

**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.  
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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.  
 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 Geo. 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.

**In Norway's Old Capital**

**Sights of Christiania Will Repay Traveler for Time Taken in Journey to the North**

(Special Correspondence.)

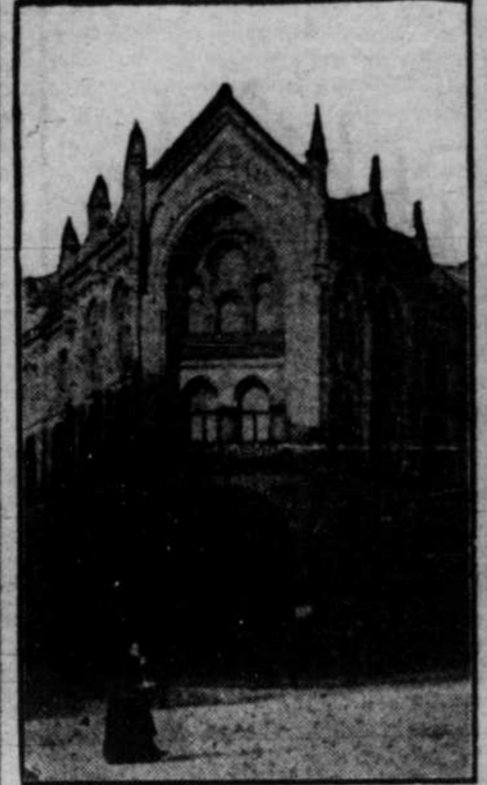
With regret for the loss of pleasures proved in lovely Stockholm, with anticipation for the joys of a town untried, with a solid night's ride across country, we three emerged from the sleeper, wide awake to the interest and novelty of Norway's capital, renowned for its busy shipping port, and its fair harbor of long arms and deep dents, which lend a beauty unrivaled amid the glories of this earth. The Crown Prince paid us a visit, and for miles away the country flocked to the city. Peasant and farmer rattled in, till sidewalk and curb were packed with surging humanity. Flags floated from palace and cottage; the booming of cannon, the rattle of hoofs, and the advance of the royal guard proclaimed the noble entry. The ladies held a charity bazaar, in his honor, and radiant signs flashed out their greetings. The great structure never had more than pushing room, for the crowds which swept on to this interesting center. Norway's fairest girls, arrayed in national emblems, allured the buyer to their dainty booths, which flamed in colors gay. Stalls outside satisfied the coarser taste for fries, for yards of sausage and schooners of beer. Within, the buyer could choose from a list that included an iced cake or a cart wheel. Many of the heavier goods took their chances, being loaned as advertisements by the city merchants. And a mint of money was made in lotteries. This was the Norwegian magnet. It riveted the Matron till she was dragged away, with purse depleted. Kroner after kroner she passed over to the beguiling maid, who encouraged her weakness, as she took just one more chance deep down in the well-filled churn, or in the revolving wash machine, to draw up only a blank, where one in scores might find a magic number.

**Town Rich in Relics.**  
 The town was rich in relics, and the Matron browsed in odd corners and fished up twisted candlesticks of brass, and wooden flatirons three feet long, guided by a crank, which must have slid over the table like a snowshoe, while its deep carving of heroic scenes was imprinted in the clothing. Pewter plates depicted glories never before dreamed, and the Matron will go mourning to the grave, for a certain grand platter, carved in luxury, and stabbed with the date 1784, which grinned at her behind closed glass just before train time. All Christiania has an idle way of locking its doors and going home to dinner between 2 and 4. The city is practically dead. No power on earth could uproot a proprietor. At this trying hour she spied the grinning figures which exulted with sardonic joy in their antiquity. How she beat and clamored at the case-ment! How she longed to smash the glass window! How she sees today, will always see, that battered pewter, with its giddy scenes, and staggering figures on the margin, 1784.

**Wondrous Viking Ship.**  
 But if one's soul is lost to such a bauble, what sentiments must overwhelm the beholder as he stands before that wondrous viking ship whose history runs back 1,000 years, whose ribs and thwarts and rudder defied the lapse of ages, as they lay wrapped for centuries in their mantle of blue clay! Now exhumed, the ragged edges read us ancient history. The

forth on stormy seas to-day in such a clumsy contrivance; but 1,000 years back this same contrivance was the proud queen of the waters, the easy conqueror on a mighty main, and the lesson she reads us, of past power and present progress alone is worth the northern trip, even though the tomb chamber which buried the viking king was pillaged of its hero and its treasures, in remoter centuries.

**The Mighty Ibsen.**  
 Two mighty monuments, an ancient and a modern, has Christiania, and at daily noontide, the trio hovered in the salon of the Grand Hotel, for but a glimpse of that Goliath of modern times, whose weighty sledge hammer nailed to the walls of "The Doll's House" a verdict which startled mod-



Street Corner in Christiania.

ernity out of Lethaean slumber; that mighty Samson who pulled down "The Pillars of Society," yet stood firm as the rock-based mountains amid the social devastation. While accepted theories swung back and forth like cobwebs caught in those tottering pillars, he stood like a battering ram, lunging again and again his hard-headed front into the face of mock modesty, of cowardly sham, of gilt-edged hypocrisy. He was fearless and terrible, he was scathing and shocking, but he was honest, and we loved him for his loyalty, his courage before conviction, his right about face to duty, as he saw it. Many a craven who had long bent the neck to the yoke of society-as-it-is knew that the mighty Ibsen had uttered truths long ringing in his own heart. The head had reasoned them, but the cowardly self had not dared speak them.

It was Ibsen's wont, at midday, to read the papers and sip his coffee at the Grand, unless curious eyes became too many. In which case he shied away for intermittent spells. He does not like publicity or scrutiny, and the trio was warned that he had the manners of a grizzly bear. He would not speak nor be spoken to by the hoi polloi. But the general had an irresistible way of her own, and fearlessly would she walk up to the canon's mouth, or beard the lion in his den. In very pretty words she aired her summer's study of the Norse, and



Karl Johan Gade.

old berserkers dashed through the watery main, with their foaming dragons headed for foreign shores. They whipped up the sea with fury, and they pillaged all in their path. Far back in 800, the great Charles wept for the havoc which these northern sea kings would bring to Southern Europe. His prophecy was fulfilled. They were grim and hardy pirates, those foam-becked adventurers, and when the wild life of sea robbing was over, the sturdy viking chief was led to rest in the brave craft which had borne him on wild waters. To us who have watched swift greybouds and shipping yachts, how clumsy and bungling seems this relic of the seas. But it served the time and need. The square sail was rigged to the central mast, the rudder clung to the right, and sixteen rough rowlocks were wedged into a side plank. We should say, God pity the wild man who set

buttoned the mighty Ibsen quite as if he were her equal, and should be honored by the greeting. With quaint slips in her halting speech she told that literary lion how well he had written, and how well she liked his stories, his language, his country and himself. The Professor stood agabed before the brazen effrontery. The Matron was mute. The victim was brave, and retaliated with other kindly speeches, which assured the general that her skill in the language did credit to America. "See Ibsen and die," had been the slogan of the trio, and rivaling the memory of Christiania's glorious harbor, one of the many "most beautiful views in the world," above the memory of the shattered and dismembered viking-ship-of-centuries past, is the treasured thought of that towering Goliath of modern literature.

**TOLD OF THE VETERANS**

Forgive,  
 The air of scented pine floats o'er the stream,  
 The day is done and shadows fall,  
 One by one the stars appear,  
 One by one, as in a dream,  
 May they not go back and say  
 "Forgive."  
 The night is long the way is steep,  
 The pathway narrow, we lose our way  
 In wrong or right, we plod along,  
 Perhaps to laugh and off to weep,  
 Perhaps to linger a little while  
 And say, forgive.  
 The soft dew falls in the eventide  
 O'er the river, field and stream,  
 Just as a word from the lips of one  
 Who begs and pleads in a world so wild,  
 That you may hear it somewhere,  
 The word, forgive.  
 By some mistake, perhaps my own,  
 Some painful word, or look, may be,  
 The boat went drifting to a fat old lele  
 Where discontent and feud are sown;  
 Oh, if some one would tell you why  
 And say, forgive.  
 By some mischance or bitter word,  
 A needless action born of strife,  
 Some impulse heeded but too late,  
 Some rumor rankles, a scandal heard,  
 Some lie repeated, breaks the heart—  
 Forgive! Forgive! —Exchange.

**In the Fight at Lexington.**  
 "One of the regiments in the battle of Lexington," said the Captain, "had been in service not more than a hundred days, but the men fought like veterans. It is true they were informal and irregular at times, but they stood by their guns. For example, there was a little Dutchman of company A, First Illinois cavalry, who on the third day, after all the men who had manned the six-pounder had been shot, swabbed, loaded and fired the gun himself. He was precision itself and as unexcited as if on drill."  
 "After the white flag had been ordered up for the third time by the commander of the home guards, and had been taken down as often by indignant men, most of the boys in our part of the works in front of the hospital cut out for the main works around the college. E. A. Jellison, however, remained with the little Dutchman and his six-pounder, firing his old musket as rapidly as circumstances would permit. After firing all his own cartridges and all that he could find in the cartridge boxes of the dead within his reach, Jellison tied a handkerchief to his ramrod and went over to the movable hemp bale breastworks of Gen. Rains, rebel commander of the investing forces."  
 "Jellison was received by Gen. Rains himself, who asked eagerly if Col. Mulligan had surrendered or was ready to surrender. Jellison replied that he didn't know, he didn't come from Col. Mulligan, and couldn't speak for him. He represented only himself, and as he was out of ammunition and was occupying an exposed position he was ready to surrender. Scarcely noticing the explanation, Rains wrote out a formal demand for the surrender of the Union forces and sent it to Col. Mulligan by Jellison.

"The latter delivered the message to Mulligan, secured another gun and more ammunition, and again opened on the rebels. In later days Jellison admitted this was very irregular, but he contended that Gen. Rains did not formally accept his surrender, did not take his parole, did not even ask him to return. So he felt free, after he had delivered Rains' message to Mulligan, to resume business at the old stand. He always insisted that Rains didn't know any more about the etiquette of the occasion than the little Dutchman did, or than Jellison himself did.

"Those movable breastworks of hemp bales used by the rebels at Lexington seemed very formidable to most of our men. The rebels pushed them forward, throwing water on them to prevent them taking fire when struck by shells, and there was a belief in the ranks that nothing could stop such an advance. Mulligan himself was depressed by the wet hemp bales more than he was by the enemy's guns. Therefore the coolness of the thirty or forty men who had charged over the hemp bales and had been driven back, was the more remarkable. I have often asked for the name of the little Dutchman who stuck to the six-pounder to the last. Can any of the survivors of Col. Marshall's regiment of 1861 give it?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**"Aunt Lizzie's" Thoughtfulness.**  
 She seemed to have no thought for herself, says a veteran, and in the thick of her work she herself fell a victim to exposure and was a patient in Memphis for four weeks.  
 It was a narrow escape from death, but the moment she was able to work she put on the harness and attached herself to the staff of the general hospital. She was assigned to the Overton hospital, which before had been the most fashionable hotel in Memphis, and her sister workers were six women of the Holy Cross and six Protestant women. There were 1,100 wounded men piled in the Adams block from the fight of the Forest. They were to be moved, and the men feared they might lose their watches and little valuables in the transit. They asked for "Aunt Lizzie" and "Mother Strugs," and these two women, standing at the door, took all the contributions from the soldiers. The money was rolled in packages and the watches were fastened to belts and strapped around the waists of nurses. The treasures were thus dangling when she had word from a courier that the Colonel of her own regiment had fallen in an engagement about a mile from town. She forgot that she had a

row of jewelry around her and that her pockets were filled with money, but hastened pell mell for the front. She came back with the flag and found that all the trusts given her by the soldiers were safe and sound. She then took time from her sleeping hours to send the messengers to those at home and to arrange the labels on the trinkets. She never saw most of the men again and there is many a house in the land to-day that owes the memento of the slain son or brother to the thoughtfulness of this woman.  
 The only rest she had during the war was a visit to her mother in Cavendish. She stayed there three weeks and then went to the work in Memphis. She took with her \$1,000 which she had raised while resting. She was there at the time the steamer Sultana was blown to pieces at 1 she patrolled the banks looking for the men who swam or drifted ashore, cut and slashed in the wreck. She had an even 100 of these poor sufferers under her care for a month, and during the thirty days she did not get sleep more than two hours a night. She stayed at the work until June, 1865, and then went to Chicago after a short stop at Peoria.

**"Trading" Shoes with Dead Men.**  
 "After our first battle," said a veteran, "it gave me a shock to find all our dead and wounded left on the field stripped of shoes and hats. Sometimes a man's pockets would not be rifled, while his shoes would be missing. We were disposed then to talk a good deal about vandals robbing the dead, but later we came to accept the appropriation of dead men's shoes as a matter of course and as a sort of rule of war. A man who would treat a dead soldier's body with due respect would have no compunction about removing the dead man's shoes, providing they would fit him."  
 "I have known our men to 'trade' shoes with our dead in the same way, and thereby hangs a story. After the long march to Louisville in the fall of 1862 the men of our division were walking on thin soles, or on no soles at all, and I noticed that after Perryville, on the march to the mountains, some of them were well shod. I couldn't believe that any of my boys would wear dead men's shoes, but there were the shoes and I couldn't keep my eyes off them. One night a pale young fellow came to my quarters and said he was in great trouble.

"He said that after Perryville he traded shoes with a dead man and thought little of the transaction. Seeing me look suspiciously at his shoes made him nervous, and that night he examined the shoes carefully. He found written on the tongue or flap of each shoe his own family name. This startled him and he had queer dreams. He put the shoes aside and came to ask what he should do. We found under the name of the man the name of his regiment and company, and after the war my little trader of shoes found in southwestern Kentucky a branch of his grandfather's family."

**Brave Deeds Go Unrewarded.**  
 Left penniless by the misfortunes of war, forgotten by friends of former years and feeble in health, Lieut. Jas. D. Gray, aged 71, is spending his last days with his daughter, Mrs. William Moore, 1030 Dakota street, says a Philadelphia dispatch.  
 With a civil war record for brave deeds and shrewd tactics that has been mentioned by historians and performed with all the valor of the patriotic citizen, this venerable old soldier lies in urgent need of financial support.

Gay was selected for secret service work in the Civil War. So efficiently did he perform his duty that he was detailed to carry the first mail bag North after all communication with Washington had been cut off.  
 According to Lossing's "History of the Civil War in America," Lieut. Gay gave valuable service to the Union cause by his scout duty about Washington. Another historical reference gives Lieut. Gay credit for thwarting a rebel plan to capture the capital. By a ruse Gay successfully blocked the scheme by misleading the confederate officers as to the extent of federal forces present. He performed many other feats of valor in Virginia for the government.

**Was One of Grant's Bodyguard.**  
 Frederick M. Treat, 61 years old, one of Gen. Grant's bodyguard, died at Great Barrington, Vt., Feb. 24, of gangrene. He was born in West Stockbridge. He enlisted in Company D, 22d Connecticut, and served four years. The Connecticut legislature presented Mr. Treat on July 4, 1867, with a testimonial in grateful remembrance of his patriotism. He was a charter member of D. G. Anderson post, G. A. R., and had been twice its commander.

**"Aunt Lizzie at Memphis."**  
 "Aunt Lizzie" Alken was in Memphis when Gen. Forrest's raiders invaded the city, and a battle was waged in the streets. She performed many noble acts after the blowing up of the steamer Sultana, at the Memphis docks, with 1,200 discharged Union soldiers on board. Her only respite from her labor was a short visit back to her home in Peoria, after which she returned to her post and served in the Memphis hospitals until after the

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