

Hawthorne, Nevada, A Whole Town To Let

L AID out upon the desert floor like a city of the dead, its streets stretching silently from one end of the town to another, past the vacant houses which gape with ghastly, open mouths upon their neighbors long since untenantied, is the city of Hawthorne, or what once was Hawthorne, in Esmeralda county, Nevada.

Deserted utterly, standing out on the desolate plain, surrounded by no signs save the mottled remains of a few ranches, the town has left another mining center even as now they have deserted her; no trees lining the silent streets, no sound save the far-howl of the occasional coyote as he crouches in and out among the graves of the cemetery, here and there a very headstone, a few shingles and driftings in the burning sands, the buildings warped and bleaching under the desert sun; her very beauty magnified by the curious desert atmosphere, the rarity of which lends a weird, mirage effect to the view—stands this city of memory, once a power in the state of Nevada, now forsaken and forgotten.

SUPPLANTED BY GOLDFIELD.

When the legislature decreed that the center of government of the largest county in Nevada should be removed from Hawthorne and taken to Goldfield the residents of the former city were reminded pathetically that "the bird that hath left Goldfield with her 26,000 inhabitants, with her mines that rival Golconda's treasures, with her railroad terminal facilities, could easily offset her unfortunate location in the extreme corner of the county."

Although not a geographical center, she was everything else that Hawthorne was not. With the litigants and offenders against the state with all their family ramifications and all their array of legal assistance, journey across the barren sands to a deserted village simply because it was the county seat? The sons of Nevada discerned the futility of it all, even as they had discerned the obviousness of the same state of affairs with Aurora, also one time county seat, had outlived her usefulness as a mining center.

DEPENDS ON MINES.

Strictly speaking, no town in the country of Esmeralda can make a bid for usefulness or an excuse for existence, other than gold. From the very nature of things there is no agriculture, no dairying, no truck patches, no catering to the festive summer boarder—her means of subsistence depends entirely upon the mines. When they are depleted the town is depleted. Two years ago Hawthorne was the Mecca during the quartered sessions of the Nevada court, of the legal luminaries of the state, some of whom have become famous in the annals of sensational mining cases involving millions of dollars and others of whom earned the reputation of being the greatest criminal lawyer in a state which had produced Pat Brady, Patsey Bowles, Judge Curier, and others of more or less renown. Hither have journeyed the orators of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver and even New York. In the now deserted corridors of the \$80,000 court house, useless, unpaid for and crumbling to ruin, have descended voices that have thrilled with hope the drooping prisoner at the bar or have filled with despair his craven soul.

Here have sat juries impaneled from the remotest corners of the desert and from the deepest shafts of the mines. The halls of justice have accommodated juries, on the one hand, rugged sons of the desert who were familiar with urban methods of dispensing justice, the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain," resort to by the San Francisco shyster in evading the law. To them the law was a goddess and her majesty was to be vindicated at whatever cost.

DESERVED COURTHOUSE.

But all this has gone glimmering among the dreams of things that were. The court house now resounds with but the mournful wail of the desert winds that, like the banishes, howl about the roof tree of the house bereaved. No more the prisoner at the bar awaits the verdict of the jury of his peers. There is nothing save silence and desolation. Outside on the broad canvas the lizard and the horned toad deposit themselves in the burning sun. Even the Indian tribe that was the Lazarus of the pale-faced inhabitant has folded its tents like the Arab and silently stolen away. His tepee on the shores of beautiful Lake Walker is, like the court house and the beauteous residence of the paleface, Dutch brick in the desert, a pitiful monument to the tragic end of the onward march of a civilization which respects not even the dying wail of a diversion afforded them. Around a festive board in a grimy den in the Chinese settlement these "functions" were held, and here gathered all to laugh and make merry.

The roistering desperado returned from his day of toll in the depths of the under world, spent his cash here and drank over the mead of the Celestials, when common sense or something else made him steer clear of the haunt in the gambling den on the other side of town.

ALL WERE BROTHERS.

The conventional lawyer from conventional New York knew discretion to the winds and sat beside the sheriff and drank at the same table as the desperado. With him sat his clients, perhaps from some other city and unfamiliar with the ways of the West. It made no difference. All were brothers and all laughed at the same ribald jokes. So stand the court house—a monolith on the face of the earth to be pointed out by the stage driver as he passes by on his way to Bodie, a prototype of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

HISTORIC HOTEL.

Standing on the main street in isolated grandeur is the hotel where Mark Twain once "beat" a board bill; where Bret Harte and Sam Davis collaborated in writing a story of the vigilante days in Aurora and Bodie. It was here, also, that Bill Nye wrote several of his famous stories, including "Bodie." In the hoist, too, silence now, and the dust of the desert sifts through the closed shutters into the empty chambers. The great dining room resounds no more to the laughter of merry table d'hoje parties.

Adjoining is the saloon where the roulette wheels and faro games and "shondom and keno" were wont to ballyhooed days to run full blast, and where it was not considered a nine days' wonder for the bare dealer to close up "bank" when daylight came many thousands to the good. Nor was it etiquette for the loser to whine. In Hawthorne he was expected to smile.

BANISHED INDIANS.

In the days that were it was not uncommon to see a group of Indians clad in their varicolored blankets seated about an outspacious Nevada blanket in the sand, the back straightened out in the popular pastime of gambling.

But fate has been indeed cruel. Even the Indian was not allowed to stay about this city for fear his presence might give an appearance of life to its desolation. As the decree of the state came that the county seat should be moved, the doges of the government came along the same trail, and said that the Indian should also go, and that the reservation which had so long been his was to be thrown open for the use of the white man, should be destroyed. And so with the general exit went the Indian whose forefathers had

mine of millions. But none has yet been successful in the quest, and if the mine does exist it hides from the searchers and folds back into the quietness which seems to be destined for that region.

WITHOUT LET OR HINDRANCE.

Some of these prospecting parties occasionally make their camps in some deserted home of this city without a population. The prospector is free to house himself and his faithful burro in whatever house he chooses. He may take the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms of the schoolhouse that was church and parsonage, and/or he may sleep on the wide veranda of the home that was once the home of Peter Rawlinson. To escape from the fear of the desert he may now rest his tired body on the desk over which once flourished the wisdom of Nevada's judges, or he may

take his choice of any of the numerous private residences which grace the city in the heyday of her glory. He may have what he pleases.

PARCELS POST TO INDIA.

Reporting from Bombay, Consul E. H. Dennison says that the United States is the only large commercial nation that has no parcels post convention with India, with the following result:

A few years more and even the houses will have crumbling and shivering under the burning desert sun, and the scorching winter wind, and in the shade of Mount Grant will be sought to tell of the city that was once the county seat of Esmeralda county, now the courthouse, with its blindfolded Justice, forsaken, desolate and over-looking desolation. Among a mere speck in the wilderness and vastness of the desert, buffeted by the elements, forgotten by man, undignified, immutable, it stands a stone monument, guarding the site of a city that once was, and whose destinies it once directed.—J. E. Davidson in San Francisco Call.

way to get his trade is to show him a sample. The parcels post would take the place of a salesman and would bring samples and advertising matter in an easy and economical way to him.

Our manufacturers would be pleased to ignore small orders, as they often do, if there were a convenient way to make shipments. These small orders are often trial orders, and may be the forerunner of a large and flourishing business. When our cotton piece-goods manufacturers turn their attention to this the greatest piece-goods manufacturers in the world, our system will almost be a necessity, without which it will be most difficult to do business. All Indian piece-goods importers receive generous samples of cloth from Lancashire every week by parcels-post. These are used to solicit

orders. When the order is given, just before the shipment of the goods samples cut from the actual cloth to be sent are forwarded, instead of shipping. These are given by the importer to his wholesale customer, who is thus enabled to begin at once on his order for the sale of the cloth, which usually arrives a week later. For the conveyance of all these samples the parcels-post is used, and the manufacturers or the importers of the United States would have to conform to this custom if they are ever to get their goods on this market. It is therefore of the utmost importance that an agreement is entered into by the United States for the exchange of small parcels by mail with India.

Ask your grocer for Royal Nut Bread. The Crown Label is on every loaf.

A Page of Business Getting Bargains--Please Read Carefully

Unless all signs fail, we shall succeed in sending our Business of the present month far ahead of that of any previous October. We ought to, and we will. Recent Important Trade Movements, in which our wide awake Buyers played a conspicuous part, fully justify it. Our purchases of the Past few weeks have Been exceedingly heavy, and in every instance decided price concessions have been obtained. We give our Patrons next week, the benefit of every Dollar Saved.

MONDAY !	MONDAY !
8½c Bleached MUSLIN Special for one day at, a yard—	85c Table Linen Satin Damasks and Loom Dice Damasks, all new designs—58 to 60 inches wide—special for one day at, a yard—
5½c	54c
MONDAY !	MONDAY !
75c White Point d'Esprit NET For window and door draperies—54 inches wide—special for one day at, a yard—	\$6.00 and \$7.00 White Marseilles BED SPREADS Cut cornered, knotted fringed and pearl hemmed—the largest size made, measures 2½ yards in width and 3 yards in length. Special for one day at, each—
39c	\$4.40
MONDAY !	MONDAY !
75c Table Felt Used as a covering for dining-room tables, 54 inches wide—special for one day at, a yard—	\$1.75 Couch Covers A pretty Persian striped design in mixed colorings—size 2x50—special for one day at, each—
39c	98c

ESTABLISHED 1864
F. Haerbach & Bros.
ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD

Next Week's Banner Dress Goods and Silk Offerings

PRESENT SAVING CHANCES OF UNUSUAL CHARACTER.
THIS SEASON'S CHOICEST AND MOST RELIABLE FABRICS ARE INCLUDED.

EXTRA SPECIAL !

DRESS GOODS NOVELTIES

Values from \$3.25 to \$5.00 a yard
Go Next Week at \$1.68 a yard.

60 Fine Imported Exclusive Dress Patterns, fine striped Plaid and Embroidered Effects. Novelties Extra. Extra rich and lustrous. Separate Skirts and Collar Suits. An Unusual opportunity to Secure a Choice Imported Dress Pattern in the opening of the Dress Goods Season at one Half to One Third Regular value. The assortment includes Values from \$3.25 to \$5.00 a yard.

Extra Special All Go At \$1.68 a Yard

CREPE DE PARIS

Best Quality Lupins Crepe de Paris value \$2.00, Go This Week at 95c a yard. 20 Pieces fine Crisp Silk and Wool, Crepe de Paris very stylish, and Serviceable. Comes in Black, Cream and All Colors.

Comes in Black, Cream and All Colors.

The Regular \$2.00 Grade.

SPECIAL NEXT WEEK AT 95c A YD.

MONDAY !	MONDAY !
20c INDIA LINON, 20c DIMITRIES, 20c ENGLISH NAINSOOK—all go special for one day at, a yard—	34.50 White Cluny Curtains, \$4.50 White Batting Curtains, \$4.50 White Cable Net Curtains, and \$4.50 colored Madras Curtains, special for one day at, a pair—
12c	\$2.88
MONDAY !	MONDAY ONLY !
75c and 85c Hemstitched Lunch Cloths	KNITTED WAISTS Best 25c values for 12½c
Figured Satin Damasks and Plain Linens, 30 and 36-inch squares—special for one day at, each—	Children's Knitted waists strongly tapered—an excellent, perfect fitting waist for boys and girls—in sizes 2 to 12—the best 25c waist made—on sale one day only at—
48c	12½c
MONDAY ONLY !	MONDAY ONLY !
Back Combs Up to 50c Values for 25c	GREAT Belt Sale Best \$1.00 values for 50c
Shell back combs in the greatest variety of plain or fancy trimmed styles—the best values and prettiest designs ever sold at 25c each—on sale one day only at—	Long Kimonos on Sale at \$2.75—These beautiful kimonos are made of fleecy flannelette, pretty light shades with fancy designs, ¾ length sleeves, satin border to match belt at waist, the very latest and newest styles, sizes for all \$2.50 and \$4.00 garments, marked \$2.75
25c	59c



This Suit \$14.75

Important Values in Women's READY - TO - WEAR GARMENTS

As the Season progresses the attractiveness of this department waxes greater and greater in the mind of our patrons. Its continual activity is but an expression of the appreciation such splendid Ready-to-Wear Garment values surely command.

Fine quality of Garments at moderate prices is an ever increasing wonder.

Selling
Flannels, Blankets,
Comforters, Bed
and Table Linens

At lower prices than anywhere else, accounts for the crowds you'll constantly find here.

20 dozen Towels, Turkish and Hand regular's 1½c go

next week at each—

Pull Broached Shaker Flannel, value 6½c, next week

per yard—

3 lots of 25 Towels, Turkish and Hand

next week at each—

The heaviest unbleached Bed

Sheets, 4½ wide for single beds,

Value 3½c, next week

21c

Yard wide Japanese unbleached white Flannel, value 1½c

next week per yard—

54c

Yard wide Japanese unbleached white Flannel, value 1½c

next week per yard—

77½c

100 pair Matted Gray Blankets, 1½ size, regular \$2.00 go next week at each—

\$1.45

THE heaviest and largest White Blankets, 12½ size, regular

\$1.99

150 French Satin Covered Comforters, extra large sizes go next week

\$2.68

1½ size Grey Wool Blankets, regular 10½ size

\$3.85

1½ size Grey Wool Blankets, 11½ size, regular

\$6.30

PIN CUSHION SALE !

Satin Pin Cushions, 5x5 inches, value 15c each, sale price

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Satin Pin Cushions, 6x6 inches, value 15c each, sale price

Satin Pin Cushions, 6x6 inches, value 15c each, sale price

Oblong Satin Pin Cushions, 4x8 inch, value 35c

sale price

4x12 inch size, value 45c

sale price

4x15 inch size, value 50c

sale price

4x18 inch size, value 55c

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