

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 an 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 and states by act of August 4, 1892, near 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 1/4 of Section No. 22, 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.

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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.

The River of Youth

From all the golden hills of Dream, Down-cool and rainbow kissed, It twines and curls, a silver stream, Through valleys hung with mist. Down past enchanted woods to where Romance walks ever young, Where kings ride forth to take the air On steeds with velvet hang—

Where secret stairways tempt the bold, Where pirate caves abound, And many a chest of Spanish gold May solemnly be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps Past towers of peacock blue, Where still some captured princess sleeps And dreams come always true.

Then gleam by gleam the light goes out, Then darkened, grief be grief, It sighs into our Sea of Doubt And manhood's unbefitting—

—Arthur Stringer.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON
BY PAUL REAR

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," some fellow said; I'm going to ask the Doctor. Thus the youth, a bright-faced, curly-headed lad not out of his teens, throwing his head back like the thoroughbred, he was.

"My goodness," gasped the girl, "he'll flay you alive!"

"Not until he subdues that fit of gout," replied the youth, his eyes dancing. "If I'd make one pass toward his bad leg he'd holler like a loon."

The girl laughed in spite of herself, then looked grave again.

It might be said in passing that this was what the twain called "The Ways and Means Committee" in full session. You see it was this way: The lad and the girl with all the ardor and folly of youth desired only one thing—each other. They talked by day and dreamed by night of a love-lit cottage where they could remain always hand in hand encompassed by all the joys of love. They were a likely pair too, high-bred, well assorted, full of life and vigor and hope and courage.

But, alas, there was the inevitable stern parent—in this case the uncle and guardian of the girl, Dr. Kirk. The doctor had long ago deserted the scalpel and the pill-box for the worship of the golden calf. And it was with eastern devotion that he bowed before this shrine. So it may be imagined that the doctor did not view with even passing favor suits for the hand of his fair niece whose estate of a hundred thousand and odd dollars remained under his administration during her maidenhood. And Ethel was only 17. And she and Archie simply could not wait four years.

So it was that the Ways and Means Committee sat in frequent session. And so they sat this bright spring afternoon in the summer house.

"You know, Archie," said the girl, "that the doctor will never consent to my marriage until I am 21. He likes to handle the money too well."

"Give him the old money," replied Archie, savagely. "I've told you a hundred times. I have got some coming and I reckon mother would be decent about it. If not, by George I can make enough to live on. Frank Smith will give me a place in the bank."

"No, I will not marry without uncle's consent," replied Ethel decisively. "Nor will I let him have my money. We must wait."

"Not by a jugful," replied Archie violently. "We'll outwit the old Tartar. Trust me. I'm going in now to ask him."

The boy dropped into a brown study for some minutes. Then dropping the girl's hand he leaped to his feet with a cry.

"Hurrah," he cried. "I've got it. He shall ask me to marry you."

"Shall I ring for a keeper?" responded the girl. "Or have you only been drinking?"

"Look here," replied Archie. "Aint the doctor shining around mother all the time? Hasn't he got his greedy

I do. Just come and watch my smoke."

"But—"

"No buts now," he broke in. "I must get it off my mind or I'll bust." He marched bravely into the house followed by Ethel and a storm of protest.

"Dr. Kirk," he said solemnly, after he had invaded that worthy's library and seated himself under the questioning hostility of the shaggy brows. "I have observed for a long time your attentions to my mother."

The doctor grew purple but the boy went on unconcernedly: "And I will say frankly I have observed it."

"I know for a fact that acrobats are kindness itself to their children, and that to their health they pay the nicest care. Without such care the little chaps could never go through their tricks. But, while believing the life of the infant acrobat to be free from home hardships, I still cannot help noticing the effort with which the youngster, under the conditions mentioned, pumps up his sadly unmirrored grin, and I rejoice to find, as must many another person rejoice with me, that baby acrobats are going surely and steadily out of fashion."



"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, sir," with pleasure for I always respected and esteemed you sir."

The doctor softened a trifle, and interjected:

"Well sir."

This abrupt interjection nearly floored the young man, but he never flinched.

"Well sir, he replied. 'There is a circumstance which I thought you should know before the affair goes any further. According to the terms of my father's will, if my mother marries before I am of age, or am married myself, the entire property, her share as well as my own reverts to me.'

"What?" exclaimed the doctor. "Is that so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Archie. "And I thought you should know it. 'Not that I want to throw a straw in your way. Quite the reverse, I assure you. But as I am the only man of the family and as these property matters should always be understood between gentlemen I thought it only right to speak to you."

"Quite right, quite right," remarked the doctor, ruminating, "of course there has been no formal—what shall I say—understanding between your mother and myself. How old are you my boy?"

"Nineteen," replied Archie. "I am very sorry to have been compelled to say this, not only on your account, but on mother's. I am not, of course, her confidant in such matters but I am aware she respects you highly and—and I was afraid—well I thought it better to set things right now."

"You young rascal," roared the doctor, smirking and poking Archie with his cane. "You see too much. You don't mean to say your mother is becoming interested in me?"

"I fear so, sir," replied Archie gravely.

The doctor swelled up like a huge turkey cock and chuckled:

"Looke here," he said, turning suddenly on Archie. "You've been shining about my Ethel ever since I can remember. Why don't you bring things to a head. Great Scott, young man, when I was young we used to marry early and get a good start."

"I'm afraid she wouldn't have me," replied the conspirator shamelessly.

"Tush, tush," rejoined the doctor. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, sir. I'll bet she'd jump at the chance. You've got a pretty fortune coming and you're a well-favored young buck."

"I feared also that you would oppose her marriage so young," remarked Archie meekly.

"Not at all, not at all," replied the doctor. "Ridiculous, this talk against youthful marriages. It's the time to marry."

"And may I go to her with your permission sir," asked Archie eagerly.

"Certainly, certainly," was the reply. "Good luck to you. Don't take no for an answer."

Within the hour Archie led the blushing and still unbelieving Ethel into the dreaded lion's den and they knelt to receive the blessing of her

"My goodness, he'll flay you alive!" eyes on ma's quarter of a million? Well, I guess."

"Why, you know she wouldn't have him," replied the girl.

"I don't know any such thing," replied Archie with mock gravity. "I don't know anything about it. What right has a mere man to attempt to read a woman's heart. In fact, now that I think of it, I know she has the highest respect for him—one of the oldest families and all that sort of thing. And, by jove, I suspect she has a tender feeling. 'Pon my word,

guardian who was as fervent on his part as Archie was on his.

Neither did the doctor oppose an early wedding. Nay he favored and even urged it, greatly to the surprise of Ethel to whom her betrothed refused to reveal the method by which he had won over the doctor.

They were married within the month and it was the following day when the doctor met his Waterloo. He went all girdled for his victory.

"How in the world did Archie ever gain your consent to marry your nee so young," asked the widow. "I was not really in favor of it but Archie is so dominant—like his father."

Then the doctor determined to make the bold strike.

"He told me, my dear, dear, mad am," said he, bowing low, "that you could not marry before him—without sacrificing your fortune, and madam like him I was impatient."

"The scamp," cried the widow. "He told only a half truth. I cannot marry at all without sacrificing my fortune to him."

Just how the doctor got out of the house or what he said, nobody excepting the widow knows, the doctor least of all.

WOES OF THE INFANT ACROBAT

T. P. O'Connor Rejoices That They Are Going Out of Fashion.

"Is there anything more heartrending to contemplate than the wrenched up smile of the infant acrobat when he—often, alas! a she—is suddenly deposited on his staggering little legs by the footlights, after having been spun round like a tambourine by the feet for an inverted elder?" asks T. P. O'Connor.

"I know for a fact that acrobats are kindness itself to their children, and that to their health they pay the nicest care. Without such care the little chaps could never go through their tricks. But, while believing the life of the infant acrobat to be free from home hardships, I still cannot help noticing the effort with which the youngster, under the conditions mentioned, pumps up his sadly unmirrored grin, and I rejoice to find, as must many another person rejoice with me, that baby acrobats are going surely and steadily out of fashion."

"It is amazing that there should be so many people in the world as there are who can express frank delight at the spectacle of a child of tender years being spun on high by resined feet until he is giddy and breathless, and I recall with a comforting sense of satisfaction the anger displayed once by a gentleman in the audience of a variety theater on such a 'turn'—a turn, indeed—receiving an encore from a black whiskered foreigner, possibly the acrobat's agent, sitting in the row in front of him. The former leaned over to the heartless, or thoughtless, alien with the Tigg Montague whiskers and poured such a thunderous torrent of abuse into his astonished ear that I thought there would have been a fearful fight. In this event I know whose part I would have preferred taking."

Modern Passion for Display.

It was a century and a half ago that Benjamin Franklin wrote that "Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments," but his message comes with peculiar force to the people of this day and generation. Perhaps idleness is no greater a vice than in Franklin's time, but the sort of pride that taxes men's pocketbooks never before flourished as now. The desire of the poor to ape the rich, the universal effort and determination to keep up appearance for appearance sake, is one of the curses of this age. That hollow appearances are but tokens of superficial minds too few understand. Men and women of moderate means aspire to make the same display in spending money that their more wealthy neighbors do, and, when adversity comes, finding themselves with no money saved they realize too late, as Franklin would say, that they have paid too dearly for the whistle.

—Portland Oregonian.

Distrust.

It may be my intelligence ain't what it ought to be, but I'm sure it's got me fooled completely, when I see a solemn man rise up to advocate some glorious philanthropic plan and then find out he had extensive interests at stake. An' that he's figured all the time on it gets me downright nervous; it is hard to keep serene. A-ls-ent! to what people say an' guess in what they mean.

It's hard to disregard the words whose steady rhythmic flow stirs up your inmost feelings, jes' like music sweet an' slow. But I'm getting so suspicious that I merely sit an' try to size the talker up an' catch a twinkle in his eye.

I note the kind of clothes he wears, and if they're brushed with care; The way he trims his whiskers and the way he cuts his hair. I've had hard work, but 'bout the toughest task I've ever seen. Is listenin' to what people say an' guessin' what they mean.

—Washington Star.

The Lawyer's Daughter.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?" George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart. Then she laid her ear upon his manly bosom, and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George, after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not place implicit confidence in my love for you?" "Ah, yes," she sighed, with infinite content, "indeed I do George, dear, I have been deceived many times, you know."

COPPER AND SILVER

Two Metals That Run High in the Rich Ore Discovery in the Prospects Near Summit Springs.

J. W. TAYLOR INVESTIGATED THEM.

The Leads Vary in Width From an Inch to Four Feet, but They are Very Rich—The Average is About \$50.

A TOWNSITE IS LAID OUT NEAR THE MINES.

From The Callente Express:

J. W. Taylor, William Culverwell, W. C. Dorrel and Assayer Bailey returned from the scenes of the new discoveries Thursday. Taylor has had wide experience in minerals and especially among the new mining districts of Nevada. He says that the country is one that will figure among the big producers in a short time. There were others who went in on the first stampede, but they remained to perfect locations and make more of them.

Among those who have secured locations in the new district are John and Phil Smith, brothers and discoverers; J. W. Taylor, C. P. Christiansen, M. W. Frost, Dr. E. R. Keen, L. C. Bailey, Dr. Smith, F. J. Macey, "Billie" Culverwell, Doc Doyle, Joe Rice, Charley Culverwell, J. Wadsworth, C. Hall, J. Higgins, C. R. Carden, R. J. Langford, "Billie" Vanarsdale, F. Merrill, J. Wilkins, Frank L. Reber, Jim Brown, F. L. Peer and Dr. E. R. Keen.

A number of prospectors from Panaca and Callente were on the ground when the return party left. The new diggers are about 110 miles from Callente over a good road and there is plenty of good country all about that vicinity where the possibilities of good ore is evident. The party who returned are preparing to go into that country just as soon as they have fitted out. Some good ore is being taken out and sacked and all that is wanting to place the new district among the list of producing camps is teams to haul the ore to market.

The ore is of a silver-copper character in a lime formation, but they are a true fissure varying from an inch to as wide as four feet, all of it carrying values none of which it is claimed but what will pay to work. From an average of the leads it was learned the ore will go \$50.00, some of the "picked" pieces going away up into the hundreds and it will run all the way from 10 to 25 per cent in copper.

L. C. Bailey, the Smith Bros., C. P. Christiansen, Frank Merrill, J. Wilkins and others have laid out a townsite in the close vicinity of the mines. Merrill, Wilkins and Jack Smith are on the ground perfecting title as well as to protect their interest from the influx of prospectors who are rushing into the district.

The assays from the ore brought in from the new strike near Indian Springs went 1 1/2 ounces in gold, 89 ounces in silver and 13 1/2 per cent copper.

HANDS UP!

"Bill" is Going out on the Road Again, so Look out.

From The Callente Express:

"Bill" Headings is here again having come up from the Vegas to renew old acquaintances as well as to try and introduce a library to the people of Callente. "Bill" will visit De Lamar and Pioche with a view to introducing libraries into both of those towns within a few weeks, and while he is trying to work them on the library, he will inveigle them if he can to contribute to the maintenance of the Callente Express.

"Bill" says that when he visits both of those towns this time he will put on his working clothes and do business from the shoulder.

GOT HUFFED ABOUT IT.

Held a Railroader Up and Only Got \$2.50.

From The Callente Express:

Any old thing seems to suit the "hold-up" fraternity. Only the other evening while one of the railroad boys was wending his way toward home one of the "gentry" placed the muzzle of a gun up to his nose and said, "Up and deliver." He did it too the tune of \$2.50, the whole amount of money at hand and the "braky" thanked his luck that it was not more.

It was on the same evening the Blue Front grocery was robbed and perhaps the "fraternity" wanted to make a clean sweep before taking the next train out of Callente. They kept all of the \$2.50 and were heard "beating" when leaving for having made a little by the venture.

HOTEL NEVADA

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

... J. F. MILLER ... PROPRIETOR

W. L. APLIN
FURNITURE PAINTS AND OILS

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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
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Plans, Specifications and Supervision, tendence, Cement Block Construction a Specialty.

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LAS VEGAS - - NEVADA

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First Class Work.
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THE FAMOUS
HORSE SHOERS 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.

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Contractors for Brick, Stone, Concrete Construction, Cement Sidewalks and Excavating.

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Las Vegas, Nevada.

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THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH

LOCATED IN BUDGET CITY ON LAS VEGAS & TONGOPAH RAILROAD
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