

# IDAHO WORLD.

## "RAISING THE DEVIL."

It was a dark and tempestuous night, a night to fill the soul with fright; the thunders pealed, the lightnings flashed, the wild beasts squealed and the elements clashed, while the rain from above in torrents dashed, when a poor preacher of the gospel wended his way through the dismal intricacies of a western forest many years ago.

The poor man felt anything but comfortable, for he was wet through to the skin, and almost tired to death. He had been tramping about since morning, besides he had lost his way, so that the reader can guess the state of mind he was in, and also appreciate the sudden transition from despair to hope which he experienced on seeing the glimmer of a light ahead. He quickened his flagging footsteps and soon came up to the light, which issued from the only window of a solitary log cabin in the forest.

Remembering the scriptural injunction, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," he did so; but without meeting with any response. He rapped again, louder than before, and this time a gruff female asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's I," was the indefinite reply of our rainsoaked parson.

"Well, who are you and what do you want?" asked the voice, gruffer than before.

"A poor, benighted preacher of the gospel who has lost his way, and who wishes to stay here to-night," answered the parson, in a dolorous voice.

"Well, stay there—I don't see what's to hinder you."

"But I am almost starved, and I will pay you liberally for some supper," he responded chattering with cold and not in the least appreciating the joke.

The words "liberally pay" acted like open sesame, and after a few moments of delay, occasioned by the unfastening of the door, it was opened and our pastor entered.

He found himself in a rough apartment with a large fireplace at one end, on which a great log fire was blazing; a rough deal table and three chairs, besides a box filled with dry flax, comprised its furniture.

But all minor deficiencies seemed to be more than made up by the lady of the house, for she was fully six feet in height and weighed nigh unto three hundred pounds.

After having placed some food on the table she turned to the parson, who stood shivering before the fire, making futile attempts to dry himself by alternately turning one side, then the other, to the fire.

"Now I want you to eat this grub as quick as you know how, and then tramp, for it's perfectly impossible for me to keep you here over night?"

"But, my good woman," said the parson, anxiously, "I shall perish in this inclement weather; I have been wandering in this fearful storm since morning, and if you will have any passion or pity at all you will try and give me some place where I can be sheltered from this storm for the night," and he offered her a five-dollar bill.

"Well," said the woman, avariciously clutching the money, "if you think you can stay in the garret, maybe you can stay; but hurry up, for I expect my husband home every minute, and it's as much as your life is worth if he should find you here, for he's a very devil incarnate, and would think no more of murdering you than he would of shooting a grizzly!"

The woman produced a short ladder as she spoke and bade the parson to get up in the garret.

There was a small "drop" or trap-door in the ceiling, which raised of its own accord on the parson's head pressing it upward, and not without some difficulty he managed to squeeze himself through the aperture.

After he was up, the woman told him to shut the trap and not to make any noise for his life, and then taking the ladder away, the parson was left to his own reflections.

Wet and uncomfortable as he was, his fatigue was such that he had almost fallen asleep, when he was disturbed by some one's knocking at the door.

Being somewhat curious to know what sort of a man his unknown host was, he arose and peered through a small crack in the floor into the room beneath.

He saw the woman open the door cautiously, and after admitting a short, thick-set man in a heavy cloak, lock it again.

From the mysterious actions and whisperings that ensued, our parson rightly concluded that the person who had just entered was not the woman's husband but her paramour, who had taken advantage of the husband's ab-

sence to pay the woman a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for a while the woman went to a cupboard and produced a bottle of whisky and a plate of ham and bread, which she sat on the table, and the twain were soon engaged in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the guilty couple there came a thundering knock at the door, which caused them both to jump, to their feet in the greatest consternation. Without a moment's loss of time, the woman ran to the box of flax and emptied its contents upon the floor; she then bade the man, who was almost scared to death, to get into the box, which he was only too glad to do, and when he was in she rapidly covered him up with the flax. The woman then ran to the door and unbolted it, all the while rubbing her eyes as if just awakened out of her sleep.

"Why the devil don't you let a feller stand outside all night!" exclaimed the new-comer, a tall, powerful, villainous looking man, clad in a hunter's garb, as he dealt her a ringing box on the ear.

"I was asleep and didn't hear you before!" whimpered the woman. "And don't, for God's sake, curse so much, for there's a Methodist minister up in the garret."

"Who cares for the Methodist minister I'd like to know? But I'll soon have him out of this hole! Here, you old canting hypocrite, come out of this and show yourself, or I'll make you!" he exclaimed with many imprecations, as he set the ladder before the trapdoor.

The poor parson, almost dead with fright, slowly descended the ladder, looking as white as a ghost, for, from the ruffian's manner, he expected that he would be a ghost shortly.

"Don't hurt the poor man! See how sickly he looks!" exclaimed the woman, pitying the poor parson's distress.

"You shut up, and mind your business, or it'll be the worse for you," was the gracious reply of her lord; then turning to the trembling parson, he asked:

"Are you a Methodist minister, and do you believe in hell and the devil?"

The parson replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, by the eternal, I don't! and if you believe in the devil you'll either make it appear, or I'll cut your lying throat and make you appear before him!" and he drew his bow-knife in a threatening manner.

The poor preacher was in anything but an enviable situation, and thoughts of the other world began to fill his mind with anxious forebodings; for it is a remarkable fact that however much clergymen preach and talk of the joys and bliss of the future world, they prefer to have others go and enjoy it.

This may be self abnegation or pure unselfishness—Heaven knows!

"Are you most ready?" asked the ruffian, raising his knife as he saw how the other hesitated. "I'll give you just three minutes, and if the devil is not here you'll be with the devil!"

"My friend," said the parson, into whose head a brilliant idea had popped, "that there is a hell is a well established fact, as I can prove by hundreds of writers, and that the devil exists allows of no contradiction; and that I have the power to make him appear is also true; but dreadful for you will be the consequence if he does! Better for you had you never been born than to see Satan face to face in the wicked state in which you are in!"

"D—n you, stop your preaching and call the old boy! I'll stand the consequences; and be quick about it, for time's up."

The parson went to the fire-place and took thence a burning brand, which he applied to the bunch of flax. It blazed up almost like gunpowder, and the earthy yell that issued from the poor devil in the box was truly appalling.

With an acrobatic power of the possession of which he was himself unaware, he leaped out of the box, covered from head to foot with burning flax.—With roars and howls of agony he made straight for the door, but he was not so quick as the owner of the premises, for with one look of terror at the burning figure he fled out of the house, closely followed by his "Satanic majesty."

When they were both gone the parson gave his hostess a short but effective lecture on connubial duties, after which he seated himself comfortably before the fire.

When the woman's husband returned he treated the parson with the greatest respect, fully convinced that he had the power to raise the devil at will.

When you see a young lady making a fuss over a widower's children, make up your mind that if she don't soon have the right to spank 'em it won't be her fault.

## JOE COBURN TAKEN DOWN.

The New York Sun of a recent date relates this incident:

On Thursday night a Sun reporter dropped in a refreshment saloon in sixty-fifth street and Second avenue, where he found Joe Coburn holding forth to an awe-struck audience. It seems that Coburn had infringed on the order of Jones Wood on that day, and bet rather heavily on Fitzgerald as the winner of the "long race." Fitzgerald had about two years ago carried off the first prize at this race, but has on the last two occasions been distanced by others. This was too much for Joe, so he felt very irate at the whole race of Scots. A brawny and stallwart Scot, in full highland costume, stepped upon the scene. Him Joseph instantly seized as a most fit object on whom to vent his wrath toward the whole Scottish faction. He rudely seized Sawney by arm, and told him that he could "lick any Scotsman on the grounds." The Scotsman told him coolly there was a doubt on the subject, and ordered him to remove his hands.

"Do you know who I am?" roared Joe.

"No," bellowed the other, "nor do I care."

"I am Joe Coburn"—

Before Joe could finish the sentence he found himself face upward on the floor. Once, twice, thrice Joe tried to recover his ground, but in vain. Baffled in his great energy, Joe thought it was high time to resort to some other weapons to decide the difficulty in his favor; but the cool and wiry Caledonian seemed instinctively to know Joe's intentions. Taking hold of Joe's groping dexter, he shook his head depreciatingly, and said:

"Na, na, mon; ye munna do that. Pistols I dinna mind a flea for."

Saying which he gave Joe's hand a wrench and a squeeze. Joe started to his feet, and after a little dursing and preliminary explanation, offered to treat the whole party.

WHAT MEN HAVE DIED FOR.—Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies. One officer was challenged merely for asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steambot, although the general had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to the club of pigeon-shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York City, between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 75th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42d British regiment; in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob, and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully; so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant editor of the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the dueling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingstone, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

WHAT GREELEY KNOWS ABOUT TOMATOES.—When Mr. Greeley was at the Minnesota State Fair, a few weeks ago, somebody gave him a very ripe prize tomato, weighing about three pounds. Mr. Greeley wrapped it in his red silk handkerchief and placed it in his coat-tail pocket. The good old man walked around for a while, sitting on various benches, and finally riding in a springless wagon up to town. When he got to the hotel the crowd called upon him for a speech. He went upon the porch and felt for his handkerchief to wipe his brow. When he had inserted his hand in his pocket, a thought seemed to strike him. He grew red in the face; he looked mad; he swore one of those effective, nine-cornered oaths which he alone can construct, and then he pulled out his handkerchief. It was an awful mess; and as the venerable journalist gazed upon it, and upon his fingers, he turned away and went to his room to think up some suitable language in which to express his feelings. The next thing we know there will be an article in the *Tribune* entitled: "What I Know About Prize Tomatoes."

SAMBO, giving an account of his sea voyage: "All de passengers was now heaving, and as if dat wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave to."

General Merchandise and Yankee Notions.

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Has Just Received Full Additions to Every Department of his Stock

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AT COST: A SMALL LINE OF SADDLERY GOODS and HARDWARE.

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A Full Line of

### MINERS' TOOLS, PICK AND AX HANDLES, AT COST.

My WAREHOUSE on Montgomery Street, and STORE on Wall Street; and STORE, WITH GOODS, or Goods without Store, for sale and delivery at once.

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I Desire to wind up all Old Accounts, Without Delay.

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AT BOISE CITY, with the N. W. Stage Co.'s Line of coaches for all points East, West and South.

AT IDAHO CITY, with Pinkham's Stage Line for Centerville, Placerville, Quartzburg, and all points in Boise Basin.

OFFICE IN IDAHO CITY  
At the Luna House.

Je 1, 71tf L. C. CORY, Agent.

### PINKHAM BROTHERS STAGE LINE.

THE U. S. MAIL STAGES OF the Pinkham Brothers will, until further notice, leave as follows:

**Boise Basin Lines:**

Leave Stage Office in Idaho City, for Centerville, Placerville and Granite Creek, every morning at Seven O'clock.

Leave Placerville every evening, for Idaho City, at Two O'clock.

Leave Pioneer City for Idaho City, at 2 o'clock every afternoon.

Each way the stages will stop a short time in Centerville.

For Passage fare or charges on Fast Freight apply at the Stage Office in the Luna House, Idaho City, or, in Boise City, to E. B. PINKHAM, Prop'r. Idaho city, March 17, 1871-tf.

Idaho World

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WM. M. VANCE.  
January 6, 1871-m3.

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THE PUBLIC ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that this establishment has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted generally, and the proprietor is ready to accommodate patrons with

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Or meals at any hour of the day or night. Every delicacy the market affords will be kept constantly on hand.

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THIS ESTABLISHMENT, UNDER the new management, is again prepared for the accommodation of

Regular Boarders and Transient Guests.

Every delicacy the market affords will be found at this place, served up in a superior manner, at any hour of the day or night.

Jan. 19, 71-tf.

Notice.

ALL OF THE ACCOUNTS AND notes due the late firm of Fleischman & Heyman having been placed in my hands for collection, by A. Schussell, Trustee for said firm in bankruptcy, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said firm must come forward immediately and settle the same with me, at my office next to the Postoffice in Idaho City, or suit will be commenced at once.

A. O. BOWEN.

Idaho city, May 11, 1871-tf.