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THE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The morning he had dropped down beside her, as she sat aloof from the hospital inmates in her special corner of the portico, he was awaiting directions for his day's tramp.

She had suddenly felt herself a with strength still left to creep into the sunshine and watch the passing of this vivid, eager eyed, sun-browned young woodsman.

His eyes had paid irresistible tribute to the wistful glance from her eyes, and when he deft, the violets that he held in his hand as he waited, toying with them idly, say on the chair beside her. Vaguely moved and feeling that something in each had crossed the bar of sunlight that lay on the floor between them and touched in greeting, she had lifted the frail woodland violets and pinned them on her gown.

Impelled by he hardly knew what impulse, the doctor of the mountaintop hospital had been watching Miss Carleton as she read a letter. For a month he had been watching her. Women were not much in his line-he hated the symptoms they poured over him and fled from them, and their loquacity-but the silence of this woman who asked no questions but sat day after day, her listless hands foldirritated him.

Miss Carleton laughed-a low little laugh.

The doctor looked at her dumbly. He hadn't heard her laugh before, and feeling old; that the gray hairs thickening in his dark thatch had depressed bim vaguely; but that it was all a mistake; that he was deliriously young, bubbling with youth and buoyancy since-since a moment before when she had laughed.

"Violets," the doctor said maybe two weeks later. "Aren't they coming pretty often? The women here say you get them every day. I'm glad they're interested in your affairs bending over those eternal waists they embroider."

"To wear in heaven," Miss Carleton flung in saucily.

"And it relieves me from talking talking cough. I'd rather hear about heiress." letters that come every day; rather emell violets-"

But Miss Carleton was gone. "You're laughing," she complained

to the violets, having reached the



"SENDING ME BACK?"

safety of her own room. "I never meant to do it. I didn't care, really I with men who wanted to make me less lenely. But I couldn't resist you. I had to write a wee note when you came-and then- You may put your you like. It's just that I'm lonely," she desolation. whispered. "It's unbearable, the loneliness-since I no longer have my work. I wonder?"

June came and drifted away; July was ushered in; the summer rested on life." the mountain-top like a full tide that has no ebb, and, as day followed day. wheeling on, more than one mountain- him. top dweller saw the change in Miss Carleton.

"How strong shy is growing; how beautiful!" they would say as she till the marvelous softness of her passed. And it was true. Under the influence of the letters that were laid day I've known-there's one-on the at her plate morning after morning, mountain-top." from a man whose very name was unknown to her, for he signed himself simply, "The Man in the Valley," her nature was sweetening, seeding at its core for larger, dearer life.

"Did you ever write letters to a woman you idealized, Dr. Herbert?" "In my Lochinvar days, Miss Carle-

ton," the doctor said. "And did something come between you? And did it hurt so? Is that why you left a big city practice and came 5,000 feet up to minister to ugly

"No," said the doctor, gravely. "I had a better reason. Isn't making you well and sending you back reason enough for my being here?"

"Sending me back?" in sudden terror. "But I'm not going! I ate my heart out to go back when I came, but bow-now-

When the silence grew heavy between them the doctor spoke again, the possession of a veritable thimble I once knew a chap who wrote letters of that excellent needlewoman, Qu to a woman—a white slip of a woman | Elizabeth.

whom he didn't idealize," he said, "He didn't know he loved her at first, The whole sweep of his life was away from women. But this girl was so lonely, so pathetic somehow, that he per almost before he knew it. He had an idea, a theory-he was a great chap for theories-and he kept himself in the background. He asked nothing of the girl. He-"

"He blundered!" she cried. "Suppose the woman had never had a lover; suppose the sweep of her life had been away from men, that she had been so busy that she had never ghost chained to a walking cough, but thought of one until she got those letters."

"Child!" The doctor spoke sharply "Suppose through the whole long wonderful summer-time she had reared her Joy castle, at first afraid it would vanish like the bubbles she had blown in childhood, until she had come to believe in the writer of those letters with the same terrible, childlike faith she gave to her God-

"Child, child," the doctor implored

With a little unsteady laugh Miss Carleton got to her feet. "How that big moon stares," she said. "Wouldn't you like to climb on its chin and sail to your Heart's Desire? Haven't you a land of Heart's Desire, doctor?" She leaned and looked deep into the moon-filled, sleeping valleys as she spoke.

The doctor tried to answer. He grew back into the shadows as she said good-night. He had seen a woman's soul, and the sight had shaken

Not many days later a fairy-tale happening came to Mary Carleton in ed, her listless eyes on the shining the shape of a telegram that told her ranges that lost themselves in the sky, of the death of an old great-aunt and the arrival of a fortune, all in a breath.

The doctor came back from the valley settlement, where he had been visiting a patient, to hear the story and slip away from everybody. In he wanted to say that he had been the quiet of his den, with the little fire on the hearth fighting the growing dusk, he tried to realize what life would be with the glory gone out of it. A log broke and fell, shattering his reverie. The fire leaped, and she came swiftly down the room to drop into a chair beside him and nestle there as if she meant to stay indefinitely.

"It has been a discipline-waiting for that fortune," she said cheerfully. "Many's the time I've defied fate with -anything is better for them than it when I've been so hungry. Cocos and toast for breakfast, toast and cocoa for lunch and my great-aunt's fortune for dinner. How the money has changed things," in sudden gaiety "I'm not going to ride on the moon's cough to them-I get mighty tired of chin. It wouldn't be dignified for an

> "Don't you ever mean to grow up?" The doctor's lips twitched in a way that would have gone straight to a woman's heart if she had loved him. "I'm grown up," contentedly. "I'm

"And I'm not less than 15 more, hre love me." miserably

"Are you?" politely. "I could never do arithmetic." The laughing shaft of vorite," she said, scornfully. ter dark eves struck straight into the middle of a heart that wasn't aging and the blood that wasn't jaded to think so, pounded and leaped, hot and strong.

The doctor caught her hand in a grasp that hurt ber.

"I've been a brute," he cried. "I saw that fellow leave the violets there and it came to me to try the experiment. I believed to interest you in anything, anybody, was to save you There was no other way to woo you back to life. I saw no other way Child, child, I never meant to hur you! That first little letter-heartbroken that you'd had to let go and come away from your work-touched me. You know the rest. I've tried to tell you-a hundred times. As ft war I felt that I had struck you-had struck a little, trusting child."

He flung out his hands in tortured helplessness. "Say something! Comdidn't, if the valley brimmed over fort me-if comfort is left in the world!"

But there was silence in the room the twilight had claimed.

The doctor's head went down. He naughty faces together and laugh if had a new strange sense of utter

"Don't you understand yet? There's no man in the valley. There never was. I wrote those letters. I sent those violets. To save your very

A low little laugh had shattered the room's tense stillness and rippled over

"But," her voice, very small and shamed and golden with content whispered, as she came close, close cheek brushed his, "but-since yester-

Not All Dead.

"Dead little town you've got here, isn't it?" said the passenger with the heavy watch chain, as he ordered a cup of coffee and a sandwich at the little eating house near the railway station.

"Yes, sir," answered the man behind the lunch counter. "Nobody ever comes here but body snatchers or poor relations of the deceased. Which are you?"-Chicago Tribune.

Premature Death.

At Utica, N. Y., a young man dropped dead in a restaurant just after giving his order. If he had fallen a corpse after getting the check it would have been easily understood.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Thimble. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt rejoices in

found himself writing these letters to GIVE THE UNPOPULAR TRACHER A CHANCE.

> Schoolgirls Often Prejudice Themselves Unreasonably Against a Teacher - The Native Diffidence and Shyness of Some Teachers Make Them Appear Stiff and Stern - Unprepossessing Teachers Often Heroines-Girls Have a Way of Worshiping the Teacher with the Lovely Eyes-Charm Is Capital -Give a New Teacher Your Confidence.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Two bright heads were bent together over the same book. As they reached the last page Susan looked at Penelope and sighed.

"There," she said, "that is ended. We shall recite to-morrow to dear Miss M., and then next week will see us in Miss B.'s classroom, and goodby to good times for six months. Every girl who has ever been with Miss B. fairly hates her, unless she happens to be one of her pets. She has pets. and they may do anything, but the rest of the class are always getting demerits and being scolded and made to do extra work. I wish I could be Rip Van Winkie and sleep straight through the next grade. Miss W., who has the class higher than Miss B., is a darling. But one can't reach her without having to undergo the misery of the class below."

"Aren't you exaggerating?" asked Penelope. "I have seen Miss B. a number of times, and she looks harmless. I cannot understand why she is so unpopular. The teachers appear to and her pleasant,"

"Oh, she is pleasant enough with them and with visiting parents," exclaimed Sue. "It is only her own girls to whom she is a tyrant. You have not lived here very long, but I have gone through this school, from the kindergarten up, and so have my sisters. Lucy and Mildred and their friends have the same opinion that I have. Everybody dreads Miss B."

Penelope's dark eyes grew thoughtful. "Well, Sue," she said, "my father has always taught me to value fair play, and it does not look to me like fair play to begin in a new class with one's mind made up that she is going to diclike the teacher. That creates a false situation at the outset. Why should we blindly accept what other people say without waiting to see for ourselves where the truth of the matroad to travel, if the girls do not trust

Susan gave her head a toss. "I pre- search for it. dict, Penelope, that you will be a fa-

and I am going to give my teacher the That it ill behooves any of us benefit of a chance. I wish you would To talk about the rest of us." although the doctor had tried so hard join me. Perhaps if you and I take the lead, some of the others will foilow, and Miss B. for once may have A the pleasure of teaching a class who are not determined to misunderstand Full Directions for Making and About Plan of Nests Which Will Prove Conher intentions and who are not doing what they can to make ner work hard. I believe in making my teacher's end easy, if I can. Mother was a teacher before her marriage, and she has told me a good deal about the seamy side of a teacher's life."

> tangled itself and led far back into back is tucked three times down the the years during which the unpopular teacher had occupied her chair. Miss B. was exceptionally well equipped. a student painstaking and profound, the graduate of one college and the successful prize-winner in post-graduate work in another, she lacked the magnetism which in itself makes some women adorable and adored. In truth, she was more and more afraid of the girls she taught; her native diffidence and shyness made her seem stiff and stern; she encrusted herself as diffident people often do in a chain-armor of reserve. She recoiled from the unspoken criticism of the girls who sat before her, and though she honestly tried she was seldom able to

make them feel that she cared for them personally. They supposed that in her view they were so many pegs in a row or pawns on a chessboart, and they resented the impersonality of her near-sighted gaze. Girls are sometimes very heartless, and instead of feeling pitiful when occasionally they saw a quiver of pain cross Miss B.'s countenance, such a token of sensitiveness on her part only made them dislike her the more. In her endeavor of which the class was capable, she often went too far and marked too se-

tions. own soul is aware that she is no dis- half yard velvet. ciplinarian, she probably makes efforts in the direction where she is weak, and the result is a continual is harder to vanquish than a preju- and taking leave of mere acquaintdice, and the less reasonable it be the ances

re stubborn it probably is in mainaing its ground.

I wish I could persuade girls to imitate Penelope and be fair to the un-popular teacher in whose interest I am holding a brief. She may not a suppy and at ease in her home

life. In the background there may be an ailing father or mother whose welfare is a matter of deep anxiety to her, and whose care robs her of sleep. For instance, I know a teacher rather unpopular in the classroom, who for several years lost half of her night's rest in sitting up with and ministering to an invalid sister. There was no one else to take her place. and in consequence she brought with her to school an atmosphere of fatigue which made itself felt without her knowledge. Irritability is often born of weariness.

Girls are by the way of worshiping teachers because of little externals that have not very much to do with the teacher's efficiency. A teacher who has lovely eyes and beautiful hair, and the suspicion of a dimple when she smiles, or who wears pretty things and is very attractive as to waists and stocks, has a great advantage over her plainer associate, who is indifferent to

On the whole, I sympathize with girls in admiring the teacher who is invariably immaculate and tidy, and who has about her the bright attractiveness of perfect health and the beauty that is typical of womanly goodness. It is our duty whether we are girls in our teens or women beyoud them always to look as charm. ing and to behave as amiable as we can. When the unpopular teacher for- modate 50 chicks. The details of the gets this fact or ignores it, when she is willfully eccentric or lapses into mannerisms that are awkward and ungainly, she sacrifices part of her capital and makes it a foregone conclusion that she will not succeed as she ought.

But I put it to every one of you. Is it fair to start new work with a new teacher without being at least willing strips on each side of the box for the to give her your confidence? Or If you are already in a class and do not like your teacher, is it never worth while to be honest and candid and inquire if you are not just a little bit to blame for the state of things yourselves? In this world a lot of trouble springs from misunderstandings that might as well never come to the front, and people who should be good friends stand aloof and never get acquainted because they let a trifling and non-essential thing keep them apart.

"There's so much good in the wors:

of us, "Not at all, but I have a conscience, And so much bad in the best of us,

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

SIMPLE PRETTY BODICE.

the Kinds and Quantity of Materials Required.

Here is a simple and pretty bodice for making to a dress of woolen material. It has a tight-fitting lining, to others, says a writer in Prairie fastening down the center front; to Farmer. My way is to take boards this the lace vest is attached. It is six inches wide and 12 feet long and Penelope had in her girlish wisdom sewn to the right front and made to have them sawed up into 12-inch caught the thread of a clew that had hook over to the left. The material lengths. One board will make three



BODICE FOR AFTERNOON DRESS.

center before being set to the lining: to be just and to exact the best work the fronts are also tucked from the shoulders to the bust. The left front wraps the right, and is ornamented verely any failure. If right relations with tiny velvet buttons. The collar are not existent between teacher and is faced with velvet, and fans of scholars it is very difficult for either cream soft lace fall from under the to accomplish much. Often it would ends in front. Leg-of-mutton sleeves be for the benefit of all concerned were with velvet cuffs, above which are the teacher to be transplanted to a sewn tiny buttons on the outside of new environment where she could be- arm. The shaped waisthand is of hill fowls. gin unhampered by unfriendly tradi- material. Materials required: Two yards 46 inches wide, two yards lin-If a teacher in the depths of her ing one-quarter yard lace, and one-

When Introduced.

Just say: - "I am pleased to meet conflict between her class and herself. you." It is considered correct and cer-The resistance may not be open, but tainly cordial to shake hands with it is always ready to break out like friends on meeting or taking leave, a smouldering fire. Nothing on earth but it is not necessary when meeting

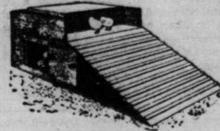


A HOME-MADE BROODE'R.

Description of the Device Result mended by the Agricultural Department.

As a general rule it is best to buy such articles as brooders from men who manufacture them and guarantee them to work. In making such contrivances yourself you run your own risk; but many have succeeded with home-made brooders, and for the benefit of those who wish to try, we quote the following, condensed, from Farmers' Bulletin No. 237, of the United States department of agricul-

For about a dollar, those who prefer the artificial method of raising chicks can make a brooder out of an



HOME-MADE BROODER.

old packing case, which will accomconstruction are shown in the illustrations. The lower section of Fig. 2, where the lamp for heating is placed. is a box three feet square, made of ten-inch boards, and covered with tin or galvanized iron. Above this cover, around the edges of the lamp box, one-inch strips are nailed. Two oneinch holes are bored through these



purpose of ventilation. A floor of matched boards is laid on the strips. A hole eight inches in diameter is cut in the center of this floor and over it is reversed an old tin pan, ten inches in diameter, the sides of the pan be-A very thoughtful writer has said ing punched full of holes to allow that in every human soul there is an free circulation of heat. Over this is innermost room, and that if we could placed a table two feet six inches discover it we should learn secrets square, with legs 41/2 inches high. ter lies? Poor Miss B. has a hard that we never find out when we are Around the sides of this table is only in the outer courts. This may tacked a curtain of felt cut from top her before they have given her the be too philosophical for you, dear to bottom at intervals of five or six slightest trial. I, for one, shall do my girls, but I want you to believe that inches to allow the chicks to pass in work in the best way i can, and i there is something very sweet about and out at will, the whole being surshall try to love Miss B. and to make the most unpopular teacher you have rounded by boards four inches high ever had, if you will take pains to and three feet long nailed together at the corners and resting on the floor of the brooder. When the chicks are ten days old one of these boards may be taken away and a bridge used so that the chicks may run from the hover to the floor of the room. (See Fig 1.)

AN IDEA IN HEN HOUSES.

venient Both for Laying and Setting Hens.

I have a good and simple way of making hens' nests which I will give nests 12 inches square. Some thin boards can be used for the bottom. Now make a platform three feet wide across a portion of the house at the desired height from the floor. Place the nests on this in an even row close together at the edge of the platform next to the roosts. Now make a partition of woven wire or boards from the top of the nests, and middle of platform, to the roof of the house, When a hen wants to set, and you have no use for her for that purpose, she can be placed on the other side of the partition and be inclosed by the back of the nests and the wire netting where she will be away from the laying hens. Nests made in this manner can be easily cleaned and freed from insects.

BEES AND POULTRY.

Watch the weaklings,

queens.

The supply of turkeys is not too Pinch the heads of the

Put another window in the old, dark poultry house. Poultry culture will never do for drones. It requires live, wide-awake

Poultry work requires the same shrewdness that any other occupation

Lard alone is a good insecticide. It does not need kerosene to make it We have yet to hear of the first poul-

try farm that was built up by dung-Make the hens dance for their greens by hanging the cabbage up

above the floor. Scrubs and runts may serve their purpose, but why allow them to prope gate their kind?

Range of the Boo.

Bees are supposed to fly and do m of their collecting within a radius about two miles; and within this cir-cle, four miles in diameter, 200 arms may be mabitalised