# THE MINER'S PARTNER

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

On a morning only a couple of days after the opening of our story, the sun had not yet risen high enough to strike the plains, which stretched as far as the eye could reach; but the mountains were all bright with its rays, from their peaks down almost to the "foothills," which, tolerable eminences in themselves, projected like so many capes out on the level ground, when a man came to the opening of a tent and looked out. Although he gazed across the rugged intervening ground and out upon the plain, and although sunrise in Colorado is worth seeing from a position of vantage, yet it was evident that it was from no appreciation of the scenery that the man stood there. From the spot, an irregular line of tents and huts—or "shanties"—led to the centre of Flume City; while the trenches cut in all directions, and the odd implements and vessels lying about, gave ample evidence that this was a mining camp, or town.

The man was dressed in buckskin—as were many others, who by this time began to show themselves—was tall and dark; of an eager, not to say cunning aspect; while from beneath his shapeless hat, his long hair hung straight and untidy. This description might serve for nine-tenths of the denizens of the camp, whether of high or low degree; but there was something in the aspect of this miner which would have prevented any expert from classing him with the lowest and coarsest of his calling. He was evidently deep in thought, and his meditation found support in a fashion very common in the United States—he drew a cake of tobacco from his pocket, and bit off a corner, as though it had been a biscuit; then, chewing vigorously, he remained with his absorbed gaze apparently fixed on the distant plains.

Presently the canvas of the tent was pushed aside, and another man came out. The second man was somewhat shorter than the first, although yet a tolerably tall man. He was fairer, as could be seen in spite of his sunburnt and weather-beaten countenance. His beard was brown, and was longer and fuller than the first comer's; and he was altogether of a thicker, stronger build. These brief descriptions will serve to introduce the two partners Rube Steele and Ben, whose jarring took up so much time at the miner's convention two or three nights before, and whose relation to the whole camp had grown to be of the most unfriendly character.

"How long have you been cooling yourself here?" asked the second man, who was of course Ben; "and why did you not wake me up?"

"Reckon I have not been here six minutes," replied the other, taking no notice of the second query. "I expect we had better see now about fixing the breakfast."

"You might have done something, instead of loafing around," muttered Ben, who was clearly in no pleasant mood, although his features bespoke him a frank, good-tempered fellow enough. "Here! I will light the fire."

In a few minutes the fire was blazing, the kettle on, and the men, who had scarcely interchanged another word, were seated, waiting for the water to boil.

"Now, Rube," suddenly exclaimed Ben, "you know this is my last day here; I mean clearing out; so this is our time to have a settlement. If we don't fix things straight now, we shall not fix them at all."

"They are fixed, ain't they?" retorted Rube. "You have done considerable as you please; so, if you don't like the position, I can't help it."

"You shift too much in your argument, you do," continued Ben. "But say now, right away, do you mean to pay me those fifteen hundred dollars or not?"

"You air unreasonable altogether," returned Rube. "Why should I pay fifteen hundred dollars, because a man who robbed us both has gone off with twice as much?"

"Don't tell me about robbing us both—you can't fool me like that!" angrily exclaimed the other. "I never could trust the man with dust—you knew it—although he was your friend, and you could not say enough in his favor. It was through you he hung around here; and even if you did not get your half from him, with a big profit, you are bound in honor to pay me my share."

Rube's eyes assumed for a moment a very ugly and dangerous look, as his comrade spoke. "Seems to me, pardner Ben," he said, "that you are gone wrong altogether in this connection. Two or three citizens saw the order, and thought it was in your writing; so did I. Then where does the blame come in? Fix it how you like, it was only a mistake, not a fault. And as to my having shared the plunder with this stranger——"

"I can't say you did for certain, of course," interrupted Ben. "But you have been out of camp till midnight ever since, and where have you been all the time? Anyhow, I am fifteen hundred dollars short; that is a sure thing, and I want it made up. And what do you mean to do about it?"

The altercation seemed likely to grow into a violent quarrel; but one or two miners from the neighboring huts came in on matters of business, and the dispute died out leaving, however, to judge from the countenances of the principals, no great amount of good-will on either side. It was evident from the conversation of these visitors, that as Ben was about to leave the camp, and as the partnership which had existed between himself and Rube would of necessity cease, they had resolved to sell their equipment of tools, mining "fixings," and tent furniture, all all of which were known to be very complete. This was what drew the miners to the tent; and among the visitors, there was a general understanding that the partners were not separating on good terms; indeed, most of those who came showed, by their addressing themselves almost exclusively to one or the other, a partnership in the matter. Various bargains were struck by either partner; but whatever was done by Ben invariably produced unfavorable comment from Rube; while Ben did not attempt to conceal his dislike of nearly all transactions managed by his partner.

So the day wore on, with no increase of good-will in the tent; and the interchange of conversation grew less and less, while it became more irritating in its tone. Had the men remained together all day, a quarrel must certainly have arisen; but this was not the case, one or other being absent from the tent for the greater part of the time.

It was while Rube was absent towards the close of the afternoon, that a miner drew near to the tent, and from the repeated glances he threw around him, and the deliberate manner in which he approached, he seemed to be on his guard against some danger. At last when he was very close to the tent, Ben came to the opening, and being busied in arranging some of the household gear which he was removing from the interior, would not have noticed this new-comer, but that the latter, in a lower voice than appeared to be requisite, exclaimed: "Ben! hist! Are you alone, Ben?"

Ben looked up, and apparently recognised the man, for he smiled as he replied: "Yes, Absalom, I am alone; and quite at you service, if you want me upon any business."

The stranger was a little spare man, with a sufficiently comical cast of features; yet he did not respond to Ben's smile, but with a very grave smile came closer.

"Why, Absalom!" exclaimed Ben with a grin of amusement spreading over his face, as he noticed the old man's gravity, "what is the matter now? Been playing at 'monte' again, I suppose?"

This allusion to the gambling weakness which was known to be a feature in poor Absolom's character, also failed to diminish the serious cast of the little man's countenance.

"Let us go into the tent and talk," said the stranger, still without any responsive smile on his lips; and as, with the freedom of camp-life, he led the way, Ben followed him, wondering and smiling still at Absalom's important air.

"Now, then, Ab," he continued, "what is it? Let us have your news first; then we will take a drink."

"Do you know that Bill Dobell is in camp?" asked Absalom, putting more mystery and importance into his manner than before.

"No; I guess I did not know it," replied Ben. "If so, he had better clear out soon: or before I go, I will leave a message that will send a dozen of the boys after him, and will teach him that the Vigilantes are not dead yet."

"It will be too late," said the other,—"Now tell me, Ben, has not Indian Peter offered to buy the mules and waggon that you have in Fandango Gulch? And are you not to meet him there at sundown to settle the trade?"

"Certainly," replied Ben, still wondering, but with much less disposition to smile. The little man's earnestness had impressed him, and he, moreover, began to regard the conjunction of names as ominous.

"Well, then, Ben," continued Absalom, glancing nervously around him and dropping his voice to a whisper, "it is all a planned thing with Rube, you pardner, and these other two. You will go to Fandango Gulch; but you will never leave it alive! Bill Dobell is to have five hundred dollars in gold dust for shooting you; and Indian Peter is to have something for trapping you down there."

"And Rube?" asked Ben, in a voice which told how far he was from doubting this strange story.

"Wal, Rube of course is to be the paymaster. He says you have a sight of plunder in—in those two valises," said Absalom, pointing to a couple of old but strong travelling bags in a corner of the tent. "You know best if he is right."

"How do you know all this?" demanded Ben sternly.

"I have been having drinks with the boys at Rattlesnake Claim," returned Absalom, "and so have not gone to my own shanty lately. You know that is a long way outside the city. Two nights ago, I slept at Big Donald's. Last night, I felt real bad, and so I got into Indian Peter's shanty. I thought he had left the camp for a day or two, so I crept under some buffalo robes to have some sleep. I war woke by some men talking, and I was about to crawl out, when I recognized Bill Dobell's voice; and you know he has threatened to shoot me on sight, for telling how he broke the stamp-mill. So I laidlow, and heard Rube settle with them other two. Of course I made up my mind to tell you, and have been hanging around here all day to get a chance of seeing you by yourself. And it is my belief, Ben, that Rube met California Jones on the night that scallawag went off with your gold-dust."

"I feel considerable certain he did," returned Ben; "and I have told Rube as much."

"I saw Rube meet a man at the Big Leaf Rock, in the canon," continued Absalom. "I knew the man somewhere, but could not remember him at the time, and I only saw his back. He had a dog with him too, which was a good deal on the growl, so I daren't go nigh." And here Absalom detailed the adventure with which the reader has been made acquainted.

"Bill Dobell in camp! Rube in league with him and Indian Peter! and California Jones hanging about the canon!" exclaimed Ben. "Then my first suspicion was right, and Rube *did* send some men into the canon to shoot me? I thought he was a long time getting his posse together; and a pretty collection they were! He had plenty of time to send his desperadoes on first, and they were Dobell and Indian Peter, you bet."

"I think it's very likely," returned Absalom; "for Rube is a bad man; and if he ever knows what I have told you today, he will mark me."

"All right, Absalom. The span of mules and the waggon in Fandango Gulch are yours; you can fetch them in the morning. I reckon Rube won't interfere with you then," said Ben, "It is near sundown now; so do you clear out, and send Van Boldvert from Pennsylvania Claim up here, and the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. Go quickly."

The little miner vanished; and Ben waited until the arrival of the men whom he had summoned, casting many a glance meanwhile in the direction from which his treacherous partner should appear.

Looking out westward across the plains the broad red disc of the sun was seen just touching the horizon, and everything bathed in his last rays were golden, yet not dazzlingly bright. A peculiar softness and repose was in the light of the setting orb. It was almost the time at which he was to keep his appointment; so, when the men arrived, wondering at the urgent summons delivered, he hastily told them the gist of the information he had received, and suggested that some steps should be taken to get rid of Bill Dobell, who was acknowledged to be the most desperate ruffian of all who infested the mines.

Van Boldvert, who, with all the phlegm and external apathy of the genuine Pennsylvanian Dutchmen, had their quiet resolution too, said a few words indicative of the treatment he intended to adopt—a process which boded no good either to Dobell or his accomplice Indian Peter.

"And how about Rube?" said one of the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. "What is to be done with him? It seems to me that he is the worst of the lot; and if there is to be any stringing up, why, string him up first, *I* say."

"You see how it is," responded the Dutchman. "Rube is de vorst; dere is not no doubt ayout dat; but he has had a good character as yet, and so far as the miners knows, it is his first offence. So ve shall shust varn him off and if he comes more closer nor sixty miles to dese diggings, ve shtrings him up. But dese oders—vell, dey are shust the two vorse men ve ever had here, and ve settles dem anyhow."

As it was Ben's own case, it was thought better that the Vigilantes should work without him. Had they decided otherwise, not his intended departure or anything else would have been allowed to stand in the way; on forfeit of his own life, he must have accompanied them.

The visitors disappeared; and so short a time had the conference occupied, that the last rays of the sun still brightened the evening clouds, when Ben saw, from the door of his tent, fourteen or fifteen men leave the city, and stealthily and in several parties take the line which he well knew would lead them to Fandango Gulch, where the treacherous ambush was to have been set for him.

Taking with him the two valises to which Absalom had made so startling a reference, Ben strode across to a hut mean-looking enough, but which was somewhat larger than common, and which was dignified by the words "Bank Post-office, Mail Depot," being inscribed on boards as large as the front and sides of the building would conveniently hold. Having deposited his luggage with the clerk, he was about to return to his own tent, when he muttered: "I will have a last look at the old place;" then turning at once into one of the numerous ravines which ran close up to the town, he was speedily at the foot of the low hills; and a few score yards, easily threaded by him amid the intricacies of trenches, mounds, and pools, brought him to the scene of his last speculations.

The moon was rising. It is hardly possible to say so much without adding that it had risen, as the full moon, of a size and splendor not seen in northern climates, would rise there completely in five minutes; while its light, although softer and less penetrating than it would be when the disc was high in the heavens, was enough to render even the smallest objects visible.

"I guess there is a deal more metal in this placer than has ever come out," half-murmured Ben, as he looked at the spot; "and I am leaving a good thing. But it is all for the best. I have realized more dollars than I shall ever spend, and I am not so young as I was; and some of the people here are getting a little tired of me. That p'isonous Rube was the first, maybe; but he would not be the last, if I stayed here, to try how thin my skin is. And I remember that mor'n a month ago, a bullet was sent through my hair by accident. There would be another such accident soon, I reckon, and as before, no one could guess whose bullet it might be. Wal, this is the last time I shall take a survey of this or any other mine. The water is high to-night." He turned, as he spoke, to look at the pool by which he was standing; but as he did so, he suddenly ceased his speech, and instinctively recoiled.

The pool was a little below where he stood—only some two or three feet; but a kind of beach or margin lay between him and the water; and as he turned round, the figure of a man, coming from behind amound of earth, which lay on this margin like a small cliff, emerged into the full moonlight. The start and broken exclamation of Ben were repeated by the other.

"Wal, is that Ben?" exclaimed the voice of Rube. "Why, hadn't you got to meet Indian Peter at the Gulch, to settle about them mules?"

"Yes," returned Ben briefly; "I had."

"Ha! you have not been, I estimate," continued Rube. "Is the trade off?"

"I have sent some friends to transact my share of the business for me," said Ben; and either the ambiguous character of the reply, or its tone, roused Rube's suspicions; for he glanced quickly up at the speaker, with the same cunning, dangerous look which his face had worn earlier in the day.

"I see there's a great many handles and broken tools about here, Ben," he said, changing the subject. "Before I take another pardner, I shall have a clearing-up."

"I think it's very likely," said Bedrily, and his tone again caused the quick, dangerous look to come on Rube's face. The latter had by this time approached almost to where Ben stood, and he turned to look, as it seemed, across the pool and out over the deserted diggings, to the rising moon; but as he did so, with an almost imperceptible move he brought his revolver further to the front. To any but a practised eye, the movement would have been entirely concealed; but Ben saw it, and knew its meaning.

"Air you going to Fandango Gulch, Ben?" asked Rube, turning again to his ex-partner. "I reckon Peter will be considerably riled if you don't."!

"As you say there's a sight of useful things lying about here," returned Ben, stooping, and looking at some of the broken implements; "and I had no idea we had left so much. Indian Peter won't miss me."

"Ain't you going to meet him, then, and why?" demanded Rube, with another sinister glance upward, and another slight hitch forward of his scabbard—as revolver holsters are usually termed in the west.

"Because Indian Peter is in the hands of the Vigilantes by this time, you traitor and hound!" burst forth Ben, his mothered passion appearing to over come him. "So is Bill Dobell; and so——"

His sentence was never finished, for both men dashed savagely at each other at the same moment. Rube, when he heard the words which told him that his plot was discovered and defeated, with a bitter oath jerked his pistol from its scabbard, cocked, and fired; but though he did it almost instantaneously, the hawk-eye of Ben was too quick for him, and, so the aim, which must have been deadly so close were they together, was balked by a powerful stroke with the handle of a pick, which Ben had secured under the feint of examining the refuse implements. As Rube levelled his pistol, Ben dealt him a desperate blow on the back of the head. The weapon exploded harmlessly in the air; and Rube, with a single groan, stumbled forward and fell senseless and motionless on his face.

He lay on the margin or beach described as being between the elevated ledge and the pool; and there was something in the helpless, inanimate figure which convinced Ben that his stroke had taken deadly effect.

"I believe he is dead," he said, after a pause, during which he grasped his club in readiness for another blow. "I was sorry I had left my six-shooter behind, when I saw what he was after; but this has done as well. Let me make sure."

He lifted up the prostrate man's arm; and when he released it, it fell heavily and clod like, just as it was dropped. He turned the body half round and placed his hand over the heart, but could find no pulsation.

"The Vigilantes have been saved some trouble, either now or at another time, anyhow," he continued. "I hope they have caught Indian Peter and Bill Dobell, and then the camp has got quit of the three worst characters in it. I shall say nothing about this before I clear out. I have so many dollars in my satchels, that a very little would serve as an excuse to Rube's friends for lynching me."

Acting on this determination, he quietly returned to the camp, or city, where he soon learned that justice had overtaken Bill Dobell and Indian Peter. In further confirmation, the driver of the mail, as he drove from the town, some hours later in the night, showed him, as an object of interest, two figures pendent from the boughs of a solitary tree some hundred and and fifty yards from the roadside, which tree had, it appeared, often served such a purpose before.

The driver, having come on from a distant station with the coach, was not so well acquainted with the antecedent particulars of this demonstration of justice, as was the passenger who sat by his side on the box; nor did he know the latter's interest in the matter.

(TO BE CONTINUED].

## A BROOKLYN TRAGEDY.

**An Unfaithful Husband Summoned to the Bedside of His Dying Wife.**

A pathetic scene that had in it a touch of tragic interest was enacted recently in the top room of a squalid apartment at No. 84 Bergen street, Brooklyn. On a mattress in one corner lay a young woman in the last stages of consumption. And from her side came occasionally the fretful cry of a baby only a few months old. Two stalwart police officers in plain olothes stood near the door, and a few feet away, stretched at full length on the floor, was the form of a large, well-dressed man who had just fainted away.

The man was Joseph Dunlap, superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific teastore, on Court street. The dying woman was his wife, whom he had deserted less than a year ago. Without friends or money at the time of the desertion, she soon fell into a state of abject poverty. Exposure and want told upon a naturally delicate system, and when her child was born three months ago, it was evident the mother would not live long. Dunlap, after deserting his wife, represented himself as a single man. He formed the acquaintance of a Miss Addie Hart, the daughter of a Sandy hook pilot, and, after a brief courtship, they were married. Several days ago Miss Hart discovered that Dunlap had another wife living. The facts were communicated to the police, and Dunlap was arrested on a charge of bigamy. His first wife was dying, and he comforted himself with the thought that her death would remove the only means of proving his crime. To prevent any miscarriage of justice from this source, the district attorney yesterday caused Dunlap to be taken to the bedside of his dying wife.

At the sight of the woman whom he had once cherished, and whom he had so deeply wronged, lying at the point of death on a bed that was little more than a bundle of rags, remorse seemed to seize the faithless husband, and he fainted away. It was fully fifteen minutes before he could be restored to consciousness. He begged and implored his wife to forgive him, but she scorned his protestations of sorrow and subscribed to an affidavit drawn by Asst. Dist. Atty, Clark, who was present, setting forth the facts of her marriage with Dunlap and furnishing all the necessary proof as to his identification. Dunlap, when being taken away, desired to bid his wife an affectionate farewell, but she looked at him coldly, and, with an effort, turned her wasted form until his face was shut out from view.

According to the police officers, the woman was not mistaken in her estimation of the man. His fainting fit is thought to have been real, for the sight of his dying wife unmanned him, but after he left her presence his cheerfulness was speedily restored.—*New York World.*

## Acid in Wine.

The syndicate of the Bordeaux wine merchants has fought in the various law courts of France to maintain the right to preserving wine by the aid of salicylic acid. Though the consulting committee of hygiene for France has condemned this practice, the wine merchants' syndicate has been bold enough to petition the French chambers on the subject. The tribunals have convicted and sentenced several persons proved guilty of introducing salicylic acid in wine; but the court of appeal of Bordeau, yielding to local influences, sanctioned the practice. The matter was therefore referred for final decision, to the court de cassation at Paris, and the sentence pronounced laid down the principle that, though salicylic acid when used in certain proportions was not likely to injure any alimentary substance, nevertheless the sale of any wine or food containing even the smallest quantity of this acid must be rigorously forbidden. The reason for this very necessary, injunction is easily understood. Wine especially, changes hands so frequently that it would be impossible to check the amount of salicylic acid introduced if the use of any quantity whatsoever was allowed. The ravages caused by phylloxera have rendered the admixture of Spanish and Italian wines with the French wines a matter of absolute necessity. But the former wines contain so large a proportion of sugar that when they reach the consumer and are exposed to the heat of apartments, etc., a second fermentation is likely to set in. To prevent this, antiseptics, and especially salicylic acid, have been used in such large quanties that Dr. Brouardel detected as much as one grame in a liter of wine.

## FUN FOR THE BOYS.

Schoolmasters should be entitled to rank among the ruling classes.

The modern dandy can truthfully exclaim: "I haven't the least idea!"

A Connecticut man has invented a paper carpet. Of course it will be read.

The wine cup is the father of sin; and the whiskey jug is the step father.

The milk of human kindness, like the quality of mercy, should never be strained.

Lambkin says the only sure preventive against Western rivers rising would be for him to own a few shares in 'em.

A lot of steel wire spring beds have been shipped to New Zealand. The natives are tired of frying missionaries on forked sticks.

A French dramatist makes one of his characters in a recent play declare that he is "holding up the trowsers of despair with the braces of hope."

When a hen gets on her nest for a short time she "lays," but when she retires for a couple of weeks she "sets." A hen is nothing if not ungrammatical.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some write 12,876,547,821,000 words on a postal card, and grasp fame right by the back of the neck.

Landlady—It's singular but true, Mr. Crossgrain, that all my boarders remain with me. New Boarder (at first meal)—Too weak to leave I guess after the first week.

A thieving young Pittsburg dentist has eloped with a daughter of a Philadelphia nabob, and all the laughing-gas ever used by the new son-in-law wouldn't create the ghost of a smile on the old gentleman's countenance.

The fellowing advertisement appeared in a Wisconsin paper: "Wanted—A medium-sized house for man and wife as near new as possible." This is a delicate way of informing the public that this couple haven't been married long.

## JUST FOR FUN.

**A Shocking Tragedy in Mexico—An Arab Lassooed and Dragged to Death, and His Skull Crushed with Stones.**

A telegram from Rinconada, Mex., says: A fearful murder was committed here on a recent afternoon about 3 o'clock. Two Arabs or Turks, who were selling beads in Monterey, passed this station about 1 o'clock, and seemed to be heading for Saltillo. About 4 o'clock Section Foreman Oxford was surprised by seeing a strange-looking object coming up the track at the top of his speed. As soon as he got to where the men were working he fell, and did not have strength enough to get up. The men gave him some water and in a few minutes he was able to speak, but could not speak enough Spanish to explain himself, so he took to motioning, and finally made the laborers understand that he and his brother were walking up the track, and when they had gotten a little past the water-tank were stopped by two mounted men, who lassooed them both. One of the Arabs threw his hands up and warded off the lariat and started up the track at the top of his speed, and escaped. The other was not so fortunate, and was dragged to a bank about fifty feet deep, and then the horsemen pounded in his head with rocks. In this state the section foreman found him, and immediately informed the "Juez" in Rinconada. It is not known whether he was robbed or not. This occurred about four kilometers from Rinconada.

Next morning the murderers were captured and proved to be two boys of 17 and 18 years, respectively. It seems that the Turks or Arabs, or whatever they were, were walking up the track and were met by two boys on horseback, and were asked: "Para donde vau, senores?" "Satillo," they answered. "Nosotros tambien, vamonos, juntos," responded the horsemen. They then started on—the Arabs on the track and the Mexicans below in the bed of the river. The Mexicans dropped behind a short distance, and Antonio, the younger, remarked: "See me kill one of those 'cabrones' with my lasso." Juan, the other, then took his lasso and they both threw at the unsuspecting Arabs. Antonio's lariat caught the elder of the Arabs around the neck, while that of Juan settled around the shoulders of the other, who raised his arms and threw the rope off at the same time, and started up the track as fast as his legs would carry him. His brother, however, was not so fortunate, and was dragged down a bank about one hundred feet, and then the unfeeling brutes smashed in his head with stones. They then took off his coat and carried it a short distance, but found nothing worth taking. Returning to the body, they took $50 from it, that being all the money their victim had. They then started up the road and met a shepherd boy, about 12 years old, and, under a threat of death, compelled him to drive his flock of goats and sheep over the place where the man was killed in order to destroy all traces of the affair. Then they threatened to kill the boy if he attempted to give them away, and returned to their homes. In the meantime the other Arab had arrived to where the section men were working and explained to them the best he could what had happened. The section foreman left his work and came down the track until the Arab told them to stop, and began hunting for the body of the unfortunate victim, which they found without much trouble. Leaving a man to watch the body, they came down and informed the judge what had happened, and he immediately sent out searchers for the "malhechores." This morning early they brought the body down to the ranch, and left it at the house of the judge. A little while afterward the surviving Arab was looking out of the door of the jail and saw a horse, which he immediatel, recognized. The owner of the horse and his cousin were brought over to the "calaboza" with three other prisoners, and the poor Arab immediately pointed them out. The boys then confessed, and said they "did it in fun." They and the body were taken along with the other Arab to Garcia, where the boys will be tried. The murderers were, as stated, boys of 17 and 18 years, named Antonio and Juan Carbajal, first cousins, and nephews of the judge of the two ranches of Rinconada, Victor Carbajal. Trouble is expected between the brothers of the boys and the sectionmen. Perhaps it is only imaginary, but then it is always well to be on the safe side. The boys do not seem to feel any remorse for the act, but when arrested were laughing ans talking together. When they left the ranch one of them offered the other a cigarette, and then turning to his uncle, the judge, said: "Mira como mato lod rancheros en el canon," and then laughed as hard as though he had said something very funny. The money has been recovered, as the murderers buried it after they came home. They had no need of the money, as their parents are rich as riches go with the ranchmen. It is thought that the mother of Antonio will die, as she has had three fits since the boys were arrested.

### Took Care of the Horse.

Passenger—How long have you been employed on the street-cars?

Driver—Fifteen year—barrin' whin I was sick.

Passenger—You must be a great favorite with the company?

Driver—Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye see that owld gray mare I'm dhrivin'? Well we both fell sick at wanst last winter. They sint fur a docther for the horse, and they sint me me resignation.

A bucking horse is frequently the power behind the throne.

Where we disavow being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain.

When a man's looks speak volumes, the best thing he can do is to sell them for old junk.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same Stomach, one of them has got to go, and it isn't the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine, n large bottles at 50 cents.

A four-year-old boy at Felicity, O., is the sensation in that town, as he can or is alleged to be able to read books and papers at sight, though he was never instructed.

If you have a faded cloak or mantle make it new by using a package of the Triangle Dyes. All the popular colors. Always certain. 10c.

A new ladies' club has been started in London, close to Piccadilly. The Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Elizabeth Cust, Lady Mary Harvey, and Lady Knightley are on the council.

**A Single Trial**

Is all that is needed to prove Polson's NERVILINE is the most rapid and certain remedy for pain in the world. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold at all dealers in medicines. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

There comes a time when men feel that they are born into a new earth, under a new heaven. They see God's presence as they did not before; they behold the sublimity of duty; they feel themselves heirs of immortality; they long to make the earth better than it is; they rejoice with exceeding great joy in the privilege of being co-workers with God. Then they can say, yes, we are indeed born again.

Every one speaks highly of Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this spring as a blood purifier.

Every man has the power to press on through mercies and judgments, entreaties and warnings, in an evil course. "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life," said our Saviour. So there must come a time when God makes His last appeal, and who knows how soon it may come?

**The Truth and Nothing Else.**

Nowadays people want proof. Humbugs are more plentiful than dollars, and it is only by the greatest care that many are kept at conviction point that they are not fools. Proof is wanted, and that we can supply in connection with the claims of *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* as a sure, safe, and painless remedy for corns. Ask any druggist what he thinks of it. Ask any person who has used it. This will give you all the proof you want. Then buy a bottle, test it, and become a missionary for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

The census returns for 1883 give the population of Berlin as 1,226,392 of whom 20,587 are soldiers. In 1850 the population was only 419,720, of whom 17,547 were soldiers.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system; he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

A.P 176

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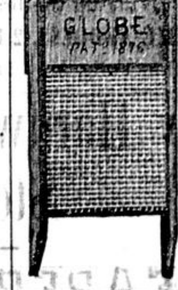

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