

**NOTES AND PERSONALS**

From The Caliente Express:  
 A new restaurant is going up in town.  
 Trainmaster Smith was in the city on the 5th.  
 George Baker, mayor of Stine, was in town Monday.  
 For a spring suit, the Caliente Mercantile company.  
 Sheriff Johnson was in the city Sunday summoning grand jurors.  
 If you want a nice shoe, go to the Caliente Mercantile company.  
 Mrs. McCloud and Mrs. Heburn of Stine, was in Caliente on Monday.  
 The Caliente Mercantile company has in stock a full line of shirts.  
 Billie Noble is as good as his word. His place of business is the equal of any.  
 L. D. Royer, formerly of this place, has charge of the shops at Los Angeles.  
 Machinist Lewis returned from the company hospital at the Lake on Monday.  
 Ladies, if in need of fine shirt waists, call on the Caliente Mercantile company.  
 Kahn & Brody, for gents' furnishing, hats, caps and everything in the gents' clothing line.  
 Messrs. Depew, Leath and Landers, mining men of the City of the Saints, was in town this week.  
 W. E. Headings is in no way connected with the Caliente Express or with the Las Vegas Times.  
 J. W. DeFord was sent to the hospital on the 5th. He was suffering from an acute attack of gastritis.  
 Misses Succetti, two young ladies, were attending the ball in company with Editor Garrison of Pioche Monday.  
 Misses Rose, Nell Reed and Allen, Messrs. D. Wertheimer, Goodman and Mundie, all of De Lamar, was in town on Monday.  
 W. H. Liston, of the Blue Front Meat Market, "hiked" it up from the Vegas the other day and played out along the road.  
 Frank Neville, private secretary of Superintendent Van Housen, was in the city during the blockade, having circled the entire west in getting into this city.  
 Dr. Harville of Mammoth, Utah, was in Caliente Monday and Tuesday. He was looking over our rich mining district in the interest of eastern millionaires.  
 Joseph Hunter, the man charged with insanity and whom Dr. Murray succeeded in taking into custody, was liberated at the temporary county seat as soon as he had slept off his jag.  
 Frank L. Reber, editor and manager of the Vegas Times, has made a fabulous discovery of rich ore between Vegas and Searchlight and he is one of the prospective millionaires of this state.  
 Manager Garrison of the Pioche Weekly Record, was in the city to attend the firemen's ball. Garrison is a popular young man with the ladies both here as well as at the temporary county seat.  
 C. P. Christensen has in stock a full line of groceries, gents' furnish-

ings, clothing and ladies' wear. It will be well for intending purchasers to give this popular house a call before purchasing elsewhere. Prices reasonable.  
 The locomotive firemen of this city had the blow-out of the season last Monday evening. Owing to washouts and other difficulties with which we have been beset for the past few weeks we have to defer a pen picture of this grand affair until a later date.  
 Superintendent Van Housen arrived from the washouts north of Caliente Tuesday with a large force of men and they advanced on the breaks along the line south in victorious array the same afternoon. When these men are at the front something will have to give and the people of this city can expect to see through communications completed now at any time. Every one of them are heroes.  
 Mrs. Ella Denton, sister of Mrs. Senator Denton, who has been visiting with the senator and family since last August, returned to her home in the east last Tuesday. Before taking leave of her family, friends and acquaintances, she entertained all at an elegant leavestaking in the Denton hotel last Sunday evening. Mrs. Denton is the mother of a large and splendid family, many of whom are prominent citizens of Caliente. She returns to her home much to the contrary wish of friends and family.  
**Oddities of English.**  
 "Tariff" has an interesting origin. It is derived from the Arabic ta rifa, meaning an inventory of fees payable on demand, and is said to have become current in the following manner: "A Moorish general, by name Tarifa, seized in the year 710 upon a small seaport some twenty miles from what is now Gibraltar, and the southernmost town in Europe. Here he founded a station for levying toll on all craft trading in the neighborhood and bestowed his name upon the place, after the manner of Constantine, Alexander and others. The word came eventually to signify a schedule of charges and passed into the French, Italian and English.  
**Cheap Vegetarian Diet.**  
 One would be surprised to know the number of vegetarians there are in France, and some wisecracks think that is the way of solving the social question. The regime is to take only two meals a day, of two dishes per meal, consisting of a vegetable soup and a dish of cereals or of fresh vegetables, or else boiled or baked potatoes with vegetable butter—whatever that is. A menu of that kind, including a pound of bread a day for each person, will cost 8 cents, and without the bread 6 cents. Finally, for 20 cents a day the following meal could be prepared for four persons: Barley or oats soup, with a few carrots, a dish of potatoes, and beans.  
**Danger in Stealing Crocodile Eggs.**  
 Jackals and hyenas are very fond of crocodile eggs. The former is the more successful poacher of the two. Natives of central Africa say that the jackal has sixteen eyes, with one of which he watches the eggs and with the fifteen others he looks out for the crocodile. The hyena, on the other hand, being very greedy, has all his eyes on the eggs, and so often falls a victim to the watchful crocodile in motionless hiding. The natives say, too, that the crocodile sometimes knocks its prey off the bank or off the canoe with its tail, and then seizes it with its wide-open jaws.

**POLICE TOOK NO CHANCES**

"It's all in the point of view," said a downtown business man. "I was compelled to remain a little over time with my accountant in my factory the other evening, and at 8 o'clock we found the employees had taken the precaution to lock the door on leaving.  
 "The extra key was not on its accustomed hook, and for a moment it looked as if we would have to phone for a ladder from the firehouse to take us down from a second story window. Then it occurred to me to spring the front door open after drawing the bolts on its mate.  
 "Fortunately this was possible, as we have a double door. Then how was I to refasten the door to keep out thieves? I knew there wasn't a hardware shop open at that time of night, and I finally decided that it was the police station for mine.  
 "The sergeant behind the desk was kind and listened to my tale with patience; asked my name, my place of

business, what I was doing there at that time of night. All this I had already told him. I suggested that perhaps he might know where I could find a padlock.  
 "He found one in the cabinet behind him. A nice brass one with a tagged key attached. He fondled it a moment, and I, thanking him for his assistance, promised to return it the first thing in the morning.  
 "Guess you will," said he. "Jerry, take this lock down to this man's place, lock the door and bring the key back. In the morning you can come here and get this officer to let you in. Good night."  
 "Now, did he really believe my story or did he think I wanted that padlock for keeps? Do the police regard all of us as crooks until we prove ourselves honest?  
 "Certainly I was thankful enough to get home without going into the ethics of the case."—New York Sun.

**THE MICROBE MAKES LAMENT**

I met a little microbe, 'twas the microbe of reform, and gazed upon the little thing that's raising such a storm.  
 "This is the hardest kind of work," the little microbe said, "and sometimes makes me wish I was just comfortably dead. I try to wake the people up and note the awful way in which the railroads in a year their tens of thousands slay; and sure they get excited when I sting them up, but blame! their enthusiasm leads them to reform the football game.  
 "Another lot of people I infected with the craze for the speedy reformation of the evils in their gaze. I thought they'd work like beavers to have lynching banned and harred, but instead they passed a measure that makes hazing rather hard.  
 "It is tough upon a microbe that is doing all he can to infect the keen

reformers with a love of fellow man. I am trying hard to bring about a better time for all, when trusts and grafts will languish and monopolies will fall; but all the worthy warriors I can sting into the fight devote their time and labor to setting trifles right. I want to make ice cheaper and coal bills not so great, so can I rest content with keeping libraries open late? And when the poor are crowded thick in airless rooms and dark, can I get satisfaction in the purchase of a park? Will the hounding of a woman who had trod the paths of vice bring breezes to the tenements when they raise the cost of ice? Is the prosing of the preacher and the slumming of the good reform enough for families that lack the price of food?  
 "Oh, it's tough to be a microbe, when your task is to infect hearts with zeal for humans and with hate of graft and seet."—Chicago American.

**RECIPE FOR GIRL HAZING**

College Maiden writes to state that they are about to inaugurate hazing at her seminary and wants a recipe from us for a good method. My girl, you have come to the right foot for your knowledge, for it was "we" who were the authors of all the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition.  
 Now, Sweet One, to begin with, grab your unsalted female student any dark, rainy Friday night and, after tying her hands behind her back with the stones of her rings turned inward so they cannot be seen, stand her before a piece of chewing gum hung from a string just out of reach of her face. After this put a new hat on her head and remove all the mirrors from the room in order that she may not see if her hat is on straight. If this appears too cruel it may be eliminated. Then present her with a

handsome piece of goods just two inches too short for making a dress. This goods must be of a kind that cannot be matched in any part of the world. Further, permit her to court in a room where the gas cannot be turned low and make her wear a skirt that cannot be lifted on rainy days, but when this is done be sure and see she is wearing costly and attractive hosiery. After this make her recite the "Cotter's Saturday Night" with a bunch of hairpins in her mouth. If, after all these pleasantries she still survives, chain her to the floor of a department store with bargains all about her that she cannot reach and handle.  
 P. S.—We desire to inform henpecked husbands that we will refuse absolutely to give any formulas for torturing cranky mother-in-laws.—New York Press.

**ALL THE CHINESE WORK**

It was told me in Hongkong that every Chinese person in the empire above the age of seven was self-supporting, says Edwin Wildman in the Chautauquan. I learned to believe this as I watched, day after day, the endless chain of men, women and children, male and female, go by the consulate laden with burdens of brick, firewood, building material and market produce, up the steep slopes of the mountain side to supply the needs of the Hongkong cliff dwellers; for every stick and stone of the great houses that whiten the side of the mountain has been carried from the water's edge on the backs of coolies.  
 Even the cable road, running to the peak, 2,000 feet above the sea, is restricted by an agreement formulated between the government and the Chinese labor unions to transportation of

passengers and their servants. Nothing must compete with labor. Chair coolies and the rikasha runners perform the services of horses and electric railways. The splendid roads facilitate the speed of the runners and along the hillside and up to its top macadamized paths penetrate every habitable ledge and quarried shelf.  
 The great Chinese city is of absorbing interest. Unlike any other native city in all China, it is well built, comparatively clean, and characterized by many European innovations. The Chinaman is immutable. We may not change his mode of life, his habits and philosophy, but the Englishman in Hongkong has taught him that cleanliness is godliness; that if he would escape the plague and the scourge of disease he must eradicate filth.

**IMPROVED HIS OWN WORK**

It has always been the popular belief that as soon as a man invented anything somebody else at once improved upon it and reaped the greater benefit. A recent occurrence shows that the reverse is sometimes the case.  
 A young man in this city with a knack for inventing mechanical appliances recently patented an article which, it was universally agreed, would be of great benefit to railroads. The agent of a big corporation at once entered into negotiations with the inventor, who fixed an upset price of \$5,000 for his idea. For days they beat about the bush until finally the young man agreed to accept \$1,000. The money was paid over, the necessary papers signed and the agent left highly satisfied with his bargain.

A few minutes later a friend of the inventor entered the office and found him chucking to himself as he bent over a drawing board.  
 "You seem happy," said the friend. "What's up?"  
 "I just sold my appliance for a thousand dollars and got the money cash down."  
 "A thousand dollars?" gasped the friend in surprise. "Why, I thought you expected to get at least \$5,000 for it."  
 "So I did," replied the inventor; "but while the agent was dickering with me all these days, I hit upon an improvement which will make the first affair worth about thirty cents by comparison. I'm working out the plans now."

**THE NE'ER DO WELL**

He was gentle and kind; he would plan half the day for an unlooked-for act that would please you some way.  
 He would sit up all night with a friend who was ill, and to do you a favor would work with a will—  
 But he never amounted to much.  
 There was something about him that got to your heart; it was plain that he never was playing a part.  
 But that all that he did he was doing for you.  
 And that he was a friend who was lasting and true—  
 But he never amounted to much.  
 All the boys he grew up with went rising to fame; there were some who made money, and all made a name;  
 Art and music and letters, the law or finance,  
 Every one of the rest made the most of his chance—  
 But he never amounted to much.

Why, there wasn't a child but would come to his arms.  
 For of jingles and stories he knew all the charms;  
 Yes, and even the dogs in the street used to leap at his hand with a bark that was laughingly deep—  
 But he never amounted to much.  
 And nobody could tell why he had such a hold on the rich and the poor, and the young and the old;  
 He was always on hand for some kind little deed,  
 He instinctively knew when a friend was in need—  
 But he never amounted to much.  
 They have folded his hands, they have laid him to rest—  
 And the church couldn't hold all the friends he possessed;  
 And fair memories mingled their smiles with the tears  
 Of the ones who recalled the good deeds of his years—  
 But he never amounted to much.  
 —W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

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