Devoted to the Interests of Southeastern Nevada.

PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

Subscribe for it. Read it. Advertise in it.

VOL. XIII — PIOCHE, NEVADA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1893. — NO. 52.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

THE PERSONS WHO WORK FOR PLEASURE AND NOTORIETY.

The Reign of the Amateur and How It Is Affecting the Various Professions In Which Mankind Is Trying to Earn a Living—A Metropolitan View.

The other day a company of American artists seated at the cheap but filling refection of Gruyere cheese and the beer of the country amused itself by discussing the serious want of patronage from which American art is just now suffering.

"I tell you," cried a young painter of great talent, "that the professional artist in this country is worse off than ever. There was a time some 15 or 20 years ago when his prospects looked bright and his outlook cheerful. But today he wastes all his time and energy on pot boiling, and even his pot boilers have to go at a sacrifice."

"There are too many of us," quoth one of his hearers. "The supply exceeds the demand, and we are simply paying, as in other walks of life, for the crime of overproduction."

"There are not too many of us," related the first speaker. "It's the infernal amateurs who are doing work almost as good as ours, and who are underselling us. It is the reign of the amateurs which has taken all the gilt off the gingerbread of the professional."

True, absolutely true, in almost every highway and byway of modern industry. The amateur is rapidly displacing the professional to his own slight—sometimes imperceptible benefit, and always to the other's injury. When one stops to consider this truism, one is fairly stunned by the magnitude and quantity of the illustrations which prove it. Take, for instance, the field to which the discussion above quoted has relation. The woods are full of amateur "artists." Hardly a family now exists but has an "artistic" son or daughter who necessarily babbles the jargon of the craft and spoils more canvas and wastes more paint in a week than most professional artists can afford in a year.

Not only do their execrable compositions degrade the standard of art, they do worse and more material harm by making values ridiculously cheap. Glad to get anything at all—half the cost sometimes of the material they use. The amateur painters of New York alone constitute unconsciously a guild which practically starves out the profession. And the worst of it is that the amateur's work is nothing like as conspicuously bad in all instances as it used to be. Sketchy and thin as the best of it may be, it certainly complies with the elementary rules of art, and he must indeed be a bold critic who, comparing it with the efforts of trained and expert professionals, should unhesitatingly pronounce it without exception rot and rubbish.

The amateur actor and the amateur actress have inflicted incalculable injury on what calls itself specifically the profession. It is an open secret, for example, that the once profitable city of Brooklyn has been made a positively "bad show town," as the phrase goes, by the number and audacity of its amateurs. During the season they undertake performances of the severest professional character with a prodigality of energy and expenditure almost amounting to profligate extravagance which utterly eclipses the productions of the regular theaters. In fact, the Brooklyn amateurs have all but destroyed the professional drama in that city.

Again, the concert rooms of New York fairly swarm with unpaid vocalists who acquit themselves in many instances quite as well as their professional sisters and brothers, and there are already so many amateur instrumentalists in this city eager to play in public who have no urgent pecuniary need to do so that it is doubtful if the Musical Protective union dare order another general strike here, so enormous would be the rush of fairly competent amateur fiddlers and others to take the places of the strikers.

Rising higher in the social world, we find howling swells like Suffern Tailer basing their reputations entirely on their knack of driving four-in-hands en amateur, so that the amateur coachman has become really an important public character and worthy of incessant notice.

The amateur wing shot is another social lion. Compared with the feats of the plain, uncelebrated every day pot hunters of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the performances afield of George Work and Edgar Murphy and De Forrest Maurice and the rest of them seem positively puerile. But none the less are these latter knights of the trigger exalted and extolled by the newspapers as marvels of skill and vaunted among the possessions of which we ought all to be enthusiastically proud. For are they not amateurs?

At the present rate of development one cannot be certain of the ultimate limit of amateur expansion. We shall, beyond doubt, have amateur surgeons, amateur lawyers, amateur journalists, amateur barbers, amateur tailors, amateur plumbers, amateur icemen, even amateur day laborers, perhaps. Our streets will be patrolled by amateur policemen, our conflagrations extinguished by amateur firemen. And who can tell when the amateur will have so profoundly exhausted the honest occupations that he will have to become an amateur criminal?

Then shall we have our amateur burglars, our amateur pickpockets, our amateur highwaymen, our amateur murderers. The amateur shoplifter is already a formidable extant fact. What on earth is there in our social code to make the amateur homicide and the amateur river pirate impossible?

Yes, i' faith, this is the reign of the amateur with a vengeance.—Archibald Gordon in New York Recorder.

RALLYING ROUND A CANDIDATE.

All Hands Unite to Make General Kirby Smith's Daughter a Postmistress.

Two months ago in the most obscure pigeonhole in the postmaster general's office the application of Carrie Kirby Smith was filed away. It was not weighty with reasons why she should be appointed, nor did it lay any particular claims to the attention of President Cleveland. It bore no indorsement. It was simply an humble petition that the applicant might be given the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn. The only sentence which might recommend this prayer to Mr. Bissell was the closing paragraph:

"I am the daughter of the late General Edmund Kirby Smith."

The fair applicant kept what she had done a secret for three weeks when, having grown accustomed to her disappointment at receiving no reply, she told some one how she had dared to ask to distribute the mail to the residents about the mountain station and to the students of the University of the South, who depend on this office for their letters. Thus her secret became known, and now two generations are watching for her appointment—that which made its record along with Kirby Smith and another which has grown up with his daughter on the Cumberland plateau. When General Shoup, the Indiana sharpshooter, now occupying the chair of applied mathematics at the Sewanee university, heard that Kirby Smith's "war baby" wanted an office, he swore by all the Union and Confederate soldiers at once that she should have the place.

"We will put her in if we have to call out a regiment of war veterans to do it," he said.

And this has literally come to pass. From the Confederate Survivors' association at Nashville the humble application was made known throughout the South and finally reached the line of the Grand Army of the Republic posts in the north. The fact that a brave soldier and distinguished general had died leaving his family poor, and that his daughter now came forward seeking to aid in their support, was all that was necessary to elicit the enthusiasm of both sides. With scarcely an exception every Federal officer now living who had fought against Kirby Smith has made a personal appeal for his daughter. Soldiers of Bull Run and Manassas scrawled out letters of recommendation, while the Cove people in the mountains added their testimonials to the worth of Kirby Smith's daughter in characteristic dialect such as is found in Craddock's stories of the hills. The students of the institution where the general had so long taught "math" sent their indorsements couched in elegant diction and sophomoric phrases. The alumni associations of Sewanee throughout the country have also added their indorsements to help secure the appointment for their fair friend of old college days.

"I do not mind dying," said the general once, "if Carrie is left. She is a tower of strength."

His estimation of her seems to be correct. She no sooner found the main prop of the family gone than she began to cast about for other means of support for her mother and young brothers and sisters. With unusual courage for a woman, she decided to become the postmaster where she had so long been the indisputed belle.

Miss Kirby Smith is well known in Washington, where she has shone more than once in the gayest set. There is scarcely a large city in the south or west where she has not at one time or another been the recipient of social honors. What Winnie Davis is to the armies of the Confederacy, Carrie Kirby Smith is to the soldiers of the trans-mississippi. To the remnants of that army she is still, even before Winnie Davis, the daughter of the war. The appointment she seeks is in the presidential gift.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Esther From an Indian Village.

A remarkable woman has recently passed away in south India—the dowager Maharanee of Mysore. The daughter of a petty official of good family, she was of course neglected, while her brother received the best home education under tutors. While scarcely 10 years of age she insisted on sharing all his studies that she might help the boy. Soon she got a tutor for herself, and in five years she mastered Sanskrit, Canarese and Marathi, while not neglecting music, drawing and needlework.

She was 16 when the late maharaja's friends were scouring the country for a fourth bride. After the manner of Queen Esther, she was chosen, but before she could be sent for her father was summoned to court to answer for the short revenue of his village. Only when ordered to be whipped was it discovered whom he was. He was forgiven, the marriage was celebrated on the first lucky day, and from that time the young queen, then 17, was a gracious and enlightened influence in the native state of Mysore, the most progressive in India.—Cor. Edinburgh Scotsman.

She Bowed Too Often.

The Princess May has, it appears, several things to learn before she will be thoroughly posted in all the little details of her new position. During the royal procession on the occasion of the recent opening of the Imperial institute, for instance, in the excess of youthful enthusiasm and inexperience in sovereign state, she bowed incessantly as her carriage swept through the applauding throngs. It is feared by the tender court journals that her royal neck must have ached sadly after the ordeal. For her future safety, however, the same solicitous prints kindly give her a "pointer," got from some of the royal highnesses who are older hands or necks at the business. These, including the sagacious queen herself, bow a certain number of times only per 100 yards, at a gain, it is alleged, of comfort and grace.

Which information may not strike the general reader as of vital importance to himself at this moment, but like the Toodles doorplate with Thompson on it may be very "handy to have in the house" some day.—New York Times.

A Princess of the Royal Blood.

Eulalie is all right. She is one of us. We have given her a hearty republican welcome, and she has made herself entirely at home with us. We have greeted her with the booming of cannon and the shrill whistles of our ferryboats. She was at first a little confused by the noise, but on being assured that it was intended as a compliment she declared that her head didn't ache and that she rather liked it.

The whole country is in love with her. She is a charming young woman, and the normal school girls do well to rave. When she said to them: "Well, young ladies, I am very much pleased at the manner in which you have received me. I am quite proud to be entertained by you," they thought her a fairy in disguise and clapped their hands in applause, but when she cried out impulsively, "I wish I were sitting on the benches with you girls," they could hardly contain themselves.

If any other princesses ever come to America, we shall judge them by the standard which Eulalie has furnished, for though an aristocrat in the historic sense she is as good a democrat as any of us.—New York Telegram.

Miss Schreiner at Home and Abroad.

Miss Olive Schreiner arrived in London the other day from the Cape, but it is not likely that she will make a long stay in England as her arrangements point to a lengthy sojourn on the continent. Though the distinguished novelist of South Africa shuns observation and lives in very retired fashion, she is not the recluse many people believe, and as the friend of suffering humanity in all its many phases she is certain of a warm welcome wherever she goes.

It is expected that Miss Schreiner will soon publish a new novel. Indeed it is hinted that her principal object in visiting London just now is to place the manuscript of it in a publisher's hands, and that in order to have it finished before she left home she discontinued for the present the series of sketches of South Africa, a few of which appeared in the periodical press some time ago. Schreiner House, Matjesfontein, the home of the author of "The Story of an African Farm," is about 200 miles from Cape Town, and an idea of its seclusion may be had when it is stated that Miss Schreiner was on the verge of womanhood before ever she set eyes upon a town.—London Chronicle.

Caution In Wearing Veils.

Some wise women ought to write the decalogue of veils, and all women ought to make it mandatory for themselves. Nothing makes or mars a pretty face so much as a veil, as was conclusively proved by the violet and purple abominations wherewith women elected to disfigure themselves last winter. Most of them looked as if they had just been discharged from an erysipelas hospital. The novelties in tissues must be ventured upon warily, for among them are black nets scattered over with lozenges in gold tinsel or dotted with stars in color which are apt to give the wearer a resemblance to an Indian begum. Black nets with small patterns and few spots best set off a pretty face and disguise the defect of a plain one.—New York Sun.

S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from **constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion,** so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such **excellent results** that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, **as regular as clock-work.** At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 129 pounds; I now can brag of 159 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

COHN DRY GOODS CO.

116-118 MAIN STREET,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Greatest Slaughter of Dry Goods

EVER KNOWN IN THE HISTORY OF SALT LAKE CITY.

White Goods.

1t 90c—Full 10-4 White Crotchet Bed Quilts, reduced from $1 25 to 90c.

At $1 10—Heavy White largest size Bed Quilts in Marseilles patterns, reduced from $1 40 to $1.10.

At 7½c—Good quality Check Nainsook, reduced from 12½c to 7½c.

At 8c — Good quality White India Lawn, reduced from 12½c to 8c.

At 5c—Yard wide Bleached Muslin at 5c.

Wash Goods.

Cotton Challies in good desirable styles at 4c a yard.

27-inch Columbian Crinkly Effect Cotton Dress Goods, was 15c, now reduced to 8½c

Fine Printed Sateens, 15c quality for 10c a yard.

Fast Black Sateen, 15c quality for 10c.

Handsome Dark Ground Printed Foulards, 15c quality at 8½c yard.

Dress Patterns containing 8 yards 36 inch printed fancy Dress Goods for 65c a dress.

Fine quality Dress Style Ginghams in Checks and Plaids, 12½c for 6½c a yard.

Table Cloths.

At 90c—8 4 soft finished German Linen Fringed Table Cloths, reduced from $1.25 to 90c.

At $1 00—10-4 soft finished German Linen Fringed Table Cloths, reduced from $1 40 to $1.

We place on on sale a large lot of Table Linen of every kind and variety, cut up in convenient Table Cloth Lengths. Our well-known German Table Linens is the best make of goods imported to this country, and in order to realize the cash we mark every piece at Actual Cost.

At 4c—All Linen Crash at 4c a yard.

Mail Orders will receive careful and Prompt Attention

The Taylor & Brunton

ORE SAMPLING CO.

Automatic Machinery. ✻ ✻ Quick Returns

JAMES W. NEILL, Manager.

Works at Pallas Station, Utah, on R. G. W. and U. P. tracks.

Office: No. 51, P. O Blk., Salt Lake City. Telephone 279.

A. S. THOMPSON,

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY,

AND GENERAL PRODUCE.

—:o:—

Finest Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars

—:o:—

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR UTAH PRODUCE. Salt Lake Bottled Beer, Sarsaparilla, Cream, Strawberry and Lemon Soda, at Wholesale and Retail. Low Rates and Free Delivery.

Ground Floor, Thompson's Opera House, Main Street

Pioche Weekly Record,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Subscribe for it and Send it to Your Friends

The *RECORD* is the *LEADING* paper published in Southeastern Nevada and represents the interests of a

Vast Section of Rich Mineral Country

soon to be opened up by a line of railroad.

POST : YOURSELF : ON : ITS : MINERAL : WEALTH

The Local Department of the paper will receive particular attention and the Mining news and Resources of this and adjacent mineral districts will be full and complete.

JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

Call on us for anything in the way of Posters, Hand Bills, Programmes, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, Envelopes, etc.

Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed

OFFICE IN THE MASONIC BUILDING, LACOUR SEMKLT.

J. EISENMANN

Main Street, Pioche, Nevada,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

HARDWARE, MILLING & MINING SUPPLIES,

Iron, Steel and Pumps, Belting, Packing and Hose, Machinist's, Blacksmith and Carpenter Tools, Steam Water and Gas Pipe,

Guns, Rifles, Pistols and Ammunition, Cutlery of Every Description.

STOVES AND TINWARE,

Crockery and Glassware, Agricultural Implements and Wagons, Hardwood and Wagon Material, Sash, Doors and Blinds, Paints, Oils and Glass, Prepared Iron Roofing, Pitch, Tar and Resin, Rope and Naval Stores, also a

Complete Assortment of House Furnishing Goods.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Giant, Blasting and Gun Powder, Fuse, Candles, ETC., ETC.

In connection with the establishment is a complete Shop, and am prepared to execute promptly all orders for Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Work Steam, Air, Water and Exhaust Pipe, Plumbing and Pump Work.

The Stock comprises the Best Grade of Goods obtainable, and Prices are Reduced to a figure that Defies Competition.

ONE PRICE TO ALL!

HENRY WELLAND

Main Street, Opposite Lacour,

Carries a Full Line of

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

--:o:o:o:--

Miners & Prospectors Outfitted in Every Detail

--:o:o:o:--

✻ BEDROCK PRICES. ✻

FREE TO ALL.

Camping on the old Corral

AT THE LOWER END OF TOWN.

—UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF—

GEO. B. WARREN.

He is now ready to furnish First-Class Accommodations, to the freighting public.

Besides carrying a complete stock of freighters groceries and Supplies, is also prepared to furnish the best qualities of Liquors, Wines and Cigars.

We want a boy in every town in the United States to sell single copies of the SATURDAY BLADE and CHICAGO LEDGER. The papers are readily sold in every shop, store, factory, on the street, to farmers, at home and to strangers who are in town. Any hustling boy can start out and sell these bright illustrated papers to almost anyone, and can get regular customers to buy every number as fast as it is received. They are the easiest selling papers published, as agents testify.

The papers sell for 5 cents a copy. The boy sends us 3 cents for each copy he sells, and keeps the other 2 cents for himself. It costs nothing for the boy to start in business, and he runs no risk of having papers left on his hands as we take back all unsold copies. Not only boys make good agents but those who cannot do hard work Every one who wishes to make money should apply for an agency. To any one who will secure us subscribers regularly, we will give a copy free as long as the agent gives us obtains orders for the paper in the town for which he was appointed. There is a boy in every town who would be glad of the opportunity to make some money in this way, and we ask those interested to send in the name of some bright hustling lad who will agree to take hold of the business. The SATURDAY BLADE is dated and sold on SATURDAY and the CHICAGO LEDGER on WEDNESDAY. The BLADE is a newspaper, fully illustrated. The LEDGER is a family story paper, also fully illustrated by our own artists. The great popularity of these papers is fully attested by their immense circulation. The average weekly circulation of the SATURDAY BLADE is 275,000 copies, and that of the CHICAGO LEDGER 140,000 copies. Certainly no better proof of their selling qualities could be asked, and nearly all these hundreds of thousands of copies are sold by boys. The BLADE is the wonder of the newspaper world, and the LEDGER is close after it.

BOYS

Our Boys Everywhere Are Making Money.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE!

Write for Sample Copies, Terms and Particulars to Agents Department.

W. D. BOYCE, 113-115 5th Ave., Chicago.