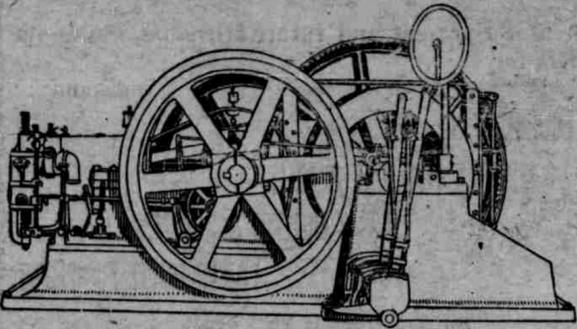


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Given the Mitten.

One cold day a lovesick young man, who had for some time harassed a young lady with his attentions, was hurrying along the street behind this very young lady when he perceived, with delight, something drop from her muff to the sidewalk.

Picking it up, the gallant young man rushed ahead and, accosting her, smilingly held out her recovered property.

Without deigning to accept it, she eyed him coldly a moment, then said: "You may keep it; it's my mitten."

Grow Tall in the Country.

According to the investigations of Dr. Denker, well-known for his anthropologic studies, the influences of city life tend toward a decrease of human stature. It is away from the large cities that the beneficent effects of the general amelioration of social conditions and improvements in hygiene of modern times most clearly manifest themselves by distinct increase of stature. This increase has been marked among several of the European races during the last half-century. Where the people are subjected to urban influences the gain is less notable.—Youth's Companion.

CHANCE FOR SETTLEMENT GONE.

Basso Might Have Decided Vexed Question, But He Didn't.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line: "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto, and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line: "Neither are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words they became "Nither are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice: "Nay-ther are they afraid."

So the question of usage still remained unsettled.

Surprise for Lodge-Keeper.

It was a former archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the role of coachman. He had attended an evening party, and, on leaving the house, discovered that his coachman was drunk. There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself, and the archbishop, after placing the smiling but unconscious coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins. The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage coming into violent collision with a stone just outside the entrance to Bishopsthorpe. The lodge-keeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness, called out cheerily: "Hallo, Bill, drunk again!—and blowed if you ain't got the old cock's hat on!" "It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his grace.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Wise Fly.

In a lecture on flies before the Royal Photographic society of London, F. P. Smith said that with a little patience flies could be trained, and he showed some cinematograph records of flies lying on their backs twirling miniature dumb-bells, balancing weights bigger than themselves, climbing revolving wheels, and acting as nurse-maids, holding dummy babies. Accurately balanced little machines were used for training the flies, and the only discount to the insect, said the lecturer, was involved in its being imprisoned for a day or two. On being released, although its wings were unfurled, it had no desire to fly, but showed tractableness and readiness to perform these extraordinary gyrations instead.

The Tenor's Compliment.

You could tell from his hair that he was a musician, or something of the sort. "Yes," he said to the company at large, "the greatest tenor in the land once paid me the biggest compliment I could wish." "Oh?" remarked some one, interrogatively. "It was like this: I sang without accompaniment—I always have trouble with accompanists; they're so unsympathetic, you know—and at the end of the song he said to me: 'Do you know, when you began without an accompanist, I was surprised; when I heard you, I was astonished; and when you sat down I was delighted!'" And the sun shone down and lit up the youth's beatific smile of satisfaction.

When Beef Went Up.

The rise in beef took a humorous turn recently. The Fulton Eye, according to the Atlanta Constitution, tells this story of it:

"A shorthorn bull walked into the door of the Farmers' bank last Thursday morning and climbed to the top of the stairway, much to the surprise of the doctors, who occupy the offices above. The animal found room to turn around at the top of the stairs and came down again. It is presumed that the animal was looking for Dr. Ward, the veterinary surgeon, and climbed the wrong stairway by mistake."

Men the Umbrella Losers.

"If the umbrella is for a gentleman I suggest that it be cheap," the clerk said. "For a lady, the costlier the umbrella the better."

"Ladies, you know, never lose umbrellas, never leave them in cars or shops, never carelessly allow them to be swiped. Why, there are gold and silver handled umbrellas, the property of ladies, that have been coming back to us for repairs for 40 years."

"But men—dear me! Men are liable to lose an umbrella the first day they take it out."

"For a man, you say, sir? Then I recommend this strong and serviceable article at 74 cents, reduced from 98."

CAUSED LISTENERS TO SMILE.

Clergyman's Announcement Tickled the Risibilities.

As may be inferred, each profession has its stock jokes—its stories innumerable—each of which having a flavor of its own. That the point of a joke or jest lies not in the tongue of him who makes it, but in the ear that hears, is the testimony of the great dramatist.

The doctor on his rounds and the judge upon the bench have both an audience ready and willing to accept as the highest wit the bon mots of the speakers; and there is no club or gathering of men that does not acclaim one of its members as supreme in this respect, and are ready to yield due recognition of the gift.

It must be admitted that the blunders and jests clerical stand for some reason pre-eminent both in number and in mirth producing qualities. The reason, of course, is not far to seek—the very surroundings, in which they occur—the very upsetting of one's preconceived notions of reverence, all tend to cause a reaction in the ordinary mental equilibrium, and the simplest mistake or accident under such circumstances assumes the proportions of a huge comedy.

Recently a divine, in drawing the attention of his congregation to a special communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening."

Quaint Old Pepys.

There were worse errors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a woman in the seventeenth century theater. Pepys wrote that January 28, 1651, he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much—partly, perhaps, because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s. 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before; and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me." However, it was all right, for, "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

Dogs to Match.

The late dowager empress of China was the most powerful personage of the day, yet between the lines of a recent magazine, edict a delightfully feminine bias is easily discoverable.

Her majesty, who was the supreme authority on the standard qualifications of the little Pekingese spaniel, which is exclusively reserved for imperial use, gave an order thus:

"For the color, let it be like that of a Hun, a subtle gold, to be carried in the sleeve of a golden robe, or the color of a red or of a black bear, or white or striped like a dragon, so that there may be a dog appropriate to every costume."—Youth's Companion.

Unsatisfactory Experiment.

There is a couple in Atchison known to be engaged to be married. The man was recently called out of town on an important business trip, and no sooner reached his destination, 500 miles away, than he received a telegram from his girl to return at once. He did so and found she had sent the telegram to "try" him, to see if he would "do anything" for her, as he had claimed. She is satisfied now that he loves her, but he isn't quite satisfied when he thinks of the worry and expense that he was put to, and will ask to be released from the engagement.—Atchison Globe.

Historical Relic.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.

New Light on Evolution.

"Your clothes seem a trifle large for you," remarked the abrupt person.

"Yes," answered the young man with college hair. "Sometimes I think Darwin didn't know what he was talking about. The tendency to-day seems to be toward the survival of the mis-fittest!"

Learning All the Secrets.

Husband—Why were you so anxious to get that maid? She does not seem to be efficient.

Wife—She isn't.

Husband—Then what did you en-

age her for?
Wife—She has lived in every family in the neighborhood.

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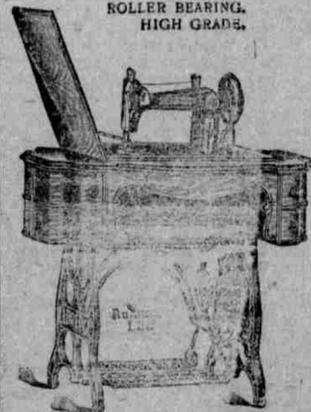
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Made a Hit.

Miss Sue Brette—And you say he took aim and threw an egg at you? Foote Lights—He did. "Was it bad?" "The egg was, but the aim was not."—Yonkers Statesman.