

WHAT'S THE USE.

You're a buzzer, and you know it,
You're a piker, and you know it.
All your life's a barren waste,
In your mouth a bitter taste.
What's the use?

You have drained life's brimming cup,
Every drop, and every sup,
From its sparkling foaming top,
To its lingering bitter drop.
What's the use?

All youths' follies you decry,
You have wiser grown, and why?
In your heart love builds no fire,
In your blood there's no desire.
What's the use?

No man eats when he's not hungry,
No man drinks when he's not dry.
You're a saint, sir, and you show it
And we know the reason why.
What's the use?

—Lacour.

QUOTED.

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations?
He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky.
The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.
When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him.
If he is poor, he is a bad manager, if he is rich, he is dishonest.
If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.
If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics you can't find a place for him and he is no good to the country.
If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does it's for show.
If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.
If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded.
If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.
If you save money, you're a grouch; if you spend it, you're a loafer.
If you get it, you're a grafter; if you don't get it, you're a bum—
So what the hell's the use.

OPERATIONS SOON TO BEGIN ON IONE PLACERS

Placer operations on a huge scale are contemplated by Thomas D. Murphy and E. R. Collins, who control more than 600 acres of gravel at Ione in Nye county. The two gentlemen have returned from the field and have completed arrangements for extensive work. Two tanks, each with a storage capacity of 100,000 gallons, are to be built, giving a pressure of 200 feet. Within three months, it is expected that the company will be working in three gulches. There is an immense flow of water that has been recently developed and three sets of sluice boxes will eventually be in place. The first clean-up of the yellow stuff ought to be not later than May 15th. Bed rock is, on the average, about

seven feet down and the values lie all over the territory. Where work will start within a few days, the gravel runs about \$1.35 a yard. The average, straight through, it is said, will not be far from 40 cents to \$10 a yard, making the proposition one of the finest of its kind in the country. Three small giants will be brought into commission and kept constantly at work. The preliminary washing will take place within the next ten days or two weeks. Two miles of piping is required and almost all of it is in place. Ione was the first county seat of Nye county. The value of its gravel beds was known several years ago, and Senator Bell conducted profitable operations about fifteen years ago, although he had to have the gravel hauled fully 2500 feet to a spring.

Try that draft beer with the free lunch attachment at the Nevada Club. 4-16-tf
Hot bread every day at 4 p. m. at City Bakery. 3-19-tf.

ANOTHER LEASE LOOKS A WHALE

Bert Smith Opens Milling Rock at Grass Roots---Dike on Mayflower Pans for 100 feet.

It looks like the third mine of the Pioneer. Mayflower section has pushed its head above the field of wholesome prospects. The ground covered by block 1, Starlight No. 4, of the Mayflower Mining company, under lease to Bert L. Smith, is the territory that is referred to. The lease to Smith was the first one actually signed up by the Mayflower company, and is also the trail blazer in the matter of operation. A permanent shaft was started this week, previous to which time a remarkable showing has been made in mere prospect work. Henry Earle has had charge of the early prospect work. He is the man who found the first pay rock, sometime ago, before the lease was granted. The location is several feet due north of the old Starlight shaft on the crest of the hill. Here a huge dike stands out conspicuously for a big width. The surface appears

promising, but nothing to attract the old company, therefore it was not scratched. Grass rock pinnings on this dyke go to indicate milling values—\$10 to \$30 per ton, over a width approaching 100 feet. Pannings of this value have in fact been obtained quite 100 feet apart. Several trenches have been put in at different points, all with the best of results. Along the formation—that is on the strike—no great distance has been covered in the close prospect work. Surface work has about ceased and the big shaft will be put down with all possible dispatch. The formation at the point of development is a contact where the Mayflower lode comes into the big dyke spoken of above. It is proposed to sink at once to the 100-foot level, and there crosscut the country. The rock in the shaft at a depth of a few feet is of a good milling grade. —Bullfrog Miner.

HOLDS COURT WITH A COCKED SHOTGUN

The recent death in Siskiyou county of Judge Theron Reed recalls an incident of his career which gave him fame among the legal fraternity throughout California. It occurred long years before the unfortunate adoption of the new constitution of 1879, which legislated down and out all of the district courts existing under the organic charter of 1850, and also supplanting the county courts, which had but little more jurisdiction than the present tribunals presided over by justices of the peace. Judge Reed's district was a hard proposition, in more way than one. His home was at Havilah; from thence his circuit included court terms at Millerton and later Bakersfield, which in those days was more notorious for its fever, quinine and whisky than it is now. Then came Bridgeport, the county seat of Mono, whenever the routes from Sacramento happened to be open, not always the case in the winter; and then, by way of Aurora and Benton, over a once-a-week stage to Independence, which hung up every night to recuperate. The judge ate pine nuts enroute, and meditated over the law and justice as administered upon the border. Memory is a little hazy as to the exact title of one case which was being tried out not long after the coun-

ty's organization, which occurred in 1866, but which the writer thinks was a land dispute originating at Fish Springs, close to the then northern line of Inyo. Or it may have been a case emanating from the Morgan Courtney gang. Anyhow, contending litigants filled the atmosphere with portents of trouble; the attorneys concerned—Patrick Reddy, Judge Slade and Lucius Cooper being in the array—were not at any time very slow about warming up as occasion required. There had been a day of hot wrangling, the obstreperous lawyers unabashed by threatened procedures in contempt. Next morning his honor entered the courtroom with a double-barreled shotgun poised over his left forearm. Taking his seat, he cocked both barrels of the gun and stood it at his side. Circumstantial evidence left no reasonable doubt about the judge being angry, mad clear through. "Mr. Sheriff, call court." "Gentlemen, there will be order in court today." There was. Paul W. Bennett, superior judge of Kern, is the only lawyer interested in this scene who is now in the land of the living.

ENDS HIS LIFE.

William George, a well known resident of Carson, was found dead at his home Thursday morning, having committed suicide by cutting his throat during the night. He had been employed for a long time as delivery clerk for one of the Carson business houses and when he did not appear for work yesterday morning

his employer went to his house and found him cold in death. He had made certain that he would die, as a piece of tubing which he had connected with an open gas jet and then placed in his mouth, was found lying on his breast, having evidently been pulled away from the gas pipe as he fell to the floor. His right arm was stretched out and his hand still grasped the blood covered razor with which he had slashed his throat. Deceased was well known in this city, where he visited frequently, having married Miss Ida Tweedy of the Divide. Mrs. George had been visiting her parents in this city for several days and was intending to return to her home in Carson last evening. The unfortunate man was highly spoken of by all who knew him. He was a resident of Hawthorne for many years.

FURNITURE Repaired
MATTRESSES Made Over

E. Sorensen
Furniture Hospital

Carpet and Linoleum Laid

PHONE 163

Tonopah

Nevada

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

FREE - The Bulletin - FREE
SAN FRANCISCO'S GREAT DAILY

THE DAILY BONANZA

through a special arrangement with the Bulletin, beginning April 1st, will deliver to old and new subscribers of The Bonanza the San Francisco Bulletin without extra charge.

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA \$1.25 PER MONTH
SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN \$1.25 PER MONTH

The Bulletin is recognized as San Francisco's leading daily and furnishes the best mining and stock report entering the State of Nevada. The Bulletin's sporting news is famous from Coast to Coast.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

The Tonopah Daily Bonanza at the regular rates and the Daily Bulletin are offered to all subscribers who pay their subscriptions in advance, both in and out of town subscribers. Do it now and subscribe for the Daily Bonanza—two daily papers for the price of the Daily Bonanza.

The Bulletin is read by more people on the Pacific Coast than subscribe for all other San Francisco dailies.

Tonopah Daily Bonanza and San Francisco Bulletin

