow, the thought of the prosperity did not give him the pleasure that it ought. Oddly enough his mind went over the snow-clad peaks to the mother he had left in the East, and from her to—Clara Faxon. What would they think?

A smart runabout swung up to the office door, and a handsome young fellow of about his own age raised a beckoning finger. The other occupant of the runabout was Clara Faxon. Clint left the window and went to the door.

"Hello, Bayland," the man called affably; "be busy to-morrow?"

"In the morning, yes. But I can spare you part of the afternoon, Mr. Deelee, if that will do."

"Nicely. I want you to take a run through my mine and make a report of its general characteristics. I haven't opened it much yet, but the indications I think point to a good thing. However, there's a rumor of a big syndicate's buyer approaching and any of us will sell if we can get our price. Say two sharp, and I will be there to go through with you."

"Very well. You may look for me."

As the runabout whirled away, Clara Faxon's eyes flashed him a kindly glance over her shoulder. Of

worthless as an investment. And Faxon's was no better. The only difference was that old Faxon believed implicitly in his mine, while Battlesea did not. So in selling, at whatever price, one would be honest and the other a self-conscious swindler.

From Faxon's mine, Clint went straight to Deelee's, a quarter of a mile away, expecting the same result. But when he left it, late in the afternoon, there was a strange look on his face. He had examined many mines, some of them very rich, but none had been like Deelee's. If he made a conscientious report this would be the



"You did nobly, and I—"

mine sold, at a fabulous price, and Deelee, from being merely a prosperous man, would become an immensely rich one. Moreover, it would make Battlesea his bitter enemy, and practically would mean his ruin at this place. And ruin, of course, meant losing whatever chance he had of winning Clara Faxon.

The wrinkles were deep in his forehead when he entered the office and dropped down at his desk, his head upon his arms. He wanted to think, to reason the thing out in a sensible, practical manner, but could not. His mother kept slipping in between him and his thoughts, and with her came Clara Faxon. He knew what his mother's searching eyes meant, and he fancied there was something in the girl's straight gaze that looked out upon life in much the same way. But she was on the other side of the black rail, and he must step across to reach her. Once there, by her side, with those eyes as inspiration, he felt there could be no heights too great, no plains too broad, for them to compass together.

It was a long, bitter fight, lasting through the night and into the gray dawn of the next day; but in the end his mother won, and with haggard face he made the small roll into a secure package and returned it to Battlesea by his office boy, stating it was something that had been left in his office by mistake. Then from his notes he made out the reports for the three mines.

One afternoon, a week later, while writing to the management of a mining company in another state in regard to a position, he heard someone enter, but, thinking it the office boy, did not turn. Then:

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bayland. Can I speak with you a moment?"

He whirled in his chair, to find Clara Faxon standing before him, her face a little pale, but her eyes glowing.

"Oh, Mr. Bayland," she cried impetuously, before he could speak: "Papa, and Mr. Battlesea are so angry with you. I thought you must have done something dreadful from the way they have been talking; but this morning I learned just how it was, and hurried here thinking you might feel bad at their being angry. You did nobly, and I—everybody ought to be proud of you. I—"

She stopped suddenly, confusedly, for he had caught both her hands and was gazing into her eyes in a way that could not be misunderstood. Her breath quickened a little, then the eyes met his squarely, and the hands were not withdrawn.

The Pace That Kills.

"I wrote him a neat letter asking for the position."

"Did he answer?"

"Yes. Said that a man who takes time to dot his i's is too slow for him."

It was a first installment for his reputation.

late he had thought her manner a shade more friendly. Perhaps even Battlesea and Mr. Deelee—But, pshaw! and he turned abruptly and went back into the office. At the desk he stood for fully a minute, gazing down at the roll, the fine wrinkles again coming between his brows. Then with an impatient movement he swept the roll into his desk and turned the key. Some chance visitor might come in and notice it lying there.

The next day his examination of Battlesea's mine turned out as he feared—the property was absolutely

TAKE TIME TO SMILE

HUMOROUS ITEMS MEANT FOR QUICK CONSUMPTION.

Phase of the Much Discussed "High Finance"—Where Willie Had the Advantage—Journalism in Crimson Gulch.

In the Zoo.

"What are you cogitating about?" inquired the ring-tailed marmoset of the laughing hyena.

"I was thinking what fools these poets be," snarled the uneasy quadruped.

"Any particular verse or line displease you?" queried the marmoset.

"Well, yes," the hyena replied. "Some chump poet has said 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' but I notice that when I laugh I laugh alone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

High Finance.



Dodson—The president of "The Hide and Seek Bank" speculated.

Hobson—And, naturally, was unsuccessful?

Dobson—Why do you jump at that conclusion?

Hobson—Because they don't call it speculation when bank presidents win.

Goes to Headquarters.

"Is there a man named Blinkebo living in this neighborhood? I've asked the policeman on this beat and the night watchman and the assessor and the grocer. Nobody seems to know."

"Is the man married?"

"No."

"Is he an eligible sort of fellow?"

"He's said to be good looking and has a little money."

"Just wait a minute and I'll go in and ask my unmarried daughter."

Graft.

"I want you to put in your 'Lost and Found' column an advertisement like this: 'Wallet containing considerable sum of money and papers. Finder will keep money; return papers.'" said the man.

"Don't you think," suggested the clerk, "you had better add 'no questions asked?'"

"No, but you may say 'no questions answered.' I'm the finder."

Sensational Journalism.

"I understand that Crimson Gulch has a newspaper."

"Yes," answered Broncho Bob. "But the fellers around here is so sensitive that they dasn't print anything about 'em."

"It's editorial staff must have many difficulties."

"Mister, that ain't any editorial staff. That's a suicide club."

Circulated Some.

"Have you a library in your town?" asked the New York man.

"Oh, yes," replied the westerner.

"A circulating one?"

"Well, it wasn't intended for that sort of a library, but we had two or three cyclones out our way that circulated it considerably!"

A Long-Felt Want.

Flannery—"What's the matter wid ye, Mike?"

Finnegan—"Tis near kilt I was be fallin' down an open coalhole."

Flannery—"Well, well, 'tis too bad they can't invent a coal hole tho' it stay shut whin it's open."

To Be Precise.

"How brown you are, Miss Bosting. You've been in the sun lately, haven't you?"

"How preposterous! The sun is not accessible to us by any method of travel. I've been in the sun's rays, if that's what you mean."



Unfair Advantage.

Willie—Bet I can make the ugliest face.

May—You ought to, with nature to help you.

Heard It for Years.

Her—Why did you laugh when I told you that joke was original with me?

Him—Because I caught you in a misstatement.

Her—Oh, you doubt my word?

Him—No, but you told me last night you were only 23. If you composed that joke, you are at least 60. That's all.

The STAGE

William Faveraham will play "The Squaw Man."

Charles Ross will have a comedy called "A Fair Exchange."

Frank Daniels will continue to play his latest success, "Sergeant Bruce."

Joseph Wheelock will appear in the star part of "The Varsity Man," a new piece by George Ade.

Maxine Elliott will open her season in New York on September 4 in "Her Great Match," by Clyde Fitch.

Lula Glaser will be presented in a new musical piece called "Miss Dolly Dollars," by Herbert and Smith.

William Gillette will produce in England his new play, "Clarice," with Marie Doro as his leading woman.

Mary Manning and James K. Hackett will appear together in "The Walls of Jericho," by Alfred Sutro.

De Wolf Hopper will open his season on Sept. 4 in a new opera by De Koven and Rankin, entitled "Elysia."

Wilton Lackaye will produce his play founded on Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," in New York in February.

Charlotte Walker will be leading woman for Robert Lorraine, who will star this season in "Man and Superman."

Hattie Williams will open her season in December in a new farcical play called "The Duchess of Folies Bergeres."

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will return to America in January for a fifteen weeks' engagement.

Charles Richman is to be the leading man of the Proctor Stock company, New York, in which Amelia Bingham is to be the star.

Francis Wilson will be seen in a new comedy as well as in a new one act piece, entitled "The Little Father of the Wilderness."

George Frothingham, for years with the Bostonians, has been engaged for "Elysia," in which De Wolf Hopper is to star this season.

"The Dragon Fly," a play by John Luther Long and Edward Childs Carpenter, will be employed by Minnie Seilgman this season.

Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will appear at the head of a stock company to present new and old plays throughout the country.

John Drew will open the Empire theater, New York, with a new play by Augustus Thomas. The title of it has not been announced.

Amy Ricard will play the leading role in "Mary and John," the new comedy by Edith Ellis Baker, under the management of Harrison Grey Fliske.

Blanche Walsh will begin her tour in Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case" in Cincinnati on Labor day.

nothing about play or part until she reports for rehearsals, which will not be until Dec. 1.

Ethel Barrymore will open her tour in California with "Sunday," but later will have a new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," by J. M. Barrie. Her brother Lionel Barrymore, will appear at the same time in a one-act piece, entitled "Pantaloons," in which he afterward will star.

Viola Allen will be seen in a play by Clyde Fitch called "The Comedy Maasque." Miss Allen will impersonate an actress. The play has also been referred to as "The Career of Betty Singleton." Mrs. Addison Pitt and Huzzard Short have been engaged for Miss Allen's company.

Lillian Russell will appear in vaudeville this season, opening her engagement on Oct. 2, at F. F. Proctor's Twenty-third Street theater in New York. She will sing every afternoon and evening, including Sundays, and the press agent announces that she will receive \$4,000 a week. Her contract is for an indefinite period.

It develops that Mrs. Carter after all is not to appear this season in a revival of "The Heart of Maryland." Instead it is now announced that she will devote the year to a repertory consisting of "Andrea," "Du Barry," and "Zaza," and that R. D. Maclean and Odette Tyler will have "The Heart of Maryland," under Mr. Belasco's direction.

Miss Fay Davis, who is under contract to Charles Frohman, has sailed for London, to appear in Robert Lorraine's company, in Bernard Shaw's play, "Man and Superman," in the part of Ann, previous to her appearance with Mr. Frohman during the winter in the new play he has selected for her called "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

Maude Adams will be seen in "Peter Pan," written for her by J. M. Barrie. The play will require seventy people in the cast. Miss Adams will impersonate a boy.

Walter N. Lawrence, manager of "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," has planned two ventures for the coming season. He already has placed in rehearsal a comedy, "Prince Chap," which will be produced at the Madison Square theater, New York. Etta Hankins (Mrs. William Morris) will have the leading role, her appearance signaling her return to the stage after a lapse of a number of years. Cyril Scott and Thomas A. Wise will be in the company. Mr. Lawrence also has secured for later production a comedy, "A Divorce Colony," by Ethel Watts Mumford.

Maude Russell will be starred this season under the management of Maurice Campbell, husband of Henri-



In character in "The Country Girl."

This is the second season for the play.

W. H. Crane will be seen in "An American Lord" at a New York theater in January. The play is the joint work of C. T. Dazey and George Broadhurst, Jr.

Edna May will open her season on Sept. 4 at Daly's theater in New York. She will be surrounded by an English company and will be seen in "The Catch of the Season."

Nat C. Goodwin will star as usual, his vehicle to be "The Beauty and the Barge." He will begin his season in September. Katherine Florence will be his leading woman.

Harold Heaton has been engaged by Henry W. Savage for the role of Van Stittart in the new John Kendrick Bangs-Manuel Klein opera which is yet unnamed. Mr. Savage will give the new work a production in October.

George M. Cohan intends to play a continuous season of ninety weeks, during which time he will have written and produced two plays, and promise to have a new play and a new musical comedy ready for production next winter.

Cecilia Loftus has changed managers. Charles instead of Daniel Frohman will direct her stage movements hereafter. She is to know

etia Crosman, in a three act comedy of modern life by Channing Pollock, entitled "The Little Gray Lady." For seven years Miss Russell has been a star under the direction of Charles Frohman. Miss Russell and her husband, Oswald Yorke, are in Europe, where they went immediately after the close of "Jinny the Carrier." "The Little Gray Lady" is a comedy of Washington life, and Mr. Pollock says that he had Miss Russell in view when it was written.

Quite recently a lot of interest was aroused here by the announcement that Mrs. Patrick Campbell and H. B. Irving, Sir Henry's talented son, were about to join forces. It has now been decided that they will appear—possibly on both sides of the water—in a dramatic version of "Tristram and Isolde," by J. Comyns Carr, who wrote "King Arthur" for Sir Henry Irving, and recently adapted "Oliver Twist" for Beerbohm Tree. Carr says that his play embodies many incidents and situations described in the original legend which Wagner probably thought unsuitable for musical treatment. These include the earlier fortunes of the hero in Ireland and the healing of his poisoned wound by the magic power of King Gormon's daughter

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