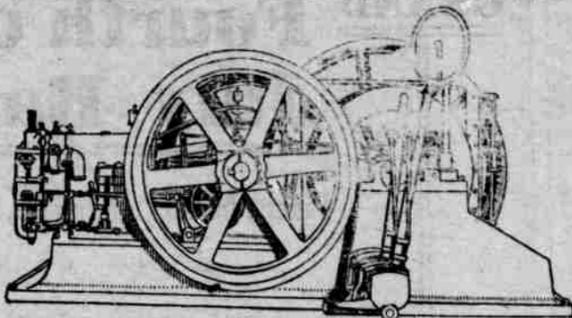


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Why the Kettle Sings.
Do you know why a kettle "sings" when the water is boiling?
It's like this: When the water begins to get hot, little bubbles form at the bottom of the kettle and rise toward the top until they burst.
At first they burst only a little way from the bottom, but as the water gets hotter and hotter they rise higher and higher.
At last, when the water is boiling, they burst right on the surface—hundreds of them one right after another—and it is the noise of their continuous bursting which makes the sound we call "singing."

AS TO LOVE.
Love is a winged messenger between hearts.
Love is the amaranth in the Garden of the Soul.
There be many loves, but only one way of loving.
Love is God's benediction on the world—a worldless amen.
When the last word shall have been spoken echo will answer—love!

U 1910

In the still hours of the night, unheralded and unseen, someone or some persons, painted the above inscription on the top rim of the Nevada-Utah company's smelter in the north part of town. Of course no one would be guilty of such a thing—except the junior class of mining students from the University of Utah, which has been in camp for the past month. When first discovered, many Pioche citizens immediately put two and two together and reached the conclusion that the Nevada-Utah company was about ready to re-locate the old plant and place it in commission again. One wiseacre declared he knew positively, that about fifteen feet of the top of the chimney was to be taken down and that on top of the part remaining was to be erected a modern steel stack. It was also told about town that Manager Gaskill had been asked to furnish President Learnard with estimates as to the cost of remodeling the plant so that it can be used again. There was quite a ripple of excitement for awhile. Owners of real estate began to talk of higher prices for town lots and a big boom for Pioche began to loom up in the horizon. But "hoorays" were given a shock when someone trained a field glass on the chimney and discovered—U 1910. Oh them students!

DIARY OF A "U" STUDENT.

June 11—Oh for a day off! Shingles finally gave out. Blisters all over my feet and goat bites all over the rest of me. Gnats carried off my canteen and lunch bag and I came in nearly starved. Don't want to be a mining engineer anyway—rather be a cook in Alaska. Skin peeled off my arms for the fourth time. Hatcher refused to give me a fourth piece of pie, also a sixth glass of ice tea; stinky bunch. With I was home where ice grows in the refrigerator and the milk comes with the can peeled off.

June 12—Same old story except—I ate a little rivulet for dinner—that's all. Don't see why that check doesn't come from home. Named my tent the "SLIP INN" and put up a sign to that effect. The blamed Indians slipped in while I was away and slipped out with my mirror and tooth powder. Oh very well, no chance to get a girl here anyway.

June 13—"Hooray for Sunday." Got up at 12:30 p. m. and cleaned up a bit. Feel rather light headed without my whiskers. Great Scott! but there's a swell bunch of girls in Pioche. They're just like those cactus flowers—fine to look at but unapproachable. Went down and took a picture of the old smelter chimney this afternoon. The mutts that painted it did a pretty fair job. Went to the show this evening—none. Oh Gee! but I wish that I had a girl.

June 14—Back to the tender mercy of the quartzite, cactuses and gnats. A delegation of gnats came in from Beaver today—must have heard about these tender engineers. Keep has been in the hospital all week—lucky beggar, to be away from the terrors of the hills, otherwise known as gnats. Those blanket blank chains arrived this morning and now there's all the more to do. Wonder where we'll get off at?

June 15—Some of the bunch went over to the Gold & Silver Prince and helped install a generator. Must know something about electricity after all even if their exams didn't show it. Shared my bed with a centipede last night but didn't know it until this morning. First sociable creature I've met in this town. Started to pack my suit case today. We leave July 2. Bet I won't miss the train. Introduced to a fine girl this evening but had on my working clothes and couldn't make a hit. Aw—what's the use?

June 16—Swell feed in the restaurant this evening—ham and eggs and prunes. Won ten cents on the wheel and treated on the strength of it. Treat cost me a dollar seventy five. Also, I'm bust. If that check doesn't come tomorrow I'll have to look for a job. Found a cow in my tent this afternoon examining my transit. The question is, "Was it an accident or a Pioche joke?"

June 17—Check arrived today. Paid my debts and had two meal tickets and fifteen cents left. And my folks think I've got enough for two weeks yet. Say, this village is all right—pretty girls, fine grub, easy work and a fine atmosphere. Feel glorious. A goat bit me today and I felt too good to smash him simply boxed his ears and told him to skidoo. My but it makes a difference when a fellow's got a girl here. I HAVE.

Correspondence From the World's Fair City

(Special Correspondence.)

Seattle, June 15—Although gold in every form is on display in nearly every building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, the piece of gold bearing rock from Goldfield, Nev., which runs \$10,000 to the ton is something more than an ordinary curiosity. This is included in the exhibit of the U. S. Geological survey department in the main government building.

Included in this exhibit are cases containing ores and fuels from every region in the United States. The valuable mineral rock has been polished, thus bringing out clearly the streaks of ore. All rock is labeled and near is a map of many colors, the latter illustrating the ores in the cases and giving data as to whether they are easy or difficult of access, and whether the deposits have been worked to any great extent. The same department has in the mines building, a demonstrating room of the mine rescue apparatus such as is now used in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and Virginia. It is a German invention, but the government experts expect soon to have something better of American make.

Within the mines building may also be seen smelters in operation and large displays of ores and fuels from different sections of the northwest. There are a number of miniature mines with working models of mining machinery. A two-ton gold bearing rock and a ten-ton piece of coal, both from the state of Washington, are among the curiosities to be seen.

Perhaps among the most interesting buildings from an exterior standpoint on the grounds are the Utah, Arctic Brotherhood, and Forestry structures. The Utah building is built to resemble a house of the Pueblo Indians, every detail of the exterior being carried out. The Forestry and Arctic Brotherhood buildings are both of logs and built for permanent structures.

A visitor might well spend one day in seeing, hearing and understanding the government building exhibit, the most complete that Uncle Sam has yet collected. Biograph hall in the Hawaiian building has been fitted up expressly for lectures and many topics are touched upon.

THE ORDER OF TAFT MARTYRS.

Washington's Debonair Chief of Police Organized the First Chapter.

The Order of Taft Martyrs is the latest, says a Washington correspondent. Anyone who ever suffered any indignity, ignominy or abrasion of the skin on William Howard Taft's account is eligible for membership. Maj. Sylvester, Washington's debonair police chief, will organize the first chapter and accept the presidency, if it should be offered. When Judge Taft was here Maj. Sylvester visited with him for an hour or so the other day, and told him how it happened. It was on the night of his nomination by the Chicago convention. The University club of the city had determined upon a celebration of the event. Maj. Sylvester was placed in charge of the arrangements at Judge Taft's K street home. Everything moved along in apple order until the people got over-enthusiastic. Speeches had been made, and Judge Taft was replying.

The well-dressed gentleman with the enlarged bump of enthusiasm, carrying a cane as big as a fence rail, began to indulge himself in wild applause. He brandished his walking stick joyously and brought it down with a crash on the inoffensive cranium of the major. Sylvester was almost stunned by the blow. A lump as large as an apple formed on his classic forehead. At that instant the Order of Taft Martyrs was born. Judge Taft enjoyed the recital, interspersed as it was with some of Maj. Sylvester's choicest bits of humor. "If there is anything I can do to alleviate your distress, count on me," said the president-elect. Sylvester has sent for a complete roster of consular appointments. He is scanning the list.

Dr. Hale a Loyal Washingtonian.

Repeated winters spent in Washington are making a loyal Washingtonian out of the chaplain of the senate, Dr. Edward Everett Hale. He denounces the ignorance and stupidity of those who think that the 30,000 office holders are unfit appointees of politicians. "In very many departments," he says, "the work done challenges the wonder and respect of the experts of the world." He doubts whether any university in the world can bring together so large a body of accomplished men of science as can be seen in Washington during the winter months. As for the congressional library, there is no other in this country in which one works with more satisfaction.

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