

LAS VEGAS TIMES

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WITH ENTHUSIASM AND FOR VICTORY

The Democrats Are at the Bat and
Serve Notice on the Republicans
That Their Game Won't Go.

ALL FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT

High and Noble Principles Dominate
These Devotees For a Rule of,
By and For the People.

SPLENDID LIST OF OFFICERS

The Democrats met Tuesday evening.
It was an expression for retributive
justice.

A spirit that is implanted in rational
thinking man—and the Democrats
are thinkers.

The language or principles of Democracy
lights and inspires those who believe
in just government—"Equal and exact
justice to all men, exclusive privileges
to none."

A rule not of force, but government
by consent.

This is a direct opposition to latter-day
Republicanism. Opposition to that
example of individual dominance so
specifically illustrated in Lincoln county,
where one man issues a mandate,
embodying in that call, we will select—
not elect—such and such, for so and so,
thereby denying the mass of a political
party that sovereign right that bestows
dignity and privilege upon a sovereign
citizen of the great American republic,
that teaches the sovereignty of right
over force, of intelligence over prejudice,
of a true people's government, of equality
in rights, and of reason over authority.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY BELIEVES THESE GREAT SOVEREIGN PRINCIPLES.

Let us repeat, no worse nor more
abhorrent illustration of this statement
has been had of czarism than the violent
and unjustifiable action of that coterie
or clique or ring domination by the
action of the McNamee Republicans in
Lincoln county by announcing "We few
are the Republican party." As much as
to say the rank and file of voters are
like the sheep in the shambles.

In order that the citizenship of this
community and county may have a mode
of expressing themselves against such
purposes and those political crimes that
characterize Republican rule and dominance,
the Democrats, like the marching hosts of
old, met as stated and formed the nucleus
for a network of similar organizations in
Lincoln county to be known as the "Las
Vegas Democratic Club of Lincoln County,
Nevada," and will do battle against such
hybrid methods and outrages of Republicanism.

Many assembled to execute the inviting
purposes of Democracy. A spirit of serious
earnestness and enthusiasm prevailed and
everyone present was imbued with the real,
genuine Democratic spirit that the right
must prevail.

Amongst those who are in accord with
such a rightful purpose are Robert Dillon,
Al James, William Burkhardt, J. W. Horden,
Tom Morrissey, Frank M. Grace, P. Mullin,
John S. Park, W. S. Park, W. E. Hawkins,
L. O. Llewellyn, Proctor Smith, F. L. Reber,
W. A. Smith, Dr. Rucker, J. S. Harris,
J. Miller, Arthur McGuire, Joseph Laravey,
E. J. Roselle, Ed W. Clark, D. D. Hickey,
John Anderson, E. T. Maxwell, Jack Summers,
O. D. Hicks, M. Ball, Judge Ralph, B. F. Boggs,
Robert Shaffer, C. C. Corkhill, W. B. Bell,
C. C. Chamberlain, P. J. Sullivan, Lee McCaughey,
Tom Lowe, J. O. McIntosh, I. W. Botkin,
Grant Bowen, J. Brice, S. McCarthy, Colonel
R. Towne, W. E. Lindoerfer, Frank Clark,
J. Rhoads, Adam Kramer, L. E. Leclare.
This is only a partial list of the Democratic
yeomanry of this precinct. It represents
every active condition of life in this
community, the business man, the clerk,
the laborer, a fraternity of spirit that
represents thorough Democratic fellowship
and citizenship.

The officers elected (mark, not selected
by one man) are:

President, Al James; first vice president,
Dr. C. M. Rucker; second vice president,
Frank M. Grace; secretary, Ed T. Maxwell;
treasurer, W. E. Hawkins; committee on
constitution and rules, C. A. Rucker, F. M.
Grace, F. L. Reber, W. E. Hawkins, Proctor
Smith; executive committee, W. S. Park,
I. W. Botkin, J. S. Harris, J. W. Horden,
P. J. Sullivan; organization committee,
Robert Dillon, Adam Kramer, D. D. Hickey,
F. L. Reber, C. C. Corkhill, O. D. Hicks,
Grant Bowen; finance committee, Arthur
McGuire, Colonel R. Towne, W. A. Smith,
John S. Park, Frank Clark.

J. O. McIntosh was an active participant

FROM ASH MEADOWS

On the Trail Toward the Rich Copper
Mines of the Funeral Range—
The Rush is Going In.

"JIM BROWN" WRITES UP ROAD.

Thousands of Claims Located—Ore
Ranges For Sixty Miles—One
Man Alone Locates Over 400
Claims, and After More—
Everybody Bound In.

NO WATER LESS THAN 28 MILES, AND THEN SOME

All that you can hear at Ash Meadows
is the copper mines of Furnace Creek.
That there is an excitement and a big one
in this country is a matter of no dispute.
There is more business done at the little
store at this place than in any of the large
towns of Lincoln county. The store is in
a tent; with it is a saloon, or where drinks
can be bought, and meals at 50 cents. Ash
Meadows is only fifteen miles from Johnnie,
just as you commence to crawl high upon
the mountains to where the mines are
situated.

We left Johnnie August 8th, but we made
poor headway for one of the best teams
on the road. The first place was Miller's
Well No. 1. This place is now abandoned.
The depth of water is sixty feet, but it is
abandoned. I sampled it and it was as
slick as a whistle, thoroughly saturated
with borax, and on account of not having
been in use it is now unfit to use either
for man or beast.

The road from Johnnie to Ash Meadows
is a good desert road—the finest I have
traveled on this desert—but as one nears
Ash Meadows the soil is saturated with a
borate of lime and in bad weather teams
and horses often sink below their depth.

Ash Meadows is in reality the Oasis in
this part of the country. There is a living
stream of water, which springs from the
soil sufficient to answer the wants of a
city of 50,000, and then with an ample
quantity to answer all demands for the
use of reduction plants that may be built
for the reduction of the ores of this
promising mining region. R. J. Fairbanks
and his three sons, Dave, Verne and Lester,
preside with dignity over this real beauty
spot. The hotel department is presided
over by Mrs. Fairbanks and her estimable
daughters. They bought the place about a
year ago from a man named Carson, and
when they did they virtually bought a
mint. The valley is fertile and can easily
be put under cultivation, as it is wild
hay is raised and for which they receive
\$30 a ton from the freighters and others
along the road. It is an old stand. It has
a history with which we will deal at some
future time.

Although teams of eighteen and twenty
animals are on the road, the festive burro
is in evidence, too. These angels of the
desert have made this barren waste blossom
in mineral wealth. The burro here is in
his paradise, and the prospectors value
them here at their real worth. While here
the burro and his master have come in
numbers, for there are hundreds in the
hills about Ash Meadows, and they come
here for much of their supplies. As I write
another batch of these empire builders
have arrived, and oh, how pleased the
knowing animal is, knowing he will get
rest and associate with other burros by
which much of this country is populated.

The cost of accommodations is not high
here; they are more reasonable than the
wayfarer expects; beds, 50 cents; meals,
the same; and drinks

participator in the deliberations of the
preliminary organization, and wants it
emphatically understood that he is naught
else but a Democrat, and was put on the
Republican committee without any solicitation
or consent on his part.

Let the Republicans bear in mind that
the Democrats "know what they want,
why they want it, and are resolved with
set teeth to get it"—good government,
efficient officers, free from the domination
of any individual or set of individuals.

It is on to victory in county and state
with them now.

demand only the price of the festive "bit."

It is strange to relate, but true, that
there is a grave on the desert, and the poor
fellow came to his untimely end through
thirst. It is about three and a half miles
north of Rose's Wells. The headboard, contributed
by a passing stranger, taken from a cracker
box, reads: "A. J. Kennedy. He lies at rest."
Kennedy may be at rest, but his leg, up to
the thigh, sticks out of the grave, exposed
by the drifting sands, or dug perhaps from
his "resting place" by the coyote or some
other wild animal. Kennedy, we trust, is
truly "at rest," but his remains, as they
lay partially exposed, are certainly not at
rest according to our calculations.

Borax Smith, the borate king, cuts a
figure in this country. His mounds are
scattered far to the south to the distant
mining camp of Candelaria. He has located
all the borax fields and they are all his.
He is thirty-one miles south of Ash
Meadows and he is coming with the
Tonopah and Tidewater as fast as his
enormous wealth can drive it to the north.
His Led C is but a short distance to the
south. It is reputed to be the richest and
best borax mine in the world.

Furnace Creek is moving. It is the most
promising copper district thus far known
to man. As I sit on this empty salmon
box writing on the card table in the thirt
parlor, I can hear the prospectors detail
the fabulous possibilities of the district and
those boys never stretch the truth. F. M.
Fagen, an old Colorado miner, has just
come in with his burros to replenish. He
is prospecting six miles east of Greenwater
and he says the copper veins rib the whole
Funeral range. He says he has as good as
any, and to clinch the assertion he proclaimed
that the Funeral range can supply the world.
He packs his water sixteen miles. He had
to get his supply from the natural water
tanks in the hills, but they are all dry now.
It has taken him six hours to fill ten coal
oil cans of water, and these he had to lower
thirty feet from the side of a precipitous
mountain.

H. D. Fox of San Francisco is at the
Meadows, together with his partner, P.
Lincoln of Boston, Mass. They duplicate
every statement made by his brother
prospectors. He says water and water only
is the drawback, but it can be and it will
be developed to answer all demands. Sink
and water can be developed anywhere is the
uniform opinion.

I do not want to say anything about
Greenwater. I am going in there. I know
this before I reached that district. From
what I can learn, the country is what is
claimed for it. The Funeral range, sixty
miles in length, is ribbed with copper, gold,
silver, and all the minerals, as well as
precious productions of the earth are here.

Even Scotty is here. Scotty has a cave,
made by nature, and he has taken possession,
and now occupies it. It is hidden in the
mountains, and it was a safe retreat before
Patsy Clark caused the rush into Furnace
creek. Scotty has a spring in the very center
of the cave, under the floor. The sides of
the cavern are embellished with cuts
clipped from newspapers and the Police
Gazette art gallery is much in evidence,
and there are provisions enough to last a
week or ten days.

It is situated in the rugged fastness
of the Furnace range, secreted and hid
from the prying eyes of an inquisitive
public in Black Rock canyon. Mr. Fox
says he could not find a mine or the
semblance of anything that would indicate
a mine, but that mine is a reality, as
many declare, while even here there are
many who are of the opinion "Scotty" never
did have a mine in the country. There is
not a trail of any kind, either to or from
the cavern, but fresh traces recently made
indicate that Scotty has been there but a
brief short time ago.

This place is crowded today, some with
teams, others with none, but searching
for them to carry in their belongings. That
excitement is on, is only too true, but it
is only the commencement. The country
has been located, relocated and located
again, but there are prospectors, footsore
and weary, searching for a location, and if
not a location, then a slender fraction of
the world's enormity of wealth created
within the lead-ribbed fastness of this
fabulous copper region.

JAMES BROWN.

D. D. Hickey, the proprietor of the
Lincoln hotel, is also afflicted with the
mining fever. It catches them all.

The Big Store

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Hazlenut Creamery BUTTER, every pound
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STILL DELAYED.

Lack of Material Defers Entrance of
L. V. & T. R. R. into Bullfrog.

Owing to the inability to secure ties
and supplies to push the tracklaying
on the L. V. & Tonopah railroad, the
connecting of Bullfrog with iron rails
is delayed again. The company is
making extensive efforts to secure
sufficient ties to accomplish track
laying to Beatty at once.

The road bed is graded into Beatty.

WATER AT THIRTY-FIVE FEET.

Illustrates That the Precious Fluid Can
Be Attained With Depth All
Over the Desert.

R. J. Fairbanks is in town from Ash
Meadows in search of tanks in which

to haul water to the canyon, west of
the Lalla C mine, from his new well in
the Amargosa valley, fifteen miles
south of his station in Ash Meadows.
He has opened a new and shorter road
to Furnace creek, coming in to the old
road at a point west of Allen's well.
In sinking the new well water was
encountered at a depth of thirty-five feet,
after cutting through a stretch of hard
pan, below which the water was found
in a bed of gravel, and seems inex-
haustible, being as clear and pure as
the Allen's well water. This new well
is on the mesa, and entirely removed
from the alkali of the valley.

Finding water as pure as could be
desired in this location may influence
the location of the town and smelter
site at that point, as the new water
find is only a hundred yards or so from
the Borax railway.

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