

WORK OF IOWA CONGRESSMAN.

Railway Rate Regulation Law Known as Hepburn Bill.

Congressman Hepburn, whose name is borne by the bill for the regulation of railway rates, which passed the



CONGRESSMAN W. D. HEPBURN

TIMBER FAMINE IN PLAIN VIEW.

Supply Only Sufficient for Needs of Forty Years.

The woodmen spared not the trees whose ghosts now return to threaten us with timber famine. Whereas ten years ago only the soundest ties were used by the railroads, seconds and thirds are now accepted by the purchasing agents. Red oak, black oak, beech, gums, pines and other soft woods which once were considered worthless are now treated with creosote and other preservatives for ties, crossarms and poles. This treatment quadruples the life of a soft wood tie and will meet the demand for some years. But shortage is in sight and must be met by plantations. Maude Adams is said to have planted upon her Long Island property 100,000 locust trees, which will make the best and most lasting telegraph poles and railroad ties. A catalpa plantation in Kansas owned by a railroad shows an annual net profit of \$12.65 per acre. The annual consumption of a single railroad is about 3,550,000 ties, the yield of 12,300 acres. The total annual consumption of railroad ties is 120,000,000, or fully one-sixth of the total cut of timber. Besides this are the vast drains upon the forest for telegraph and telephone poles, crossarms and other uses. At the present rate of consumption the United States will be bare of marketable timber in forty years. The government forest service offers substantial help to planters.

FEAR FOR DAVID BENNET HILL.

Former United States Senator Reported Ill in South Carolina.

Advised received at New York state that former United States Senator



David B. Hill.

Had No Wish to Meet President.

Mr. Bodawitz of Ardmore, I. T., a prosperous merchant, will have his name preserved in the pages of history as the only person who has ever declined to meet the President of the United States when it was the easy and natural thing to do. Mr. Bodawitz went to Washington to file charges against an applicant for a federal job. He succeeded in knocking out his man and while talking at the white house Secretary Loeb asked him if he would not like to see the President. Mr. Bodawitz looked at his watch and replied: "It is now 12 o'clock and I have an appointment over at the Arlington in three minutes." "Couldn't you drop around in the morning?" asked Secretary Loeb when he had caught his breath. "No," replied Mr. Bodawitz, "I am going down to Mount Vernon in the morning and will take the 3 o'clock train for the West." Mr. Bodawitz simply did not have any curiosity to see the President and no reason to believe that the President wanted to see him.—Chicago Chronicle.

"Home Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home," Payne's song, was originally a number in the opera "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a production brought out in 1823. The opera was a failure, and nothing is now known of it save the one song, which became instantly popular. Over 100,000 copies were sold in the first year of its publication, and the sale in one form or another has been constant ever since the first appearance of this beautiful theme. The melody is a Sicilian folk song and was adapted to the words by Payne himself.

After Many Years

Can I forget it? "I was on such a night, As this I think—just as the waning light Was deepening to darkness—but your eyes Made all the light we needed for good-bys. No stars I ever knew shone half so bright!

And so we parted. And the year took flight Between us—ah, how many snows are we! Since then? Yet, never till my last day dies Can I forget it!

And now we meet again! Say, you're a sight! I never saw a lady who was quite So altered in appearance, show and size. I said 'I'd love you always—but got wise— I can't keep promise with such a fright. Can I? Forget it!

—Cleveland Leader

The Second Mrs. Vandervelt

BY ALBERT H. LAIDLAW

"Mrs. Vandervelt will be down in a few moments, sir," the servant said, as she ushered the visitor into the drawing room.

Vandervelt gazed about the room and his eyes rested on a photograph lying on the table. It was the portrait of his divorced wife—the woman who "would be down in a few moments."

"A picture of her," he muttered, with a wistful, but hopeless look in his eyes. He still loved her—yes, loved her more than ever before—but he knew now that this folly had built a barrier between them that could never be torn asunder.

"A picture of her—just as she looked when I last saw her; at least, just as she would have looked had she been happy. How she must hate me now. God knows, I deserve the hate."

Cursing himself for being a fool, Vandervelt continued his soliloquy. What folly and what cruelty had been his desertion of her—his devoted wife! And his boy—did Francis know what a cowardly beast his father had agreed to—yes, that had been still further folly. He had been blind—his infatuation for the other woman had been as sand in his eyes. He had been unable to see until the sand was removed and then it was too late.

"But heaven knows, I've suffered as greatly as she," was the consolation he tried to give himself, but it was poor consolation, for he realized that she had not deserved the suffering.

As he continued the mental battle against his feelings which he could not control, the man who had once been strong and brave and reckless dropped into an armchair beside the table and buried his face in his hands. Mrs. Vandervelt entered and looked upon the picture of despair. She stepped lightly, and so deeply engrossed was he in his bitter thoughts that Vandervelt did not hear her as she approached.

"Allen," she said, softly, her voice quivering, as she put her hand on his head and stroked his hair.

Vandervelt started violently. He was frightened, so suddenly was he awakened from his meditation, and bounded from the chair as he would have leaped from a railway track to escape death beneath the wheels of approaching train. He turned about and looked at her and saw the tremble of her lips as she tried to speak. Then the gaze from his eyes fell to the carpet on the floor.

"Allen," she finally said again in a voice tremulous with emotion, "you—you—come back to—to—"

"Ask your forgiveness," he supplied, "—stay?" she finished.

"To ask your forgiveness," he repeated, unable to raise his eyes and meet her gaze.

Again her lips quivered in an effort to speak, but she could not. She tottered a little as though she were dizzy and might fall, and her hand swept nervously across her face as if she were brushing away cobwebs. He



The portrait of his divorced wife, took a step forward, looked up at her and burst forth passionately:

"Margaret, I want you to listen to my confession. God, how wrong I've been!"

She put up her hand and took her head and she stopped.

"Don't," she said. "Please don't tell me. Let me spare you that—and myself. I could not listen to any confession. I forgive you without the confession."

"But you don't know," he went on, but stopped again as she made another gesture, and his gaze dropped once more to the carpet.

"I don't want to know." Her voice was approaching steadiness, but it remained gentle. "I know you did not love—that other woman. You did not love her—did you, Allen?"

The words were spoken with appealing eagerness.

Vandervelt replied brokenly and remorsefully:

"No. I did not love her. It was merely infatuation—a false infatuation. I never loved any woman but you."

"I knew it. I knew it," she continued. "I knew you would come back—and every thing would be all right."



Broke away from her. We can begin over again and we can be so happy, for I love you so—I love you so—"

A light of happiness had sprung into her eyes as she spoke, and she rushed toward him and put her arms about his neck.

"Allen, I forgive you," and she kissed him. He could not resist. He was powerless and stood motionless, almost limp, with eyes cast toward the floor.

His attitude produced a frightened light in her eyes, and she drew away from him as she released him.

"Oh, I had forgotten the divorce," she said, "I had forgotten the divorce. We are not husband and wife. What folly that divorce was!"

Then the look of fright disappeared and she almost laughed as she continued:

"But after all, that need not be a barrier, Allen. We can be lovers again, and you can ask me to marry you as you did that beautiful afternoon in the rose garden—at father's and mother's—that sweet, beautiful afternoon. And I can say 'Yes,' and then—and then—Oh, Allen, we can bury the past. Can't we, Allen, dear?"

She had put her arms about his neck again and spoke with passionate appeal.

Vandervelt broke away from her and broke into a sob as he bitterly exclaimed, pacing the floor:

"Why did I ever come back. I have returned only to torture you. I might have known—you could not know."

"What do you mean?" The look of fright again appeared in her eyes and again she brushed her hand across her face. "Can't everything be all right again?"

"It can never be," he continued bitterly. "It can never be. I am a married man. Oh, why did I ever do it?"

She gave a startled cry and tottered as both hands went to her head. She would have fallen had he not caught her and assisted her to the arm chair.

"Then—you—married—her?" Her lips quivered violently. "She is your—wife and is—living?"

"Yes."

"And you—didn't—come—back—to—stay?"

"No. I came for your forgiveness. I had to have it. I couldn't live any longer without it—and I thought I might get to see the boy."

"You—you have—my forgiveness—now leave me—please."

Vandervelt left the house silently, filled with the mental anguish and remorse he had hoped would be partly obliterated by her forgiveness. How he wished that she had hated him. He felt that he was worse than a murderer. He did not return to the second Mrs. Vandervelt. He hated her now more than ever before. The strain upon his mind was too great. He could not live und—

clear and sobbed quietly. Suddenly she was startled by a tapping at the door and then a child's voice called out:

"Mamma. Oh, mamma. Are you there?" Then the door was opened and the little boy rushed into the room, laying a bunch of roses in the lap of his mother, as she lifted her head and tried to dry her eyes.

"Why, what's the matter, mamma? Does your head ache?" exclaimed the child. "I've been looking every where for you. Aren't the flowers Mrs. Sanderson gave me nice?"

"Francis, my darling! My love!" exclaimed the mother passionately, clasping the child in her arms and kissing him again and again. "Thank God, I have you to live for, anyway. My little boy."

CLEVER FORGERIES OF STAMPS.

Notable Cases in Which Dealers Have Been Victimized.

A tiny "t" cost a stamp forger a pretty income not long ago. One of the rare stamps is the pink nine kreuzer stamp of Wurtemberg, which is worth about \$100 to collectors. A Paris dealer picked up seventeen of these stamps at \$40 each and congratulated himself upon his cleverness in obtaining them so cheaply.

Not long after a collector who was approached by an English dealer who had also had the good fortune to pick up a number of these stamps at a low price discovered what the dealers had overlooked. In the forgery the name was spelt with one "t," as is the practice in England; in place of the German double, and then it came out that several hundred of these pink "fids" had been planted all over Europe. The forger took advantage of the fact that no dealer would admit having a number of the rarities for fear that the market would fall, and had placed a number with each dealer without exciting suspicion.

Perhaps the most notable forgery was the "Sedang" issue. Sedang is an island off the China coast. The papers announced the arrival in Paris of King Marie I. of Sedang, and he duly appeared in the person of a former French military man. Soon thereafter sets of seven "Sedang" stamps were placed upon the market, some of them selling for as high as \$200 a set. Then it was discovered that the whole affair was a hoax and the forgers had fled.

Beyond the Hills.

All the world is still before you, little boy, You are in the fair, green valley where the sun Lights the smooth and pleasant paths Our beyond the hills you dimly see is fair. Far beyond those heights are burdens you must bear. But beyond those uplands also there is joy.

Little boy, There are heartaches that await you, little boy, And those roads that in the distance lead to labor and contention and dismay. Stones are waiting there to bruise your weary feet. Foes are ambushed there whom you will have to meet. But upon those hard roads also there is joy.

Little boy, You are innocent and care free, little boy, And out yonder there is knowledge you must gain. At the price of many efforts and much pain; You must toil and you must suffer ere you learn, You may never from beyond those hills return. But be glad, for yonder love lies, too, and joy.

Sleeping Place for Cats.

For cats as well as dogs, the neatest sleeping place is a strong, closely-woven wicker basket. Favorite pets have a basket with a curving canopy top, decked out with a big satin bow and carpeted with a rug of white goat's hair. Simpler baskets are round and flat and show a deep opening at one side. A soft blanket should always be laid in the bottom of these and made fresh and clean at least once a week, says the Philadelphia Record.

A pet cat is so very tidy about her own appearance that she requires less attention than a canary or a dog. As a kitten, a dish of milk should be placed where she can always take a drink. An older cat always likes a bowl of milk kept filled for her in the kitchen, while the scraps from the table comprise the remainder of her nourishment. Scarcely any meat should be given in a cat's diet during winter.

No Sunday Paper That Night.

Mr. Capen, an old resident of a seaport town of Massachusetts, is employed as driver of the coach which conveys travelers from the train to the hotel.

One Saturday evening a short time ago three men arrived on the afternoon train from Boston. Mr. Capen was sitting on the driver's seat, waiting to take them to their destination. They looked about the station and evidently were not favorably impressed with the surroundings, for one was heard to say:

"What a desolate country! We certainly have come to the jumping-off place. I don't believe we can even get a Sunday paper in this place, can we, driver?"

There was silence for a moment, and then Mr. Capen drawled out: "Wal, not to-night."

The Colonel's Applejack.

A colonel in Gen. Pickett's Division sometimes took more applejack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, smoking his pipe, the general said:

"Good evening, Colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please."

"Excuse me, General," the colonel can be heard to say where I am. "The Sunday Magazine."

The general replied, "But 'all"

TIMBER LAND ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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.

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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.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 26th day of March, 1906.

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He names as witnesses: Charles M. Ravenscroft, of Goldfield, Nevada; James M. Russell, of Goldfield, Nevada; Oscar Swan, of Goldfield, Nevada; Thomas Clifford, 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 said 26th day of March, 1906.

O. H. GALLUP, Register.

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 Rogers' Ice Cream and Confectionery parlor, or at the Gem Furniture store on Main street. If

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Location in large frame building, next to Las Vegas Times office on the north.

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We buy our stock at wholesale, pay cash and give our patrons the benefit of same. Shop on First Street, opposite Ice Plant.

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