

NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE.

Double Train Service With All of the Best and Quickest on Clark Road.

No. 1 arrives 6:10 p. m.; leaves 6:30 p. m.

No. 7 arrives 6:30 a. m.; leaves 6:35 a. m.

No. 2 arrives 10:25 a. m.; leaves 10:45 a. m.

No. 8 arrives 1:15 a. m.; leaves 1:20 a. m.

Pacific time.

Nos. 7 and 8, Los Angeles Limited, will be electrically lighted and steam heated and composed of the following equipment:

One baggage car.

One observation-buffet-library car.

One 16-section tourist sleeper.

One dining-car (meals a la carte).

One 14-section drawing-room standard sleeper.

One 12-section drawing-room smoking-room standard sleeper.

This train will run through solid every day in the year, via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and Chicago Northwestern railway.

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

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

The undersigned will take orders for shade and fruit trees for shrubbery and flower plants. Is prepared to furnish in due time all plants of the nursery order that will prosper in the soil of the Vegas valley. Get orders in early.

LAS VEGAS NURSERY.
On Buol's track, near brick yard.
G. F. SHERWOOD.

BEST MUSIC FURNISHED.

For music lessons call on Mrs. Dillon, corner Carson and Second street. Music furnished for dances and entertainments. Five years in France and Germany.

MRS. DILLON.
Corner Carson and Second Street, Las Vegas, Nev.

FOR SALE.

Two-room house. Apply at corner Fourth and Ogden streets or at Arthur J. Frye's Rainbow Saloon.

HAY AND GRAIN, Wholesale and retail at Clarks.

FOR SALE.

Cheap, one lot on First street.
PETER BUOL.

LUMBER AND BUILDING Material, Paints, Oils and brushes, at Clark's

FOR SALE.

Eighty acres adjoining Las Vegas townsite. Lays beautifully. One quarter mile southeasterly from depot. Several other large tracts. Owners, Cyrus A. White estate. Address: **CHESTER S. WHITE.**
2212 Pleasant Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE.

A good business making from \$100 to \$150 per month. Requires \$750 capital. Seller leaving country. Address this office. 2t

FOR SALE.

A lot in best portion of city, fronting new depot, for sale at reasonable price. Call at Times office for good bargain.

NOTICE.

Church service are held at the school house each Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school 8 p. m. Preaching by the pastor, Dr. Bain.

TEMPORARY WITHDRAWAL.

Department of the Interior, Land Office, Washington, D. C., January 6, 1906.

Proposed Spring Mountain Forest Reserve, Nevada.

Register and Receiver, Carson City, Nevada.

Gentlemen: On January 4, 1906, the acting secretary of the interior, temporarily withdrew from all disposal, except under the mineral laws, all the vacant unappropriated public lands in the following described area, for the proposed Spring Mountain Forest Reserve:

Townships 18, 19 and 20 South, Range 55 East.

Townships 18, 19, 20 and 21 South, Ranges 56, 57 and 58 East, M. D. B. and M. Nevada.

You will post said withdrawals upon the records of your office.

Very respectfully,
W. A. RICHARDS, Commissioner.

Together

O, maiden fair, the world grows old,
O, maiden fair, the winds blow cold;
O, maiden, give me your hands to hold,
Let's never mind the weather!
The tree-boughs may be gaunt and bare,
But warmth is in your red-gold hair,
And in your eyes—there's mischief there!
Let's live and laugh together!

Let's live and laugh together, maid;
And walk life's ways all unafraid;
Though cold the wind by wood and glade
No wintry circumstances
Can bring a chill betwixt us two;
Love makes all skies seem fair and blue,
And blossoms nod begemmed with dew
Beneath love's seromancies!

O, maid, the snow drifts high, you wis;
O, maid, I hear the north wind hiss;
O, maid, give me your lips to kiss!
Let's brighten up the weather
With love! the leaves that rustle along
Shall we wear birds on wings of song;
In rhythm life shall glide along
Whilst we twain love together.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.



BY ROB TICHEYNE

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The sloping vineyards along Ontario were lightly veiled in the mists of Indian summer. In the air was that anguorous warmth that steals into the veins and lulls the brain to dreams and reminiscence. The giant cataract could be heard faintly, a drowsy, distant hum of monotony—a sound that seemed to pervade everything and reach the bewildered brain, strangely associated with the heavy odor of grapes, full ripe; the rich clusters hanging everywhere, so harmonized with the amethystine haze in which the whole scene was bathed, that the mind was some way dulled to externals, like a muffled drum, and, yielding to the soothing enchantment of all about it, yet failed to distinguish clearly between sound and smell and sight.

It is only by some such psychological analysis, whether scientific or not, that an explanation can be found for the startling fact that Fanchette, going home from the day's picking, allowed Ponpon the jester, the clown, the great laughing roysterer Ponpon, to imprint upon her pretty, upturned, scarlet lips, a kiss, thinking all the while it was Antoine.

And such a kiss! A group of gay young girls turned at the sound, only to see the demure Fanchette, blushing to be sure, but smiling in serene unconsciousness of the fact that it was Ponpon who had slipped up behind her and tipped her chin back, as Antoine sometimes did, when he was not too serious. An old man gathering sticks raised himself at the sound, only to see Ponpon's laughing face disappear among the bushes at the side of the road. A little bird heard the sound and burst into a joyous song. A tall girl, with eyes like blackberries, coming around a turn in the path behind them, heard it and saw, too, the whole performance, and her heart leaped exultantly.

"So, that it the way when Antoine is not here!—Oh, these demure little turtle doves!" and she turned back to wait for Antoine.

When he came up Ponpon was hanging over him, casting all manner of jibes at him.

"You have excellent taste, Antoine. I swear her little chin is as soft as ze breast of le perdris." He burst into a loud guffaw. "Here is La Grignon"—he had given the dark-eyed girl this nickname because she was tall as a maypole, and it had stuck because she was pretty as one—"she will tell you; she saw Fanchette kiss me."

"Yes, and I think it is outrageous of her."

Ponpon was not prepared for this, as he had no idea anyone had seen him, and had called La Grignon into it only to tease Antoine. So he quickly ran off to join another group. But Antoine was silent and his companion had no chance to poison his mind against her rival.

Fanchette entered the vine-covered



Such a kiss!

cottage and kissed her mother with the happiest of faces.

"Ah, my little Mignon, I see you have made up your quarrel of last night with Antoine."

"Yes, mamma, he slipped up behind me as I was walking home—O, mamma, it was so good of him. I know I was in the wrong last night and I shall tell him so when he comes to night."

But Antoine did not come. The next day Fanchette noticed a difference in the way the girls treated her.

She was continually finding herself left out of the little groups that worked and chatted merrily among the fragrant vines. Antoine did not come near her all the morning, and, when he passed her later in the day, looked away.

Day after day of the balmy Indian summer passed away and Fanchette, no longer in doubt of the world's injustice went about her work with a sad little heart. What had she done? One of the younger girls had just made an unkind remark about her little blue bodice with the red eyelets and



The silence was intolerable.

laces. Of course it was different from the dresses of the Canadian girls for she had brought it with her from France, but they had all admired it at first. Poor Fanchette! She knew nothing of the world as yet. She could not understand.

One day, late in October, she was sitting on the stone wall, her eyes off across the valley and her thoughts in far-off Gascony, when Ponpon came upon her.

"Poor Fanchette!" he said banteringly, "she is ze last of her illustrious race and it makes her to mourn. Come, let me kiss away that sad look."

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate everybody!" she burst forth.

"Fanchette!—Dear little Fanchette. This is serious. Tell Ponpon." He was not jesting now.

Fanchette only shook her head and winked the tears back. For a long time the good hearted fellow who had worked all the mischief regarded her in silence, then, unwilling to leave without a word said:

"You will save Ponpon a dance to-night?"

The girl shook her head.

"Fanchette! Do not be so ill-tempered."

"I'm—I'm not going," sobbed poor Fanchette.

"Not going? Not going to the beeg party that the boss gives us. Why, there will be dances, and games, and jack-o-lanterns. Not going to the hallo-ween party? Fanchette! Fanchette! If you do not hold the water in your mouth you can never get married."

But the girl wouldn't smile and poor Ponpon went away sad of heart. "But she shall go," he said, and with the aid of Fanchette's mother he finally persuaded her to go at the last minute because she saw she would have to give an excuse and she had none; only that everybody hated her, which seemed of course her appearance, and with Ponpon, set the busy tongues wagging; and her tall rival hit upon a merry plan that all the girls applauded. They would send poor timid Fanchette into the great empty barn where they had fixed up the big swing like a ghost swaying back and forth in the darkness, and when she screamed they would all have a good laugh. But Ponpon got wind of it, and, as he was tying the blindfold over her eyes, whispered, "Courage, Fanchette, I have fixed a surprise for you."

The crowd gathered about the lower door, as the girl slowly mounted the ladder. As she removed the bandage and saw the grinning pumpkins and the great ghost she could not suppress a little gasp in spite of Ponpon's "courage." The silence was intolerable and she thought she must scream.

"Fanchette!" exclaimed a voice.

"Antoine!" She ran toward the ghost and threw herself into Antoine's arms.

After they had sat swinging blissfully together for some minutes, Fanchette said, "Antoine, I was in the

wrong when we quarreled; I forgive you for saying so."

It was easier to forgive than to ask forgiveness and much more satisfactory.

"But, Fanchette," said Antoine in his most serious tone, "it was very wrong of you to kiss Ponpon."

"I? I never thought of such a thing. Who said I kissed Ponpon?"

"Fanchette!"

"Now Antoine, I have just forgiven you. Don't make me angry again. I tell you I never, never, never kissed Ponpon, and nothing will make me say I did, so there. Come on, I'm hungry. Take me out of this dark place."

AS HETTY GREEN TOLD STORY.

She Had Not a High Opinion of Hon. Joseph Choate.

When the Hoyt will case was on trial in New York the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, as everybody knows, was one of the great lawyers engaged in it.

Among the witnesses on the side Mr. Choate was opposing was Mrs. Hetty Green. It was a field day when she took the witness stand. The object was to find out from her what had passed between her and Irene Hoyt at a certain conversation respecting the bringing of the suit. Mr. Choate vehemently objected to this conversation being given by Mrs. Green and fought valiantly to keep her from telling what had passed. During the whole wrangle she sat grimly in the witness box, her shabby old bonnet askew, while she clutched her rusty hand-bag. At last after a tough fight, the Court stated that the question might be asked of Mrs. Green in this form:

"What passed between you and Miss Hoyt relative to the bringing of this suit?"

"I object," shouted Mr. Choate, noting an exception.

And then it was that Mrs. Green snapped out: "Irene Hoyt told me she meant to bring suit and I said to her, 'Irene, if ever you let that old buzzard, Joe Choate, get his hand in your pocket you won't have a dollar left.'"

All the lawyers engaged in the case had champagne for luncheon that day and Mr. Choate paid for it.—New York Journal.

Barbarity of Russian Surgeons.

This incident of the late war in the east is told by a Russian soldier: "After each battle the sanitaries would mark with red paint those wounded who were to be taken away for treatment and with black paint those apparently hopelessly wounded, who were to be left on the field and buried with the dead. I myself was lying on the ground when a hand touched me and then proceeded to fetch the black paint. I fully realized my fate and said to the officer: 'But I am alive and may recover. How can you act like this?' 'Have you money?' he then asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'How much?' 'Ten rubles' (\$5.15). 'Give them to me.' He just managed to put the money in his pocket and was stretching out his hand for the red paint, when tra-akh tra-akh—the enemy's shrapnel struck him dead on the spot, only a couple of steps from myself. I lay and listened, but not a sound came from him. Then I thought, why should I lose my money? and, gathering strength, I crept up to him and began to search his pockets, when, to my astonishment, I found not only my 10 rubles but more than 300" (\$154.50).

The Man and the Job.
Of graft I do not care to read.
Its ways and wiles have ceased to thrill.
To hold-up yards I pay no heed.
They're even more familiar still:
But yet my curious instincts throbb
At items small I daily find.
Like this: "Jake Little's got a job.
Instead of Thomas Jones, resigned."

I know that there a problem lies
For those who read between the lines.
For politicians shrewd and wise
Who "know the ropes" and scan the signs
So veiled unto the general mob,
Their meaning to the few confined:
Why did Jake Little get the job?
And why has Thomas Jones resigned?
They fain would know who hungering wait
The chance that may a berth afford
In county service or with state
Or city hall or drainage board.
What ailed poor Jones, the luckless man?
Did he neglect his daily grind?
What "pull" applied to him a can?
Oh, why, oh, why, has he resigned?

But vain through wide surmise to range.
One cause shines out most clear and true.
The law of jobs is law of change—
Yank out the old, yank in the new.
The loser up again may bob.
The winner yet will fall behind;
And therefore Little gets the job
And Jones meanders off, resigned.

Young Brother's Time Will Come.

She had been for a drive with a young man friend, and when she returned she was glowing with excitement.

"Oh, dear, mother," she cried, "Tom and I had the very narrowest escape from an awful accident! The horse very nearly bolted. We were going through Swan Lane, when all of a sudden a pheasant got up from the hedge and frightened the horse, and if Tom hadn't made a dash for the reins—"

"Eh?" said her youngest brother, suddenly. "How's that? Why wasn't he holding them?"

And it took at least five minutes to explain.—London Tit-Bits.

Baden-Powell Declines Cigarettes.

Gen. Baden-Powell, writing to a Bolton (Eng.) schoolboy, says he believes that "smoking by fellows who are still growing does them an infinite amount of harm, and those who are sensible don't take up smoking until after they are 20 years of age or so. Fellows who smoke before that age generally turn out rotters afterward. They only do it because they think it looks swaggar and manly to smoke, but any man who has done any scouting or big-game hunting knows that they are fools."

IT'S EASY To see why our trade has doubled in so short a time.

People have found that we have what they want; that we fill prescriptions most accurately; that our line of Christmas Goods, Stationery, Drugs, Toilet Articles and Candies is the largest and best in town. Full line of Notions. Come and inspect our stock.

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WILL SERVE MEALS AT ALL HOURS
WINES, LIQUORS
AND CIGARS → EVERY
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See our portable houses. They are neat in appearance, quick and
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the market.
Office and Yard Corner Main and Lewis Streets.

The Cash Meat Market
Best Quality Meats ... Fair Prices
Our aim is best service to consumers. Our motto, a
square deal. Come and see us and you will be
convinced of our aim to serve you well.
Shop on First Street, Bank Row.
Near Fremont Street **CHAS. CULVERWELL, Jr., Prop.**

GO TO.. BOTKINS'
Headquarters for Mining Shoes
\$3.50, \$4.50 and \$6.50
Dress Shoes, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Orthopedic and Geo. E. Keith's Shoes.
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Freshest Bread, Best Pies and Toothsome Cakes Always on
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Served at Business Stand.

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New Hotel Southern
C. HUNSAKER, Proprietor
A FIRST CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. TWO HUNDRED SUNNY ROOMS.
MINERS' HEADQUARTERS. From S. P. Depot take Brooklyn Avenue Car.
From Salt Lake and Santa Fe Depot take First Street Car to Main, then one block
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