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THREW AWAY HALF MILLION DOLLARS; NOW WORKS IN CHEAP RESTAURANT

Strange Career of James McNally, Once Famous Throughout America as "Green Goods King."

James McNally, the "green goods king," once worth \$600,000, is earning his living acting as a waiter in a cheap Coney Island, N. Y. restaurant.

McNally is now back to his old job, the one at which he earned an honest living twenty-five years ago, before he discovered how easy it was to exchange sawdust with credulous countrymen for their real gold.

No longer young, his great fortune gone, the mark of the prison in his

a safety deposit vault which he cannot get at for two years.

Doesn't Mind Work

"I'm a waiter, and I expect to be a waiter for two years yet," said McNally, "and I'm used to the work and don't mind it any more. I don't think at all of the times when I used to sit at tables and order champagne and wear fine clothes and roll around in carriages. I've got a little home up in Yonkers, and my two children are there, and all I want to do is to earn

of that back. But, after all, there was a big lump of cash in the safety deposit box, and that was what I was depending on when I got out of prison.

Threw Away Key.

"But when I was arrested I was afraid they would try to confiscate this cash, so I threw away the key to the box. And then I put in my three years in Joliet.

"And then I had been a heavy drinker and I had used opium. These things were suddenly stopped short in



bent form and his gray hair, he returns to his old ways a broken man. Started with \$300.

McNally began his career with \$300, which he had managed to save out of a small salary, and in ten years had won such success that he was acknowledged "king" of the business. He kept many offices and employed many men.

He spent his money lavishly, had a splendid mansion in the aristocratic part of Boston, supported a string of fine horses and had a magnificent country estate in Bridgeport, Conn. No banking magnate ever spent money more freely.

\$50,000 for Jewelry
For the notorious Nellie Maroux, who deserted him when he was sent to prison in '96, he spent \$50,000 in jewelry alone, in one year. He has the bills for this now and exhibits them as evidence of his past grandeur.

McNally himself says that his present position is only temporary. He claims to have \$80,000 tied up in

my bread until the time comes when I can lay my hands on my \$80,000.

"It is a queer story about that money. I suppose you are wondering why, if I have it in cash in a safety deposit vault, I can't go right down there and get it. I wish I could. You wouldn't be able to see me for dust if that was possible.

Placed it in Vault

"But it is this way: I was caught in Chicago in 1900 charged with using the mails for fraudulent purposes. They had me right. I had been sending green goods circulars through the mails. I was sentenced to three years. Now before this time I had placed the money in a safety deposit vault in New York.

"At first there had been \$160,000 in the box, but I invested about half of it in farms and other things, and while I was in prison the property was taken from me in a lot of different ways—attachments for small debts and that sort of a thing. I have some hope, but not a great deal, of getting some

jail. My mind was affected. Half the time I went around in a daze. My memory became almost entirely a blank, so much so that the very things I wanted to remember most I could not remember at all.

"These things are the number of my box in the safety deposit vault, the password and the fictitious name that I had given when I rented the box. I have never been able to recall these things.

Must Wait Ten Years.

"The lawyers told me that I would have to wait seven years—from the time of the rental of the box. The seven years will be in 1907. The law, I suppose, takes this course, because if in seven years no other claimant to the property comes forward, that constitutes in a way proof that my claim to the ownership of the money is all right.

"When I get this money I will take it and buy a quiet farm somewhere and live there with my family, and I hope folks will forget all about me."

Peter Was Looking for His Sally.
Peter Fogg, a well-known character of Harrison, Me., is noted for his wit and his exploits keep Harrison in an uproar.

A few years ago he and his intended made a visit to a neighboring village. He had occasion to "dicker" with some horse traders, and, not wishing his Sally to witness his prevarications in that "Yankee game," bade her to take a walk around the village and meet him that evening at the church.

After a successful day's business he hurried to the village proper, and, guided by the sound of loud "amens" and the hymns, looked into the church.

"Ah! my brother. Are you looking for salvation?" cried out the deacon.

"No, gol ding it," cried Pete. "I'm looking for Sal Skinner."

Unique Scarecrow.

Passengers from the White Mountains are remarking on the ingenuity displayed by a New Hampshire farmer who has a cornfield near the tracks up in the middle of the state. Instead of an upright scarecrow, this man has placed his on its knees, in a position which indicates that the "man" is busy weeding corn. The deception is said to be the most perfect yet conceived.—Boston Transcript.

Could Most Catch the Train.
There is a man in Enfield, Ct., who drives a carriage to and from the station for the accommodation (?) of the public. He is exceedingly slow, nearly always being a little behind time.

One day he was engaged to carry a lady to a train which it was very important she should catch. She watched and waited, with hat and coat on, until it was nearly train time. At last Mr. C. drove up, hurrying not an atom.

The lady's husband flew to the door, and impatiently shouted: "What's the use of coming now? It's nearly train time."

"Wall," drawled the immovable hackman, "if your wife has her things all on, and is ready to start, I reckon I can git her most there."

A Diagnosis.
The callow youth thinks to poke fun at the young woman who has just obtained her degree of M. D.

"Aw, Miss Heeler," he says, "I wonder if you can tell me anything about my case."

"Possibly."

"I am troubled with shooting pains all the time."

"Where are they shooting?"

"Through my head."

"I wouldn't worry if I were you. They'll not hit anything."

Back to "Cash!"

The summer girl upon the beach
Her shapely figure shows
In bathing suits of many hues
And elongated hose.

She's the life of every function,
She's the joy of every set.
And her hand is pledged in marriage
To most every man she's met.

But when the season's over
At the seashore and the glen
This dainty creature vanishes
Till summer comes again.

And you wonder what's become of her,
Your erstwhile summer mish,
Who in a big department store
Is shrilly calling "C-A-S-H!"

—Ed. W. Dunn.

MISS BEULAH'S FROG POND

BY MARY J. CLARK

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"If anybody's name ever was a misfit, it's mine. Beulah means 'married,' and I'm an old maid—quite a little gray and almost 40. More polite, I suppose, to say bachelor maid, but I believe in calling a spade a spade. Whoever wrote that hymn about 'Sweet Beulah land,' ought to see what kind of land mine is—rocks and birch and that dreadful frog pond. I can't even make my little garden all in one spot, but have to plant tomatoes in one place and hunt up another for the squashes. They do look pretty, though, climbing over the rocks and it saves me the trouble of piling a heap of stones together and calling it a rockery. Ugh! how those frogs croak to-night; I could hear them a mile away. I wish it was winter and they were asleep in the mud." And Miss Beulah, drawing her shoulder shawl tightly, went into her lonely house.

She was said to have had a "disappointment." Amos Hathaway had wanted her and she had loved him, but they must wait until he could make a little home for her, and he bent all his energy to that end. It was hard toll, digging and delving on a rocky New England farm. The dawn, with its flush of amber and pearl, meant potatoes to be dug, and the glory of the sunset told of cows to be milked. But at last Amos had enough for their simple wants.

"Beulah, dear girl," he said, "the little home is all ready."

"I know, Amos, but I can't come—I cannot. I ought not to leave father and mother."

"You are crazy, Beulah! I have wanted you for six years and lived and worked in the hope of it. Is this what has made you look and act so strangely?"

"Yes, you thought it was because of sister Emily, but that was not all. I knew when she died there would be no one left but me to take care of father and mother; I've tried so many times to tell you, but I never could—cannot leave them."

"Then, you don't really love me, Beulah!"

It was a storm of passion and the urging back of the hopes of years, and Amos, in the bitterness of his soul, when all his pleading proved in vain, old her to go her way and he would go to his—never would, never ask her to come to him again. And away he went to the mining region of the northwest to make his fortune.

Beulah used to think of him winter nights when the wind shrieked in the chimney and rocked the old house. She had given the most devoted care to her father and mother to the end of their lives, and now she was alone. Her tiny house and garden were her main support, but lately she had been tired with zeal to strike out in a new direction and add to her income. The new trolley was on everybody's tongue. It was an air line between a large town and a city, and the little farming hamlet where Beulah lived



"Then, you don't really love me, Beulah!"

lay in its track and was waking up to its opportunities.

"Why can't I sell something as well as the rest and earn enough for a new dress," said Miss Beulah, toasting on her uneasy pillow. "I haven't any farm produce and I never had any luck with chickens. There! I've heard that frog's legs were good to eat, and I've frogs enough to fill up a regiment."

"Do it now!" was Miss Beulah's watchword, and next morning she took the trolley for the city and never rested until she had seen the general buyer for a fine hotel and engaged to bring a sample lot of frog-saddles. Tired but triumphant, she came home

unmindful of the keen scrutiny of a fellow traveler, who eyed her first with a puzzled look, then with a satisfied air swung himself off at the same stopping place.

Next morning, bright and early, Miss Beulah made an amphibious toilet and started for the frog pond. Stepping carefully on the floating network of branches and logs she spied the bright, green head and mottled body of a splendid great fellow and crept cautiously close to him.

"I've got you now!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand and making a tremendous grab. But he was too



"I don't want to be engaged in a frog pond."

quick and dashed back into the water. "I'll have you yet," she cried, and, bending eagerly forward, lost her balance and fell splashing among the frightened frogs.

"Hold on, I'll help you," shouted a masterful voice, which thrilled her ear, and a tall, athletic man came resolutely toward her and lifted her dripping form.

"Come, Beulah—hold tight—don't be afraid—come with me."

"Amos Hathaway! I'd know your voice at the North Pole!"

"Yes, Beulah, I was waiting for the proper time in the day to call, and came around by the old pond. You know, dear, I vowed I'd never ask you to come to me again, but I've just said it."

"Don't say another word, Amos, until we get ashore. I don't want to be engaged in a frog pond."

Preferred "Coney" to "Long."
Capt. Prager of the North German Lloyd steamer Breslau was constantly annoyed on the last voyage over by a mischievous youngster, who shook the foundations of the captain's peace of mind till at last his patience gave out.

The boy had been hanging around the captain all day, worrying him with his naughtiness, till finally the skipper let loose the vials of his wrath. "If you don't behave yourself, you," he roared with the voice accustomed to obedience, "I'll put you ashore on Long Island and let you stay there."

But he had not counted on the native American wit. As quick as a flash the youngster replied:

"Oh, captain, please, I'd much rather be put ashore on Coney Island."

And when they reached port the captain wanted to know why one should be preferred to the other for marooning purposes.—Baltimore Sun.

Capt. Burns Cured of Pea Soup.
The following was frequently told by Capt. Martin Burns of Bangor, Me., as one on him:

The captain was very fond of split pea soup, and before leaving port he always put in a good-sized stock of split peas. On this occasion, however, his negro steward got whole peas, and so the soup that the captain called for on the first day out was thrown away.

The next day pea soup was again served, and this time the captain, after having eaten a hearty meal, said to his steward: "Steward, that's the kind of soup I like; we'll have some more just like it to-morrow."

"Fo de Lawd's sake, cap'n," exclaimed the steward, "ma jaws am so tired chewing dem whole peas dat Ah just can't chum no mo'."

The captain never asked for pea soup again.

Some Old Plats.
The Optimist—"Fine day, isn't it?"
The Pessimist—"Oh, I don't know. It's probably raining somewhere."