

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Grant Bowen is back from a prospecting trip.

Dr. Bracken was at Los Angeles during the week.

Arthur Frye is still at the old stand and as full of business as ever.

C. D. Brown the butcher who has been to Moapa is back with his friends.

Lloyd Smith and William Berry were at Potosi Mills for a few days this week.

"It is more blessed to give than receive," says you Vegan, how you can appreciate the blessedness of giving.

Harry Cathin, the coming mining magnate of the Dry Lake section, was in town on Monday. The same day he returned to his diggings.

Dominic Pecetto has taken charge of the Nevada Club saloon quarters. He has associated with him handsome Robt. H. Templeton. The place was formerly conducted by J. H. Douglass.

The greatest zinc lead property in the world is located in Lincoln county, Nevada. It is the Potosi mine and the present owners are the possessors of a mine worth its millions and purchased it for a song.

Charley Culverwell the proprietor of the Cash Meat Market returned from a drovers trip to the Northern part of the state. He purchased some very select cattle with which to supply the Vegas market.

The sale of the Shoshone mine to Charles M. Schwab of America, is the great banner mining deal of Nevada for the year 1905. Schwab never does things by halves and that means that Bullfrog will see mining that will be mining.

John F. Miller, proprietor of Hotel Nevada, who has been at his summerland California estate for some time past, is back at the Vegas again giving personal direction to the furnishing and fitting up of the new hotel at corner of Main and Fremont street.

John F. Roeder, county assessor and genial fellow, is making his annual rounds. He is looking up values and improvements for the assessment roll. Johnny Roeder is a clever young fellow and one of those smiling, courteous officials who ever makes friends.

William Bunting sold certain interests in his Charleston Mountain Mercury claims to A. L. Murphy for \$100. Mr. Bunting states that this represents a return for five months work in that belt. Bunting is still largely interested in the most valuable claims of that section.

Gus Obel, one of the best known and most artistic musicians in southern Nevada, is so expert on a piano as to almost make such an instrument talk. How his auditors enjoy that sweet and gay melody every evening as he performs at the Turf Exchange concert hall.

A. Bailey Johnson, of the produce firm of Johnson & Ward is on the sick list. Hope it will not be serious.

J. Ross Clark and Thomas P. Cullen, division superintendent of the Los Angeles division of San Pedro railroad, were on a tour of inspection Monday over road building to Bullfrog.

Mrs. Clayton entertained the "Jolly Dozen Card Club" in elegant style at their recent joyful meeting.

The lots settled on by the pastor and trustees of the Methodist church are in Block 29, on Third street.

Sunday school meets at 10:30 a. m. Junior League, 7:15 p. m. Preaching at 8 p. m., at the school house each Sabbath.

Kimball, the stage proprietor, or router to Bullfrog, reports largely improved traffic and travel into the mining districts of the north.

The Vegas ranch is in bloom. The almond trees are a pretty sight to behold. Is there another section of the country that can present such a sight?

John F. Collins is happy in his element as boss knight of the Jack plane brigade on the new Thomas building. He is pushing the work for the completion of this imposing business block.

Mr. F. J. O'Kelley was with the pastor three evenings, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. His moving pictures were exhibited Saturday and Monday evenings. He spoke on Sunday for the pastor. He gave much good advice to the young men and his illustrations and exhortations will be remembered with pleasure by many.

James Brown, the master of destiny, editor, proprietor and all around newspaper factor, graced with his genial presence the Vegas, after having wintered in the frigid zone in and around Calliente. He needed some thawing and while going through this process saw some of those who thought they had us.

ON TO FURNACE CREEK.

Will Devote Himself to Demonstrate the Great Copper Properties of the World.

Patsy Clark, Jr., a winsome fellow, whose eye has the look that, truly conveys an expression of force and character, stopped over at Las Vegas on his way to his father's "Furnace creek" copper properties. Patsy, Jr., is a bright, handsome, pleasant, smiling product of the mining regions. He was born at Butte, Mont.

When approached, he, with a smile, stated: "Just come in from New York, Waldorf Astoria rendezvous, to do a turn in practical mining. I am going to father's property at the Funeral range and hope to play my part in making it one of the great copper mines of the world. It has from our reports all the earmarks to make it such."

The young fellow looks ahead with a will and determination that neatly conveys, "I will demonstrate in time a greater success in mining than the old man, whose fame and success in mining and as a fortune maker has not been eclipsed by any other individual in the country."

Consider Fat Beautiful.

According to Von Humboldt the natives of Gulana express their appreciation for a woman by saying that she is fat and has a narrow head. A traveler who spent much time with the Kirghiz of Asia says they estimate female beauty by the amount of fat; a man when speaking of the beauty of his wife never forgets to mention her weight.

IT WAS REAL DOWN RIGHT SPORT.

Tuesday Evening Was a Great Time For Those Who Enjoy the Manly Art.

They say it was a boxing match. If it was a boxing match, it was a great field night, for all the bloods and sports and mining magnates, and some religious devotees of Southern Nevada. There was for instance Jim Brown, with his sanctimonious countenance, another was Buck Bresnahan; all the way from Butte to see the best sporting event that west has ever produced; then there was Geo. Ward, he of the uniform class; Jim Harvey and Lloyd Gauth and Charley Smith, Frank Ahearn, Jack Horden, Martin Hamilton, and O. C. Martin and Jack Telford, lawyers, professional men, mining magnates and even the unctuous representative of that faith that has confidence in the heroic of future life, were out, all in array, to see this boxing match. Now it was called a boxing match. The writer is no authority on the manly art feature, hence he could not determine whether it was a boxing match or a slugging match or a prize fight, but he does know that the ten round go was an all fired hot thing, that they were at it hammer and tongs all the way through; that Vulcan in his fiercest day never struck harder or mightier blows; that blood came from first to the last round and that if ever a go was enjoyed by a yelling, cheering mob, a band of howling Comanches that this ten round contest between Kid Basko and Kid Carter, took the cake. It was truly an exhibition of manly art full of vim and vigor.

There were two preliminaries to the big event. These were laughable events. It did not have the serious aspect. They were three round go's, and how they laughed at these three round go's as the green horns made a holy show of themselves. The first was between J. Tewey and Hat Pepperell, the next was between Fred George and Ed. Spense. This was truly a cork screw show and everyone enjoyed it.

First round was a case of all fired fighting. It brought blood, knock downs and get ups. Second round, fought like a streak of lightning and such blows, blood again and knock downs. Third round. Bet your life it was no easy game, it was slap dash and on it with poundings so scented as to resemble sledge hammer thumps—say, it was game. Fourth round. It was somewhat winded but still the gameness of the youth and Kid were such as to make the crowd howl and roar as to remind one of the historic report of the roar and howl of the lions in the vivarium of the days of Tiberius Caesar. It was so intense and passionate on the part of the partisans as to come mighty near but not altogether making it a rough house. Fifth. It was pounding from the word go. The blows were rained with force, might and main. It was frontier sport. How they yelled and the great crowd swayed to and fro and what a release of tension when time was called. Sixth round. Was fast and furious and beat all of them. The fine points was pounding of the high-grade order without any let up until time, and every one had more than their money's worth out of this one round. Seventh. Just as rapid and as full of punishment as ever only physical exhaustion now apparent and more blood flowing—mark, don't confound it with Armour's Great Chicago abattoir or butcher shop—blood not quite so free as that, although swelled eye brows, protruding flesh and soreness galore. Eighth, round. Still game but so wounded and arms soaring through the air in style somewhat of an old fashioned windmill in action. It was a mill but they called it a boxing match—the boss of the works called it so. It did the real sportsmen's heart good to see it. An old sport yelled the days of John Morrissey and Tom Sayers are verily revived and their reincarnated spirit is present tonight. More fighting than scented sparring. Gee whiz it was fierce. Ninth round. It opened with immense slugging and kept up until time was called. Yes, it was a great boxing match. It was all fired intense and it was yell! ye heathens! And yell they did. Tenth round. Nothing like it was ever more game—they just fought, fit and fought with blood spouting and eyes budging from sockets and yet no let up until the master of ceremonies called time.

Geo. Collins as referee, gave the decision to Kid Carter on points.

Geo. DeFrance was announcer, Jack Telford time keeper.

It was pronounced by old stagers as the finest and liveliest boxing exhibit ever seen on the Pacific slope. All present enjoyed and every one was more than satisfied.

It was a great night for the Nevada sports and bloods.

State Owned Canals.

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AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

Some Characters Worthy of Special Mention Overlooked Heretofore—Noted Now.

Typical costumes, worthy of mention and expression of superlative ideas at the late masquerade exhibit at Aplins' hall even those of Mrs. Leon Armer, one of the best known and most respected ladies of Las Vegas, was dressed in a handsome costume representative of the rays and radiance that accompanies "Times" intelligence and as the "windows of her soul," the flashing eyes, betokening that high degree of taste and brilliancy revealed themselves from beneath the mask, the uniform query was, who is that lady with the most original costume and vivacious exhibit of Las Vegas Times decorations? Her costume was not only original and of good—tasty design, but was firmly expressive of what was best at Vegas. Mrs. Armer, pleasant lady she is, certainly dignified the occasion of Aplins' masquerade ball.

Mrs. J. W. Horden was like unto a Japanese fairy, sweet and subtle that all present admired the genteel lady as she illustrated Oriental beauty.

Mrs. W. N. Ford, ever with a smile, full of good nature, certainly typified her choice of good luck as she played with her black decorated with gold and embossed with the flash of the horseshoe, that emblem of above (the doorway); Miss Josie likewise was Good Luck and creditable; Miss Lindsay, a bright-eyed lady, illustrated nobly the flower girl; Miss Plunkett, as a range rider, was good; Mrs. E. M. Plunkett, as a squaw, was a marvelous creation and so realistic that everyone swore that it was the real thing; sweet-like Miss Kuhn as a fairy was a blessed object; Mrs. Pauff was equal with them, and the Toppies were 'way up—who were they—some say oh! it was Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Collins, but there were others that are splendid types of the art of dissembling for such an occasion. They were good and with reportorial sprightliness some future occasion will be chosen to do honor to the line. The prize winners were Mr. Simmons, the Indian, and Miss Snyder.

VEGAS THEIR GATEWAY.

Will Have Charge of One of the Great Mining Properties of the West.

John Bresnahan, known as "Brick" (his hair an indication of the white horse nearby), and known the northwest over, as one of those happy good natured rock sharps who always know valuable ore when they see it, was at Vegas en route for the Furnace creek copper company's holdings. Few men in the northwest are better known or more jolly or better miners than this "hail fellow well met."

"Brick" is a man of great experience in mining. He has had charge of some of the best known properties in the west. He came here from Butte, Mont., where he was directing operations on Patsy Clark's Butte properties. For some time in the future he will give personal directions to the work that will develop the great Furnace creek showings of copper. Brick says he likes to sport with minerals and is never at home so much as when he demonstrates his ability in opening up big veins of lead, silver and copper and feels confident that Furnace creek is a more than a camp of great promise. The fact he states from what he has heard it is simply a realization of another copper deposit that, will, in time, make it the whirl of the copper world.

He is accompanied on this trip by Patsy Clark, Jr., and James P. Harvey, the manager of the Furnace creek enterprise.

NOTE OUR PRICES on canned goods in case lots. Ed W. Clark Forwarding Co.

OUR WINTER CLIMATE.

There is no climate in the world equal to the winter climate of Las Vegas valley. So prominent an authority upon fine, splendid climatic conditions as Patsy Clark, Jr., pronounces the Vegas article infinitely superior to that of Florida. He prophesies that in a not very distant future the curative and healthful features of this valley will become known the world over.

When properly recognized he further states that the influx of winter tourists—people seeking Nature's true enjoyment and freedom from business cares and worry—will be such as to make Las Vegas preeminently the best winter resort of the American continent.

Phoenix and Florida will then have to take a back seat.

Due Notice is Given That the Lawn Tennis Club Will Give a Dance at Aplins' Hall Wednesday Evening, February 23.—The Best Music to be Had in the State Will be on Deck.

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Best Quality Meats ... Fair Prices

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