

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Norman A. Kuhn is on a business journey to Los Angeles.

Matters are taking proper shape for the Methodist church building.

Hon. Frank Manuel is another. The another is very significant these days.

E. H. Blum is a wonderful character. He is a leading figure in the fire department.

Mrs. Dr. Bain went to Salt Lake on Tuesday of last week and expects to return the latter part of this week.

Church services are held every Sabbath, Sunday school at 10:30 a. m., Junior League at 7:15 p. m., preaching at 8 p. m., at the school house.

Jack Telford made a flying trip to Good Springs the early part of this week. Jack says there are things a-doin' there. Jack always has a keen eye for business.

Every Saturday evening, at Aplins' hall, a dance. All are cordially invited. Dancing is a great source of enjoyment, and these Saturday nighties at Aplins' are hugely enjoyed.

B. F. Miller was in town from Nipton this week. He reports business as very brisk in that section. Mr. Miller is proprietor of the stage and freight line between Nipton and Searchlight.

None more jolly or more gay than the inevitable Sam Gay. Sam is a field ranger with a larger circle of friends than any other man in these diggings. He has got all over the drop gun affair.

Say, Frank P. Phillips declares that he, too, will be another. It is certainly somewhat of an epidemic to be another these days. It takes a peculiar sort of prescription to cure the disease of "another" in and around Vegas.

Con Crowley, to fame known as an orator, has relinquished his itinerant position as a rostrum entertainer and instructor and has gone to work as a prospector. He is on a trip to Summit Springs and reports since he labors that his health has improved very much.

Charley Culverwell, the rising and popular leader in commercial pursuits, was in Las Vegas during the early part of the week. Charley dispenses in best style and best quality those essentials of life, the best meats that can be had in the Las Vegas and Callente markets.

H. H. Farrell and Ace Church esprit du corps of all that constitutes a clever and agile combination, are back from their hunting and pleasure jaunt in and around Callente and the Muddy valley. It was more than game they brought back. Oh, such ducats. Well, they are energetic and deserving.

James P. Harvey, the mining expert and manager of the large holdings of Patsy Clark in this section of the country, has returned to the Furnace Creek copper holding to give personal direction of the development work on what promises to be one of the great copper properties of the west.

W. H. Steele of the firm of Quintal & Steele is on a gold hunting trip to the Catlin gold camp. Arthur J. Frye also is accompanied with an investor to this camp of fabulous discovery. Rumor has it that both Frye and

Steele are great discoverers, not of gold, but of the good contents of the sideboard. They will make a proper exhibit of their discoveries in due course of time.

An inspiring sight is to see B. F. Briggs at work with pick and shovel. The future is an illuminant for our aristocratic young friend. It is truly a sight worthy of emulation for those who were likewise reared with a silver spoon in their mouths. Frank rejoices that conditions and circumstances always produce the methods that the sensible man applies.

Don Catlin was in Vegas Sunday and Monday. He loaded up with a full supply of necessaries and material for the prosecution of the development of the most promising gold property in Nevada today. Don with his partners, Harry Catlin and John B. Anderson, are truly fortunate these days. Wait a few weeks and behold the rush through Vegas for the Catlin find.

Fife's are now giving goods away. Bring your purse for money also.

E. W. CLARK FORWARDING CO. are making a specialty of groceries in case lots.

"SCOTTY," THE PLUNGER.

One of Our Luckiest and Most Entertaining Lincoln County Citizens.

From the Callente Express:

A. W. Scott, mining man and capitalist, from the temporary county seat, was in town Thursday. Mr. Scott has been a very successful plunger since he came into the county. Only the other day he bought eleven-twelfths of an interest in one of the richest discoveries in the state, and that was what brought him into town on his way to New York.

Mr. Scott says the mine is a wonder, and for fear that he would fall in making the buy, he gave the Whipple Bros. \$250 to make up their minds to accept \$9,500 within ten minutes. They made up their minds within that time. "Scotty" got the group, the Whipple brothers got the cash, and now "Scotty" owns what promises to be as good a mine as ever the Meadow Valley or the Raymond Ely ever was.

Fife's for ladies' Easter hats from 25c up.

WANTED—Miners and muckers at the Potosi mine. Good wages, good board, good lodgings. Apply Mahoney Brothers.

LOCOMOTIVE NO. 400.

Painted and Patted by the Boys Who Feed and Pilot it Every Day.

Engine No. 400 was artistically painted and looked like a beauty when it pulled out of the stall the other evening. Engineer A. T. Banyard displayed some of his skill by painting two "arrow heads" immediately below the headlight. It presented a fine appearance, but none is too good for Jim McCardell, fireman, together with J. with his fireman, Fred Cram. All of C. Gregory, another knight of the throttle on the same engine, together the boys delight in having the best and prettiest, and they come mighty near having it.

CHINK AND GREASER

The Almond-Eyed Son of Confucius Takes No More Chances on the Swarthy Sons of Mexico.

From The Callente Express:

Last Sunday evening Charley-Wing Ching, proprietor of the Chinese "hash foundry" at this place, was up in the air. He had been severely cut by a Mexican some weeks ago, and were it not for Al Turner at the time Charley would now be soaring about in space, with the little Chinese joshes in the celestial paradise. Since that time a Mexican can get nothing to eat from this son of Confucius. He will eye everyone coming into the "joint," and if they are off color they get nothing to eat.

"Me no feed Mex'can," he will say, and no matter whether they are Mexican or greaser, they get nothing to ease their appetite from him.

The other evening one of the boys firing on the Las Vegas end of the "swing" came in for a feed. He sat down, all grim and black. Charley got his optics on the fireman. There was the fellow, and black—yes, all black. But with the "chink," he gradually turned to an ashen hue.

"Me feed no Mex'can. You giet out," he cried out. But instead of the fireman going as Charley ordered, he peered from the casing of rusted soot and sweat and wondered what in the world was the matter with the "Chink." The fireman sat, but Charley broke and ran for the rear door of the "foundry," taking a part of the door casing along with him, and in his flight he met a lady, whom he asked: "You steet dat Mex'can man?" to which the lady, replied, "Yes," she having had a passing remembrance of the greaser who had cultivated an acquaintance with the Chinaman.

After the young lady had confirmed the fears of the "Chink" he did not stop going until he had rounded up Ernest Kete, Deputy Sheriff Monahan and all of the officials of Callente, and told them the harrowing tale that the greaser had returned with the avowed determination of returning home to Mexico with the queue, scalp and all worldly effects belonging to Charley.

A steady and determined advance was made on the "hash foundry" by the limbs of the law; slowly, but cautiously they advanced, Ketes with gun primed and ready, while Monahan, with the vim and determination to get the Mexican or offer up his life as a humane sacrifice to the law and dignity of Callente. But as they peered through the door into the dining room, there sat the fireman, grim and black, howling:

"Charley, you blankety blank long-tailed _____, are you going to bring in that dinner?"

All that Ketes remarked was: "Oh, shaw." Monahan, plainly disgusted, "D—n it."

JOHN MAGUIRE.

The Veteran Theatrical Manager Was With Us Once Again.

From The Callente Express:

The veteran theatrical manager and pioneer actor, John Maguire, gave a performance in Callente Friday night. There was an outpouring of the people of Callente to honor this prince of the American "boards." The house was crowded to its limit, and among those present were found many early loners who had lived a generation until the sage brush end on the barren deserts plain of Nevada.

It was a pleasure to see those grizzled-headed people vie one with another to honor this "trall blazer" of the stage of early and ancient days. Tom McCaffery and Charley Culverwell were in front seats, and so were many others. The "bald-headed row" was absent, but in its stead were the "driery gray," and the massive forms of those who had known John when he and other desert towns were the foundation and perpetuation of the unity of this nation.

It was to such men as John Maguire and the early pioneers of whom we think that credit must be given for having preserved our Union and furnished the sinews of war with which to defend the flag.

A SOCIABLE PRINCE.

Hits the High Places on His Way to the Big Camp of Nevada.

From the Callente Express:

J. R. Mairs, a popular citizen and an all-around sociable good fellow, left Sunday to make the rounds of the big mining districts of the state. His many friends in Callente will miss him on account of his affable disposition and continual good humor. He will be away for some weeks.

Rye from Siberia.

Rye came originally from Siberia.

SWINGING ROCK FIRMLY FIXED.

South American Natural Wonder Decried Dictator of Argentina.

One of the strangest of natural wonders of South America, is the swinging rock of Tandil (La piedra voladora), says the Philadelphia Record. The stone lies about half an hour's walk from the city of Tandil, province of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, upon the highest summit of a little rocky ridge. When seen from the ravine it has the form of a giant pyramid, while from another view it resembles an enormous cone. It is twenty-one feet long and twenty-eight feet high, and its weight is judged to be about 12,500 hundredweight, or about 627 tons. From the distance the stone presents a peculiar aspect. It is so highly poised on the rocky slope that it seems as if we were watching a stone roll down the hill and resting for a second upon a very small base. But when we approach this swinging rock we are astonished by a new wonder. We can set the stone in motion by merely pushing it with the hand. Very often the traveler is spared even the trouble of pushing the stone, as the wind will cause it to swing.

Early in the nineteenth century the Argentine Republic was ruled by the dictator Rosa with unparalleled cruelty for about twenty-five years. To show his supreme power the tyrant ordered that the stone be encircled with ropes and many horses to be harnessed to these ropes—but the stone could not be moved one inch from its resting place.

In Old New York.

It is the custom of the New York papers to sneer at the unsophisticated doings of the people in other parts of the country. Apparently, however, judging from the revelations made in the evidence of Col. Mann in the libel case now on trial, many of the most prominent and wealthy men of the metropolis were the easiest kinds of easy marks for parties who merely proposed to write them up favorably or unfavorably, according as they paid out their cash, generously or not. It is marvelous to read how easy it was to get large sums of money ostensibly as loans or in return for certificates of stock whose value bore no proper proportion to the money paid out. That the leaders of New York society should have been held up in this way argues ill for their common sense, and at the same time shows the total lack of real value to the utterances of the so-called society journal.—Pittsburg Post.

Quoted to a Purpose.

The private secretary of the eminent statesman dropped a pillie note to the railway magnate, suggesting that the eminent statesman would be pleased to be favored with an annual pass. But the railway magnate, having formulated a new policy and also having some wit, returned the application with a printed slip containing the text: "Suffer not a man to pass," and "So he paid the fare and went."

"I guess that will hold him," chuckled the railway magnate.

But the private secretary of the eminent statesman approached a parallel line, and soon was able to drop a brief note to the first magnate. The brief note consisted of the simple text: "And he passed by on the other side."

Too Cheap.

An Omaha man who claims he can live on nine cents a day has received hundreds of letters from women who want to marry him. This seems to prove the statement that there are a great many women in this country who would be glad to marry if they could afford to support a husband. Many of these women presumably earn almost enough to warrant them in securing one of these luxuries, and a man who can be fed for 63 cents a week, or something like \$2.50 a month, strongly appeals to them.

At the same time a 9-cent a day man seems to be too much of a bargain to be really attractive to the careful purchaser.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sacrifice Imperative.

It was her first proposal, and, although somewhat rattled, she remembered the proprieties.

"You would give up everything for me?" she asked.

He answered her that he would.

"Even smoking?"

"I couldn't do that."

"Sir!"

"No; for I never smoked."

Then he had to promise to learn to smoke so as to have something to sacrifice. And in the heart of each the joy bells rang.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Everything Worn.

"And you still delay the wedding," sighed the beautiful girl. "My heart is worn out."

"Is that all?" demanded the suitor who was an advocate of procrastination.

"No, the carpet is worn out, the parlor sofa is worn out, ma's hopes are worn out and pa's patience is worn out."

The suitor whistled.

"Well, by gum!" he retalled. "My shoes are worn out coming here every two or three nights."

Haakon and the Hawkiness.

You pronounce the double "aa" in Haakon like "aw" in "awful" and the "laf" in Olaf as "laugh." The two names fall on the ear as "Hawkin" and "O-langh." The numerous Hawkinesses are descended from marauding crews of Northmen who flew on their flat bottomed boats not the raven, but the hawk flag.—London Truth.

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