

LEGAL NOTICES.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

Serial No. 04050.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, CARSON CITY, NEVADA, May 22, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the Boston & Pioche Mining company, a Corporation, by its attorney in fact F. R. McNamee, whose postoffice address is Caliente, Nevada, has made application for a patent for the YUBA EAST CONSOLIDATED MINING CLAIM, consisting of Yuba East, Mary Ann, Fannie, North Pole, North Pole Fraction, Nevada Homestake, Boston, Massachusetts East Peavine and Simpson lodes, situate in the Ely Mining District, County of Lincoln, State of Nevada, being Survey No. 3542, and described in the field notes and plat on file in this office with magnetic variations at 16 deg. 25 min. East as follows:

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 Yuba East Lode whence Cor. to Secs. 22, 23, 26 and 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 89 deg. 30 min. W. 497.4 ft.; thence S. 67 deg. 08 min. E. 1298.8 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 45 deg. 20 min. W. 648 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 66 deg. 45 min. W. 433.2 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 67 deg. 29 min. W. 866.6 ft. to Cor. No. 5; thence N. 45 deg. 20 min. E. 650.7 ft. to or. No. 1, the place of beginning.

MARY ANN LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27 T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears S. 64 deg. 33 min. W., 337.1 ft.; thence N. 82 deg. 36 min. E. 1352.3 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 31 deg. 01 min. E. 424 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 69 deg. 10 min. W. 720.1 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 83 deg. 12 min. W. 581.4 ft. to Cor. No. 5; thence N. 31 deg. 01 min. W. 690 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

FANNIE LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27 T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 71 deg. 23 min. W. 1507.5 ft.; thence N. 19 deg. 34 min. E. 606.6 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 61 deg. 59 min. E., 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 19 deg. 34 min. W. 606.6 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 61 deg. 59 min. W. 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

NORTH POLE LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 46 deg. 28 min. W. 1152.1 ft.; thence S. 66 deg. 45 min. E. 647.6 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 47 deg. 34 min. W. 1525 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 66 deg. 45 min. W. 584.4 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 45 deg. 22 min. E. 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

NORTH POLE FRACTION, LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 41 deg. 49 min. W. 954.5 ft.; thence S. 67 deg. 29 min. E. 215 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 45 deg. 22 min. W. 1500 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 67 deg. 29 min. W. 215 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 45 deg. 22 min. E. 1500 ft. to or. No. 1, the place of beginning.

NEVADA HOMESTAKE LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M., bears N. 5 deg. 27 min. W. 468 ft.; thence S. 67 deg. 29 min. E. 640.9 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 45 deg. 22 min. W. 1510.6 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 67 deg. 29 min. W. 803.1 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 44 deg. 02 min. E. 1496.4 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

BOSTON LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M., bears N. 47 deg. 13 min. W. 1391.4 ft.; thence S. 62 deg. 06 min. E. 1091 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 45 deg. 31 min. W. 109.9 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 61 deg. 49 min. E. 422.8 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 11 deg. 14 min. W. 418.9 ft. to Cor. No. 5; thence N. 65 deg. 44 min. W. 1484.4 ft. to Cor. No. 6; thence N. 11 deg. 14 min. E. 624.7 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

MASSACHUSETTS LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27 T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 40 deg. 48 min. W. 2221.5 ft.; thence S. 70 deg. 46 min. E., 1080.6 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 3 deg. 31 min. W. 623.3 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 70 deg. 46 min. W. 1080.6 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 3 deg. 31 min. E. 623.3 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

EAST PEAVINE LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27 T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M. bears N. 42 deg. 30 min. W. 1800.8 ft.; thence S. 18 deg. 10 min. E., 559.6 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 70 deg. 39 min. W. 1353.6 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence N. 18 deg. 10 min. W. 290.5 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence N. 59 deg. 28 min. E. 1355.6 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning.

SIMPSON LODE.

Beginning at Cor. No. 1 whence Cor. to Sec's. 22, 23, 26 and 27 T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M., bears N. 1 deg. 59 min. W. 2864.4 ft.; thence

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N. 66 deg. 37 min. E. 1432.8 ft. to Cor. No. 2; thence S. 6 deg. 51 min. E. 449.5 ft. to Cor. No. 3; thence S. 53 deg. 11 min. W. 756.7 ft. to Cor. No. 4; thence S. 69 deg. 45 min. W. 738.2 ft. to Cor. No. 5; thence N. 6 deg. 51 min. W. 591 ft. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning and located in the S. 1/4 of Sec. 23, the N. E. 1/4, N. W. 1/4 and S. W. 1/4 of Sec. 26 and the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 27, T. 1 N., R. 67 E., M. D. B. & M., containing an area of 145,8418 acres exclusive with conflicts with survey No. 3342 Yuba Mine Lode, Lot No. 42 Yuba Lode, Lot No. 55 Treasure Lode, Lot No. 51 Spring Lode, Lot No. 57 Capen Lode, Lot No. 57 Younatti Lode, Apex Lode, unsurveyed, Survey No. 2718 Boss Lode, Survey No. 3182 Commander Lode, and Tract A.

The adjoining and conflicting claims as shown by the plat of survey are Lot No. 51 Spring Lode, Lot No. 42 Yuba Lode, Survey No. 3342 Yuba Mine, Lot 55 Treasure Lode, Lot 57 Capen Lode, Lot No. 57 Younatti Lode, Survey No. 2718 Boss Lode, Survey No. 3182 Commander Lode, Apex Lode unsurveyed and Tract A.

I direct that this notice be published in the Pioche Record, a weekly newspaper, published at Pioche, Nevada, for the period of sixty days.

LOUIS J. COHN, Register.

First insertion, May 29. Last insertion, July 5.

SUMMONS.

In The Justice Court In and for the Township of Pioche, County of Lincoln, State of Nevada.

The State of Nevada sends greeting to James E. Pierson. You are hereby required to appear in an action commenced against you as defendant by C. A. Thompson and F. P. Thompson (doing business under the firm name and style of A. S. Thompson & Co.) as plaintiff, in said Justice Court of the Township of Pioche, Lincoln county, State of Nevada, at the town of Pioche, and answer the complaint therein, which is on file with the Court, within five days of the service on you of this summons, (exclusive of the day of service) if served in said township or ten days if served out of said township, but within this county, and in all other cases, twenty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to recover judgment against you, the said defendant, for the sum of \$84.89 and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiffs will take judgment thereon according to the prayer of their complaint. In testimony whereof, I, W. F. Connell, have hereunto set my hand and officially this 22nd day of December, A. D. 1908.

W. F. CONNELL, Justice of the Peace.

First pub. May 8; last June 12.

SUMMONS.

In the Justice's Court, In and for the Township of Pioche, County of Lincoln, State of Nevada.

E. E. FULLER, Plaintiff, vs. J. W. POWELL, Defendant. The State of Nevada sends greeting to J. W. Powell. You are hereby directed and required to appear in an action commenced against you as defendant by the above named plaintiff, in the above named court, and answer the complaint therein before said Justice at his office in the court house at the town of Pioche, County of Lincoln, State of Nevada, within five days after the service on you of this summons (exclusive of the day of service) if served in said township, ten days if served out of the township, but within the county in which said action is brought; and twenty days if served elsewhere, or plaintiff will take judgment for any money demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint. In testimony whereof, I, Alfred Perkins, have hereunto set my hand officially this 6th day of March, 1909.

ALFRED PERKINS, Justice of the Peace in and for the Township of Pioche, County of Lincoln State of Nevada.

First pub. May 8; last June 12.

JOB PRINTING AT THE RECORD OFFICE

The RECORD office is the best place in southern Nevada to get job printing done. Neat work and moderate prices.

The SALOON Finest Wines, Cigars and Liquors.

The Popular Resort DES MAZES & Haggerty Call for Location Notices, Form No. 3, at the RECORD office.

REALIZES LIFE IS UNCERTAIN.

Something Happened to the Man Who Followed Precedent.

"No, I'm not going to commit suicide because I have a broken nose," said the man with the strips of court plaster across his nasal organ; "but I'll tell you what I am going to do after this. I'm not going to believe there's anything in luck any more, and that things in this life are as uncertain as going out to milk a cow in the dark. You may find the cow, or you may find yourself alongside of a mule."

"Something must have happened?" was queried.

"Yes, something has; and maybe I'll feel better to get it off my mind. Six months ago a friend of mine was in Boston. He was walking along the street behind a lady when he noticed that one of her shoes was untied. He overtook her, and, raising his hat, informed her of the fact. She not only thanked him in the sweetest manner, but took his address, and what do you suppose followed?"

"She sent him a Teddy-bear."

"No, she didn't; she sent him a check for \$20,000, and he's just gone into the shoe business."

"Well?"

"Well, I was in New York last week, and I found myself following a lady on the street. I am just as good-looking and courteous and chivalric as my friend. A gust of wind took the lady's hat off, and all her false hair with it. I overtook her, raised my hat and expressed my sympathy that she was bald-headed. She took her property from my hands, and then hauled off with the umbrella she carried and broke my nose. No smiles, no sweetness, no check for \$20,000 or any other old amount. I was entitled to it just as much as my friend, and really more than he was, and yet he's hustling in the shoe trade, while I am hanging around the country with a broken nose, and the doctors say I will never be handsome again."

About the Same—Nit.

Harry Kellar, the retired magician, was talking about stage magic.

"It is not," he said, "so good as it used to be. The younger magicians do not study and practice as we of the previous generation did. Hence, nowadays stage magic appears rather tame."

"But the young magicians don't think so. They are like an elderly fat man whom I saw at my tailor's the other day.

"Let me see, sir," said the tailor, "you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better remeasure you."

"All right," said the fat man. "You'll find no change in my figure, though."

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out and jotted down. The fat man said at the end:

"Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?"

"Yes, sir, about the same," was the reply. "Chest a trifle lower down, that's all, sir."

Few One-Armed Women.

"Did anybody ever see a one-armed woman?" asked the gray-headed man. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one-armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? If not, why not, and if so, where are they? Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm. Women do not go to the wars, they are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the street and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents, but although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do. What is the cause of their immunity?"

Secret of Style.

Style is in a very small degree the deliberate and designed creation of the man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came, the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive or slightly abnormal constitution that he is impelled to distill these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The style wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of a metal rod, or the wild and quivering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it he forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which, in varying measure, we also have inherited.—Atlantic

COUNTRY HAS FEW RICH MEN.

They Are as Scarce in Bulgaria as Black Swans.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown, says the London Illustrated News. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent; and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food; they wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, or overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were 50 men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of \$5,000 a year.

A Study in Green.

He got off the Pullman, lit a perfumed cigarette and began to walk the platform. He was a tall young man, and a little too thin in the legs for his height, but his shoulders were wide enough; his tailor had seen to that.

As he swung along the platform with a sturdied stride imported from Pall Mall, he was a picture for a clothier's artist. His cap was green, not a vivid green, but a subdued sort of autumn green. His clothes matched his cap. His green trousers were rolled up displaying a pair of billiard-table-green silk socks. There were green laces in his shoes, and his necktie was green, with a green stickpin in it, and on the hand with which he carried his perfumigum so gracefully was a large green set ring.

He was a beauty, all right. The only thing we would have changed about him was the self-conscious look on his proud young face. As the conductor shouted "Aboard!" we were sorry to see the young man fall on his hands and knees in his haste to get up the steps and out of our vulgar midst.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Saving the Autoists.

"Hey, boss, stop!" From his seat under a tree the tramp ran out into the hot white road and halted the red car, frantically.

"Well, what is it?" the owner asked, in an ill-natured tone, as he halted.

"Jest look-a-here, boss," said the tramp. And he extracted a huge nail from the tire of the hind wheel and held it up in horror.

"Half a mile more, boss, and she'd 'a-gone right through. Lucky I noticed her shinin' in the sun. I've saved ye close on a 100 plunks, boss, and no mistake."

"It might have ruined the tire, that nail," said the owner. "I'm much obliged to you." The tramp looked up at him expectantly. A greenback changed hands.

Then the red car droned on its way and the tramp palmed the nail again for a blue landaulette that he saw in the distance.—Minneapolis Tribune.

LEGAL NOTICES.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of County Commissioners of Lincoln County, Nevada, will, at their meeting to be held Monday June 14th, A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, receive sealed bids for the erection of a concrete vault for the court house of Lincoln County, at Pioche, Nevada.

Said vault to be erected in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, where they can be seen and to which reference is hereby made and the same is made a part and parcel of this notice.

Said Board of County Commissioners reserves the right to reject any and all bids submitted.

By order of the Board, WILLIAM E. ORR, Clerk. First pub. May 8. Last pub. June 12.

The Record has received a new stock of Carbon Paper and Manuscript Covers.

HE CARRIED THE GOLDFISH HOME

Or, Rather, He Meant to Do It, but Fate Was Against Him.

When Clerk D. P. Conry of the West notes won a bowl of goldfish in a raffle he was the prodnest man in the twin cities. He bore his prize triumphantly into the hotel, and everybody admired the fish. At last someone asked him what he was going to do with them.

Unfortunately, Mr. Conry had not thought of that before. It was a wet, rainy night, and the prospect of carrying home a bowl of mixed water and goldfish was not alluring. A thought struck him.

"I'm going to give them to Louis Fay," he announced, shoving the dripping globe at his assistant.

"You are not," said Mr. Fay, backing away. "I don't want them."

"Then you just keep them for me tonight," suggested Mr. Conry. "I'll be around first thing in the morning."

But Mr. Fay wouldn't do that, either, unless Mr. Conry would put the fish in the safe and take a receipt. This Mr. Conry hesitated at, because he had never heard of keeping goldfish in a safe, so he tried to give the fish to each of the bellboys, in turn, but without success. Then he tried the bartender, the carpenter, the elevator boys and the engineer. Nobody wanted goldfish.

Finally, he had to start home with them. Few persons, however, have ever attempted the feat of carrying a large bowl of goldfish wrapped in paper, while standing on the platform of a crowded car. Mr. Conry was shoved and pushed and jostled. And all the time he was getting wetter and wetter.

"Seems to me," he said, "that this is the wettest night I ever saw."

When he got home he prepared to exhibit his prizes to an admiring circle. "I've got something here," he said, "that will almost tickle you to death. These are the rarest specimens of their kind in the whole world. Cost me \$22.50 apiece, just because they were so rare." Then he unwrapped the package.

"I don't see anything but a piece of a glass bowl," said a bystander.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Conry, grabbing at the globe.

But that's all it was. Somebody had knocked the bottom out.—Minneapolis Journal.

Bone Coal as Fuel.

In the tests conducted at the fuel testing plant at St. Louis, Mo., and Norfolk, Va., to determine the values of different kinds of fuel for use in the gas-producer, the United States geological survey obtained some interesting results with a bone coal which is found in West Virginia. Although the fuel was found to be of little value under the steam boiler, it gave good results in the gas-producer, where it developed a brake-horse-power for each 1.65 pounds of coal consumed in the producer. The lumps of coal were eight and ten inches in diameter. Some coal consisted of a high-grade bituminous coal, others appeared to be simply lumps of a heavy and dry hard rock. All of these lumps except the largest, burn entirely through in the producer. There is no tendency to clinker or coke, and very little stoking is required. There was a high percentage of about 45 per cent. of ash. With proper crushing and suitable attention the deposits of this fuel will prove to be decidedly valuable for producer-gas plants.

English Women Are Taller.

That American women are considerably shorter than their English sisters was the dictum laid down by a ladies' tailor in a lawsuit in London in which Sydney Lyons sued a Canadian dressmaker for gowns he had supplied. The Canadian contended that the dresses were not "of American size." Some experts called to give testimony declared that models for gowns for English, French and American women are the same, but Dressmaker McKay of Toronto averred: "The English stock size would not fit anyone in America. They might fit giraffes, but not the women of Hamilton, Ontario. The length from the neck to waist of the American model is 14 1/2 inches and of the English 16 inches. The American shoulder seam is six inches and the English 4 1/2 inches." Unimpressed by these measurements the court gave judgment for the English dressmaker.

Inconsistent.

"I actually felt sorry for you when you proposed to me."

"Your actions and your statements don't seem to show that you care much for the truth."

"I'd like to know why? I did feel sorry for you."

"Yet you married me."—Houston Post.