

THE PIOCHE RECORD
Issued Every Saturday

LEWIS H. BEASON - Editor and Proprietor

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements are charged for at the rate of \$1.00 per inch per month. One change per month without extra charge. Single insertion, 50 cents per inch. Reading notices, not in 10-point type, 15 cents per line first insertion; 10 cents per line each succeeding insertion. Locals not in 12-point black face type, 25 cents per line first insertion; 15 cents per line each succeeding insertion. One price to all and no deviation.

Entered at the Postoffice at Pioche, Nevada, as second-class matter.

We wish you all a Happy New Year.

This is going to be a great year in Pioche. Get in and boost.

By all means Pioche should have a commercial club or a business men's organization of some kind. Why not get busy on this proposition? Now is the proper time.

A good way to advertise this camp is to come in and subscribe for the PIOCHE RECORD and have it mailed to your friends.

A DEPARTMENT OF MINES.

A well-known Boston paper, commenting on the establishment of a department of mines, has the following to say:

"Boston, as one of the world's greatest centers for the mining industry, is interested in the plan to create a federal department of mines. There is no opposition to the plan except on the part of a cabal of schemers who long have made it their business to get hold of good mining claims from men driven into a tight financial place. A case in point was the breaking of a bank in New England not many years ago as part of a cleverly manipulated trick to get control of a gold mine in the west. This scheme cost only \$150,000, while in less than a year the cabal cleared \$500,000. At present the mine is making net profits of \$2,000 a day. Had a mining department been in existence no such trick could have been played. Our geological survey has done great things, but has never had half enough money for the work it essayed to do, and has for years been obliged to solicit reports and information from leading men in the mineral industry."

CASE OF ONG CHUNG LUNG.

We had just been reading about the views of congress regarding the United States secret service and the purposes for which government money had been squandered in this department when we entered one of our most popular restaurants some days ago.

Seated opposite us were two strangers. The first appeared to be an American. From the way he handled his knife and fork it was apparent that Uncle Sam was paying for his victuals. The other had that copper-colored tint and that suggestive obliquity of optic which easily revealed his Celestial origin. Later in the day we learned that both, one in capacity of United States marshal, and the other as interpreter, had been sent here from a distant city at government expense to prove, if possible, that Ong Chung Lung is but a common laborer, and prohibited by law from bringing to this country his minor son. Ong Chung Lung, who, by the way, is none other than our Charley, can talk English fully as effectively as the interpreter, but that didn't stop the interpreter's salary.

Apropos of that high-cost suspicion that our Charley is but a common laborer, we remember an incident of the early days of Pioche. In the winter of 1877-8 there came a terrible snow-storm. For two weeks no stage could come in from either Eureka or Salt Lake. Captain Day was running his famous property at Jack Rabbit. Pay-day arrived, but the money expected from San Francisco for the pay-roll did not.

In the early days the Chinese colony here was large, at times numbering over a thousand. Ong

Chung Lung was always a captain of industry among his countrymen, and at that time was doing his main business at Jack Rabbit, where he made his own headquarters.

The situation worried Captain Day, and he went to his neighbor, Ong, for consultation. In fact, Ong was expecting to receive quite a sum himself when pay-day came off. The talk was something as follows: "Charlie, I am in trouble. Heap snow. No money to pay men. No stage come. Say, Charlie, you got any money?" "Oh, a little." "How much?" "Perhaps few thousand dollars." "Charlie, can you let me have some to pay my men?" "All right, captain, how much you want? The men all got their money next day.

No. Ong Chung Lung is not a common laborer, and to send men here to learn that fact and pull the money out of the United States treasury to pay them is grand larceny. Congress has our permission to allow seven-eighths of that secret service gang of suckers and grafters to hunt honest jobs.

NEVADA NEWS IN BRIEF

R. P. Dunlap of Tonopah has been appointed receiver for the Round Mountain Banking corporation.

George S. Swasey has resigned as chief of the Tonopah fire department.

A prospector by the name of J. J. Burns claims to have discovered tin in the Snelbourne district.

The Nevada-California Power company is extending its transmission lines to Round Mountain and Manhattan.

A. J. Starret, an old-time prospector, and who in the early '90s was a conspicuous figure in Nevada mining circles, died recently at Ely.

The town of Mina, in Esmeralda county, was nearly destroyed by fire recently, and buildings to the value of \$125,000 were consumed.

The Postal Telegraph company has opened an office in Tonopah. Its lines follow the right-of-way of the Western Pacific railroad west of Salt Lake City.

The 3,500,000 shares of stock of the Goldfield Consolidated company have appreciated \$10,000,000 on market valuation within the last month and a-half, discounting the placing of the company's 600-ton mill in commission within the next two weeks.

According to the report of State Bullion Tax Collector J. F. Haley, the total amount of ore extracted from the mines of Nye county during the quarter ending September 30th, amounted to 76,662 tons, which had a valuation of \$1,378,384.11.

The smelter of the Giroux Consolidated Mining company at Ely has been destroyed by fire. Although the plant was completed several months ago, it was never placed in commission. The company is shipping ore to Colorado to be smelted. There is a strong suspicion that the Giroux properties will eventually come into the possession of others.

The Ely Mining Record says the town of Battlemountain is to be left off the main lines of the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific railroads. Several days ago sub-contractor Hamilton of the Western Pacific started a force of men at work at Rocky Point, on the opposite side of the

valley from Battlemountain, and about four miles distant, changing the channel of the Humboldt river for a distance of about 1,000 feet. A dam will be constructed and a three-track road-bed graded. The Southern Pacific is paying one-half the expense of the improvement, and it is said that it intends to build a new track from Stone House to Argenta, which will shorten the line some four or five miles, and will leave Battlemountain about the same distance off to one side.



BRIG-GEN. JAMES FRANKLIN BELL

Consolation.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Caine himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked. "A pauper and a violin maker. Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence, they only brought two dollars apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down."

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a frown against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin-making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins."

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins."

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Caines and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."

The Malacca Wildcats.

In the forests of Malacca and other islands in the Indian ocean may still be found the animal known as a wildcat. The upper parts of it are generally of a clear yellow color, with black spots; the lower parts are white with black spots also. On the back the spots lengthen almost into lines or rings, black on yellow.

The average length of the animal, excluding the tail, is almost two feet; the tail averages nine inches. Its height when standing erect is about 12 inches at the shoulder and 15 inches at the hindquarters. Its temper is mild and gentle; it plays almost like a domestic cat, or rather kitten, chasing its tail and amusing itself with anything that it can roll with its paws.

Special Announcement!

Through an arrangement made with the management of the Desert Evening News of Salt Lake, the Pioche Record is enabled to give both papers for just about the cost of one.

Here's the proposition:

The Pioche Record, regular price, one year, \$2.50.

Daily Desert News, regular price, one year, \$9.00.

Regular price for both papers, \$11.50.

Club Price For Both Papers, \$9.00.

The Pioche Record, regular price, one year, \$2.50.

Saturday Desert News, regular price, one year, \$2.00.

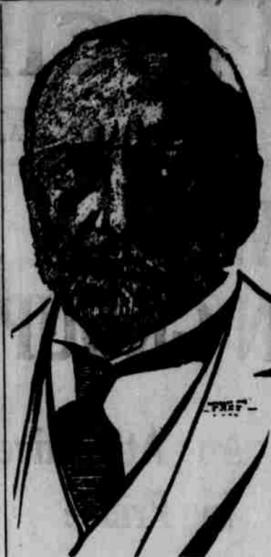
Regular price for both papers, \$4.50.

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Terms strictly cash in advance. Send all remittances to

The Pioche Record

Pioche Nevada.



EDMONDO MAYOR DES PLANCHES, Italian Ambassador at Washington.

HIS BRILLIANT IDEA

SCHEME THAT BROUGHT NEGLECTFUL GIRL TO TIME.

By Working on Her Curiosity Swain Fanned the Cooling Embers of a Love That Was Never to Fade Away.

They had made their vows of a superlatively transcendental affection and love which they were cocksure had existed from the beginning of things, and which, according to their charts, would endure long after mountains had been crumbled by the ruthless hand of time.

Then, when her visit in his town was over, she returned to her distant home. Ah, yes, she had a home to return to.

He slaved away at the office for her sake. The months went by, as months will.

Then her letters stopped. In fact, they didn't start. For she had ceased to write any more. Or if she had, she sent them somewhere else. He did not get them.

For three weeks he yearned for the daily billy duxes which came not. He felt that if he could get just one more word from her he would have the courage to journey to her and win back the eternal affection that had slipped a cog and permitted the bulletins to cease.

One day he thought and thought, and revolved things in his head, and finally all of a sudden an idea rolled out.

A few minutes later he had an envelope all sealed up with her name and address on it. He put on the conventional two-cent stamp, added a special delivery stamp, and dropped the envelope into the box marked western at the post office.

He looked up the mail trains and figured it out that she would get his special from the hands of the messenger at about ten o'clock the following morning.

The next morning at 10:34 he was called to the telephone. It was a long distance call from her town, 210 miles away as the bird flies.

Excitedly she told him that he had neglected to place a letter in the envelope—and it must have been oh, ever so important, because it came by special delivery. "And," she told him, "I just couldn't wait another minute. I started to write, and then I had to call you up and find out what the important thing was you had to tell me."

Gradually he was obliged to break the news to her that, cowardly as it had been to take mean advantage of woman's inherent curiosity, he had omitted the letter for the sole purpose of hearing from her.

Less than a week after that she sat at her little escritoire in the distant city making out the list of those she'll have to invite. And he was passing up the installment house ads.

Children's Bad Teeth.

Governments, the world over, are coming to realize that it is their duty to look after school children's teeth. The crushing power of false teeth is only from one-fifth to a half that of natural ones, and the mouth filled with false teeth cannot be quite healthy. But even by taking hold of the teeth in childhood it is difficult to make them last a lifetime. Out of 100,000 children 85 per cent are found to have diseased teeth. This is the proportion in America, Germany, England and Russia. Of 100 children of 12 years, only 15 have teeth that need no attention.



PHILIP M. BROWN

Minister to Honduras.

We sincerely hope the year 1909 will be the very best of all years to all the people of Pioche, collectively and individually.

THE L. E. SHELTON COMPANY

LUMBER AND ITS KINDRED

Paris Gets Acquiescence. The American telephone girl has been transplanted to Paris, and according to reports she has lost none of the qualities which distinguish her in this country, but is quite as ready to break in upon her own private conversation to oblige a customer of the telephone at any time, and her replies to irate and disobedient people asking for connections are of the same temperate and high-class English she employs at home.

Future of the Chinese. Sir Robert Hart, director-general of Chinese customs, declares that the Chinese are destined to become a powerful nation; but with such an immense mass the work must go slow, and by the time they are organized along modern lines, even if they were aggressive, which they are not, they will know how to temper their strength with wisdom. As to the "yellow peril," Sir Robert said he thought that, though the Chinese are likely to become formidable competitors in industrial and trading matters, they will not cause the world any special trouble.

A Little Case of Telepathy. There is nothing strange to me in the operation of one mind upon another," the telepathic woman said. "Once when my sister I am very fond of was operated on I went with her and sat in the anteroom a long way off from the operating room. That is I walked up and down there, worried to death nearly about her, when all at once I threw myself into a big arm chair and went sound asleep. "They had just given her the ether then, so her mind was at rest and rested mine. I slept until she came out from under the influence."



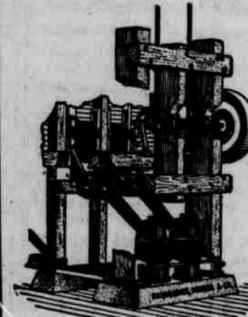
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