

MALLEY WAS THERE WITH THE PUNCH

HANDS ONE TO AN INDIVIDUAL WHO RESISTS ARREST.

An unknown man, giving as his occupation, stone cutter, is in the dungeon, charged with disturbing the peace and vulgar language. He had evidently been drunk for a couple of days and yesterday he stood in front of the Barrel house, using most beastly language and insulting passing women.

The circumstance was called to the attention of Chief of Police Malley, who remonstrated with the man, but to no purpose. He kept on with his vile abuse, and so the chief put him under arrest. He seemed quite willing to go at first, and then he changed his mind. He swerved around and launched a smashing blow at the chief, which had it ever landed, would have obliged the Eagles to get a new pitcher for Sunday's game. The man stood over six feet high, and was built in proportion. The chief dodged the blow with his accustomed agility and letting go the prisoner's arm gave him a return jolt on the jaw that quieted him.

Charley Kellhofer ran up at this juncture and grabbed the big fellow by the arm, and he went along docile enough between the two.

It will be observed that Chief Malley did not draw his gun on the big fellow, as has been the habit of other officers in other places. He carries a gun and no one knows better how to use it than he. He knows how to use his fists, too, and maybe that is not the kind of an ideal peace officer for a community to have.

Tonopah thinks that it is.

PERSONAL MENTION

W. E. Blair of Sacramento is at the Palace.

C. J. James of Sacramento is a guest at the Mizpah.

W. J. Beauchamp of Blair is registered at the Merchants.

Dan Wendel of Columbus, O., is stopping at the Mizpah.

Sheriff Owens is expected home from Reno this morning.

T. B. Rickey was a passenger on last evening's train for Carson City.

Robt. Prouty left last evening for St. Helena, where he will be absent for several weeks.

T. T. Cornforth, a prominent mining man of Denver, Colo., arrived on last evening's train.

Judge Volney T. Hoggatt, one of the principal owners in the West Extension Mining Company of Bullfrog, is a visitor in the city.

Captain Frank W. Hunter, who has interests in Klondyke with Jim Butler, is in the city.

W. F. Ford, who has been in the city for several days on a visit, left for the coast yesterday morning.

Puddy Grimes returned yesterday from Sacramento, where he has been spending several weeks vacation.

Malcolm Macdonald and Donald B. Gillies left on Monday night for a trip to Salt Lake.

Hon. George A. Bartlett returned yesterday from Carson, where he had been on legal business for a few days.

Jim Butler, the father of Tonopah, and the uncle of Klondyke, came in from the latter district yesterday.

Mrs. J. P. O'Brien, wife of Judge O'Brien, returned yesterday from San Francisco, whither she went ten days ago.

Chauncey Booth, who has been away several months, returned to the city last night, accompanied by Mrs. Booth.

Len McGary, the well known Rhyolite broker, promoter and mine owner, arrived here from the south last night.

Postmaster Wesley Stewart and Mrs. Stewart left on last evening's train for Bridgeport, Cal., on account of the severe illness of the former's mother.

Bert L. Smith will leave this morning for Los Angeles, on business in connection with his oil holdings in the Virgin country, Utah.

L. A. Gibbons, Exalted Ruler of the Elks, has returned from the coast to be present at the baseball game on Sunday, and, incidentally, to attend to his law business.

Senator Frank Sprague of Yolo county, California, passed through last night on his way to Goldfield and will return here in a few days.

Judge J. C. Brissell, who has been in California for the past two weeks, returned on last night's train. Mrs. Brissell, who accompanied the Judge to Sacramento, remained behind with friends.

Ray Baker, of Ubehebe fame, has returned from a trip to Rhyolite and appeared yesterday on the streets in a suit of ordinary clothing. None of his friends knew him, so accustomed have they grown to beholding him in khaki and leggings.

CHRIS MALATESTA'S RAVIOLA DINNER

SUMPTUOUS ITALIAN SPREAD IS FURNISHED BY DEBONNAIR CLUBMAN.

Chris Malatesta, one of the pioneers of the camp, on Tuesday evening gave a bachelor dinner to a number of his old friends. Mr. Malatesta is not a bachelor, nor were there many who gathered around the festive board in that class, but the family of the host is down at the coast, and in their absence he gave this feast to his old friends in remembrance of the good old days that have been, and the good old days to come.

It was an Italian dinner, cooked to the taste of Garibaldi, and was given in the banquet room of the Hotel Roma. There were chicken and raviolas galore, and there was red, red wine. A generous host is dear old Chris, and the gentlest of gentlemen. The banquet hall, decorated after the Renaissance, at once transported the guests from the deserts of the desert to the sunny shores of Italy. A hidden orchestra of reed and string instruments, helped out the suggestion, and the red, red wine completed the dream.

Between dreams there were speeches and the wit flowed with the wine, and went on like the babbling brook, not caring which pebble it hit. Chief Ginotti was in his element, for in all the days of Tonopah no such gathering had graced his board; no such wit had rivalled his wine in its sparkle; no such sentiments had been sounded in the apartments of the Roma.

Look who he had!

When many fagons of the ruby red had gone on its way rejoicing to the domain of the inner man, and there was still more knocking for admission, and when the pronunciation of raviolas was a lost art, mine jolly host fairly shone in the countenance as he arose to bid welcome to the brave hearts who had already made themselves welcome. He was greeted with a volley of cheers, hand-clapping, clinking of glasses, piping of reeds and scratching of violins to the national air of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the solo of which was sung by Dave Holland, the prima facie barytone.

"Poca robo, poco pensiero," began Mr. Malatesta.

"Hear, hear!" cried Double L. Mushett.

"Good!" shouted Harry Epstine.

"Vive la Garibaldi!" yelled Dave Holland.

Following is the gist of Mr. Malatesta's remarks, which speech has few equals in the Italian tongue, and which flowed from his lips like the liquid music of his countryman, Rossini:

"Pecmf rodlu bagkq giwtao chld xzff! (?!)? aohrd mfwyp -) . ' grlu— Moingf gkqj xzffif (smfw bgkq) vbg 'ffiffi' . . . : shrdi aoinet vbgk cmf—"

Great applause.

"Garffif zbmht xvese ffyili fjjpun odwkkf ilyqff thmbz essvc! zbmht— nupjff (xzffiff) zbmht shrdmbz!"

"Good!" cried Harry Epstine.

"Vive Garry Owen!" yelled Captain Jinks.

"That's mine," declared Dave Holland.

"Play ball!" cried Doubleyou, Doubleyou Booth. "Let the gentleman proceed."

Mr. Malatesta proceeded:

"Zemfw fkwdr frmbhup fffiffix —arfif fkwdo ffylfb -) . ' . . . : qpgbmr dxese zbmhr fgdwyp ffk fjkyp fgbgk fffkqj vbgemf, and if yon don't like it, it is your own damn fault."

"Good!" cried Harry Epstine.

"Fine!" yelled Billy Odgers.

"Brilliant!" shouted J. F. Manion.

"Best after dinner speech, speech I ever heard," gasped E. L. Fletcher.

There was more wine to set the blood dancing in the veins, and more music for an accompaniment.

Dave Holland was called upon to respond to the toast to "The Ladies."

The well known club man, man of affairs, acres and oodles of mining stocks, was greeted with tremendous applause.

"You've caught me in the double 0, with my money on the 23," he began.

"Good," cried Harry Epstine.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Cal Shaw. The two Fletchers blushed.

"More, more!" cried Double L. Mushett.

"The ladies," resumed the speaker, "what would we be without them?"

"About ten thousand a year better off!"

If they could have only found the man who said that.

"I am not a ladies' man—"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Cal Shaw.

Dave sat down amid deafening applause, and there was more music and more wine.

Harry Epstine was called upon to respond to the toast: "Winning Their Way." Mr. Epstine is a very forcible speaker, and is perfectly at home on

The Richard Hardware Co.

DISCORDANT NOTE IN EAGLE'S NEST

ALL BECAUSE EVERY EAGLET IS NOT GIVEN A POSITION IN THE LINEUP.

There is discord in the ranks of the Eagles. There are seven hundred of the delectable birds feathering their nests in the aerie, and they all want positions in the lineup. The greatest number of them have been assigned positions as substitutes, but the committee on claims has issued the fiat that substitutes shall not be deadheads.

A protest has been handed in against Billy Douglass on account of his age. The fledglings do not say that he will play better ball than any of them, but they claim that on account of his great age, he is too wise and will job them. The Elks declare that they will have Billy in the nine, if they have to carry his dead body onto the field.

"We've got them buffaloed," said Tommy Kendall, who is out rehearsing every day. He ran four miles yesterday and never stopped to take a drink. Tommy used to belong to the Pink Stockings of Bodie, and everybody got out of the way when they heard the Pink Stockings coming.

Zeb Kendall, who will hold down first bag for the Elks, has a thousand dollars up that he will allow no highball to pass him. The runner that gets by him must be going some, too.

"There's nothing to the game," said Zeb, "there's nothing to it and there never was."

An Eagle jumped into the arena and yelled:

"I've got a hundred dollars to bet the Elks don't make a run."

There was an Eagle that made a run right there, and when he got away Harry Epstine's office was full of feathers.

Puddy Grimes arrived in the city yesterday in answer to a wire, bidding him come to Tonopah and umpire the great game. Puddy is amphibious (that will hold you for a while, Puddy), he's both Eagle and Elk. It doesn't make any difference to him whether he is on the earth or in the air as long as he doesn't have to drink water. He probably won't know where he is after the game, and it probably won't make any difference to him either.

Not very encouraging for Puddy, but that's the way the bets are going.

Ed. Malley, chief of police and star twirler for the Eagles, was out practicing yesterday with his catcher, Letson Balliet. He massages the ball in such a manner that he can make it do anything the ball wants to do. His delivery is perfectly wonderful, so his backstop says, while the Elks listen and smile.

Ed. Malley used to belong to the Sixth street Irish in Lendville, where they made baseball players, and Balliet used to play with Anson's colts in 1872. Balliet is no longer a colt, but it is said that he can still kick some.

They are talking about the coming game over in Goldfield and there is a great number coming over to witness the final bouts. The literature of both the Elks and the Eagles is attracting widespread attention, and there is more to come from both sides.

Call at Tonopah Livery and Feed Stable, cor. Main st. and Oddie ave. Carriage teams and saddle horses can be had any hour day or night. Hay and grain for sale. Horses boarded by day, week or month. JOHN CLENDENNIN & SONS, Proprietors.

The following Italians were the guests of Mr. Malatesta: Signors L. L. Mushett, William Odgers, E. L. Fletcher, Dave Holland, H. Fletcher, J. F. Manion, H. Epstine, Cal Shaw, Captain Jinks and W. W. Booth.

WATCH our show windows for watch bargains. Geo. F. Blakeslee.

MINER SAYS HE WAS HELD UP

NIGHT CARMAN AT TONOPAH EXTENSION WAS THE VICTIM.

A peculiar holdup occurred on Tuesday night at the end of the Tonopah Extension dump. Frank Bruette, night carman at the mine, ended one of his journeys to the outer end of the dump, when he was confronted by a masked man and a revolver. It was pay day, but Bruette had banked his money, so the yeggman got nothing but a piece of tobacco rolled up in the carman's money bag. The only clew that the police have to the robber is that he doesn't chew tobacco, for the tobacco and the money bag were found yesterday morning near the dump. That must have been a disgusted yeggman.

To all brother miners and citizens of Goldfield—Look out for the Hamburg Gold Mining Company, located at Silver Peak, headed by Patrick Bros. They beat a poor old miner out of \$66 of his hard earned money. Look out for them, they are no good.

9-12-3t BEN FISHER.

WARNING.

MARRIAGE LICENSE ISSUED. A marriage license was issued yesterday at the County Clerk's office to John F. Costello, aged 46, and Mrs. Eva L. Theobald, aged 48, both of Gold Mountain.

FOR RENT

Twelve UNFURNISHED ROOMS, over Ryan & Stenson's store. 9-9-07-11

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—L. C. Smith typewriter and desk; \$50. P. O. Box 522. Tel. 597. 9-12-11

SITUATION WANTED—Young man, American, good education and habits, desires any honorable employment. Address, Ray, care of Bonanza office. 9-12-2t

FOR SALE—A completely furnished stone cabin; close in; price \$300. Address Box 102. 9-5-10t

FOR RENT—Two-room house for rent, \$15 per month. Inquire X, Bonanza Office. 5-5-11

LOST—A small Yale key tied with a string. Leave at The Bonanza. 11

FOR RENT—3 room house. \$25 per month. X. Y. Z., Bonanza. 11

Certificates of location for sale at this office.

PETER HERTEL & BRO.

Agents Reno Brewing Co. Sierra Beer

A new enterprise for Tonopah. We have just installed one of the largest and most complete Soda Water plants in Southern Nevada. Call us up—Phone 86. Free delivery to any part of the city.

WILKES WAREHOUSE COMPANY

COAL

ROCK SPRINGS COAL

One Ton, delivered, \$20.00 One-quarter Ton, delivered, 5.50 One-half Ton, delivered, 10.50 One Sack 1.25 All Coal Cash on Delivery.

GOOD LUMBER

EMPIRE LUMBER COMPANY

Offices—Brokers' Exchange Building, Phone 1372 LET US BID ON YOUR NEXT BILL

THE FUEL QUESTION THIS WINTER.

TO SAVE COST, the Gas Company advises the laying of gas pipes to your houses before the ground freezes. It will be much CHEAPER NOW, and almost impossible then—You'll need the gas.

TONOPAH & GOLDFIELD RAILROAD COMPANY

Local or Pacific Time. Effective May 1, 1907.

Trains leave and are due to arrive at Tonopah as follows: Leave—7:20 a. m. for Goldfield, Beatty and Los Angeles, via Las Vegas. 8:00 a. m. and 8:50 p. m. for Millers, Blair Junction, Mina and all points east and west, via Hazen. 9:20 a. m. and 8:20 p. m. for Goldfield and way stations. Through from all points east and west, via Hazen. 4:20 p. m. for Goldfield and all way stations, local. Arrive—7:45 a. m. and 6:28 p. m. from Goldfield and way stations. Through from all points east and west, via Hazen. 8:00 a. m. and 7:55 p. m. from Mina and Hazen. 9:00 a. m. and 7:55 p. m. from all points east and west via Hazen and Mina. 10:00 a. m. from Goldfield and way stations, local. 2:00 p. m. from Los Angeles, via Las Vegas, Beatty and all way stations. Trains leave and are due to arrive at Goldfield as follows: Leave—3:00 a. m. and 8:30 a. m. for Beatty and all way stations. 6:25 a. m. and 5:20 p. m. for Tonopah and way stations and all points east and west via Mina and Hazen. 8:50 a. m. and 7:55 p. m. for Tonopah and way stations, local. Arrive—8:20 a. m. and 5:20 p. m. from Goldfield and way stations. 10:30 a. m. and 9:20 p. m. from all points east and west via Hazen and Mina. 2:55 p. m. and 7:45 p. m. from Beatty and way stations. For tickets, time tables and information call on or address local ticket agents or the undersigned. J. E. HEDDEN, General Passenger Agent.

BANK

SALOON Under new management HAFERON & DRYSDALE Proprietors Service Excelled—Goods Par Excellence.

VALLEY VIEW HOTEL

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA. Under New Management. Entirely Renovated. Table Unsurpassed. GEORGE LEDY, MANAGER.

PROFESSIONAL CAR

WM. F. ROSE

ATTORNEY AT LAW Room 8, Nyeo Building, Tonopah, Nevada. Chicago office: A. H. Putney, 160 Washington St.

KEY PITTMAN

ATTORNEY AT LAW. F. A. STEVENS Attorney at Law. Associated with Key Pittman. GOLDEN BLDG., TONOPAH.

L. A. GIBBONS

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office, Room 6, Butler Bldg. Tonopah, Nevada.

JAMES F. DENNIS

LAWYER OFFICE, RYAN & STENSON BLDG. P. O. Box 681. Tonopah, Nev.

C. C. GRIMES

COUNTY AND U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYOR. BOX 689, TONOPAH, PHONE 2375

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