

T. G. NICKLIN, PUBLISHER.

Las Vegas, - - - - Nevada

Fast friends should be slow to disagree.

When a man earns his money he never has any to burn.

Business is business for those who mind their own business.

Fruit may be scarce on tree and vine this year, but there is still a fairly good crop in the tin can.

Adam never had occasion to try to explain the presence of a blonde hair on the sleeve of his coat.

Those warships in the Pacific mean nothing, but Japan will not have to pay an admission fee to look at them.

Why should there be a dispute over the sex of the American eagle? The eagle is on our money, and it certainly talks.

Because he has been made a doctor of literature, Mark Twain will not treat poetry for bad feet. He is not a chiropodist.

We do not remember having read any nature faking stories about the mosquito. Everybody seems to understand the mosquito's habits.

Somebody should push along that idea of selling eggs by weight. Some of those that now go toward making up a full dozen are no larger than hailstones.

Let us become too proud as a people let us recall the fact at suitable intervals that English tailors criticize the style of clothing worn by Americans at society functions.

A Washington preacher declares that "hell is in the sun." But, then, he may know no more about it than the good old pastor who used to tell us that it is in the opposite direction.

The Duke of Abruzzi is reported to be in love with a Philadelphia girl whose father has millions. The duke's friends will, if the report is true, be sorry that he is in financial difficulties.

Congressman Hobson says it is a dream of his life to see erected in Alabama a factory that will turn out 100 battle ships a day. Does he stop to think how common capitalists and commanders would be in the event of such a consummation?

With some men education is a process, as the word indicates. With others it is an event. A New Jersey janitor undertook to wipe windows with a United States flag. When the police drove away the mob the janitor had been educated, but it had taken only a few minutes.

A great deal has been said about the facility of the Japanese in adopting and adapting Western methods. Even our language appears to gain something from their use of it. It is told of one of General Kuroki's party that when his opinion of America was asked, he replied, "Your country is full of remarkable things, but I find the weather curse-worthy." Two noteworthy new words in a single breath!

Sir Chentung Lian-Cheng, Chinese minister to the United States, has been called home like his predecessor, Mr. Wu, to serve the empire in domestic diplomacy. China has need of all her able diplomatists and administrators in her vast new scheme of internal reform. One of Sir Chentung's accomplishments, however, will be allowed to languish in the Chinese foreign office—his Yankee skill at baseball, which he acquired along with other liberal arts at Phillips Academy, Andover.

Notwithstanding the passage of the service pension law last February, the pension roll is decreasing, according to a recent statement by the pension commissioner. It reached its maximum in January, 1905, with a few more than a million names on it. In the next eighteen months it decreased eighteen thousand; there were sixteen thousand fewer names on it in the following eleven months, and the net decrease for April was two thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven, or at the rate of about thirty-five thousand a year. This is what one would expect forty years after the close of the war.

Polar exploration has made more progress within the past twenty-five years than in any other similar period. This was well illustrated when Commander Robert E. Peary, of the American navy, Col. David L. Brainard, of the American army, and the Duke of the Abruzzi, of the Italian navy, met at a dinner in New York in honor of the duke. Each of the three men has held the record for penetrating farthest north. Colonel Brainard, with the party in search of the Greely expedition, reached 83 degrees, 24½ minutes north latitude in 1882. He held this record till Nansen passed it in 1895, reaching 86 degrees, 13.006 minutes. The Duke of the Abruzzi in 1900, or the party sent out by him, beat this by about 20 minutes, and Peary last year surpassed them all, touching 87 degrees and 6 minutes. In the twenty-five years since Colonel Brainard's achievement the explorers have gone almost 3½ degrees

nearer to the pole, or at the rate of about ten miles a year. There remains about 200 miles to go.

It sometimes happens in human life that a man who has lived for years in peaceable if not amicable relations with his neighbors is suddenly revealed as a great criminal, whose presence has been a constant menace to all about him, and whose sins include tragedies which had long been mysteries. Some such revelation as this has been made about the common domestic rat, not suddenly, perhaps, but with a slow and certain piling up of evidence, until now the Biological Survey of the United States government has indicted the sly gray criminal in a special pamphlet. The first rat to reach these shores was the European black rat, which came over nearly three hundred years ago. The common rat of today is the brown, or Norway rat. He reached America about 1775, and has multiplied so rapidly that he has almost entirely driven out his black predecessor. There is also a third species, known as the roof, or Alexandrian rat of Egypt. This rat is a good sailor, and so is found mostly in seacoast cities. The brown rat is pronounced to be the worst mammalian pest in existence. No statistics are available for America, but in Denmark this rat is estimated to work three million dollars' worth of destruction every year; and in the United States one rat to every horse, cow, sheep and hog—a conservative estimate—would do one hundred million dollars' worth of damage in a year. Rats destroy eggs and young poultry, pigeons, game-birds and song-birds. In cities they enter stores and warehouses, and destroy laces, carpets, silks and woollens. They gnaw through lead pipe, and so flood buildings with water. They eat away the insulation of electric wires, and thus cause fires. They are prolific sources of the spread of contagious diseases. They breed so fast that a single pair, if they and their descendants were unmolested for three years, would be represented at the end of that time by more than twenty million individuals. The bulletin of the Biological Survey is issued especially for farmers and others whose premises are infested with rats. It gives the best methods of poisoning them,—the rats,—describes the most effective traps, and gives other information which makes it an important aid in the elimination of what has truly been called "a world pest."

LANGUAGE THAT DISAPPOINTED.

All That a Strong Man Said Under Great Provocation.

"I don't like to hear a man swear as a general thing," said the girl of some experience, to a Providence Journal writer, "but there are times when it seems justifiable, and then I like to know that a man can relieve his feelings. The other day I had what was a real disappointment, though it's dreadful to admit it.

"I was walking up Westminster street with a man you know, and his hat blew off, fell under the wheels of a trolley and was absolutely ruined—a new hat, too! What do you think that big, strong man said? He picked up the remains, looked at them for a time as if he were struggling with some strong emotion and then observed mildly, 'Dear me!'

"So you wanted to hear him swear?" inquired the man to whom she poured out her tale.

"Well, I thought he would use at least one big D," replied the girl.

"My dear girl," said her companion, "that man you were with is probably the most profane man in Providence, and on what you might call ordinary occasions he can swear for half an hour without repeating himself. There are, however, times when 'words is inadequate,' and he doubtless recalled that all the cuss words he knew were too feeble for the occasion. I assure you there was more heartfelt bitterness in that mild expression than in all the oaths he knew."

"Perhaps," said the girl, "but it really seemed so pitiful that I wanted to say things for him."

HOW TO PREVENT MOTHS.

Examine Garments and Furs for Safety's Sake.

It is wise to examine the woolen garments and furs put away for the summer on the chance that some predatory moth may have eluded your vigilance.

If it can be made sure that no eggs were deposited on the garment it is easy and cheap to keep them out. Immediately on finishing the cleaning and inspecting treatment, slip the garment into a bag made of calico or muslin that will hold it easily, and that has not the smallest break or tear. Close the opening by running the ends together on the sewing machine and lay away on a shelf or in a trunk, as preferred. A housekeeper who has kept blankets, furs, and clothing year in and year out in this way, in this moth-infested city, gives this as her advice, after her long and successful experience.

"Sometimes," she says, "I dip a cloth in turpentine and drop it in the bag with my blankets, and I always go over the closet shelves, or the trunk, or the bureau drawers in which I pack away this bagged clothing, etc., with a brush dipped in turpentine." Moths won't eat cotton or linen, and if you are careful to keep them out of the garment till it is into a bag, they are out for the summer. Don't use cheese cloth for the bags; it is too sleazy. Use any clean, firm cotton or linen material. Old pillow cases that are not broken or worn through anywhere are useful for this purpose. Many things accumulate in the house that may be used, light silbest dress linings, faded chamber, percale or linen dress skirts, and the like.

Snakes with Two Heads.

I have lately been assured by more than one of my friends that they have seen in northern India snakes with two heads—i. e., without a tail, but with a second and perfectly formed head in the place where the tail ought to be. They assure me that there are specimens in northern India museums and that these freaks of nature are frequently found by the natives. The rider is added that the natives declare that each head lives and performs active service for six months in the year in turn. The snakes are said to grow to about three feet in length. I myself have killed a small snake with two heads, but these were both at the same end of the reptile, a very different matter, which is, I believe, a well known freak and in the same category with two headed calves.—Pioneer.

He Writes for Money.

Lady Gushington—So your son is a real author! How distracting interesting! And does he write for money? Practical Dad—Yes; I get his applications about once a week.

Thanked.

Lil' rain an' sunshine makes de country smile; Thank de Lawd we livin', ef it's only fer a while!

Lil' rose a-growin', drinkin' up de dew—Thank de Lawd you livin' en de flowers is fer you!

Lil' bit er trouble—lil' song en sigh; Thank de Lawd de res' time is comin' by en by! —Atlanta Constitution.

The Secret.

He—Why did you tell me this if it was such a secret? She—But if I didn't tell it to somebody how could anybody know I could keep a secret? —Baltimore American.

BURGLARS GET A SCARE.

Ghastly Experience of Two Apprentices in Crime.

Two young burglars in Paris had a ghastly experience recently and a narrow escape from being held for a crime that they did not commit, says the New York Sun. They were both new in the house-breaking game. They were lads of 19 and 20 years, butchers' apprentices, out of work and penniless, and with associations in the Apache gangs, now terrorizing Paris, which led them to turn naturally to crime as a means of getting on their feet.

They chose as the scene of their first trial the apartment of a well-to-do engineer named Danclos, who lived all alone in a house on the Rue Myria. They made their way into the house at night after the lights had been put out, but as they figured before the hour at which Danclos usually returned from his game of dominoes at the cafe. They got into the apartment by a skeleton key and shut the door noisily behind them. Then, while one of them prepared to strike a light the other groped his way a couple of feet forward in the anteroom of the apartment.

As he did so he jostled against something that gave way before him, then came back and hit him rather heavily, then backed away again. The young burglar gasped. He stretched out his hands and felt a man's clothing and then the legs of the man inside and a chilly hand, all swaying horribly to and fro as he touched them.

His cry made his companion strike a match in a hurry and in its flickering light the pair saw Danclos hanging by a rope to the gas fixture. He was stone dead, but the couple said afterward that the hideously distorted face, as they watched it in the light of the match, seemed to be grinning at them as if to say: "Aha! I've caught you, have I?"

They dashed out of the room and down the stairs at headlong speed. The clatter they made aroused the concierge, and while they fumbled at the front door he scrambled into his trousers and boots and pursued them down the street. A couple of handy policemen headed them off and they were marched back to the house, where the doors to Danclos' rooms were found open, plainly showing that they had been there.

As the body was still warm the police took it into their heads that the couple had murdered him as a sequel to robbing his place. But the next day it was established that nothing had been stolen and also that Danclos had often threatened suicide because of his sufferings from an incurable disease. The chair which he had kicked from under him completed the story. So the two apprentices in crime will only have charges of attempted burglary to answer.

INSANITY ON FARM.

WISCONSIN man says farmers' wives are going insane in increased numbers, and he blames the rural free delivery of mail for the alleged condition. It is doubtful if insanity is increasing on the farm as the man from Wisconsin states. If the Sun is rightly informed, the opposite is true. At least, statements directly refuting the claim of increased lunacy have been published recently. In support of the statement that lunacy is on the increase and that farmers' wives are the victims, it is alleged that the farm-wife's life is more than ever secluded and withdrawn, now that the mail is carried to the door each morning. It is said that before the introduction of rural free delivery of mail the people gathered at the country store, at the neighbors' homes, and saw more of each other than they do now. The man who has discovered that farmers' wives were in the habit of gathering at the store, and at each others' homes to gossip has uncovered something new and outside the facts. There is too much doing in the home to permit much lingering at the store—for the women, at any rate. Those who were in the habit of getting together to "talk things over" are probably "getting together" just as much as ever under the new conditions. There is little danger but that the gossip will keep her mind and tongue so engaged as to preclude the possibility of brooding, moping or insane moods. The chances are that the rural free delivery of mail militates against possibility of insanity rather than acting as a factor in bringing mental disease to the marooned farmer's wife.—Indianapolis Sun.

BICYCLES.

MANUFACTURERS report an increase this year over last year in the demand for bicycles. Is it possible that the leg-power, vehicle is coming into its own again, or at least recovering from the depression which followed the fever a dozen years ago?

The census bulletin for 1905 shows that in 1890 two and a half million dollars' worth of bicycles were manufactured in this country. Ten years later the output had increased to twelve times that amount, and since the manufacturing cost had decreased, the number of new bicycles in use in 1900 was more than twelve times that of ten years before.

In the next five years the industry declined to one-sixth of its magnitude in 1900.

The bicycle craze reached its height in 1894-6. With the approval of fashion, both men and women in great numbers were pedaling over the roads. Professional bicycle riders loomed large in the world of sport. Motor-paced races threatened to rival baseball as a summer day's entertainment. The crouching speeder made the highway hideous and trained walking humanity in the agility which later became useful in dodging the automobile. But these abuses decreased, and were more than atoned for by the service which bicycling rendered in promoting good roads.

Bicycling as a track sport was displaced by the motor car; fashion withdrew her favor; many persons tired of the exercise, often because they had abused their strength.

After the sudden fever and the equally sudden depression, it may be that the bicycle will come in again, not as a fad, but in its real right as a useful and pleasant vehicle. Machines were never so well made at low cost as they are now.

The "wheel," having gone erratically up and down as the sewing machine once did, ought to have a future conducted by the manufacturer on sound economic prin-

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

INSANITY ON FARM.

WISCONSIN man says farmers' wives are going insane in increased numbers, and he blames the rural free delivery of mail for the alleged condition. It is doubtful if insanity is increasing on the farm as the man from Wisconsin states. If the Sun is rightly informed, the opposite is true. At least, statements directly refuting the claim of increased lunacy have been published recently. In support of the statement that lunacy is on the increase and that farmers' wives are the victims, it is alleged that the farm-wife's life is more than ever secluded and withdrawn, now that the mail is carried to the door each morning. It is said that before the introduction of rural free delivery of mail the people gathered at the country store, at the neighbors' homes, and saw more of each other than they do now. The man who has discovered that farmers' wives were in the habit of gathering at the store, and at each others' homes to gossip has uncovered something new and outside the facts. There is too much doing in the home to permit much lingering at the store—for the women, at any rate. Those who were in the habit of getting together to "talk things over" are probably "getting together" just as much as ever under the new conditions. There is little danger but that the gossip will keep her mind and tongue so engaged as to preclude the possibility of brooding, moping or insane moods. The chances are that the rural free delivery of mail militates against possibility of insanity rather than acting as a factor in bringing mental disease to the marooned farmer's wife.—Indianapolis Sun.

BICYCLES.

MANUFACTURERS report an increase this year over last year in the demand for bicycles. Is it possible that the leg-power, vehicle is coming into its own again, or at least recovering from the depression which followed the fever a dozen years ago?

The census bulletin for 1905 shows that in 1890 two and a half million dollars' worth of bicycles were manufactured in this country. Ten years later the output had increased to twelve times that amount, and since the manufacturing cost had decreased, the number of new bicycles in use in 1900 was more than twelve times that of ten years before.

In the next five years the industry declined to one-sixth of its magnitude in 1900.

The bicycle craze reached its height in 1894-6. With the approval of fashion, both men and women in great numbers were pedaling over the roads. Professional bicycle riders loomed large in the world of sport. Motor-paced races threatened to rival baseball as a summer day's entertainment. The crouching speeder made the highway hideous and trained walking humanity in the agility which later became useful in dodging the automobile. But these abuses decreased, and were more than atoned for by the service which bicycling rendered in promoting good roads.

Bicycling as a track sport was displaced by the motor car; fashion withdrew her favor; many persons tired of the exercise, often because they had abused their strength.

After the sudden fever and the equally sudden depression, it may be that the bicycle will come in again, not as a fad, but in its real right as a useful and pleasant vehicle. Machines were never so well made at low cost as they are now.

The "wheel," having gone erratically up and down as the sewing machine once did, ought to have a future conducted by the manufacturer on sound economic prin-

GIRL HEROINE IN COLUMBIA DISASTER.

Of the tales of bravery in connection with the wreck of the steamship Columbia, in which more than 50 lives were lost, none is more thrilling, none arouses more admiration than that of which Miss Maybelle Watson is the

principles and supported by a steady demand of the public for an inexpensive and pleasant mode of exercise and locomotion.—Youth's Companion.

THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

THE "unwritten law" is a survival of savagery, when man claimed the right of ownership over his women. It has no place in modern thought; it should have no place in modern sentiment.

When people who would like to commit murder, but are deterred from it by fear of punishment, see that other murderers escape by an easy excuse, they naturally find their fear removed, and then there is nothing to prevent them from carrying out their plans. They appeal to the "unwritten law," and walk out of court free men, and not only free but sympathized with, wept over and honored.

There have been many such cases of late, in which the murderer told his story, and, as there was nobody to refute it, the sole person who might have been able to do so being in his grave, it was accepted as gospel truth. In some places in this country no man's life is safe, or his reputation, either. Any other man can shoot him, go into court and allege monstrous crimes against him, and there is no redress. The dead man's family is struck down, wears a stigma forever afterward, and nothing that can be done will avail to remove it. The dead man is dead, but the murderer bears no shadow on his name.

This state of affairs is intolerable in a civilized community. No man, whatever the circumstances, should have the right of life and death over another, or else every man should go armed and law should be declared non-existent. There is no middle course. Either we must revert to the customs of our ancestors, before law came into the world and humanity was in a continual state of war; or else we must enforce the law which binds us together in an orderly community.—Chicago Journal.

SOME DEFECTS IN OUR NAVY.

THE charges made against the naval board of construction by the Navy, a periodical published in Washington and supposed to be the organ of some of the higher naval officers, are too serious to be ignored. "Our boasted Atlantic battle fleet," it says, for example, "has neither coal, ammunition, fire-control appliances, nor, in fact, much of any of the many things that are indispensable to the efficiency of a fleet in battle, and is no more fit to make an early appearance in battle-trim on the waters of the Pacific than was the ill-fated fleet commanded by Rojestvensky."

Similar charges have been made before, but never with so much apparent authority as attaches to these. The Navy goes into minute details, as, for instance, that the ports of the turrets of the Kearsarge and the Kentucky are so large that even small shot could penetrate the turrets and disable the guns. So manifest are these defects, says the Navy, that the officers who took these ships abroad sought to conceal them by building wooden shields painted to represent steel. The protecting armor belts of some of the ships are also so misplaced that when the vessels are fully equipped the water-line mark is far out of sight under water.

Rear Admiral Brownson is the only navy official who has yet attempted to answer these charges, and he is compelled to admit the truth of many of them. There should be a congressional inquiry into the state of the navy, that all the facts may be made known.—Kansas City World.

MISS MAYBELLE WATSON.



MISS MAYBELLE WATSON.

heroine. She is barely 17 years old and resides at Berkeley, Cal. She was a passenger on the big coaster. Miss Watson is unable to swim, but before she was hurled from the deck of the ill-fated Columbia she had fastened on a life preserver, and this enabled her to play the part she did.

Robert Weese, the third mate of

the vessel, who is generally credited with having saved many lives, says of her: "There is but one heroine in the catastrophe which befell the Columbia. That is Miss Watson. I was gathering in the second boat load when I saw her with a woman clinging to her, and discovered that, while Miss Watson was provided

and have heard many in my seafaring life, but never saw anything to equal the way that girl risked her own chances for life by allowing a drowning person to hold on to her while she herself was struggling desperately to keep above water."

Hawse declares that many of the male survivors of the Columbia, which collided with the San Pedro, a lumber steamer, were guilty of the lowest type of cowardice. "The women showed more bravery, even more gallantry, in the moments when death seemed so close at hand, than did the men," he says.

Plaster of Paris Bananas.

Bunches of bananas that are absolutely unfit for food hang out in front of the wholesale produce commission houses. Some of them have remained there until they have grown rusty with age.

"Couldn't get a finer looking bunch than that," said one of the dealers the other day, "even if it is plaster of paris. We used to put out the real article for a sign, but the peddlers who came down here had a way of pulling one or two out of the bunch that happened to be hanging there on the hook. The small boys, too, had a way of making a grab for a banana or two. By the time the bunch was on duty under the awning for an hour it was no longer presentable to the aesthetic sense. So we began to cultivate the make believe article, which is not quite so palatable, but just as good for advertising. And even at that some youngster in his haste will grab plaster of paris fruit and get away with it before he realizes that he has made off with something bad for his digestion."—New York Herald.

Swords and Scimitars.

The scimitar of the Saracens was the most effective sword for cutting purposes ever devised. It will be remembered how, according to the story of Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," with such a weapon the pagan Saladin chopped a soft cushion in two at one blow, to the amazement of Richard Coeur de Lion. With a straight sword one can make a hack or thrust, but to slice an adversary one must saw with it. The scimitar, being curved and wide and heavy toward the end, slices by the mere fact of striking.