

NOTES AND PERSONALS

Sam Gay winks the other eye these days.

Say, nominations by proxy trickery is far from an election.

W. D. Worrel is back from his pleasure jaunt to Los Angeles.

The Republican convention was a body of representative Lincoln county citizens.

The people of Las Vegas did themselves proud in their hospitality to the Republican visitors.

Fatty Arnell, from Caliente, is one of those rollicking, good natured fellows one likes to meet.

This certainly was Republican week at Las Vegas. What a jolly good-natured crowd they were, too.

John S. Harris is back from his vacation. He had a good time and is back as a thorough Democrat.

Today when one looks at some of them they look back as much as to say "We ran." Ran they did and the average was 19.

Persons desiring bibles can secure them through Dr. Bain. He will be prepared to have a good variety from which to select from.

L. E. Le Clerc, manager of the Charleston Mountain lumber interests of the Desert Mining company, was at Vegas Monday doing business.

Dr. Bain was absent last Sabbath. He spent the day in Pioche and returned to Las Vegas on Thursday, and will be here with his congregation tomorrow, September 23.

Joe Taylor, good natured, rotund and generous, had a veritable ovation amongst his friends during the latter end of the week. Joe was after game and good game it proved to be in this neck of woods.

Chas. Over, Judge Over from Good Springs, was with his friends at Las Vegas recently. Charley is one of those community fellows that we Democrats as well as Republicans like. A Democrat yet the Republicans of the Good Springs district saw fit to select him as their candidate for justice of the peace and the Democrats said "me, too," for he is one of us. It is the lot of a few men to have such a testimonial of regard and esteem. It is unanimous. Here is to Judge Over.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.

A Powder Explosion Wrecks Spring Wagon and Injures Driver and a Drummer.

A week ago a hurry call summoned Drs. Martin and Rucker to Good Springs to attend two patients who were the victims of a most peculiar accident. The sufferers are Bruce Stevens, a drummer, and John McCormick, a handy stage driver or hackman between Jean and Sandy. Bruce was on a tour. McCormick had the team, etc., to convey Bruce to his different business stations. He was driving along the public thoroughfare about four miles from Sandy, the wheel of a light spring wagon struck a rut in which there was the residue of glycerine from a box of powder that had dropped from one of the score of big-freighting teams, the concussion ignited the glycerine, this in turn exploded the giant powder some feet distant, with the result that the wheels of the spring wagon were knocked into smithereens and Stevens and McCormick hurled through mid air—both of them seriously injured. Stevens was transferred to Los Angeles in charge of Dr. Rucker and McCormick brought to Las Vegas under the care of Dr. Martin.

Both patients are recovering and will soon be able to pursue their former occupation.

The explosion was seen from Sandy by J. C. McClanahan, who had been notified by the driver of the heavy team that the powder had dropped. He immediately proceeded with team to the point of accident, gave succor, sent for physicians, who were conveyed by special engine to Jean to afford such relief as is a physician's mission to administer.

IT IS MR. AND MRS. EDWARDS.

Rev. Dr. Bain Makes Happy a Young Couple by Pronouncing Them Man and Wife.

And it was Sam Edwards and Gussie Colvin that went and did it and are now happily mated and like two dove cotes are enjoying the felicity of that divine injunction that men should have but one woman as his helpmeet.

They say that Sam was so bashful in popping the question to Gussie that his friends for a week thereafter could see a paleness of blush that they could not account for until the word went forth that Dr. Bain was summoned to tie the knot.

The event took place last Friday at the home of the groom. As Dr. Bain pronounced the holy words Sam and Gussie vowed the truth that does bind until death does part.

J. T. McWilliams and M. Bowman acted as best men.

Sam, who has hosts of friends, has been in an o-be-joyful mood ever since and does not hesitate to let his friends know that a light spirit of ecstasy pervades his soul.

We all hope that this may continue and therefore his many friends are extending congratulations to the bride and groom.

IS THE SUCCESSFUL TYPE.

John Salsbury of Tonopah One of the Factors Who Build and Develop Nevada Enterprises.

In the development of the resources of southern Nevada and contiguous California territory there are few men who are playing so strong and influential a part as John Salsbury of Tonopah. This interesting citizen and splendid character is one of the foremost factors in those affairs that blends the present with that great future of Nevada—a future that will make the commonwealth a more than a Pennsylvania of the west.

Salsbury is a young man, full of the western spirit, aggressive in all he does and with the sagacity and talent to make whatever he does count to the good for Nevada interests and those who are associated with him. Five years ago he made his start, today with that force that wins, he has wealth, enterprises and interests not only in most sections of Nevada, but in California and other sections of the country. He is largely interested in the Greenwater and Death Valley Copper company and has holdings in that bonanza belt that will easily make them one of the great forces in that section. It was his genius, energy and constructive ability that has placed the Tonopah Lumber company in the foremost rank of western enterprises.

It is men of the character and make up of the John Salsbury class who will in life build new communities and make nature's resources redound to the welfare and needs of society. He is the type of citizen and men who build and do good.

HAS A LIARS' CLUB.

The Liars, Boosters and Knockers' club was duly organized at Las Vegas Sunday evening by that grand master of the state organization typifying the above requirements, the Hon. F. J. H. Meixel of Rhyolite, who bears an international reputation as being at the head of his class and bearing so many medals from all sections and climes as the chief artist of the profession that he is promoting, that it required an entire freight train to transport them to Las Vegas to demonstrate his capacity to be a befitting agent to initiate Charley Morgan, Arthur Muir, Fred Fulton, W. F. Davis, Julius Lunde, Frank Black into this modern but far-famed organization, which had its origin in Pittsburg, Pa., where the system of original lying and boasting has had its mainspring.

As master of ceremonies, Meixel is great. As brilliant a liar as he is, his lying propensities are not equal to his great demonstrative brain power. Oh! he is great, and with all his faults, a jolly good fellow.

The oath he administered is unique, and as Arthur Muir had it administered he fainted away; Fred Fulton stood it like a soldier, and Charley Morgan has been on the sick list ever since. It is worth while to gain its mysteries. Newcomers are welcome, for that masterful adept, Fred Fulton, is president and Arthur Muir secretary. You fellows that want a good time, make your application to these.

The club was organized at Johnny Horden's and will have weekly meetings hereafter.

Meixel left a final injunction and it was: "You Las Vegas fellows have a reputation of being high rollers. Work so that you will outdo the Pittsburg brand—the Rhyolite gait you already have—as part of my creation I expect to be proud of you." Meixel was facetious, great, eloquent, and so jolly that even Gambrius had no marker for him.

BOWLER AND MITCHELL A PAIR.

Wise New Millionaires Do the Grand in Las Vegas and the Boys Are Happy.—From Johnnie.

Once in a while the powers that be presage the course of events. For instance, the liberal, good-hearted Fred Bowler and his fellow Kentucky friend, W. F. Mitchell, managing director of the St. Lawrence Gold Mining company, with local address at Beatty, Nevada, were in this man's town. And say, Bowler and Mitchell are a team. It was a case truly "rattle the bones." Fred and Mitch in the hey day of their prosperity were not selfish. They permitted the sunlight of good fellowship, and whether rich or poor, percolate in all directions. There were no woe begones. Everybody were welcome. And such a night of joy unconfined.

It was a real taste of that spirit that a man is a man for a' that whether he

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is 'way up or 'way down. The pauper as well as the millionaire, the handicrafts man as well as the manager of a vast enterprise were welcome to the liberal, open-hearted generosity of these men of fortune who were but as yesterday the signals of that struggle that we westerners undergo. What a supreme illustration these clever fellows are that it is not the dollar that makes the man, but that spirit and exemplification that is in this mountain sphere when all the world is akin the man with his many thousands does not show the difference from his fellow struggler without a dollar except in the display that you are welcome to those pleasures and delights that our dollars can bring you. What you are today we may be tomorrow, so while we have it and are with you, enjoy our competence.

Another thing men like Bower and Mitchell make their fortunes out of the ground and not out of the hides of poor victims who cannot help themselves. Being true to nature, reared amidst nature, they are natural and as a consequence are not vain or purse proud, nor foppish nor silly—in other words with their dollars they are just like we other men, common, ordinary clay, and what is more they know it.

Today up, tomorrow down, hence they are free from that swelled cranium propensity that makes some of those with an inherited bank account think that they are better than others.

The world is better for such examples even though some say that Bowler is capable of out Scottyng Scotty. Right well did they display their sunshine and what a warm welcome is in store for Bowler and Mitch at all times.

May they ever be millionaires, for they are of the right sort.

Let the Minnie Mae lease be unending and the St. Lawrence Gold Mining company always a source of rich supply.

W. T. Roberts, one of the best known western miners, was one of the popular men in attendance on the Republican convention. Roberts is a good fellow, well liked and one of the bright men in the Republican crowd. He is quite a youthful fellow, so jovial that one can but regret that politically he is in such bad company.

A BUTTE RUSTLER
EN ROUTE TO GREENWATER.
Dr. Norcross, General Manager Furnace Creek Extension Mining Company.—A Strong Enterprise.

A busy, active son of Butte, Mont., in the person of Dr. C. V. Norcross spent a day in Vegas this week greeting old friends from the copper city, and making the rounds of our valley. The doctor is manager of what is sometimes called the Heinze interests, in the Greenwater district in Funeral mountains. As one of the most extensive operations in the district, the property has caused much of the excitement in the new copper camp. In fact recent openings on the Heinze ground at a depth of over 1,000 feet on the west side of the mountain, have proved the ore to be as rich there as on the mountain top, and effectually settled the question of depth in Greenwater's ore bodies, and especially those of the Furnace Creek Extension, as the properties are officially called, of which Mr. Norcross is manager, with W. E. Teague as superintendent, on the ground.

Twelve men have been employed in development work during the past four months, sinking and tunneling work both being carried on. Now it is a question of machinery, to attain a greater depth, which will be installed at once, thus adding another hoist to the new camp, where the Clark people, whose ground adjoins the Furnace Creek Extension on three sides, already have one in operation.

Dr. Norcross is a Greenwater enthusiast, and justly so, as every stroke of the pick in that camp has shown the ore to be "the best yet," and one can assuredly take heart when new ground justifies every dollar's worth of work that is done on it.

In Goldfield, the doctor is president of the Norcross Mining company, whose ground is close to the Redtop and Mohawk bonanza mines of the camp.

Delegates from Searchlight to the Callente convention are Dr. Ballant, F. L. Wardlaw, J. N. Vaughn, W. H. Bradley, John Howe, C. W. Thomas, John Wheatley. Earnest workers for good government.

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