

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

LOOKING FOR THE POT OF GOLD AT RAINBOW'S END.

It is an old saying that a sack of gold hangs to the ends of a rainbow. Sometimes as the sun shines and glistens gloriously through a downpour of rain on a summer day the sign of hope shows plainly in the heavens, and the ends of the rainbow seem to sink into the ground just over the hill, not more than half a mile away.

Truthfully, it might be said, a great many men who are looking for prospects and mines in this western country are rainbow chasers. Daily and almost hourly they pass by magnificent but unexplored districts. They search for gold and silver—and treasure vaults are beneath their feet. They ignore the ledges they pass by and are always looking beyond where the fields look greener—where the arches of the rainbow find a resting place, and they go on year after year and never discover anything of merit and value.

Take Rawhide, for instance. A well-traveled road winds along the base of Balloon hill and Grutt mountain. By the roadside many a man has camped for the night and, with the ledges above plainly in sight, have neglected to sample them. Beneath their camp fires existed placer gold, but the gravel was never tested and never panned. In the morning another start was made for the end of the rainbow, and the prospector, the traveler and the freighter left behind them the wealth of a Vanderbilt, the treasure of a Rothschild.

Nearly all of the wonderful new camps of the west have been thus run over for years. Wagon roads coursed by or through them. Nature had her signs and flags up, but these were not seen until, possibly by chance, seldom by intelligent research, some straggling prospector left the beaten paths, turned into the hills, and found a fortune—a district destined to astonish the world because of its wonderful mineralization.

It is a matter of fact that the mining sections of the west have been but barely prospected as yet. We are looking for the end of the rainbow, and will some day wake up to the fact that we are camping on a gold mine; that deposits of gold, silver, lead, copper and other metals exist along the paths we have often traveled, and that it is not necessary to make long journeys in our search for Eldorados and bonanzas.—Reno Gazette.

PECULIAR CASE IN GOLDFIELD COURTS

WOMAN CLAIMS CARE OF ALLEGED ILLEGITIMATE CHILD HUSBAND.

A glance at the complete returns of Mrs. Elizabeth Popejoy to the writ of habeas corpus secured by her former husband for possession of his child by a second wife, reveals one of the most unusual cases ever brought to judicial attention in Nevada. Here is a case where a man married a woman nine years ago, and then, two years ago, secured a divorce from her. He then remarried and had a child by his second wife. Fifteen minutes after the birth of this child the first wife obtains possession of it and still has it. Notwithstanding her claim that the babe is illegitimate, because she says the divorce was not valid, she clings to it like its natural mother, and refuses to surrender it. This, in spite of the fact that she says it was born out of wedlock, the mother being the woman who supplanted her in the affections of her husband and his present co-conspirator to regain possession of the infant.

The case was partially tried a few days ago, but the fireworks will be resumed on Saturday, April 4, in the district court, and promise further highly interesting developments. In Albert Popejoy's petition, he said that his former wife had kidnaped the baby in St. Louis, and he sues for possession. Mrs. Elizabeth Popejoy, the first wife, in her reply, denies having kidnaped the child in St. Louis or elsewhere, at any time. She claims she was married to Popejoy in Vancouver, B. C., October 3, 1899, and has been his lawful wife ever since. She asserts that the divorce he says, he secured in Kentucky was illegal because she was not served with the papers. For two years she declares she has had possession of the child of the supposed second wife, securing it fifteen minutes after its birth. She has always given the infant the devotion of a mother. The babe is said to be in delicate health, and she has often nursed it back to health and safety, and this long period of devotion, says the foster mother, has wrought a bond of attachment so profound that to sever it "harshly threatens the life and reason of respondent." Mrs. Popejoy says she is amply able to take care of the child, and that the woman "who is conspiring with Albert Popejoy to pose as the unnatural mother" is the woman "who has wrecked the married home and hap-

piness of respondent." Immediately after the birth of the child, born out of wedlock, says the respondent, it "was abandoned by the guilty authors of its existence, and was cast a waif upon the turbid population of a great city to live or die, as it chanced, among strangers, and so it came to the watchful care of respondent."

Popejoy is accused of having violated every marriage vow made with

his first wife, and for more than two years has abandoned her in their home at Tonopah and "consorted with said woman, who is conspiring to obtain the custody of the child in question."

HOT TIME WITH OBSTINATE JUROR

MEMBER OF JURY HANDS GUN TO OUTSIDER FEARFUL OF RESULTS.

Ben Miller of Searchlight came in for a round of condemnation from the entire community Monday night when he obstinately hung the jury in the case of the state against H. M. Davis, a nigger porter, who was indicted on a charge of assault and battery. The nigger entered the berth of a young woman on the limited October 25th last and attempted an assault while the train was passing through Lincoln county.

From the time the case went to the jury Monday afternoon until Tuesday morning, the vote stood eleven to one for conviction, with Miller holding out for the acquittal of the nigger against the eleven others on the jury in as stormy a jury session of twenty hours as has been known in the Lincoln county court for many years. The man (?) from Searchlight refused to argue with the other jurors, and held obstinately to his single declaration that the nigger was innocent. The other jurors were finally roused to such a state of indignation that their "compliments" to Miller could be heard through the closed doors of the court room, and it is seldom that any white man has stood out against such a grilling as was directed towards the supporter of the nigger.

At one stage of the discussion a member of the jury who was armed left the room to deposit his gun with outsiders for safe keeping, and Miller spent most of the night walking up and down the room with an open knife in his hand, after appealing to the deputy sheriff for protection.

At about 12:30 a letter was sent to Judge Brown in which the eleven signers stated their unqualified belief in the guilt of the nigger, and the judge was called in several times to give further instructions.

Judge Brown made his instructions as plain as possible without saying what the jury should do, and after they had been repeated Miller held out, saying he would "stick for forty-eight days," and the jury was discharged.

The sensational climax of the af-

fair came Wednesday morning, when the case was called for another trial.

The nigger entered a plea of guilty, and Judge Brown, in sentencing him to six months in the county jail, said the case was one which deserved a heavier sentence than that possible for simple assault and battery, and he regretted that there was no Nevada statute under which a heavier penalty could be imposed.

Then came the dismissal of Miller by an order of the court that, while entirely dignified, was as severe as any of those in attendance had heard in open court.

The room was filled when Judge Brown began his brief address. He said in part that although no man could be censured for holding to an honest conviction, the evidence in the case in question had been so plain and simple that he could not understand the position of a man who could hold out against eleven other jurors. The judge said he regarded a man whose mind was so constituted was unfit for jury service, and ended by saying, "I therefore excuse Mr. Miller from further service on this panel."

A suppressed murmur of approval passed over the court room as the disgraced man left the room. Miller has been openly hooted on the streets as a "nigger lover," and plans to burn him in effigy were only suppressed by Miller keeping in seclusion most of the time. It is understood that Miller is interested in a civil suit to come up later, but did not wait for a trial of the case, and immediately floated out of town by private conveyance.

The nigger was defended by Jesse Simmons, a local attorney, who subjected the complaining witness to a cross-examination which was universally regarded as unnecessarily severe. He failed, however, in his attempt to weaken the testimony in any degree.

The original charge against the nigger was assault with intent to commit rape. The grand jury indicted him for simple assault and battery, for the reason that there was no legal evidence of the intent.—Pioche Record.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It's especially recommended for children, as it is pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative, thus expelling the phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. For sale by Tonopah Drug Co. 3-3 to 4-12

The only place in town that you can get Ross' Royal imported ginger ale is at the Bank saloon. tf

GOLD STAMPEDE FROM FALLON

According to reports received late this week in Wonder, Fallon is in the throes of a new stampede. The rush was started by "Mort" Jones, who made good in Wonder last spring, and then moved to Fallon to enjoy some of the luxuries of city life. Mort took into Fallon early in the week some rock that was yellow with free gold. He said that he had taken it from two big ledges about forty miles to the east by north of Fallon, near an old settlement known as Shady Run. The scene of the strike immediately became a Mecca for Fallontes. Ever since then, it is said, there has been a procession out of Fallon headed for Shady Run. Teams have been in great demand. Those who did not own horses before the story of the strike reached Fallon, have bought them since, and are galloping toward the new El Dorado.

Shady Run is believed to lie about ten miles to the east and north of the big peak that, looming up across Dixie valley, is conspicuous from any of the high places in the Wonder district. It is probably about forty miles from here.—Wonder News.

Advertise in the Daily Bonanza.

SHE KNEW THE FRIENDS.
Mistress—You must get dressed early today, Jane, for I have friends coming to see me.
Jane—Yus, mum. An' shall I remove the humberlles?—Ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

Get next to some of Ross' Royal imported Belfast ginger ale at the Bank saloon. tf

We deliver our goods, so send in your orders to H. J. Hall & Co., for wet goods. Phone 812. tf

Location notices in triplicate—handiest affair for prospectors and miners—contains carbon—150 notices in book. For sale at the Bonanza office.

Our spring and summer opening will take place Wednesday and Thursday, March 25 and 26. Richardson's. 3-22 4t

Five year old claret at \$1.50 per gallon. H. J. Hall & Co. tf

Here comes the Spring Winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalva Carbolyzed, (acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped skin. Sold by Tonopah Drug Co. 3-3 to 4-12

"For Rent," "For Rent Furnished" and "For Sale" cards on sale at the Bonanza office.

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Tonopah Billiard Parlors

OPEN TONIGHT

T. H. MERRIMAN, Manager.
UPPER - MAIN - STREET

To the Ladies of Tonopah

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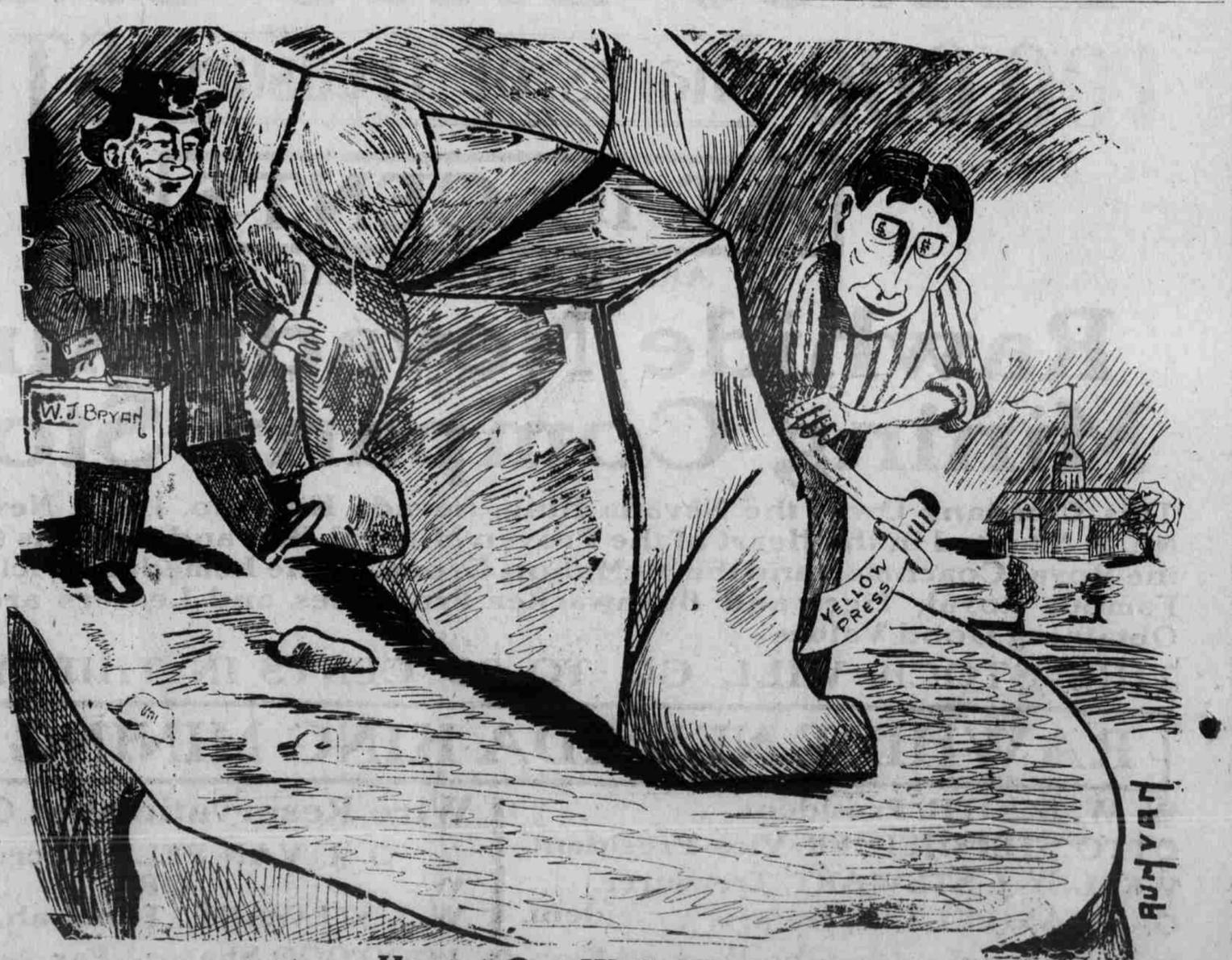
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SHOP OF SWELLDOM

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

All the Latest Styles in Suits and Millinery Will be on Display

MRS. C. MUNN



Hearst Out With His Knife