

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Miss Maude Reed has gone to Los Angeles.

J. M. Kennelly, the mining man, has gone to Salt Lake.

Jimmy Ryan, one of the popular railroad boys, is at Las Vegas.

J. K. McDonald, a mountaineer and prospector, has gone to Bullfrog.

Chas. Wing, the restaurateur, has gone to the city by the Great Salt Lake.

Druggist Shannon has installed a soda fountain in his place of business.

Deputy Sheriff Al Murphy is proving himself to be a popular and efficient public official.

The so-called paper on the other street has all the pretense that reveals a combination of self-opinionated asses.

The Eagles met Monday night again and further dealt with and perfected their ground work for a permanent organization.

Have your tailoring, cleaning and repairing done at the shoe shop, one hundred yards in rear of the postoffice on First street.

A meeting of the firemen will take place Monday evening at H. M. Lilles' carpenter shop. This is the regular time for monthly meeting.

Mrs. Kyle McBratney and Miss Sunshine Beale will leave Sunday for an extended visit and pleasure trip to the California coast resorts.

Hon. Benjamin Sanders, county attorney of Lincoln county, made a flying trip to Vegas from Pioche Monday on business of importance.

WANTED—Miners and muckers at the Potosi mine. The going wages paid and good board and accommodations. Apply Mahony Brothers.

Dr. Carpenter is examining some mining property to the north with the view of gaining control and putting miners on it to develop the property.

C. Chamberlain, the architect, is at Los Angeles getting designs and methods of construction to be applied in beautifying Vegas homes and buildings.

The Times is under obligations to the Hon. Thomas Kearns for a copy of his able speech, delivered in the United States senate February 28, 1905.

Deputy Sheriff A. L. Murphy has developed into an auctioneer that cannot be beat. Those who attended the Risdon sale all pronounce him an artist at the business.

John F. Roeder is a popular and painstaking county official and as assessor of Lincoln county is performing his duty in the sense that "public office is a public trust."

Tom Royal and wife have returned from a pleasure trip to the Portland fair. Tom is full of praise for the Lewis and Clark exhibit, and the enterprise that brought it about.

Geo. F. Polenz is in charge of the settlement of the affairs of the F. I. Kremer mercantile establishment. George was at one time one of the esteemed and respected citizens of

this plac. The confidence of the financial world in his ability and integrity is as firm as ever. His home at present is in Los Angeles.

Johnson & Ward—The Pioneer Fruit Merchants—have recently added a cold storage room to their establishment for the purpose of keeping their fruits and produce in first class condition.

Barney Barnes, the well-known mixologist, has gone to Searchlight to take charge of Roy and Martin's sporting and lodging house and cafe. It will be the swellest of the swell places in the famous south Nevada mining camp.

George Skinner and daughter who have been pleasant and respected residents of Vegas, are on a trip to their old home, Watertown, N. D. Mr. Skinner will proceed from there to Niagara Falls, where he is engaged to take unto himself a wife.

John D. Loop from Good Springs, of the firm of Byram, Armstrong & Loop, is in town. He is heavily interested in the district and is one of the owners of the Cinnabar mine. He is confident and enthusiastic as to the great future of the district.

John F. Roeder and his deputy, Mr. Sawyer, are at Las Vegas assessing buildings and property that have sprung into existence since the April assessment and there is quite a grist of this. Assessor Roeder is a clean, gentlemanly official and has scores of friends.

Chris. N. Brown and C. P. Squires, progressive factors in the upbuilding of the city of Las Vegas, arrived from Los Angeles on Tuesday's train. They are the mainspring in the Las Vegas Trading company, the largest owner of realty in the Clark townsite. Affairs from now on will assume a different shape than what they have been for sometime past.

G. O. Sawyer, the deputy county assessor, is a native son of Lincoln county. He was born at Pioche during the halcyon days of that great mining camp. It goes without saying that he is a Democrat and one of those prominent factors who make up the progressive portion of any community. He is a young attorney of good standing. Professionally and politically he has a bright future before him.

The Age, a so-called newspaper but only a neg-tag, has lately attempted to deal with matters relating to assessments. It simply revealed its ignorance. Its lack of knowledge, of the facts, as it relates to assessments is such that from Pioche and DeLaMar, 125 miles away, comes the sound that conveys "it were to laugh." What do these fellows know about taxation or assessments, anyhow?

The Age is not a newspaper. It is a caricature. Its cheap claim is, "I am better than thou art." It is conceited with a lack of ideas. It apes the position of a purist when it is naught else but a belly-aching dude. Its lack of comprehension and cheap assinine methods will lead it to the scrap-heap instead of a medium of public good. But what's the use—it might just as well be, "Shoo, fly; don't bother," for it is hastening to its tomb.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Loge.

The Farmer was swinging his scythe with a will; His Donkey was turning the primitive mill;

The Learned Logician of Lull-Bazan stood watching the labors of Donkey and Man.

"My friend," quoth the Solver of Tangled Affairs, "What use is the bell that your animal wears?"

"Why," answered the Farmer, "it tells on the brute; It rings while he moves; when he stops it is mute;

"And so, though I'm acres away at my work, I'll know if the gray-coated scamp is a shirk."

"Right well!" cried the Sage; "but supposing, instead Of working, your Donkey just wagged his head:

"The bell would still ring like a steeple possessed, And how would you know he was taking a rest?"

The Farmer looked hard at the Sage (it appears Suspecting the length of the logical ears), Then, giving the haunch of his servant a slap,

"This 'Donkey,' don't know any Logic!— 'Gid-dap!'" —Arthur Gutterman in New York Times.

In Early Days of Railroads.

A writer to the New York Mirror of 1840, in the course of a rhapsody on the railway, says: "Dueling and changing horses and separate rooms are at an end—our light literature must now become woven with steam—our incidents must arise from blow-ups, and love be made over broken legs; while here the novelist will have to record the falling in of a tunnel, the only chance left for a touch of the sublime." Trains then proceeded under wonderfully good condition occasionally at the awe-inspiring speed of thirty-five miles an hour as a maximum.

Village "Held-Up" By Bees.

The extraordinary spectacle of a village held up by a swarm of bees was witnessed at Weston-on-Trent near Derby, this week, says an English exchange.

The bees became infuriated because an attempt to occupy tenanted hives was, after a tremendous battle, repulsed. The whole village was soon alive with mad bees; the main street was quite impassable, and people had to shut themselves in their houses.

Six fowls were stung to death; indeed, the insects attacked everything that came within reach.

King Buried in Wax.

King Edward I. of England died July 7, 1307, and 400 years later the English Society of Antiquarians opened his tomb in order to find out if he really had been buried in wax, as the legend ran. The chronicler of the time remarks: "To their great astonishment they found the royal corpse to appear as represented by the historian." Although "the skull appeared bare, the face and hands seemed perfectly entire." The king was found to be 6 feet 2 inches in length, thus fully justifying his nickname of Longshanks.

Peculiar Shift of Granite.

A block of granite weighing over 300,000 pounds, flat on top and with clean breaks on two sides, has been found near Woodbury, Vt. Three hundred feet north is seen the ledge from which the block broke away. The two are on about the same level, but between them rises a barrier of granite fifteen feet high. Local geologists are trying to figure out what natural causes brought about the shift in the position of the block.

Beans Grew Through Bag.

When a Dover, N. H., man finished planting his pole beans he left the bag containing the leftover seed in the grass beside the tree. He found the bag the other day firmly rooted to the ground. The bottom layer of beans had sprouted and the roots embedded themselves in the turf. The upper layers had swelled and served as a mulching for the vines, the tops of which protruded from the mouth of the bag.

Turtle Doubly Inscribed.

The turtle discovered at Easton last week was inscribed all right; just as every well-ordered turtle ought to be when discovered, but this one was unusually marked: "L. M. Thayer, 1841, Easton Mass." was plainly visible, while above this and apparently made long before was the date "1818." L. M. Thayer has been dead some twenty years.—Boston Globe.

Has Rare \$1 Bill.

George R. McKenna of Westerly, R. I., has a \$1 bill of the series of 1869. On the face it bears the medallion portrait of Washington and a scene at the landing of Columbus. The back is the same as any "greenback." The note has the ladylike signature of John Allison, registrar, and the bold hand of G. E. Spinner, treasurer.

True New England Grit.

The grit of Moses Weare, the cape Neddick, Me., fisherman, who smoked a cigar and never flinched while the doctor amputated a finger, which had been mangled in his fishing tackle is exciting considerable comment.

Graves in English Road.

Near Worthing Station (Eng.) there is a small graveyard in the center of the road, containing three graves. A mill once stood there, and the owner deposited in his will that he should be buried where the mill stood.

LITTLE EDITOR IN DILEMMA.

Identity of His Visitor Was a Real Puzzle.

A well-known New York publisher has the entrance to his private office guarded by one of his editors, a small man, who, as the day wears on, sinks down in a little heap in his high-backed chair under the weight of the manuscripts he has to read. The publisher was exceedingly proud of his friendship with the late Thomas B. Reed, who usually called when he was in New York.

One day the huge form of the speaker of the House of Representatives loomed up before the little editor, with the evident intent of bearing down upon the private office.

"Back!" shouted the little editor, waving a slender arm with much vigor. "Back! Go back to the office and tend in your card."

Mr. Reed paused, inclined his head to view the obstacle that opposed his progress and smiled. Then he ponderously turned on his heel and did as he was directed.

Of course, the publisher bustled out personally to conduct the great man into the private office. When his visitor had departed the publisher came forth in a rage. The little editor shriveled before him as he began: "You confounded idiot, what do you mean by holding up Tom Reed in this fashion? Don't you know he is one of my oldest friends? Don't you know he's at perfect liberty to walk into my office at any time without as much as knocking?"

"Yeth," admitted the little editor feebly.

"You do? Then what do you mean by holding him up and subjecting him to such discourtesy?"

"I thought he wath Dr. John Hall."

"Dr. John Hall!" exclaimed the exasperated publisher. "Dr. John Hall! Don't you know that Dr. John Hall is dead?"

"Yeth," returned the little editor with earnest sincerity. "That's what bothered me."

Carries His Own Glass.

"Give me a glass of orange phosphate," said the red-faced man.

Then he took a tall, thin glass from his coat pocket and passed it over to the clerk.

"What's that for?" asked the clerk.

"To put the phosphate in," said the man. "I can't drink out of your glasses.—I sat in a place once where I could see you fellows dabble your spoons and glasses in that little pool under the counter. That was enough for me. Since then, when I go out for a soda or phosphate, I take my own glass along. You needn't be afraid of it. It is regulation size. It won't hold a drop more than your own glasses. The only difference is it is clean. Hurry up, please."

The clerk seemed in doubt, but he mixed the phosphate. The fastidious man sipped it with appreciative smacks and glared contemptuously the while upon the common herd who took their refreshments from drug store glasses.

Of Course He Did.

Jimmy (the Chicago kid, visiting his cousin Erasmus of Boston)—Say, Rassy, did you ever play hooky from school to go in swimmin' an' git licked when you got home? Gee! ain't it fun?

Erasmus—If you mean occasionally willfully absenting myself from the institute of learning without the cognizance of my preceptor or my paternal guardians, and seeking the shady pool to indulge in natorial evolutions, with the resultant chastisement on my return to the parental roof, I am ready to admit that I have indulged myself therein. James, much to my enjoyment, notwithstanding that the act was a reprehensible lapse from duty.—Browning's Magazine.

Surprise for "Si" Shurtleff.

To Josiah Shurtleff, who, among his friends, is known as "Si," came the following interesting but embarrassing experience:

It was during the first term of Mr. Shurtleff's service on the Revere school board, and the occasion was his visit to a first grade in a primary school. The teacher was hearing a reading class. The first sentence of the lesson was as follows: "Oh, fie, what a sly boy you are!"

Turning to one small boy, who seemed eager, she said: "Daniel, you may read."

Whereupon the lad, in a piping voice, read this somewhat startling statement: "Oh, Si, what a fly boy you are!"—Boston Herald.

Ruth.

She stood breast high amid the corn Clashed by the golden light of morn. Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush, Deeply ripen'd—such a blush, In the midst of brown was born. Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which were blackest none could tell. But long lashes veiled a light, That had else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim— Thus she stood among the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure I said, Heaven did not mean, Where I reap, thou should'st but glean. Lay thy sheaf adown and come, Share my harvest and my home.

—Tom Hood.

Dressed for the Burglars.

The late Cephas Brigham, the Boston lawyer, was very moderate in speech and movement. The following story used to be told of him as an illustration:

"Mrs. Brigham awoke him one night, saying she thought there were burglars in the house. He got up, dressed himself, even to collar and necktie, and, turning to his wife, said: "Mrs. Brigham—in-which-direction-do-you-suppose-the-robbers-are?"

Batons of Conductors.

Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer of "Don Giovanni" and "The Prophet," used a baton of silver. That of Fetis was richly adorned with gold and gems. Mozart conducted his choral concerts at Salzburg, his native city, with a little stick made of ivory.

Beautiful Savages?

Women more nearly attain the status of men among savages than among civilized races. Our athletic young ladies, with free-swinging limbs and beautiful, clear, penetrating voices, as Mr. H. G. Wells describes them, may, after all, be a revelation.—Mind.

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See our portable houses. They are neat in appearance, quick and easy to put up, well adapted to this climate and the cheapest house on the market.

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Chris. N. Brown, Vice President; L. M. Farnsworth, J. Ross Clark, 2nd Vice President S. P., L. A. & S. L. Ry.

JOHN S. PARK, Cashier.

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