

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.
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.
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 24th day of March, 1906.

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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. If

Earl Cadogan Is Known as Best Landlord in London

Is it worth \$250,000 to be known as the best landlord in London? Lord Cadogan's right to that designation is not likely to be questioned after this, but most people will agree that the above named sum is a big one to have paid for it.

As a matter of fact, his lordship—who recently was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—has always been known as one of the "squirest" as well as one of the richest London landowners.

He is one of the four or five men, including the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, who own most of London, his particular domain being the historic district of Chelsea, and ever since the estate passed into his hands he has made a point of favoring his tenants as perhaps no other proprietor has done.

That he has deprived himself of \$250,000 rather than embarrass them was not known until a short time ago, however, when it was divulged in a speech on the proposed taxation of land values which C. A. Whitmore, M. P., addressed to the ratepayers in Chelsea.

Sixty-six years old, rather small in stature and fair in complexion, the earl is a man of rather varied tastes and avocations. One of the most enthusiastic racing men in England, he is also an amateur musician, and plays the piano especially well.

In politics he has cut quite a distinguished figure, having been at one time or another under secretary for

war, under secretary for the colonies, and lord privy seal, besides lord lieutenant of Ireland, of which he made himself as popular a vice-



LORD CADOGAN

roy as the circumstances of that rather harassing case will permit. Incidentally, Earl Cadogan is a grandnephew of the great Duke of Wellington.

HIS "DOUBLE" AND "TRIPLE"

The question whether there can be allowed to gaze at beautiful women reminds me how I played for this privilege my own "double" and "triple." I walked down from the museum on a Sunday afternoon and I met near 43d street a lady who in complexion, form and expression struck me as one of the most beautiful young women I had ever seen. I could cast only a sidelong glance at her beauty, and longing for a second look I hurried through 43d street, boarded a Madison avenue car, rode up to 53d street and walked quietly down 5th avenue for the second time.

I saw the lady near 51st street. Of course, everybody was looking at her, but, engaged in a lively conversation with a gentleman, she seemed as unconscious of the admiring glances as of her own beauty. Assured that she never noticed poor me, I could not resist the temptation of trying for a third look. I hastened around the cathedral, rode up to 59th street and walked quietly down 5th avenue for the third time.

I met the lady near 59th street. This time she saw me and gave me a singular, startled, half-frightened look which I could not explain. I

walked on in deep thought, but could not help being aware that several persons stared at me with the same startled look, and there was a singular something in the looks that made me feel as if I were a ghost walking the streets.

At 57th street I met an old gentleman with his wife whom I remembered to have seen hobbling along near 43d street. When the old man saw me he seemed to throw up his hands, his eyes bulged out and his mouth opened. I did not know what to make of it. I had never made any sensation by my appearance, and I thought it best to pass quietly on, when I heard the old man cry out excitedly: "Great God, Mary, we have seen that man's double, and here comes his triple!"

It dawned upon me that it is rather an extraordinary thing to meet the same man three times in fourteen blocks walking along in the same direction in three different places, and I quietly disappeared, with my "double" and "triple" and a quadruple sense of my foolishness, in the next side street—"D. S.," in New York Sun.

ESKIMO HAS NO MASTER

There are no chieftains in the Eskimo community. They all regard themselves as free men, with an equal right to hunt, fish, sleep and eat. Everybody shifts for himself. He is absolutely and unconditionally independent. His only ambition is to be a good hunter and to rear sons who will inherit his skill with lance and harpoon. He has helped himself against the elements for centuries and the white man descending on his shores, ostensibly to confer the blessings of civilization, has never been able to improve his condition but only to detract from the old time happiness and advantages of the aboriginal Eskimo community.

Dr. Fritjof Nansen, Captain Holm, Dr. Salager and several other explorers have pointed out that an approach to civilization means to the Eskimo a slow but certain process of deterioration. In almost every instance where the experiment has been tried, such as around the Godthaab settlements,

the Eskimo, confounding the virtues and vices of civilization, has been made a victim of the latter at the expense of his own native virtues. In his natural state he leads a natural life on natural principles. No law tells him he must not lie, yet he never lies; no law tells him he must not kill, steal or cause suffering among his tribe, any yet he never kills, steals or causes trouble.

The natural helpfulness of the Eskimo is the basis of the socialistic state in which he lives. He will risk his life to save that of another, even his enemy. He will share the spoils of the hunt with his neighbors. If his neighbor dies and his wife is left alone with children he will provide for her until she marries again. He does not slander or tell tales; he does not abuse any one and he does not fight. He is a man of peace. He loves peace for its own sake and his life is one long, laborious attempt at happiness for himself and his people.

QUESTION THAT JARRED HIM

With his ticket to Atlanta tucked away in his inside pocket, the man from the South, in New York for a brief stay, felt that he could afford to be critical.

"I'll be glad to get back to Atlanta," he said, "for several reasons in general and one in particular. For the next six months I expect to hear no man say, 'How long will it take?' Up here that is the universal query. Just keep your ears open and you will hear it fifty times a day. If a man stops to have his shoes shined he invariably prefaces the job by asking the boy how long it will take. In barber shops many customers even go so far as to eliminate the usual morning greeting. They simply say, 'How long will it take?' and when they leave their parting word is not 'Goodby,' but a complaint about the slowness of the barber.

"The man who lunches down town

is no exception. Even an order of a cup of coffee and a sandwich necessitates the popping of that all-important question, 'How long will it take?' You hear it in drug stores at the prescription counter and in the telephone booth. In banks, in hotels, in offices and on the street people put that question for no apparent reason. They simply meet and stare at each other for a minute; then one makes some remark apropos of nothing, to which the other blithely replies, 'Yes? How long will it take?'

"To a man of my indolent disposition all that reeking of time is painful. I was brought up in a section of the country where nobody cares a rap how long it takes to do a thing, and it will be with feelings of pleasure that I shall again mingle with friends who will not answer even my invitation to have a drink with the query, 'How long will it take?'

OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

What if, when Washington's stern pa came out and saw that cherry tree—What if George had not cringed with awe and had set forth from home to flee?—What if his father had made chase—And caught the lad—ah, what, we say, if George had thought to fight the case—As some of us might do to-day?—
What if George should have fled a writ—Of habeas corpus, to get free?—What if he'd said: "You can't prove it!—Who saw me back the cherry tree?"—
What if, when habeas corpus failed—He should have done like modern men—The wisdom of the court assailed—And asked a change of venue then?—
What if he'd challenged, one by one—The jurymen that filled the box?—What if he'd chosen any but Tom—Of lawyers, as we choose our Cox?—
What if he, on the witness stand,

Had studied his three-cornered hat—And said, with calmness aptly planned:—"Ah, I decline to answer that!"—
What if the case had dragged along—Through many weary days and weeks, And jurymen who went in straggle—Came out with white and hollow cheeks—
What if they found him guilty, then—And all his actions were revealed—What if he'd gone home free again—Because his case had been appealed?—
What if—O, why probing this thing?—If George had not at once confessed, We should not now be discussing—That he of all was far the best—But then he lived in older years—And had the odd, old-fashioned ways—Conferred with him, in olden days—Great men are different nowadays—
—Chambers Tribune.

Finest Gothic Edifice is Cologne Cathedral

(Special Correspondence.)

Prominent in every view of the city of Cologne, on the Rhine, is the celebrated Gothic cathedral, the finest Gothic edifice in the world, and, next to St. Peter's in Rome, the largest church in Christendom.

The noble towers of this grand cathedral can be seen for miles over the level country as Cologne is approached in coming down the Rhine. The river flows swiftly above the city, between low, green banks and past charming little villages. As Cologne is approached the features of the town's defenses, its curious old houses, its bridge of boats, and its railroad arch spanning the muddy stream, are observed one after the other, and above all, rising grand and undefiled, are the tall towers of the splendid church, which stands on a slight elevation, near the river bank.

The site of Cologne cathedral, like that of many other Christian churches

the grand avenue of pillars bounding the nave, past the transept to the choir, and beyond to the altar, backed by a flood of gorgeous light, streaming in from the great east window. There are many frescoes and much rare stained glass in all parts of the cathedral, as well as a wealth of statues and carving, giving the interior a richness and splendor second only to that of St. Peter's in Rome.

Cologne cathedral is rich in sacred legends and relics. Whether considered merely as a monumental building, as a surpassing architectural work, or as a Christian shrine, this great cathedral is worthy of a pilgrimage, and no journey to Europe is complete that does not embrace a visit to it.

New Fortifications Built.
The old fortifications of the city, dating from the Middle Ages, have



Statue of Frederick William III.

In Europe, was once occupied by Roman buildings, probably including a temple. The foundation of a place of Christian worship on the spot is of such a remote date that only legend remains to record it. The present cathedral dates from 1248, and its completion was a work of the last half of the nineteenth century, the last stone having been put in place by Emperor William I., Oct. 15, 1880. More than \$4,500,000 was expended on the cathedral from 1842 to its completion, 632 years after the laying of its cornerstone. This was but a fraction of its total cost.

Material Would Build City.

It is said there is enough stone in Cologne cathedral to build houses for 10,000 persons; and while this is an elastic comparison, there certainly is enough material in the massive pile to build a very respectable city. The cathedral may be described as a nave flanked by double aisles, with transepts having single aisles. It is 471 feet long and 201 feet wide, with transepts 280 feet wide. The walls rise to a height of 150 feet, the roof is 200 feet high, and the two noble main towers rise to the great height of 515 feet. The western facade is a splendid creation, completed according to the original fourteenth century plans. Rising in two huge towers, it has a great central door, 93 feet high by 31 feet wide, and a vast window above it 8 feet high by 20 wide. The towers are of three square stories, surmounted by an octagonal story,

within the last decade been swept away and new works constructed in accordance with modern military principles. In connection with this work the town itself has been improved and extended, and streets once dark and filthy have been opened up or otherwise improved, but Cologne is still irregularly built and largely in the antique style.

The statue of Frederick William III., an imposing monument, is a comparatively recent addition to the attractions of the town.

Cologne is of pre-Christian origin, in its beginning being the chief town of the Ubi, a German nation. Falling under the sway of all-conquering Rome, that power made it a colony, Colonia Agrippina (whence the name Cologne).

As early as 870 the place was annexed to the German empire, and was for centuries one of the most powerful and wealthy cities of the Hanseatic League. Though latterly it has declined, even now its trade by river and railway is very great.

DOCTOR USED HEROIC REMEDY.

Risked Death from Heart Disease, But Cured Hiccoughs.

The late Dr. Gates B. Bullard, for more than a generation the leading physician at St. Johnsbury, Vt., did not always rely upon drugs for a cure. He was of fine presence and heroic proportions, and was a very picturesque user of profane language when occasion made it expedient.

Being called one night in the dead of winter to the bedside of a farmer who had been suffering from an incessant attack of hiccoughs for three days, and was near death, he wrapped himself up in his fur coat, pulled his fur hat down over his face, leaving but little visible besides his eyes and his whiskers, and hurriedly drove away.

He did not stop for preliminaries but entered the house and without a word passed into the sick room. Before the invalid knew he was there he jumped on the bed, grabbed him by the throat, and, raising him from his pillow by the neck, exclaimed: "D—n you! I want you!"

The man not only survived heart disease, but never hiccoughed again.

Milk and Typhoid Fever.
Careful investigation by the health department of the city of New York has demonstrated that the fear of contracting typhoid fever from eating raw oysters is not so great as one would believe, judging by reports from England, where recently fatalities have occurred for which the agency of infected oysters was clearly established.

To determine the factors in the causation of typhoid fever as it appeared in the city, 1,322 cases of the disease were studied, and it was found that only 5 per cent of the patients were consumers of raw oysters—and the great majority of them were also drinkers of raw milk, which is a significant fact, when it is taken into consideration that 51.7 per cent of the typhoid fever patients used raw milk as a part of their dietary. More than half of those infected with typhoid fever, says the Medical Record, were milk drinkers.

HOTEL NEVADA

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

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PRICES TO SUIT. Goods sold at a small margin on Los Angeles prices. Location in large frame building at corner of Fremont and Second St.

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C. L. HORSEY ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW PIOCHE - - - - NEVADA

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BARBER SHOP... First Class Work. In Arcade Saloon, on First Street. R. E. LAKE, Proprietor. Las Vegas, Nev., da.

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 BURL CITY ON LAS VEGAS & TOWNSHIP RAILROAD

SMITH & HECKER ASSAYERS "We Run Every Day" LAS VEGAS, NEVADA