

# BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXIX.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

NO. 1,481.

## CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.  
Published by  
R. E. A. C. FOLGER  
Every Saturday Evening.  
Office:  
Corner of Second and Third Streets.  
(Over the Bank Building.)

MISCELLANEOUS.  
P. G. HUGHES,  
BLACKSMITH AND  
WAGON MAKER,  
BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

REPAIRS AND RE-GEARING.  
AND GENERAL JOBBING.  
NO. 751 MARKET STR.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

R. F. OSBORN &  
CO.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

General Hardware  
CABINET,  
UPHOLSTERERS,  
CARRIAGE MAKERS  
HARDWARE.

General Hardware

CABINET,  
UPHOLSTERERS,  
CARRIAGE MAKERS  
HARDWARE.

UPHOLSTERERS

CARRIAGE MAKERS  
HARDWARE.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

JOE A. BROWN.

General Merchandise,  
Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,  
Fancy and Toilet Articles,  
Canned and Nuts  
Yankee Notions,  
Powder, shot, Caps and  
Cartridges,  
Stationery, etc., etc.



POSTOFFICE STORE,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries,  
DRY GOODS

FANCY GOODS,  
CLOTHING,  
BOOTS, SHOES and HATS.

Wines and Liquors,  
PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK.

Hardware,  
Stationery, Confectionary,  
Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

THE GREAT CARRIAGE HOUSE

OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

MAXON & ACKLEY,

911 and 913 Second Street,  
Sacramento, Cal.

General Hardware

30,000 of their Celebrated Open and Top Buggies, Phaetons, Carriages, Sporting,  
Grocery and Fruit Wagons, have been sold and are now in use in  
California and Nevada, and give unfailing satisfaction.



ALL THEIR WORK IS GUARANTEED.

The Best Vehicles for the Money on the Pacific Coast.

Their new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application.

1864. 1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION,  
THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in

MONO COUNTY.

THE RECOGNIZED  
OFFICIAL PRESS.

AND RELIABLE

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

OF THE COUNTY.

Published Saturdays at

THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

## TWO PRAYERS.

Our minister gets up to pray and lets the spirit  
flow.  
An' tells the Lord a lot of things he thinks He  
ought to know,  
Tells Him about the government, how politics  
is run—  
On. He don't mix in politics an' has no way to  
learn.

He points on the President, an' describes his  
evil nature.  
An' gives away the Cabinet and our rental legis-  
lation.  
Shows how corruption festers, an' tells of  
things, I fear,  
That the Lord—He comes so sudden—will be  
surprised to hear.

He takes the cyclopedy an' he weaves it in his  
prayer.  
He speaks in 'th choice statistics which he  
picks up everywhere;  
They say the Lord knows every thing—some-  
times I water doubt,  
How I know our pastor tells Him—that's the  
way He fixes it out.

In the meeting 't'other evening he lifted up his  
face  
An' much interestin' gossip laid before the  
Throne of Grace;  
Chances of useful information did he shrewdly  
interperse,  
That would make the Lord enlightened as to all  
the universe.

Then Jim Drew, the drunken sailor, sat up  
there in the aisle,  
An' 't'other was in a holy place we couldn't  
surber to smile.  
But Deacon Briggs he nudged me hard; sez he:  
"Don't grin that way,  
For don't ye see he's sober, an' the rasoul's  
goin' to pray!"

He started in and sez: "O! Lord! I'm just  
chuckled at  
An' there ain't no place, I reckon, for your mercy  
to squeeze in;  
For I'm just good for nothin', an' an' ol' wreck  
from the sea.  
Take me—I ain't worth takin'—but I give myself  
to God."

Then he broke down an' blubbered out, an' sez  
there in the aisle,  
An' there oases a loud "Amen" that near  
burst through the wall;  
We know a spark of Heavenly fire had touched  
this earthly soid,  
For himself in all its nakedness had shown it-  
self to God.

There wasn't much learnin' in his prayer, but  
yet it traveled far.  
An' went floatin' up to Glory where the shinin'  
angels are;  
The pastor's prayer, so weighted down 't'ish fig-  
gones facts an' proof,  
Got lodged among the rafters an' didn't git be-  
hind the roof.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade

## FEEDING A FIRE.

Some Idea of the Work of a Loco-  
motive Fireman.

Intelligence and Intelligent Direction  
the Hardest to "Fire"—Why the  
Gauge Should Have Attention.

Little has been written of the locomotive  
fireman. Like the newspaper re-  
porter, his identity is sunk in the great-  
ness of his machine and the prominence  
of his superior. He is seldom heard  
from unless he neglects to jump at the  
critical moment and his name appears  
in the lists of the dead or wounded. A  
passing notice is all he receives until he  
serves the full period of the slavery of a  
locomotive gangway and moves from the  
fireman's box on the left of the cab to  
the engineman's box on the right, and  
then he is a fireman no longer.

Few of the travelers gliding across  
the country in comfortable passenger  
coaches give a thought to the motive  
power that enables them to visit two or  
three States in a day. They can not  
realize that there is any severe labor  
attached to the trip. They see the  
neatly-uniformed conductor who leisurely  
treads the aisles, the indolent brake-  
man lounging from one end of the train  
to the other, and the white-jacketed  
colored porter, evidently not suffering  
from overwork. These visions do not  
give the traveler any very vivid im-  
pression of hard work. But while they  
are appearing and reappearing there is  
one man who is "earning his bread by  
the sweat of his brow," and that is the  
fireman. Dirty, begrimed and greasy  
from head to foot, the fireman is per-  
forming duties that no two of the pas-  
sengers in the train behind him would  
care to undertake, were they capable of  
so doing. There is very little poetry  
and a vast deal of reality in an engine  
cab, especially the cab of a passenger  
engine. The train is running at high  
speed; the engine is the motive power;  
steam is its life, and it devolves upon  
the fireman to supply the steam. Many  
people would say: "Why, that's easy  
enough! All he does is to put in coal."

"All he has to do is to put in coal!"  
It would be great sport to see the au-  
thors of such remarks "put in the coal."  
It would be interesting to watch them  
clambering from the box to the gang-  
way, and the gangway to the box a few  
times while performing the double du-  
ties of "firing" and watching the track  
ahead.

Putting in the coal is all right, but  
when the coal is put in every two or  
three minutes it soon becomes monotonous  
and shortly fatiguing, especially on a  
twelve or fifteen-hour trip. The prac-  
tical fireman becomes used to his work,  
however, and is able to keep up during  
the trip. He not only "puts in a fire"  
every two or three minutes, but he is  
obliged to put it in rightly and scienti-  
fically. It would be impossible for a  
green fireman to keep up the proper  
amount of steam for a passenger engine  
or to "keep her hot." The fire-box of  
a locomotive is a treacherous thing to  
one not understanding it. The box is  
from six to eight feet—in some  
cases ten feet—in length, and  
four or five feet in width. The bottom  
is composed of two movable grates  
which are so placed as to leave crevices  
at the ends and sides which are virtually  
conduits for the draught. At the front

end of the firebox are the flues. A fire-  
man who knows his business under-  
stands the construction of the box  
thoroughly. He is careful not to "fire"  
too much in front and thus shut up the  
flues, and he "feeds" to the ends and  
sides, thereby closing up the crevices  
and shutting out the cold air which  
would speedily cool the flues and de-  
stroy their steaming power. Not so  
much attention is paid to the center,  
although the coal must be evenly dis-  
tributed and, in no case, allowed to  
"heap" which would result in big  
cinders to clog the gates. Nor must  
the fire be heavy. Too much coal is  
almost as bad as none at all. The fir-  
ing must be light and frequent to steam  
quickly. A heavy fire would burn  
slowly and the steam would rise slowly,  
and this would never do.

An ordinary "fire" is four or five  
scoopful well thrown and evenly dis-  
tributed, and a little high at the ends  
and sides.  
The speed of the engine depends upon  
the ability of the fireman to "steam  
her," and thus the fireman is the im-  
portant factor in running a train. Some  
engines "steam" more readily than others,  
but all of them require skill in fir-  
ing and a great deal of work. An ordi-  
nary switch engine will burn about  
three tons of coal in twenty-four hours,  
while road engines will burn from six to  
fifteen tons. The heavier the load or  
the greater the speed, the more steam  
and coal is required.

But the fireman's hardest lot is when  
his run is heavy and his engine "goes  
leaking." Engines poorly "packed" or  
loose in their joints will leak steam  
with astonishing rapidity and it re-  
quires a constant effort to keep them up  
to the working notch. The working  
notch or "when she pops" is, on an av-  
erage, about 135 pounds of steam. Some  
engines are set at 140 pounds pressure  
before the escape valve will raise and  
the extra steam escape. On an engine  
where the gauge reaches 135 pounds the  
fireman aims to keep a pressure of  
between 130 and 135 pounds. Some-  
times, of course, the steam will run  
down to 110 or 100, when the work is  
heavy, but a good fireman will never let  
her down below that.

In some Eastern States the number  
of pounds of steam which an engine may  
carry is regulated by law, but in the  
Western States little attention has been  
paid to the matter. In consequence,  
some engineers who are possessed of  
more ambition than judgment will rate  
their engines as high as 150 pounds in  
order to make a running record, and it  
is a dangerous custom which is liable at  
any time to result in a disaster. Not  
long ago the writer's attention was  
called to an engine on a Missouri road  
which did not "pop," or blow off steam  
at 170 pounds. The engineer was proud  
of his reputation as a "runner," and was  
foolishly risking his own life and the  
lives entrusted to his care for the sake  
of a little notoriety. In such cases the  
fireman's lot is a slavish one, and the  
labor required to keep up his engine is  
simply tremendous.

In addition to firing, the fireman is  
required to keep his machine, inside the  
cab, clean, and "bright works" must be  
kept spotless. Such trifling duties as  
ringing the bell, keeping a sharp look-  
out ahead, and watching for signals are  
thrown in just to keep him in practice  
during the few minutes he may chance  
to spend on his seat box.

After he has served in this capacity  
from three to seven years, and he is  
successful in passing the examination  
—in which reading and writing are the  
easiest branches—the fireman is placed  
on the extra list, and after six months'  
trial he becomes an engineer. Often,  
however, the fireman lacks certain re-  
quirements or has bad luck at the start,  
and has an accident or smashup, and he  
is condemned to another long term of  
shoveling coal which may be made a per-  
petual occupation.

Firemen, as a rule, are a steady class  
of men; they must be, as it is from  
them that enginemen are made. The  
fireman has a brotherhood which is  
second only to the engineers' in im-  
portance, and the order is doing a deal  
of good in preparing its members to be-  
come capable and reliable engineers.—  
Kansas City Star.

In collections centuries old, to be seen  
both in China and Japan, are speci-  
mens of the most remarkable drawings  
in the world—pictures of all kinds  
drawn with the thumb-nail. The nails  
of the thumb on the left hand of these  
peculiar artists are allowed to grow to  
an enormous length, sometimes to a  
foot or eighteen inches, and are then  
pared to a pen-shaped point. Occasion-  
ally, the bold touches from the studio  
of a master in this department of  
"high art" are life-sized, and are  
sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's  
sketch. These sacred thumb-nail pic-  
tures are mounted and rolled up like  
scrolls.

A Tree That Owns Land.  
There is a tree at Athens, Ga., which  
is a property holder. In the early part  
of the century the land on which it  
stands was owned by Colonel W. H.  
Jackson, who took great delight in  
watching its growth and enjoying its  
shade. In his old age the tree had  
reached magnificent proportions, and  
he thought of its being destroyed by  
those who would come after him was so  
repugnant that he recorded a deed con-  
veying to it all land within a radius of  
eight feet of it.

Man's and Woman's Greatness.  
A man's greatness makes his family  
great; a woman's greatness makes her  
family insignificant.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

A Frenchman's Peculiar Notions Regard-  
ing American Grasshoppers.

Miss Cooper, a daughter of the novel-  
ist, James Fennimore Cooper, states  
that when in Paris she saw a French  
translation of her father's tale, "The  
Spy," in which there were several mis-  
takes, but one of them was such that it  
was almost incredible that any one  
could possibly have been guilty of it.  
The residence of Mr. Wharton, one of  
the characters who figure in the story,  
is spoken of by the author as "The  
Locusts." Now, the translator had been  
evidently ignorant of the circumstance  
of there being any species of trees bear-  
ing this name. Having, therefore,  
looked out the word in his dictionary,  
and finding the definition to be given  
as "Les Sauterelles," grasshoppers;  
thus he rendered it in the text. Pres-  
ently, however, he came across a para-  
graph in the novel in which it was  
stated that a visitor to the home of Mr.  
Wharton had tied his horse to a locust.  
Then it might be naturally supposed  
that the translator would at once have  
discovered his error. Not a bit of it!  
His reasoning would appear to have  
been somewhat on a par with that of a  
celebrated countryman of his, when  
he declared that "if the facts do not  
agree with the theory, so much the  
worse for the facts." Nevertheless,  
the writer seems to have been conscious  
that some explanation was due of so  
extraordinary a statement as that a  
horseman had secured his steed to a  
grasshopper. So he went on to gravely  
inform his readers that in America  
these insects grow to an enormous size,  
and that in this case one of these—  
dead and stuffed—had been stationed at  
the door of the mansion for the con-  
venience of the visitors on horseback!—  
Bookmark.

## ON TALKING SLANG.

A Habit That Grows Rapidly and Cer-  
tainly Good Manners.

This "sermonetto" is especially for  
you, dear girl. The advice could be  
put in three words—Don't do it. Pos-  
sibly there might come an occasion—  
say once in a life-time—when a good  
round bit of the genuine article  
"slang" would prove funny. But to  
hear vulgar words used by a gentle  
girl is almost invariably shocking. I  
remember passing two girls on the  
street and hearing one of them say:  
"I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a  
shiver. And when a group of school-  
girls fill their conversation—as, alas!  
they often do—with one slang phrase  
after another, the effect is  
so primarily disgusting.

The habit of talking slang grows rap-  
idly. It is like reporting a bit of  
scandal. Have you never noticed that  
if you say an unkind word against a  
neighbor how quickly a chance comes  
to say another? And with just that  
same appalling ease a habit of using  
careless, coarse words increases. Words  
grow rapidly.

There is plenty of good, strong En-  
glish to give expression to wit, groll-  
ery, indignation or sympathy without  
recourse to the phrases which belong to  
horse-jockeys, gamblers, tipplers and  
vagabonds. The street Arab picks up  
slang as he does the ends of old cigars  
from the gutter. Surely a well-bred  
girl is not on the same level in her  
speech and manner. Why should she  
use vulgar words any more than she  
would stain her hands?

There ought to be something akin to  
flowers in a fresh young girl. She need  
not be prudish nor priggish. No one  
wishes her to say "prunes and prisms"  
to coax her lips into the proper curves.  
But refined and dainty in speech as  
well as in dress she surely ought to be.  
Won't you please think about it for  
five minutes and see if you do not agree  
with me?—Mary S. McCobb, in Har-  
per's Young People.

—The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper  
ever received (says the Hospital) was  
literally thrown at his head. He oper-  
ated very successfully on a millionaire,  
by name Hyatt, and so delighted was  
the old man with his recovery that he  
gave £300 to each of his attending phy-  
sicians. "But you, sir," cried the pa-  
tient to Sir Astley, "deserve something  
better. Take that, sir!" With that he  
flung his nightcap at the surgeon. Sir  
Astley replied with dignity, as he  
picked up the cap, "Sir, I will pocket  
the affront," and well for him that he  
did, for the cap was lined with a draft  
for 1,000 guineas.

—Stories about the pigmies of Africa  
have been common in classical as well  
as modern literature, and yet always  
read as a fiction, a pretty fable to enter-  
tain children or embellish a poem.  
Three or four centuries before Christ  
the Greeks were really aware of the ex-  
istence of a people of stunted growth  
inhabiting a district somewhere about  
the source of the Nile. It was reserved  
for Schweinfurth, in 1869, to discover a  
race of African pigmies in the Akkas,  
since which time Krapf found the Do-  
ko or Berikemo dwarts, Du Challin the  
Obongos, and Stanley captured one of  
the dwarfs said to live north of the  
Wakuma country; so that abundant evi-  
dence now exists in proof of the claim  
so long ago made, that Africa was the  
land of the pigmies.

Husband—"These trousers that I  
want to wear on the fishing party have  
not a single suspender button on."  
Wife (sweetly)—"Then, John, if your  
party is drowned I shall be able to  
identify your body from the others."  
Husband (savagely)—"No, you won't,  
either; the others are all married men,  
too."

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. ULLMANN, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 303 Bush, corner of Montgomery street.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

We publish the following synopsis of the Grand Jury Report, it being too long to publish entire.

To HON. O. F. HARRIS, Judge of the Superior Court of Mono County, State of California:

We the Grand Jury of Mono County, in panel for the November term of the Superior Court, held in and for said county A. D. 1890, respectfully submit this our final report:

After organizing, District Attorney Hayes informed the Jury that he knew of no matter to go before it. The usual committees were appointed to examine the books of the several county officers.

The Committee on Board of Supervisors censured the Board for allowing bills not fully itemized, making it difficult to judge of their correctness; and for allowing bills that should not have been allowed, either in whole or in part; but in excess of the amount due, which is regarded as expressly the case in reference to the care of ad supplies furnished at the branch jail at Bodie, and the Board is enjoined to be more circumspect in the allowance of bills. In other respects, the Committee says, we find no fault with the Board, and we find no fault in thing indicating a want of proper care in the discharge of their duties. The report is signed by A. J. Sever, G. H. Moyle, W. Wetherill and W. D. Davidson.

The Committee on Sheriff, Tax Collector and License Collector's books show that M. J. Cody, Sheriff, collected and paid to the Treasurer \$191 48, fees collected in the past thirteen months. He also collected as Tax Collector, from Oct. 1st 1889 to April 1, '90, licenses amounting to \$1311, and \$121 in fees on the same, making a total of \$1432, which was paid to the Treasurer.

The Board of Supervisors at their meeting in April created the office of License Collector and appointed Maurice Hays to that office, who acted immediately upon the discharge of the duties pertaining thereto.

The Board of Supervisors allowed the License Collector to retain, as his compensation, ten per cent. on all Licenses and fees collected by him. We find that the licenses collected by Maurice Hays from April 1st to Nov. 1st, 1890, amounted to \$6602 50, subdivided as follows: For cattle and sheep \$4342 20 From other sources \$2260 30 Fees on the same \$271 00

Making a total of \$6602 50. The amount of ten per cent. being \$660 25, leaving a balance, which he paid into the County Treasury, of \$5942 25. By adding to this amount the sum collected by M. J. Cody, \$1432, we have a total for the year 1890 of \$7374 25 paid into the Treasury on account of licenses. As there was a desire expressed, by this Grand Jury, to know the amount of licenses collected in 1889, and the cost to the county for the same, for the purpose of comparison of receipts and expenses under the Special License Collector, your Committee have taken pains to find out those facts and report thereon, as follows: That the total amount of licenses collected by M. J. Cody from January 7th, 1889 to April 1st, 1890, to be \$8656 00 Fees on the same \$298 00

Making a total of \$8954 00. Of this amount, \$992 was delinquent for the year 1888 and should have been collected by Sheriff Morgan. By deducting this amount for 1888, leaves \$7962 as the licenses and fees collected for 1889, made up as follows: Sheep licenses and fees \$3676 00 Cattle licenses \$2203 00 From other sources \$2083 00

The county paid deputies to assist M. J. Cody in collecting \$8954, the sum of \$171, being less than two per cent on the amount collected.

The county has paid to Maurice Hays for collecting and paying into the Treasury \$5942 25 the sum of \$660 25, being over eleven per cent of the amount paid into the Treasury.

The Tax Collector, M. J. Cody, was charged on account of real and personal property tax for the year 1889, the sum of \$23,449 52, and collected on the same before the property became delinquent the sum of \$19,328 41, leaving a balance, uncollected, of \$4,121 11. The Tax Collector was charged by the Auditor with \$4,264 43, which includes the 5 per cent. penalty. The Tax Collector has collected of this amount \$4,084 98, leaving a balance of the delinquent tax for the year 1889, uncollected, of \$179 44, property to this amount being withdrawn from sale and turned over to the county and placed in his credit.

We find that the amount of licenses collected from all sources by Wat Morgan to be as follows: On account of Sheep Licenses \$7422 00 On account of Cattle \$2732 00

Total on sheep and cattle \$10,154 00 On Merchandise Licenses \$521 00 On Liquor \$1806 00

Total Licenses col. by Morgan, \$12,481 00 Delinquent " " Cody \$1638 80

\$13,473 80

As this statement is made for the purpose of comparison, we deem it proper to say that the rate of licenses on cattle and sheep was not the same during the time that Wat Morgan was acting as License Collector as it has been since. Mr. Morgan, for the most of the time, collected at 7 1/2 cents a head on sheep and 25 cents per head on cattle, while the rate since his time and now in force is 5 cents per head on sheep and 15 cents per head on cattle. We believe that Mr. Morgan collected a small amount of license on 3 bands while the rate on sheep was 5 cents.

The collections of license by Wat Morgan on sheep and cattle at the present rates would have been for sheep \$4948 00 and on cattle \$6388 80

Total on sheep and cattle \$6886 80

RECAPITULATION.

As before stated, M. J. Cody collected on sheep license for 1889 \$3676 00 On cattle license \$2203 00

Total on sheep and cattle \$5879 00 From other licenses \$2083 00

Making a total for 1889 of \$7962 00

As we have already stated, M. J. Cody collected licenses for the year 1890 the sum of \$1432 00 and Maurice Hays has collected on sheep licenses for 1890 \$3340 00 On cattle \$1302 20

Total on sheep and cattle \$4642 20 And from other licenses and fees \$2260 30

Total from all licenses, 1890, \$6902 50

Wat Morgan was allowed the sum of \$250 for expenses incurred in 1888.

The above report is signed by James Todd, R. G. Montrose and W. T. Elliott.

The above Committee in a supplemental report recommends to the Board of Supervisors that they abolish the office of License Tax Collector, believing it to be to the best interests of the county.

The books of the County Clerk, Auditor and Recorder were examined and found to be correctly kept and all written up. The report contains a statement of the receipts of the county during the past year which have been published in the Auditor's Reports. The total receipts foot up \$42,363 13. The report is signed by W. P. Onks, B. Peeler and Jas. G. Thompson.

Wood Larson, J. F. Crowell and G. B. Day examined the books of the Treasurer and found them kept in a neat and business-like manner, and all the money, \$14,704 44, in the safe.

H. S. Kennedy, W. Brandon and A. D. Waltze examined the District Attorney's books and found them well kept, and that the business of the office had been conducted in a very satisfactory manner.

C. M. Stewart, B. Peeler and F. E. Hunsell looked through the work of the Assessor and found everything correct.

G. B. Day, Wood Larson and W. D. Davidson report that they found only two unrelieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely, and do cheerfully, recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles.

Geo. H. Moyle, W. Larson, H. S. Kennedy, and W. P. Onks, the Committee on Hospital and County Poor, found from an examination of bills allowed by the Supervisors for the support of the Hospital at Bodie, for the support of the indigent poor; for the medical and other care of the sick and maimed in various places in the county; for drugs and medicines for their use; and for the burial of the indigent dead, that the sum of \$3,993 35 has been expended during the past year for these purposes. We also find that there are twenty-two persons who have received more or less support and medical care from the county during this period. They say further:

"While we do not think that any of the bills allowed are illegal, we do think, that in some instances, they are rather exorbitant, therefore we ask the Board of Supervisors to scrutinize more closely and to examine all bills with great care. We do not think that any who are able to work should be supplied; we also think that an indigent who is unable to work, but able to care for himself, should be allowed provisions and required to cook for himself.

Though the amount expended by the county during the past year for the poor, and medical care of the sick and maimed, was much less than for several years past, we are of the opinion that the Supervisors can, by giving due consideration to the subject, and by the exercise of careful and judicious management quite materially reduce the expense.

We would further recommend to the Supervisors that any propositions and proposals for establishing a "Poor Farm," where the poor can be economically supported, should be carefully considered by them.

A. J. Sever, Chairman, J. G. Thompson, Montrose, Moyle, Todd and Wetherill, of the Court House, set, Committee, recommended the Supervisors to require the Sheriff to take an inventory of all the furniture in and about the Court House, he being the legal custodian of county property, and that he shall require every officer to take care of the property in his office, and not allow any to be removed from the Court House; and that the Librarian flow no books to be taken from the Library, and if any have been taken out, to require their immediate return.

The Jury visited the County Jail and found it cleanly and well kept, but much in need of bedding.

We commend the Board of Supervisors for their promptness in having the roof of the Court House repaired, after the matter has been brought to their attention by three successive Grand Juries.

We are pleased to report the financial condition of the county, fair. And while we commend the Board of Supervisors for their disposition to curtail expenses, especially in the matter of the county poor, we feel the necessity of a further reduction in this, as well as in other expenditures.

We call the attention of the incoming Board of Supervisors to the following question and answer given and received under oath by M. J. Cody. Question—Will you collect the Merchant, Liquor and Cattle Licenses free of charge, if the Board of Supervisors will allow outside deputies appointed by you 10 per cent. for collecting Sheep Licenses? Answer—"Yes, Sir."

We return thanks to the county officials for the assistance rendered and courtesy shown. Respectfully submitted, JOHN F. ULLMANN, Foreman.

Bridgeport, Nov. 15, 1890.

"Battle of Gettysburg."

When in San Francisco visit the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg and Museum, corner Market and 10th streets, the only Panoram on exhibition in the city.

It looks like Blaine '92.

THE BUCCANEERS OF OLD Flaunted the skull and cross bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies skulls under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the sailing mark at which his afloats have been directed. Cheery local bitters, composed of the airy unrefined stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or superior to, or possessing purer virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subtler and preventive of disease purges, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgments in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair. To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than man anyway."

A frank admission. Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

The proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. William J. Davis, of Basile, O., June 21, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely, and do cheerfully, recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

Flocks Led by an Ewe. Joseph Brown, of White Pigeon, Mich., has a little ewe trained to lead his flocks. If a drove is to be shipped she marches at the head of the column through the streets and the flock follows. She leads them into the stock yard, thence into the car, and when one car is full she edges herself out and conducts the others into another car, till all are safely on board, and then returns home with the boys on the sidewalk.

A Boston Epitaph. In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston grave-yard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 14th of September, 1855. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Try Your Acuteness on This. Fifteen hundred dollars is the bonus paid for the liquor privilege for a large picnic, and the sum represents simply the surplus profits on the beer and whisky to be swallowed at the frolic. How much is to be spent in such beverages in order to earn that 1500 dollars of profit? Here is a chance for Mr. McGlynn's "anti-pov erty" eloquence.

OFFICIAL VOTE.—A few errors having occurred in the hurry of making up the official returns last week, we republish them as corrected from the minutes of the Board of Supervisors.

OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Delinquent Sale Notice. MONTECITO MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 11 levied on the 16th day of September, 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Names, No. Cert., No. Shares, Amt. Includes Kent D. M. Trustee, Robert D. M. Trustee, etc.

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 16th day of September, 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 & 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

D. M. KENT, Secretary. OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Delinquent Sale Notice. GOLETA MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 11 levied on the 16th day of September, 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Names, No. Cert., No. Shares, Amt. Includes Kent D. M. Trustee, Robert D. M. Trustee, etc.

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 16th day of September, 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 & 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

D. M. KENT, Secretary. OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

LOMBARDY'S IRON CROWN.

A Regal Ornament Over Fifteen Hundred Years Old.

When Napoleon I was crowned King of Italy at Milan, in 1805, he placed the iron crown of the Kings of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming: "Dieu me l'a donne, pare a qui la touche!" ("God has given it to me, beware who touches!") This, according to Scott, was the motto attached to the crown by its ancient owners.

The crown takes its name from the narrow iron band within it, which is about three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch in thickness. Tradition says it was made of one of the nails used at the crucifixion of Jesus, and was given to Constantine by his mother, Helena, the discoverer of the cross, to protect him in battle. Afterward it was used at the coronations of the Lombard kings, primarily at that of Agilulfus, at Milan, in the year 591.

The crown is now kept in the Cathedral of Monza. The outer circuit is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, joined together by hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds and sapphires on a ground of blue gold enamel. Within the circuit is the iron said to have no speck of rust upon it, although it has been exposed for over 1,500 years.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Different Views. Romantic Wife—How delightful it is to sit here on the piazza those moonlit summer evenings and think of beauty, and art, and poetry, and— Practical Husband—Ice bills—Munsey's Weekly.

MINING NOTICES. Delinquent Sale Notice. STERLING MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 11 levied on the 16th day of September, 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Names, No. Cert., No. Shares, Amt. Includes Caswell John F., Kent D. M. Trustee, etc.

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 16th day of September, 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 & 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

at the hour of One o'clock, P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

D. M. KENT, Secretary. OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Delinquent Sale Notice. MONTECITO MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 11 levied on the 16th day of September, 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Names, No. Cert., No. Shares, Amt. Includes Kent D. M. Trustee, Robert D. M. Trustee, etc.

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 16th day of September, 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 & 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

D. M. KENT, Secretary. OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Delinquent Sale Notice. GOLETA MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of Assessment No. 11 levied on the 16th day of September, 1890, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective Shareholders, as follows:

Table with columns: Names, No. Cert., No. Shares, Amt. Includes Kent D. M. Trustee, Robert D. M. Trustee, etc.

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 16th day of September, 1890, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 & 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, on

MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1890,

MEDICAL.

\$500 REWARD.

Be confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure Chronic Catarrh in the Head, no matter how bad or of how long standing, that they offer in good faith, the above reward, for a case which they cannot cure.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

Symptoms of Catarrh. Headache, obstruction of nose, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, mucous, mucous, purulent, bloody and purulent, eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter, and general weakness, small and taste impaired, debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, or of hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases of "Cold in the Head" it is used with a few applications Catarrhal Discharges is relieved and cured. It removes offensive breath, loss

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, NOVEMBER 12 1890.

Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Proceedings of the Board of Supervisors.

November 10, 1890, 2 P. M. Board met: present, Hunewill, Carney, Bump, Stewart and Creaser, Hunewill presiding.

Mr. Fitzgerald, late candidate for District Attorney, by Mr. W. O. Parker, his attorney, enters his protest against the entry of the votes from Vernon Precinct upon the ground that the official returns and tally are not returned as required by law.

Mr. Parker makes the same protest to the returns of Lundy, Clinton and Antelope.

Board adjourns till November 11, 1890, 11 A. M.

November 11, 1890, 11 A. M. Board met: present, Hunewill, Carney, Bump and Stewart, Hunewill presiding.

Minutes of Nov. 10th, 1890, meeting read and approved.

Mr. Carney now moves that the returns from Vernon, Lundy, Antelope and Clinton be rejected and the votes not counted for any candidate on the ground that said returns are illegal and not in conformity with law, as are illegal, as to Clinton, one of the members of the Board, E. H. Godard, is not a taxpayer of Mono county.

On motion of Creaser, seconded by Bump: It is ordered that the following named persons be, and the same are hereby declared elected to the County Offices: they having received the highest number of votes cast.

Superior Judge, W. H. Virden. Sheriff and Tax Collector, M. J. Cody. Clerk, Auditor and Recorder, J. D. Murphy.

District Attorney, H. M. Eddy. Treasurer, Joe A. Brown. Coroner and Public Administrator, D. M. Walters.

Supervisor, J. G. Thompson. Superintendent of Schools, Cornelia Richards. Assessor, J. J. Welch.

Supervisor—District No. 1, Wm. Calnan. Supervisor—District No. 2, Wat Morgan. Supervisor—District No. 3, H. A. Pitta.

Justice of the Peace—Benton Township, J. H. King. Justice of the Peace—Benton Township, John Tucker.

Justice of the Peace—Benton Township, Robt. Boyle. Justice of the Peace—Bodie Township, G. H. Moyle.

Justice of the Peace—Homer Township, John Mastly. Justice of the Peace—Homer Township, R. G. Montrose.

Justice of the Peace—Bridgport Township, Thos. Fales. Justice of the Peace—Bridgport Township, Francis Hansen.

Justice of the Peace—Clinton Township, Jas. McLaughren. Justice of the Peace—Antelope Township, Geo. Chichester.

Justice of the Peace—Antelope Township, C. A. Salmon. Constable—Benton Township, W. F. Edwards.

Constable—Benton Township, B. McNamara. Constable—Bodie Township, H. C. Curran.

Constable—Bodie Township, Geo. Hechtel. Constable—Homer Township, S. Kavanaugh.

Constable—Homer Township, W. F. McKenna. Constable—Bridgport Township, E. Gurney.

Constable—Bridgport Township, W. Osborne. Constable—Antelope Township, W. Hawley.

Constable—Antelope Township, Len. Derrick. Constable—Clinton Township, C. M. Willard.

Constable—Clinton Township, J. D. Dawson. Road Overseer—District No. 1, Charles Heal.

Road Overseer—District No. 2, G. K. Moyle. Road Overseer—District No. 3, Otto Larsen.

Road Overseer—District No. 4, James Logan. Road Overseer—District No. 5, M. P. Snow.

Road Overseer—District No. 6, M. P. Snow.

T. B. Ricker, repairing bridges, 100 00 100 00. T. B. Ricker, repairing abutments on bridges, 50 00 50 00.

O. H. Kister, supplies for county, 125 14 125 14. Annie Cochran, services Board of Education, 20 00 20 00.

Quincy Yea, wood for Bodie jail, 21 00 21 00. D. M. Barnett, wood, hall and light for election, 10 00 10 00.

R. M. & A. C. Foster, printing, 157 00 157 00. R. M. & A. C. Foster, " 180 00 180 00.

J. A. Brown, Insurance, 220 00 220 00. Hancock, Whitney & Co., stationery, 121 55 121 55.

C. L. Hays, stage fare, Dist At., 6 00 6 00. H. McNamara, team for Dist Atty., 6 00 6 00.

Wm Lynch, constable fees, 97 00 97 00. M. Griswold, registering voters, 2 25 2 25.

N. Daniels, Justice's fees, and legal assistance, 75 75 75 75. A. M. Hays, services Board Ed., 20 00 20 00.

R. H. Russell, stove for county, 20 00 20 00. J. P. Owens, fees and mileage Grand Juror, 12 25 12 25.

Wilson Butler, " 4 00 4 00. J. H. Connell, " 12 00 12 00.

D. E. Jones, fees and mileage Grand Juror, 9 25 9 25. Geo. W. Vanackie, election serv., 10 00 10 00.

M. Shields, " 10 00 10 00. E. Terry, " 10 00 10 00.

Geo. Chichester, Boardman, " 21 00 21 00. H. F. Barnett, " 10 00 10 00.

J. P. Owens, " 10 00 10 00. John Lenzell, " 5 00 5 00.

W. H. Vasca, " 13 00 13 00. W. A. A. Loose, " 10 00 10 00.

R. C. Folsom, " 10 00 10 00. E. G. Montrose, " 15 00 15 00.

Jasper Farrort, " 10 00 10 00. C. H. Brown, " 10 00 10 00.

John Beaker, " 10 00 10 00. P. Logan, " 10 00 10 00.

W. O. Parker, " 10 00 10 00. James Harvey, " 10 00 10 00.

J. P. Owens, " 10 00 10 00. J. G. Thompson, " 10 00 10 00.

A. McNabb, " 10 00 10 00. Thos. Silvester, " 10 00 10 00.

Paul Rowe, " 10 00 10 00. D. E. Jones, " 10 00 10 00.

B. B. Burkham, " 10 00 10 00. Thos. McKimara, " 10 00 10 00.

R. Noonan, " 10 00 10 00. Geo. Delury, " 10 00 10 00.

John Tucker, " 10 00 10 00. O. Bertrand, " 10 00 10 00.

Thos. Edwards, " 10 00 10 00. D. V. Donnelly, " 10 00 10 00.

F. Geelhood, " 10 00 10 00. J. P. Crowell, " 10 00 10 00.

Wm. Wetherill, " 10 00 10 00. A. S. Seave, " 10 00 10 00.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF MONO COUNTY November 4th, 1890.

NAME OF PERSONS VOTED FOR.

GOVERNOR: Henry H. Markham, 21,800; Edward B. Ford, 27,400.

SECRETARY OF STATE: E. G. Wale, 7,400; W. C. Handrick, 1,400.

COMPTROLLER: E. P. Colgan, 7,400; J. P. Dunne, 1,400.

TREASURER: J. E. McDonald, 7,400; Adam Herald, 1,400.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: W. H. Hart, 7,400; W. C. Graves, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR GENERAL: T. Reibert, 7,400; W. J. Dixon, 1,400.

CLERK OF THE SUPREME COURT: L. E. Brown, 7,400; J. D. Spencer, 1,400.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION: J. W. Anderson, 7,400; H. G. Smith, 1,400.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS—SIXTH DISTRICT: Miss S. M. Severance, 7,400; J. W. Curtis, 1,400.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER—THIRD DISTRICT: L. Archer, 7,400; O. H. Dougherty, 1,400.

STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION—FOURTH DISTRICT: J. E. Hebborn, 7,400; J. G. Gaffey, 1,400.

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT: W. H. Beatty, 7,400; J. A. Beatty, 1,400.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT: C. H. Garretts, 7,400; R. C. Harrison, 1,400.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT—UNEXPIRED TERM: J. V. Coffey, 7,400; L. W. Smith, 1,400.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT—UNEXPIRED TERM: L. W. Elliot, 7,400; Jackson Hatch, 1,400.

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR: W. H. Virden, 7,400; O. F. Hakes, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—FIRST DISTRICT: W. Calnan, 7,400; W. H. Shuman, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—SECOND DISTRICT: J. P. Owens, 7,400; J. P. Miller, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—THIRD DISTRICT: J. G. Thompson, 7,400; W. A. Kennedy, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—FOURTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; J. Tucker, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—FIFTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; G. Fisher, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—SIXTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; J. Mastly, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—SEVENTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; R. G. Montrose, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—EIGHTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; J. D. Dawson, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—NINTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; C. M. Willard, 1,400.

SUPERVISOR—TENTH DISTRICT: J. H. King, 7,400; J. D. Dawson, 1,400.

XMAS IS NEAR!

ARE YOU READY FOR IT?

READY FOR CHRISTMAS?

We are, and prepared to show hundreds of beautiful things—both useful and ornamental—designed especially for tokens of love, friendship and esteem.

Our stores stocked with oddities and novelties in gift goods, and if you want something choice—better than you can obtain at home.

We are showing the latest ideas in Toilet Cases—silver fittings; Manicure Sets—silver fittings; Jewel Cases, Work Boxes, Satin Glove and Handkerchief Cases, Hand-painted Opal Plaques, Albums, Emals, Photo Frames, Toys, Games, Picture Books, Fans, Slippers, Jewelry.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of above goods and many others.

HALE BROS. & CO. The Leading House of the Coast, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

D. HAYS & BRO., MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, PROVISIONS,

WINES AND LIQUORS, CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass

Huskeye Mowers and Agricultural IMPLEMENTS.

BEST JOB PRINTING AT THIS OFFICE, AT THE LOWEST RATES.

CHRISTMAS Presents just received at David Hays & Bro. Make your selections in time. A. F. Bryant has just received an invoice of many goods, suitable for presents.

## STRANGERS IN A DUEL.

Probably the Quickest Encounter Ever Described.

Story of a Meeting on the Field of Honor in the Days Before the War—A Hero and Who Did Not Even Know the Name of the Principal.

"I have seen one duel in my life," he said to a New York Tribune man. "I do not believe in dueling, of course, but since that duel I have not had the horror of it which I felt before. It did not seem like murder; it did not seem even brutal to me.

"I was in New Orleans and was sitting late one night in the hotel corridor, interested in a discussion ably conducted by both sides. It was on that subject which then hung on every man's lips. Both men were handsome, middle-aged and refined looking. The conversation became more and more heated until one of the men said sternly:

"You have insulted my State and me, sir."

"I have spoken what I believe to be the truth," said the other man, calmly, "and I can not change my sentiment."

"Then you offer to give me satisfaction," said the other.

"In what way, sir?"

"As gentlemen give satisfaction."

"I do not fight duels," said the other, smiling slightly.

"Not when you have insulted a man?"

"No."

"You are not a coward," answered the other. "That is plain to see. I ask you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction."

"The man from the North looked at him steadily.

"I can not kill a man," he said.

"The other gave him a look which was almost one of appeal.

"If you do not give me satisfaction," he said, "or retract, and I see you will not do that, I shall feel like a hound."

"Very well," answered the other, simply, "when shall it be?"

"As soon as possible."

"The Southerner excused himself to find a second. The Northern man turned to me.

"I am a stranger here," he said. "Will you act as my second?"

"I don't believe in duels," I answered, feeling ashamed to refuse him.

"No more do I," he replied, coldly.

"I hesitated and consented. The four of us were driven below the city. I shall not forget the place where the duel was fought. We turned into a plantation at a point of the road where stood a majestic pecan tree which seemed to bow gravely as the wind rustled softly through its branches and the trailing moss swayed gently. Dawn was breaking and over the Mississippi hung a low mist. The distance was paced off by the second of my new friend's adversary, for I was absolutely useless.

"For some reason my principal took off his coat and waistcoat, and the other man did the same thing. They both seemed at ease. In the grayness of the morning the white of their shirts was beautifully clear and pleasing. They took their positions quietly. No one had spoken a word since we had entered the field. My friend raised his hand and looked carefully at his revolver.

"Gentlemen," he said, calmly, "I have never shot at a man in my life. This is not my doing."

"I looked at the Southern duelist. His face whitened at this, but he was cool and graceful in his bearing.

"I forgot my principles. There was nothing brutal, uncivilized or cruel about this. It was beautiful. The calmness of the scene was exquisite. Both men faced each other as if they were paying compliments. There was a grace about their posture which charmed me. At that moment it seemed to me that to kill a man in so delicate a way was the refinement of courtesy.

"Gentlemen, are you ready? One!"

Two white-cloved arms was all that I saw. I did not hear the rest, not even the shots. I saw the arms go up slowly, straighten out sharply, something like released springs, and the Southern man was in the damp grass, a bright stain on his white shirt. My friend was leaning over him, peering anxiously into the wounded man's face. When I ran up the one who was shot was very white.

"Henry," he said to his second, "take every care for this gentleman's safety, and he fainted.

"Perhaps this was one of the most remarkable duels ever fought. I, an unwilling second, did not know the name of the principal whom I assisted. I did not even know the cause of the duel. Each principal was ignorant of the name of the other. The only two men who knew each other were the Southern man and his second. But I, who believed dueling to be murder, found it, when forced to play a part in a duel, a fascinating picture, the like of which I have never before or since seen."

A Wonderful Stone.

A man living near Kingston, Ga., has found a most wonderful stone. While plowing on a sandbar in the Etowah river he saw something shining with the most brilliant of lights just to one side of him. He stopped his plow and went to pick it up. It was a clear, white stone the size of an egg, reflecting in one way all the colors of the rainbow. Turning it over the colors took on the character of a spirit-level, following each other up through the center of the rock till all were gathered in one end. The owner has been offered \$1,000 for it, but refused it. It emits a perfectly white light in the dark.

A Mass of Worms.

On returning from church a Lafayette (Ga.) man saw what seemed to be two small snakes about the size of a lead pencil and eight to ten inches long. They were barely moving. On closer examination, instead of a snake it was found to be a mass of little measuring worms, each about three-sixteenths of an inch long. By moving in this manner they escaped the dust, which would have been fatal to them if they had asperated.

## A QUEER FRIENDSHIP.

A Horset That Makes Daily Visits to a Wilmington (Del.) Lawyer.

There is a lawyer in the city who has a horse for a chum, says the Wilmington Evening. The big insect is almost a daily visitor to the office. Should callers be present talking confidentially on business matters there is a sudden whin and bang from side to side of the room. Mr. Vespe Craben, that is to say the horse, has just paid his visit in sudden aerial flight through the open door-way. The visitor (the human one) is scared almost to death on recognizing what made the noise. But the lawyer is not. He knows it is his old friend, the horse, come in for his daily food.

He comes regularly foraging for his dinner. And now he is tugging impudently back and forth in gradually shortening chords in front of the two windows. Watch his tactics. His presence has caused the greatest consternation among the big colony of house flies basking in the sunny window corners. There is a panic among them. They buzz loudly, dashing up and down in frantic movements as their relentless enemy draws nearer at each sweep of his flight. Undoubtedly the horse is closely scanning the peak of flies in order to select the plumpest and largest among them for his prey.

There he goes with a bump at the window. There is a momentary struggle and one almost fanlike he hears a squeal. The horse has secured his dinner. In one wide circling sweep of his pinions he sails proudly around the room and bears off the fatted fly to the neighboring mud or paper nest where Mrs. V. Crabrogimly awaits her spouse's arrival.

The lawyer informed the reporter that he often indulges himself watching the horse's antics. Sometimes he comes in purely for a neighborly visit or else with a wicked feeling of spite against the poor fat fly. He amuses himself for five minutes just staring them and then flies off to get his prey.

It can generally be told, however, when he is hungry. Then he comes in with a loud impetuous hum and dashes straight for the flies. Once by accident he was shut in the office all night. The lawyer found him in the morning flying around the room in very bad temper.

NOBILITY STARVES.

An Austrian Baron Wanders Away to Die in Solitude.

Two hunters, John S. Gentle and Joseph Steutenberg, rode to Spokane the other day, writes a Spokane Falls (Wash.) correspondent, with the news of a ghastly discovery in the Moran mountains. The men were out hunting for pheasants and discovered in a dark canyon a human body half eaten by jackals and carrion birds. The skeleton, it is believed, is the mortal remnant of an Austrian nobleman. The particles of clothing found show that the dead man had been dressed stylishly. In a pocket were found a Catholic Bible and a letter, the superscription of which was deciphered by Sheriff Pugh. It reads: "Christian East, Belmer, U. S. A." This name is evidently an assumed one, for the younger Mr. Gentle had seen papers on the man marked "Baron von Strauss" not over five months ago. At that time Baron von Strauss, penniless and friendless, was about this country. He left Budapest Austria, two years ago with a portion of his patrimony. He came to America and went to Chicago. There he squandered some of his inheritance and then went to San Francisco, where he sadly depleted his pile. He wrote to Austria for money, but learned that his brother had misappropriated the family estate to himself and had gone to India. In utmost poverty the wanderer landed at Portland, and when he landed in Spokane he was penniless. His misfortune made him despondent, and he wandered out into the country for two or three weeks. He was seen in the vicinity of Gentle's ranch, six miles east of Spokane. He would apply to farm houses for a morsel of food and for shelter. The last day he was seen alive he called at Gentle's ranch and left an elegant but empty purse, saying that was the only relic of his former fortune, and that he was going into the mountains to starve. Little attention was paid to what he said. He walked off toward Moran mountain, and Sunday the finding of his body revealed his horrible fate.

GEESSE FOR BEDCLOTHES.

The Peculiar Hobby of a Floridian for the Swan's Half-Sister.

A singular character by name Jimmie Crowley, familiarly known, however, as "Old Jim Crow," resides on the outskirts of the town of Huntersville, Fla. He is the owner of a flock of geese, which are said to number over two thousand, and which are each and every one individually known to Crowley.

He calls them his children and spends his life herding and attending to them, and has a name for each of them and a bed in their midst, also eating with them. The old man inherited the land he lives on from his father about twenty years ago, and in consequence of an unfortunate love affair became a reclusive and a monomaniac on the subject of raising geese.

When one of his pets dies it is given burial by Crowley, who mourns it like a relative, and who proudly exhibits a miniature cemetery, fenced off and adorned with flowers, where lie the dead geese, each with a headstone of slate on which is written the date of its death, its name and a brief account of its virtues and events of its life.

Since his devotion to the geese began he had lived entirely on a small income he has, letting his farm, which includes one hundred and fifty acres, lie fallow, and uses it as a pasturage for his fowls.

At night they occupy the house with Crowley, sleeping in his arms, on his breast and all about him, for they appear to return his affection warmly. Whenever Crowley goes into town, which he does once a week to purchase provisions, he is attended always by one or more of his companions, and welcomed back by the rest with cooing and shrieks of joyful greeting.

## HAD IT DOWN FINE.

Where the Jewellery Still Shows High as a Mountain.

The sun had just broken over the tops of the Ozarks one warm morning in July, says the Chicago Herald. The mist that always settles thickly over these half-mountains with the night-fall was going to pieces and disappearing as the sun rose higher, leaving the green and dappled verdure heavy and wet with the dew. In a easy walk, on a log overhanging the wild little stream that dashed down from a gushing spring above, a native was seated, earnestly playing a jeweharp. He twanged the vibrant metal with his thumb, keeping time by splashing one of his bare feet in the clear water below. After ten minutes, during which time the sun had got high enough to shine straight into his eyes, he took the harp from his mouth and, wiping it on the leg of his trousers, continued:

"That 'er that don't nestl' 'er, what will!"

Before he had spoken another word a stranger stepped from behind a big tree and addressed him:

"That was the best tune I ever heard played on one of these instruments."

The mountaineer looked at the stranger a moment, and then, drawing himself up in a knot on the log, said:

"'Dye mean it, mister?"

"Mean it? Of course. Why do you ask?"

"It's lak this, mister. Yer see I hev been jist on the edge 'o' jinin' th' Simpson gal, over 'n th' hollow, for more'n a yar, an' when th' poppin' time come she up 'n' says she kaint hev'er less I kin play ther jeweharp. I bin practicin' hyar on this log for nigh a month now, I reckon, every day in th' mornin' fore sunup, an' I was thinkin' as I sot hyar, as if I didn't git th' harp 'o' it purty soon, it'd be good-by, Sa. But yer make me feel better, stranger, an' 'er yer round these parts nex' week I'll drop over on ther logs 'cross th' way an' yer kin be my best man."

As the stranger went on down the path the mountaineer struck up his tune again and played with a vim that was evidence that the stranger had been telling the truth.

Along with the fiddle, the jeweharp still ranks high as a musical instrument in the mountain regions of Arkansas and Missouri. A native who can't play the jeweharp is looked upon as having very poor prospects.

CHUNKY TOWLER.

Henry Waterston's Anecdotes of an Old-Time Kentucky Gambler.

It is related of Chunky Towler, says Henry Waterston in the Louisville Courier-Journal, that in 1833, grown weary of waiting for the coming of the latest intelligence from the National Democratic convention, then sitting in Baltimore, he retired to his bed. An hour or two after tidings of the nomination of Franklin Pierce arrived, and Samuel Bugg, Chunky's political guide, philosopher and friend—an earnest Democrat withal, and a gentleman of extensive knowledge—proceeded at once to awaken the sleeping sportsman. "And who in thunder is Franklin Pierce?" says Chunky. "Why," says Mr. Bugg, "Franklin Pierce is the son of General Benjamin Pierce of revolutionary fame. He was a distinguished Representative and Senator in Congress from New Hampshire; he was offered a seat in Mr. Polk's cabinet and declined it; and he fought gallantly in Mexico as the youngest and most brilliant of New England's Brigadiers!" "In that case," says Chunky, with decision, "I'll get up and dress." He did so, and came down to the City Hotel, in front of which a goodly company was enjoying the summer night in discussing the news. As Chunky approached a leading Whig exclaimed: "Here is Chunky Towler now, and I'll bet him one hundred dollars he never heard of Franklin Pierce in his life, and can't tell you he is, or where he's from."

Chunky paused a moment, gazed compassionately upon his interlocutor, and then, with an air of composure and authority, said: "Put up your pocketbook, Colonel. It ain't good sportin' rules to win on a certainty. Franklin Pierce, sir, is a son of General Benjamin Pierce, of revolutionary fame. He was a distinguished Representative and Senator from New Hampshire. He was offered a seat in Mr. Polk's Cabinet and declined it. And he served gallantly in Mexico as the youngest and most brilliant of New England's Brigadiers. He is the very man we wanted. I was for him from the first. Hurrah for Pierce!"

Justice and Mr. Olm.

Dan Rice, the old-time clown, is passing his summer in New York, and looks as young and fresh as a boy from school. He lectures some nowadays, and knows how to give an interesting talk, says the New York World. Occasionally he meets a venerable person who laughed at his jokes and grimaced nearly fifty years ago, and who recalls his grand old, educated horse Excelsior, over which Dan himself has shed many a tear. One day a United States Justice shook hands with him on the rear of a Broadway car. "Uncle Dan," said the justice, "you don't know me, and this is the first time in my life that I have ever spoken to you, but when I was a boy I crawled under your tent to see you, got caught by a canvasman, and had powdered resin sprinkled all over my hair." The justice and the ex-clown had a great laugh over the incident.

Compliment to His Dog.

A very delicate compliment was lately bestowed by a dog-lover upon the intelligence of his Skye terrier. The owner of the dog was sitting in his office, apparently alone, when an acquaintance entered. "Glad to find you, alone," said the visitor, "because I have a confidential communication to make to you, which no one else must hear." "Hold on a minute," said the other, checking him; and then he called out: "Here Spot!" A small terrier crawled out from under the table, wagging his tail. "Go out, Spot," said his master. The dog went out. "Now, then," said the owner, "you may go on with your confidential communication. We are alone."

## YE ANCIENT MILLER.

He Grinds and Saws in the Tenth Decade of His Life.

His Whole Life Spent on the Banks of South Elkhorn Creek, Ky., Where His Father Built a Flour and Saw-Mill—The Old Man's Career.

On the banks of the picturesque South Elkhorn creek, seven miles west of Lexington, Ky., there lives perhaps the oldest miller in active service in the United States. His name is Robert Ryman and for seventy-four years he has tended the saw and grist-mill that his father Jacob Ryman built there ninety-four years ago. A recent visit to this mill found the venerable owner in vigor. He is ninety-one years old, about five feet eight inches high, and will weigh 190 pounds; he is cleanly shaven; his eyes are deep blue and he uses no glasses; his hair is light brown in color and rather thin; he is slightly stooped, but by his lively manner one would not think him more than seventy years old. His head is about the medium size, and while not an ideal one would be considered physiologically as belonging to a man of more than usual intellect. His movements are quick, and in going up and down the steps of his mill he shows as much agility as a man of forty. He can handle a two-bushel sack of wheat or corn with apparent ease. His mill is a dilapidated, moss-covered frame structure, about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. It contains a set of burrs, bolting cloth, elevators, etc., for making flour, and another set for grinding corn-meal. It has three floors, the ceilings being extremely low. The wheel that sets the machinery in motion is eleven feet in diameter, and is what is known as a "breast" wheel, the water striking it just below the center.

On the north side of the grist-mill are the ruins of the saw-mill. The saw used was an upright and the process of cutting lumber with it was necessarily slow.

"My father, Jacob Ryman, came to Kentucky from Pennsylvania about 1796, and bought the old mill property here," said Robert Ryman. "There was a common 'tub' mill here and my father tore it down and rebuilt it with the house you see before you. That was three years before I was born. Father did a big business, both in grinding wheat and corn and in sawing lumber. When I was five years old father died and the mill was leased until I was seventeen years old. I then took charge of it. We had only the seventy-five acres father bought and we were poor. Emigration to Kentucky was then at its height, and I made considerable money by sawing lumber. Nearly all the older houses in this section were built with lumber sawed by me. I worked day and night for many winters, and was thus enabled to buy 150 acres of land adjoining our little farm. I then set to work to buy negroes to till the land, and before emancipation I owned six men and four women. I made money, but the negroes I found a luxury, and I am better off without them. I was too young to enlist in the war of 1812 and when the Mexican war came there were so many younger men anxious to go that I did not desert my mill. Of course I was too old to serve in the war of the rebellion, but I was a strong Southern sympathizer and was sorry to see the South lose the day. My only experience with the soldiers of the rebellion was in the horse line. A Confederate soldier left a worn-out horse on my farm and took my best saddle horse away with him. I fed his cast-off animal and just as I got him nice and fat a Federal soldier came along and pressed him into service. My mill was not disturbed by the soldiers, and I continued to make flour and meal all the time the war was going on. I have done so ever since. I grind corn for the neighbors now, and make the flour we use at home; besides, many of our neighbors like the flour this old mill grinds better than they do the bread-stuff that comes from these new-fangled roller-mills. My father used to ship his flour in barrels to New Orleans and all river towns. Here is the brand he used on the heads of the barrels. You will see it reads: 'J. Ryman, No. 106, Burr.' In those days 'burr' flour was scarce. Father paid \$500 for the first set of French burrs he put in and they were the envy of all the millers in this part of the State.

"I was married when twenty-six years old and my first wife presented me with three children. I am now living with my third wife, and have three children living. I have twenty-two grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren. I have had only one spell of sickness in my life; have used tobacco (chewing) since I was five years old. I have eaten breakfast every morning for the last eighty years at five o'clock, dinner at twelve and supper at six. I drink coffee for breakfast, milk for dinner and tea for supper. I have worked hard ever since I was twelve years old, and I do not think hard work ever killed a man or made one crazy. It is something else. I have always had the faculty of leaving my business behind me when my day's work was done. In this way I have been a good sleeper. Sleep is the only thing that will restore a tired man, and I think the young men who die so suddenly now do not die from overwork, but from the loss of sleep."

Pass Through a Sick Chicken.

At a farm in the district of Forest Hill, Eng., one of a brood of chickens was named. Unable to follow the hen in search of food it was soon half-starved. The chick was recently maimed, and next day was found lying with three kittens, the mother of which gave the fledgling every attention. Every day the cat has carried the bird in its mouth into the farm-yard, where it has obtained food, and as regularly conveyed it in the same manner back to it with the kittens. Through the care of puss the injured limb is growing stronger and the chicken is thriving. The conduct of the cat has been a matter of great interest to the inhabitants of the farm, who have carefully watched puss in all her proceedings.

## A SENSIBLE HEIRESS.

She Is Not Afraid of Work, Be It of Ever so Menial a Nature.

Florence Blythe, besides being a damsel of exceedingly novel ideas, bids fair to become, like Beautiful Bertha, a model for housewives," says the San Francisco Examiner.

Saturday afternoon she paid a visit to her mother, Mrs. Julia Ashcroft, who resides in a very modest flat. But Florence was not of the opinion that it was incumbent upon her to fold her hands and sit idle while her mother was busy, so the little heiress took a pan of soap-suds and a rag, such as an ordinary girl who is not an heiress to millions would use, and proceeded to scrub the back steps.

A representative of the Examiner who happened to be in the house next door recognized her, and, thinking it rather strange that "a maid so rich" should stoop to wash steps, accosted her. "Beg pardon," said the reporter, "but isn't washing the back steps rather an unusual proceeding for a girl who is negotiating for the purchase of such a mansion as Miramonte?"

She blushed slightly, then sat down and laughed heartily.

"Well, yes," she answered, "perhaps it is rather unusual. Indeed, I think it is a little too rare; at least among girls who haven't quite a million. It seems to me that if a good many girls would do just as I am they would be a good deal better in health, and it wouldn't hurt them a bit, either."

"Then you believe in housework?" the reporter asked.

"Indeed I do. I believe that every woman, be her income \$10 a month or \$10,000, ought to learn and practice all the household arts. Why, it ought to be one of the chief aims of an American girl's education to make a true housewife out of herself; don't you think so?"

The reporter expressed no opinion as to this subject, but asked in reply: "Do you intend washing the stairs at Miramonte, Miss Blythe?"

"I do if they need it, and I haven't any thing better to do at the time. This idea that hot suds and a rag are beneath a girl because she happens to be a little wealthier than her working sister does not suit me at all."

"But are you not afraid it will make your hands rough?"

"Not a bit of it," she answered sturdily; "and if it does it will be an honorable roughness. I would much rather my hands were turkey-red from respectable toll than lily-white from idleness."

A TRAINED TARANTULA.

The Strange Pet Educated by a Half-Breed Mexican Boy.

A half-breed boy of Mexican and Indian blood recently attracted much attention at Winslow, Ariz., by the performances of an educated tarantula he owns. He carries the big, formidable-looking insect in a large wooden box along about his neck, which, when exhibiting his pet, he places on the ground as a sort of stage.

At the command of its master the tarantula mounted a small ladder, rung a bell and performed a miniature trapeze. Then, to the trumpeting of a tambourine in the hands of the boy, it proceeded to revolve slowly about, as if waiting, and when it had finished saluted the crowd by lifting one leg three times.

After its performance was over it crawled to its master's shoulder, where it sat, occasionally running around his neck or down into his bosom. The boy says he tamed the spider when it was young, first by feeding it every day until it grew accustomed to him, then gradually taught it the tricks it knows.

He declares that it is much more intelligent than any dog, and very tractable, though uncompromising in its entirety to any one but himself. It is as large as a silver dollar when curled up, though its legs are two or three inches long.

The body is an ugly dull brown, covered with short, coarse black hair, which also covers the limbs, but is very sparse and bristly. The eyes are small and gleam like diamond points, while the mouth is furnished with slender, overlapping fangs.

The power of spring in these creatures is said to be something incredible, a leap of ten feet being no tremendous exertion. The boy, who owns the only one who has ever made friends with any other living creature, is from the Mogollon mountains, lying south of here six miles.

MINIATURE MESSAGE.

Journey of an Incribed Postage Stamp from Louisville to Pittsburgh.

Graham C. Richards, a well-known Scotch-Irishman, prominent during the late congress of his race, was a few days ago the recipient of one of the oddest epistles that probably ever passed through the United States mails, says the Pittsburgh Times. Mr. Richards lives on Watson street, near Tunnel, and is a clerk by vocation. During the Scotch-Irish congress he made many friends from localities far distant, and among these was Malcolm H. McKenzie, of Louisville, Ky.

These two gentlemen had many agreeable conversations, and in the course of one of these Mr. McKenzie offered to bet his Pittsburgh friend that a common postage stamp, properly directed, and without any envelope appended, could be sent through the mails to its destination. Mr. Richards accepted the bet, and as he more was said on the subject he forgot the whole transaction.

Thursday morning, however, the postman left with many grins what he called a "letter" for Mr. Richards. The "letter" was nothing more than a two-cent postage stamp. On the gummed side was written in tiny characters the address, "Graham C. Richards, Watson street, Pittsburgh, Pa." Below came the message: "All well. The bet is mine. McKenzie."

This extraordinary communication was hard to decipher, as some ruthless official had stamped a post-mark clear over the message.

A more extended letter was subsequently received by Mr. Richards from the enterprising Louisvillian, telling him to devote the money pending on the bet to the interests of the Scotch-Irish association.

## HOTELS.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, Main street.

BODE.....CAL.

N. W. HOYD,.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its departments.

The Table Cannot Be Exceeded.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS, Being Heated and Kept scrupulously Clean.

Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS.

(25 miles from Sonora and 30 from Bodie), MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STREAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.

Commodious Stabling. 3-18-94

BARNETT'S HOTEL, COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Antelope Wagon Road, 20 miles from Carson City and 61 from Bodie.

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best of the market.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Shooting and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. 3-11

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal.

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. 3-11-94

W. H. VIRDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.

Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada.

Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty.

Office—Opposite the Leavitt House. 3-11-94

W. O. PARKER, F. W. BENNETT,

BRIDGEPORT, CAL. BROCKTON, CAL.

BENNETT & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. 3-18-94

FRANK P. WILLARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Special Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty. 47-2m

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Office—Court House. 3-18-94

MISCELLANEOUS

PIONEER SALOON,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon.

3-11-94 F. M. RICHARDSON.