

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

COME WEST, YOUNG MAN, COME WEST.

Horace Greeley, who was one of the wisest men in his generation, gave this advice to the young men of the effete east:

"Young man, go west."

The great west was then a budding country and the young men who followed the advice of the sage editor, and who had the proper sand, came this way, made fortunes for themselves and helped to build up a great country.

Now comes a young man out of the east who has been in the west long enough to weigh its chances and opportunities as against those of the metropolitan cities, and his advice is a paraphrase of the great editor. Mr. A. V. Gillingham, a city bred gentleman, is on his return to Philadelphia after spending several weeks in the Ubebe country, and so fascinated is he with the country that he is coming right back, and his advice to all he may see will be to shed their mercantile pursuits and come west.

He says that he would rather work with a pick and shovel on the broad, free desert than with a pen and ink in the crowded atmosphere of a mercantile office. This is the right kind of talk for the go-ahead American of today. His advice to the toilers in the mercantile houses and counting rooms of the east is sound. If a young man has the proper stuff in his composition, his place is in the west.

This is the place of opportunity. It matters not whether a man comes here in the capacity of clerk or to delve into the ground. If he is the right kind of a man he will go forward; he cannot help it. Take last fall and winter for example. Money was plentiful, so were positions, both here and in Goldfield. And the prices that were paid for help were something extraordinary. Nearly everybody was out for himself, and it was hard to get the right kind of a man for office or anything else. A good man virtually commanded his own price. A man would go into a broker's office, stay there awhile, and then become a broker and promoter himself. And this was not the exception, it was the rule. There were opportunities of getting into mining properties and there were lots of young men fresh from the east, who did so, and fortunes were made in a short while. If they were lost again through speculation, there was no one to blame but the loser. He had had his opportunity, and if he afterward went broke, there was the spirit in him to go after another fortune, and to get it.

There are lots of good properties in this country which lack capital for their development. Here are fine opportunities for a young man of energy and push. Get an interest in the mine, get capital to work it. Don't think that you can't get the capital, for there is money waiting for good investment now, as there always has been. Buck up and go after it. Where there is money coming out of the ground there is always more money to be made.

TONOPAH MINING MAN WILL WED

Ed Erickson, one of Nevada's native sons and a graduate of the university of this state, spent a few days in Reno this week. Mr. Erickson is well known here. He is now assistant manager and secretary of the Midway Mining company at Tonopah and is truly one of the young men of which the state may feel proud. He was born and raised at Eureka, this state, and soon after graduating from the high school at that place decided that he needed a college education. Minus everything except the good wishes of his parents and friends, he came to Reno and entered college. For four years he worked, struggled and studied and then had the satisfaction of winning a diploma, one of the leaders in his class as well as one of Reno's most popular young men. His success since then has been equally good, and now as a fitting climax, rumor has it that genial "Ed" is about to claim one of the most popular former belles of Virginia City as his bride—Miss Lily Ryan, now a resident of San Francisco.—Reno Revelle.

FIND FREE GOLD.

Men Doing Assessment Work Unearth Good Ore Bodies.

While doing assessment work on a group of claims adjoining the Success mine, on Dutch creek, owned by Senator Thomas Kearns and David Keath of Salt Lake, and D. C. McDonald of Ely, Andrew Ghijeri and Frank Plombo encountered ore in three different workings which carries free gold.

They began work on a shaft, and to their surprise, struck ore at a shallow depth. A tunnel and a cut in the hillside also revealed the existence of good ore bodies. They were confident that the ore contained high values in gold, and their judgment was confirmed, when several pans showed that there was free gold in all three workings.

They were so excited over the find, that they came to Ely and had several assays made. The result of the

assays were so satisfactory that they returned to Dutch creek to resume work on the discovery.

Ghijeri and Plombo located this group of claims about a year ago. That portion of the country did not attract any attention in the mining world until a few years ago, when D. C. McDonald located the Success, and made several shipments of lead ore to the Salt Lake smelters before the advent of the railroad, at a profit, it being necessary to haul the ore by team about 160 miles.—Ely Exposition.

WIFE-SELLING IN ENGLAND.

Fifty years ago, writes a reader of a London paper, is by no means the most recent date of wife-selling in England, for even as late as the eighties such cases were by no means infrequent, and the thing given an almost judicial air by the care with which the vender was supposed to observe three conditions. First that the same wife could not be sold twice; second, that the price must exceed one shilling; and, third, that she must be delivered to her purchaser with a halter around her neck.

Thomas Hardy, however, who has made the sale of a wife the theme of his novel, "The Mayor of Casterbridge," says nothing of any such conditions. As late as 1887 a wife was sold in a halter at Wakefield for half a guinea, while three years before two cases were reported from York in the same week. As a general rule it was only the poor and ignorant who followed this practice; but at least one case is on record in which the wife (duly haltered) and her husband drove up to Smithfield in a coach, and the price reached the record figure of 50 guineas and a handsome horse. "I sell my wife at Smiffel, ros-bif, pot of beer, Goddam," was the ignorant Frenchman's view of English. And he was not far wrong.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds or whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Tonopah Drug Co.

The coal consumption a head is greater in England than of any other country.

ALLEGED SALE OF BOGUS STOCK

DR. SANGREE CHARGED WITH SELLING WORTHLESS SECURITIES.

A sensational mining stock story which has been on the hooks for some time, involving Dr. C. T. Sangree, president of the Walker Lake and Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company, and challenging the validity of the stock of that concern, by which many thousands of dollars of innocent investors' money is jeopardized, is given to the public for the first time, through Colonel R. A. Falkenberg, who makes many damaging charges against Sangree.

The property involved in the tangle of affairs now in the hands of federal authorities in several States, consists of nine mining claims in the Walker Lake district, sold by Colonel Falkenberg last December to Dr. Sangree, under the agreement that a company was to be incorporated and stock issued for the development of the property, a part of which stock was to be a consideration in the transaction.

In speaking of the matter yesterday, Colonel Falkenberg said:

"I not only never received the stock, which was to have been a part of the consideration for the property, but I have proof positive that the company has never been incorporated although about \$10,000 worth of the stock has been sold to various people, mostly in the East, and the money collected.

"This company was supposed to have been incorporated under the laws of Arizona, but over the signature of Secretary of State, I have the assurance that no such company has ever been incorporated under the laws of Arizona. I have also the word of the Secretary of State for Nevada that the articles of incorporation have never been filed in his office for that company."

The county clerk of Esmeralda county, in which county is situated the principal place of business for the company, also writes that nothing regarding the company has ever been filed with him, and the same report comes from the county clerk's office here.

"Walter H. Knapp of New York writes that he paid \$1000 for certificate No. 1, calling for 1500 shares of the stock, to Dr. Sangree, and that the certificate appears regular on its face. I have numerous other communications of the same character from various parts of the country, all telling the same story.

"The certificates naturally seem all right on their face, but inasmuch as the company has never been incorporated, they are, so far as I can discover, worthless.

"Recently Dr. Sangree, accompanied by his attorney, called upon me and offered to return all the nine claims with the exception of one, for a certain interest in my Wild Horse property of the White Horse district, and either that offer was off-color or he was making a proposition which was illegal, in offering to dispose of something which belonged to the stockholders of the company which he has sold stock in.

"There is a lot of other evidence in this matter, which I am not prepared to give out just yet, but you can say that I have placed the matter in the hands of the federal authorities, who are now making a separate investigation of the affair."

Dr. Sangree, it will be remembered, was the man who was arrested about a month since by the local police, on a telegraphic warrant from Hawthorne and was taken there under arrest. More or less mystery hung about the affair at the time, but it was partially cleared by his release upon settling the claims made by Hawthorne creditors at the time.

Where he is now is not definitely known, he having left here some days ago.

MORE SUBMARINES.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Secretary Mottet today said that it had been decided to award a contract for four of the submarine boats of the Octopus type and three additional submarine boats of the same type, though of greater displacement, to the Electric Boat Company, under certain conditions as to reduced price and guarantees for superior speed recommended by the board of construction.

ENGINEER REWARDED.

KENDALL, Wis., Sept. 30.—John Franklyn, a Northwestern engineer, running between here and Sparta, has received a check for \$10,000, with a promise of another, for saving the life of Miss Jenkins at Devil's Lake a few weeks ago.

KINKEAD NOTE IS RETURNED

MYSTERY OF LOST PAPERS IS BECOMING MORE COMPLICATED.

A note for \$1000, which was among the valuable papers which disappeared from the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Kinkead a few hours before or about the time of her death, has been received in this city by some "unknown" at San Francisco. The note has not been received, the writer of the letter and the sender of the note for \$1000 stating that the will was destroyed by Mrs. Kinkead before her death. The letter containing the note was received by H. M. Yerington of this city and was turned over to the members of the family yesterday.

The letter was received on the day previous by Mr. Yerington and it contained the note for \$1000, which was known to be among the papers taken and also a couple of other papers from the bundle. The writer stated in a letter accompanying the note that "she" had been given the paper by Mrs. Kinkead and was instructed to send it to him, Mr. Yerington, after the arrival of Mrs. Rogers, the half-sister of Mrs. Kinkead, in this city. In conformity with this request and promise made to the deceased the writer sent the note and other papers to Mr. Yerington and requested him to turn them over to the family. Mr. Yerington did so at once.

The letter containing the note and papers was from San Francisco but there was no signature to identify the author. The letter also stated that the long-sought will of Mrs. Kinkead was destroyed by the deceased a short time before her death.

This latest development of the case has added, perhaps, more mystery to the case. Who sent the letter containing the papers is unknown. Some advance the idea that Mrs. Beck, the nurse, may have some knowledge of the sending, etc., as she is in Oakland, but nothing definite has been ascertained along those lines.

Whether the sender is in possession of the remainder of the valuable papers in the bundle is the question. The general presumption is that the sender has these papers but what the game is, that is the point which worries those concerned. Is it a blackmail scheme; did the person send the \$1000 note as a sort of notification that the other papers could be returned? That they were then in the possession of the sender and these were sent to convince those interested that they would be sent whenever certain arrangements were made? Nothing has been received here to indicate that the possessor of the papers wants any money to return the papers but yet, is there a more plausible theory to advance? What other papers were in the bundle is unknown. It was thought for a while that there were some bonds in the bundle but later it was ascertained that these were safe at Reno in a bank there. So far those interested have absolutely failed to figure out what papers were in the bundle and whether the bundle contained anything of intrinsic value.—Carson News.

BEARS STAND UP TRAIN.

Engineer Compelled to Push Cabs From the Track.

A huge cinnamon bear, weighing at least 450 pounds, with its cubs, two in number, stood upon the track last Friday morning as the train of the Lake Tahoe railroad was pulling its passengers up from Truckee to the popular summer resort. As the train approached a spot near Devil's bridge above Deer Park, about two miles below the lake, the engineer noticed one of the cubs lying full length across the track. Instantly the mother bruin with a second cub, stepped upon the track, and standing erect, gazed at the approaching engine. The engineer slowed up, expecting the cubs to make a rapid departure for the nearby woods, but to his unbounded surprise, not a move was made. When within about 100 feet of where the animals stood, the interested and in some instances alarmed passengers saw the big bear make a dash for the stream by the side of the track, and begin to swim across toward the opposite shore, calling in its peculiar way for the cubs to follow. But they would not move from the track, until the forward part of the engine, which was proceeding very slowly, literally pushed the little fellows to one side. Then they ran toward their mother bear.—Virginia Chronicle.

Watch our show windows from time to time for exhibitions of the latest creations of jewelry. Blakeslee, the leading jeweler.

IN LIEU OF BAIL THEY WENT TO JAIL

TWO SUNDAY NIGHT FIGHTERS FAIL TO PRODUCE FINES.

Charles Bucht and Alex. Smonger became involved on Sunday night in a Squires-Sullivan merry-go-round, and made Rome howl in the neighborhood of the dance hall. They also did some howling themselves, and made the night run riot with hideousness. They disturbed the calm serenity with which Detective Bud Carberry was contemplating his record of the night, and the sleuth had just made a mental note that it was time that somebody should be arrested.

The fighters were rounded up and were being inducted along the thoroughfare when Smonger sized up Bud as a foot racer, and came to the conclusion that he could give him a handicap for speed. He bolted.

"Stop!" yelled the detective.

Nothing doing.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" came the second mandate.

The runner didn't understand English, or else realized that he was in the dark and that he had just as good a chance as had Bud. The detective unlimbered his cannon and let it go into the air.

Bang, bang, bang, he banged.

If the reception to the cruiser squadron in San Francisco bay was any louder than the cannonading of the Carberry, it must have been something fierce. It lent wings to the fleeing fugitive, it put out the street lights, stopped the music in the dance hall, and was a shock to the residents at the base of Mt. Butler.

Up in the vicinity of the schoolhouse it sounded as if it were half a block away, and mothers tucked their babes away in safe places and saw to it that the lights were out and the doors locked. It was a sensation on Nob Hill.

Smonger got away, but he came back in half an hour and walked right into Carberry's arms. Yesterday morning both men were fined five dollars and costs. Smonger was airy enough about the fine, but the costs was the blow that almost killed the paternal relative. They brought the fine up to twenty-eight dollars, and the two fighters, in lieu of bail, went to jail.

"That's nothing," said Detective Carberry, "if they were professionals it would have cost them a thousand dollars for a license. They got off lucky."

YERINGTON IN THROES OF STRIKE

According to information from Yerington several of the mines there have already been closed on account of the demand of the men for higher wages and it is claimed that within the next few days all the mines in the district will be shut down unless the demands of the miners are granted. The men at the Ludwig, Nevada-Douglas, Yerington Central and Morning Star demanded an increase several days ago and the trouble is now spreading to the other properties and threatens to become general. The trouble started on the Morning Star, the miners there demanding an increase from \$2.50 to \$4 per day. The request was refused and the strike followed.—Carson News.

"HUBBY" WOULD WORRY.

Woman Sentenced to Jail Wanted Facts Advertised.

OAKLAND, Sept. 28.—As the prisoners filed out of the dock in police court No. 1 on their way back to the tanks in the city prison this morning, Jennie Gay, who had been the recipient of a thirty-day sentence for vagrancy from Judge Geary, stepped over and addressed Clerk of the Court W. B. Smith.

"Your grace," she said pleadingly, "will you kindly see that my imprisonment is advertised in all the local papers. For my husband will be worried to death because I did not come home last night, and if he doesn't know where I am at he will go wild entirely."

"His grace," Clerk Smith accommodatingly promised to see that her place of residence for the next month is properly "advertised," and she went down the stairs with a comforted expression, apparently happy in the knowledge that her spouse's peace of mind would be entirely restored by the knowledge of her whereabouts.

BLONDE THROWS AWAY FORTUNE

HURLS MONEY AT FRISCO WAITERS AND CREATES SEN- SATION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30.—Who is this woman who is throwing a fortune away?

That is the question agitating the tenderloin and that palpitates along the resorts of the Ocean boulevard. Many squander fortunes in these places, but this is not the squandering of a fortune—it is the throwing away of money that excites the unusual interest.

And it is no unusual woman who does the throwing. She is not dark and dreadful and passionate, with flashing eyes and a mien of diablerie. But she is blonde and demure, blue of eye, fair of face, with quite a suggestion of meekness in the cheeks in which dimples just decline to show.

But she comes like a whirlwind. Her companion is her chauffeur. When she comes the wine flows. A procession of waiters is kept busy attending to her impetuous demands. The corks pop about her. "Gee, but she's a live one!" say the astonished lookers-on.

She sticks the money in front of her on the tables. At her back the singers and entertainers sing their songs and go through their most engaging paces. She becomes the center of attraction.

Then she throws the money—silver and gold. It jingles on the dance floors. It rolls and rattles against the baseboards. The eager entertainers run about hurriedly picking up her largesse. The chauffeur generally staggers a bit; but she gives no evidence of intoxication, except her throwing of the shower of silver and of gold.

And she throws with a peculiarly free motion for a woman. Her arm action indicates practice. There is no binding of the muscles. An entertainer hit by a \$10 piece declared that it hurt like a bullet. She never seems to weary and her purse apparently has no bottom.

When she has exhausted the delights of one place she crooks her finger at her chauffeur and goes on to where the music tinkles and the songs are all in some other pleasuring place. Then once more the corks pop, the waiters prance and the coin jingles, and so on again into the night—and on, and on, and on.

When she first appeared it was supposed that her chauffeur was some poor "sucker"—some love-declined youth whose money was being squandered by a siren into whose lure his feet had strayed. Sandy McNaughton at "the breakers" tried to stay the woman's prodigal hand, as she seemed to be luring a singer as Zeus wooed Danae, with a shower of gold.

"It's my money. I wish to throw it away."

That was her only reply to the restraining request. The chauffeur admitted that he had no part in the fortune that was being tossed so flinkingly by the blonde's active hand.

"I have inherited a fortune of \$250,000 and I am trying to get rid of it," said the pretty spendthrift to another bold inquirer. But that was all she would tell of herself.

The men of the resorts, who know most of the people of the night from sea to sea, did not know this woman. They asked in vain for her name and history. She threw her money and went her way, a light in her eye, a smile on her face—a dream of reckless prodigality; her white dress of the most recent fashion; her purple automobile veil floating over her fine-spun blonde hair.

She is the prettiest mystery of many a long day in a city that dotes on beauty and prodigality and all things that are strange.

EVER NOTICE IT.

The tall, sandy-haired man looked a good deal like his collier.

"Ever notice it?" said an observer. "People nearly always resemble their dogs. That is why you, for instance—short, bull-necked and stubborn as you are—that is why you go in for bulldogs.

"Silly men, with curly hair, and eyes staring and stupid and sentimental, go in for Blenheim spaniels.

"Lean chaps—runners and jumpers—they're always melancholy, by the way—like greyhounds.

"Your little, quarrelsome, alert man boosts the fox terrier trade.

"I, a stately and august person, own a St. Bernard."

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