

FOR SALE.
 Cheap, one lot on First street.
PETER BUOL.
 LUMBER AND BUILDING Material, Paints, Oils and Brushes, at Clark's

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 United States Land Office, Carson City, Nevada, November 2, 1905.
 Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Allen C. Wardle, of Tonopah, county of Esmeralda, state of Nevada, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 92, for the purchase of the SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and E 1/2 SW 1/4 of Section No. 2, in Township No. 19 S., Range No. 56 E. M. D. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before register and receiver at Carson City, Nev., on Tuesday, the 16th day of January, 1906.

He names as witnesses Earl S. Norris, of Tonopah, Nev.; Howard Russell, of Goldfield, Nev.; Thomas Smirl, of Tonopah, Nev.; John Barrier, of Tonopah, Nev.
 Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 16th day of January, 1906.
O. H. GALLUP,
 Register.
 Date of first publication November 11, 1905.

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FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY
 ON FIRST STREET
 NEXT TO GANAH LUMBER CO.
Mrs. Mattonci, Prop. LAS VEGAS NEVADA

DAN V. NOLAND
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

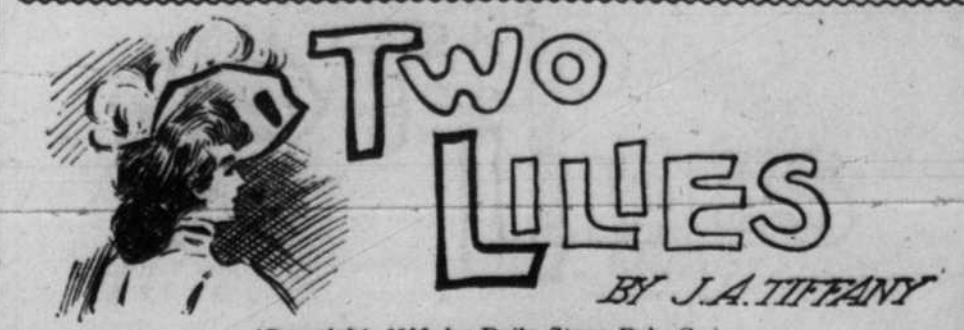
ALBERT SIMMONS & SON
 CEMENT CONTRACTORS
 SPECIALTIES AND REPAIRS A SPECIALTY
 LAS VEGAS - NEVADA

The Garden
 The sky of her eyes is passing deep,
 The snow of her smile is fair;
 But the red of her inmost heart-of-hearts
 Is the color of my love there!

And that glance of bending blue,
 And that even smile of white,
 Give to that red, red heart-of-hearts
 The odor of love's delight.

The white is the hue of innocence,
 The blue is the tint of truth;
 But the red, red stain of her heart-of-hearts
 Is the blood of passionate youth.

And the blue of her azure eyes,
 And the white of her smile outspread,
 Are the flowers abloom in her heart-of-hearts
 To garnish that garden of red!
 —Post Wheeler, in New York Press.



TWO LIVES
 BY J. A. TIFFANY
 (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

After I had been admitted to the bar, my father considering it best that I should have the opportunity of gaining experience in a large city before entering his own office, I went west, where I became associated with a law firm, the head of which was an old college friend of father's. Though they had lost sight of each other for some years, they had always retained the most pleasant and kindly recollections of each other.

It was drawing on toward evening when I arrived at Dr. Marsden's house on Madison avenue, in the city where I located.
 Mr. Marsden impressed me at first as my beau ideal of a man; while Mrs. Marsden was one of those matronly ladies, with a certain old-world courtliness of manner, sweet and endearing. There was a son, named Fred, about two years older than I, who appeared to be a jolly good fellow.

"Lillian," said Mrs. Marsden, as a young lady entered the room, "this is Mr. Donald Fairchild. My daughter, Donald."
 Miss Marsden and I shook hands. I am not a lady's man, but up to this time I had never met a girl who caused me to be other than self-possessed and natural in my manner. Now I was at a loss for something to say.

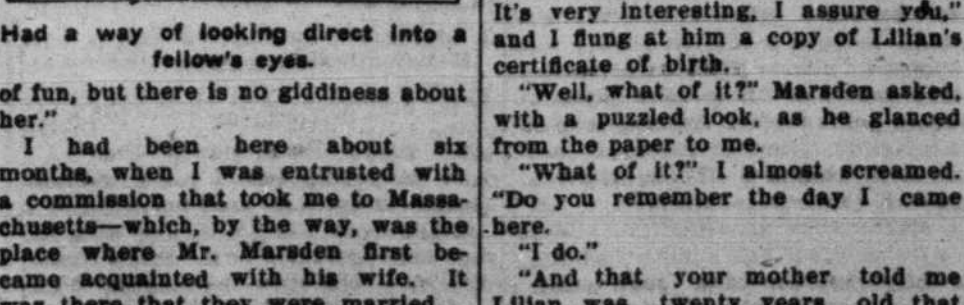
There was nothing haughty, or even stately about Lillian Marsden—just a bright, fresh, plump girl, a year or two younger than I, as I judged, but with something about her that immediately convinced me of my own inferiority.
 She moved with ease, grace and distinction. Without boldness or any suggestion of coquetry, she had a way of looking direct into a fellow's eyes; and, in a musical voice she spoke with a frankness and directness—free from self-consciousness or affectation—that took the starch out of a fellow, making him feel limp and fatuous.

"This is Lillian's twentieth birthday," Mrs. Marsden observed, evidently for the purpose of relieving my embarrassment. "She is our only daughter, Mr. Fairchild."
 "I am sure, Miss Marsden," I said, finding my tongue at last, "I wish you many very happy returns of your birthday."

It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the unalloyed delight of my first few days in the city. At the end of a week I had accomplished three things: I had secured nice room for my private quarters; been assigned a place in the offices of the firm, to which I was admitted as a junior partner, and fallen head over ears in love with the head of that firm.
 Mr. and Mrs. Marsden must have known how things were going, but the knowledge appeared to cause them no uneasiness. Indeed, there was nothing that Mrs. Marsden better liked than to talk about her daughter.

"Lillian is so different from most girls of her age," she remarked one day. "She is light-hearted and full of fun, but there is no giddiness about her."
 I had been here about six months, when I was entrusted with a commission that took me to Massachusetts—which, by the way, was the place where Mr. Marsden first became acquainted with his wife. It was there that they were married.

My business was to look up the title to certain real estate in Boston, and to obtain authenticated records proving the validity of a client's claim thereto; which work, in addition to details to transfer, involved a search of vital statistics.
 Before starting on my journey, I declared my passion to Lillian, and became her accepted suitor, with the approval of her parents.
 At the end of three days I had finished my search in Boston and armed myself with certified copies of the entries discovered.
 But—alas, for my success! I had found something else—something for which I was not looking—something that took all the interest out of my mission and made life seem a hideous mockery and burden.
 Standing out, as if written in letters of fire borrowed from the nether regions, I found this entry in the record of births in Boston.
 "December 14, 1860—Lillian Agnes, daughter of John and Katherine Marsden."
 And this was January, 1896!
 My affianced, who had been introduced to me on her twentieth birthday, six months ago, was a charming damsel of thirty-six!
 She was old enough to judge for herself; had been her father's naive concession, when first I spoke to him of my love for his daughter.
 "Lillian is so sensible—no giddiness about her!" Oh, yes! Very sensible, my dear madame. Sensible enough to ensnare the virgin affections of a young blockhead like me!
 "So different from other girls of her age!" Very, very different, I grant you—you fond, foolish mother.
 "Lily!" Oh, grossest satire of all! "Evergreen," "Aloe," "Hardy Annual"—anything but "Lily."
 Had this sweet maiden discovered the Elixir Vitae?—or what was the secret of her perpetual youth?
 When I reached the office on my return to the west, I found Fred busy poring over a pile of musty documents.
 "Glad to see you back, Don," he said, "I'm just looking over some interesting family papers. Father is at work on our genealogical history. I suppose you know we came over in the Mayflower?"
 "I wasn't aware of it," I replied; "but you wouldn't surprise me if you told me you came over in the ark. How did your sister stand the voyage?"
 "What the deuce is the matter with you, Fairchild?" Marsden asked, coloring.
 "Nothing," I answered.
 "Are you trying to be funny or offensive?"
 "It all depends how you like to take it," I replied.
 "Oh, that's it, eh?"
 "Yes. Tell me, Marsden, how old is your sister?"
 "D—n you!" shouted Marsden, "don't you know that a gentleman doesn't talk with other men about his sister?"
 "I know more about the habits of gentlemen than you can tell me, Mr. Fred Marsden," I answered. "Perhaps, you would like to add this to your collection of family documents. It's very interesting, I assure you," and I flung at him a copy of Lillian's certificate of birth.
 "Well, what of it?" Marsden asked, with a puzzled look, as he glanced from the paper to me.
 "What of it?" I almost screamed. "Do you remember the day I came here?"
 "I do."
 "And that your mother told me Lillian was twenty years old that day?"
 "Yes!"
 "Well—don't you see—this paper proves she is thirty-six!" Marsden whistled, and then he laughed.
 "Look here, Don," he said; "I think



I ought to break your neck, instead of laughing at you;—but it's too absurd. My parents' first child was a girl, who was christened Lillian Agnes. I was born nine years later; and five years after that came another girl, Lillian, and a favorite name with my father; and the first child having died in infancy, they decided to revive the name. Accordingly, the second daughter was christened Lillian Agnes. Now—what are you going to do about it, before I punch your head?"
 "Punch my head first, please," I pleaded.
 "No; I won't do it," Fred replied. "It's a pretty dangerous thing to talk to a fellow about his sister, you know, the way you talked to me, just now. But I'm glad you saw me, before any of the folks; and I'll keep mum about the whole business, for everybody's sake."
 "And you won't punch my head?"
 "No—I'll see you hanged first."
 "Then, I'll do it myself!"
 And I gave my head two or three good bangs against the wall. After which, I felt better.

SHREWD SON OF NEW ENGLAND
 Peddler Used Hypnotism to Victimize His Customers.
 Twenty years ago there were few people in Worcester county who had not made the acquaintance of Ebenezer Handy of Millbury, a vender of fish, fruits and vegetables, and occasionally displaying the red flag of an auctioneer. He was a poet in a small but original way, and must have had some knowledge of hypnotism, which was little heard of in those days. While in the act of selling his wares he would keep up such a running fire of words that many of his patrons lost their heads, and in some cases paid him more money than was their intention. This is one example of his methods:
 In Millbury one day he sold a woman six pounds of fish at 6 cents a pound, and a bunch of radishes for 5 cents. The woman stood with her purse in hand ready to foot the bill, and as the goods were passed over Handy rattled off to her: "Six times six is 36, and five is 101. Live and let live is my motto; call it a dollar."
 The woman was educated, and knew the value of money, but she did not know the mysterious ways of Ebenezer Handy, and she paid \$1, thinking he had kindly thrown off the odd cent.
 —Boston Herald.

Color Definitions.
 Colors have each an individual meaning. White, for instance, which is reunion of the seven primitive colors, is the symbol of power, divine wisdom, purity, candor, innocence and chastity. Red represents fire. It is, therefore, symbolic of passion, power and riches; hence kings and the powerful rulers of the earth wore red mantles. It is also emblematic of hardness and cruelty, being the color worn by executioners of old and by the members of the inquisition.
 Blue denotes fidelity, sweetness, tenderness and loyalty. With the ancients, yellow denotes glory and fortune. Now it is called the color of infidelity and shame. How is it that yellow has become the emblem of infidelity, perjury and misfortune? Because Jews were forced to wear yellow during the middle ages, and the house doors of traitors were smeared with the yolk of eggs.
 Green is the color of hope and joy and the emblem of youth. Black denotes sadness. Pink denotes health, youth, pleasure, love. Violet is the color allowed to faith. Orange means divine inspiration and poetry. The muses are all represented clad in orange colored draperies. Orange was also the color of Hymen. Brides once wore orange-colored veils called flammeum, and they could not pronounce their vows unless covered with the flammeum.

Hunter Had to Walk Home.
 Bill Jenks, a guide up in Aroostook county, Me., tells this story: An amateur sportsman spending his vacation in Maine, hired a horse and started out with a determination to bring back any deer so unfortunate as to cross his path. On arriving at a likely piece of ground, he alighted and hitched his horse securely.
 He scoured the woods thereabouts for some time, but the deer seemed afraid to give him a chance for a shot. Suddenly he perceived a movement in the bushes some distance away. Trembling all over, he crept a little nearer.
 Yes, there could be no doubt; it was a deer. He could see the ears move. With a shaky hand, he drew a bead on the deer, and then pulled the trigger. The head disappeared, and with a loud whoop he dashed toward the game. He jumped through the bushes separating him from his victim, and there before him, instead of the beautiful prize he expected to gloat over, was the horse that had brought him to the hunting ground.

Great Intellect Not Bequeathed.
 Paul Maurice, who was buried the other day at Paris, was Victor Hugo's executor and the guardian of his only surviving daughter, Adèle Hugo. She is an old lady of 75, weak in her mind, who lives in a small country house not far from Paris under the care of two nurses. She has no notion of her wealth—thanks to the royalties on her father's works she is immensely wealthy—and works hard writing plays which she imagines are produced in Paris and in the provinces.
 Now and again she is brought into Paris and taken to a matinee at one of the theaters. There she sits in a corner of the stage box, believing that the play she is watching is one of her own and bowing when the audience applauds.

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 United States Land Office, Carson City, Nevada, January 13th, 1906.
 Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Oscar Swan, of Goldfield, county of Esmeralda, State of Nevada, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 93, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of Section No. 32, in Township No. 19 S., Range No. 56 E. M. D. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the register and receiver of this office at Carson City, Nevada, on Monday, the 26th day of March, 1906.

He names as witnesses: James M. Russell, of Goldfield, Nevada; Thomas Clifford, of Goldfield, Nevada; Arthur A. Lund, of Goldfield, Nevada; Charles M. Ravenscroft, of Goldfield, Nevada.
 Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before the 26th day of March, 1906.
O. H. GALLUP,
 Register.
 Date of first publication, January 20, 1906.

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He names as witnesses: Charles M. Ravenscroft, of Goldfield, Nevada; Arthur A. Lund, of Goldfield, Nevada; Thomas Clifford, of Goldfield, Nevada; Oscar Swan, of Goldfield, Nevada.
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INCREASED MAIL FACILITIES.
 Orders from post office department are to the effect: The post office will operate on Pacific time.
 Mail car on Los Angeles limited arriving at Las Vegas at 6:30 a. m. going west.
 Mail car on north-bound train arriving at Las Vegas 11:25 a. m.
 Trains No. 1 and 8 do not carry mail cars.
 Mail dropped in post office for No. 1 and 8 before 5 p. m. will be put in special pouch and forwarded to respective destinations. No. 1 and 8 deliver mail at Las Vegas.
W. R. BRACKEN, P. M.

FOR SALE.
 Wagon nearly new. Will hold four (4) tons. Enquire Gem Furniture store, corner Bridger and Main streets.

The Nevada Transfer company will do your heavy and light hauling. Leave orders at Boggs' Ice Cream and Confectionery parlor, or at the Gem Furniture store on Main street.

HOTEL NEVADA
 AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN
J. F. MILLER
 PROPRIETOR
W. L. APLIN
FURNITURE PAINTS AND OILS
 PRICES TO SUIT
 Goods sold at a small margin on Los Angeles prices.
 Location in large frame building, next to Las Vegas Times office on the north.
 Las Vegas, Nevada.

C. CHAMBERLAIN
 ARCHITECT
 Plans, Specifications and Superintendence. Cement Block Construction a Specialty.
 Office Hotel Las Vegas
A. D. BISHOP
 Livery and Saddle Horses
 LAS VEGAS - NEVADA
BEN SANDERS
 DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 AND SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
 Practices in all the Federal and State Courts
 PIOCHE, NEVADA
C. L. HORSEY
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
 PIOCHE - NEVADA
B. F. BOGGS O. D. NICKS
BOGGS & CO.
 Ice Cream Any Quantity, Cigars and Tobacco
 Next Door to State Bank on First Street
 LAS VEGAS - NEVADA
BARBER SHOP...
 First Class Work.
 In Arcade Saloon, on First Street.
 R. E. LAKE, Proprietor.
 Las Vegas, Nevada.

Laravey & Manuel
 THE FAMOUS
HORSESHOERS AND BLACKSMITHS
 We buy our stock at wholesale, pay cash and give our patrons the benefit of same.
 Shop on First Street, opposite Ice Plant.
John H. Eisenhart & Son
Brick Manufacturers
 Contractors for Brick, Stone, Concrete Construction, Cement Sidewalks and Excavating.
 BAKERS' OVENS A SPECIALTY.
 Las Vegas, Nevada.
BULLFROG SALOON
 THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH
 LOCATED IN BUCK CITY ON LAS VEGAS & TONOPAH HIGHWAY
SMITH & HECKER
 ASSAYERS
 "We Run Every Day" X X X X
 Block 4, Las Vegas, Nevada