

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CROSSING THE DIVIDE.

Parson, I'm a maverick, just runnin' loose an' grazin',
Eatin' where 's th' greenest grass an' drinkin' where I choose,
Had to rustle in my youth an' never had no raisin',
Wasn't never halter broke, an' I ain't much to lose,
Used to sleepin' in a bag an' livin' in a slicker,
Church folks never branded me—I don't know as they tried;
Wish you'd say a prayer for me an' try to make a deker,
For the best they'll give me when I cross the Big Divide.

Tell 'em I ain't been corralled a night in more 'n twenty,
Tell 'em I'm rawboned an' rough an' ain't much for looks;
Tell 'em I don't need much grief because I've had a-plenty,
I don't know how bad I am 'cause I ain't kept no books.
Tell 'em I'm a maverick a-runnin' loose unbranded,
Tell 'em I shoot straight an' quick an' ain't got much to hide;
Have 'em come an' size me up as soon as I get landed,
For the best they'll give me when I cross the Great Divide.

Tell 'em I rode straight an' square an' never grabbed for leather,
Never roped a crippled steer or rode a sore-backed horse,
Telf 'em I've bucked wind an' rain an' every sort of weather,
Had my tilts with Al K. Hall an' Captain R. E. Morse.
Don't hide nothin' from 'em whether it be sweet or bitter,
Tell 'em I'll stay on th' range, but if I'm shut outside
I'll abide it like a man, because I ain't no quitter,
I ain't going to change just when I cross th' Big Divide.

Tell 'em when th' Roundup comes for all us human critters
Just corral me with my kind an' run a brand on me;
I don't want to be corralled with hypocrites an' quitters,
Brand me just for what I am—an' I'm just what you see.
I don't want no steam-het stall or bran-mash for my ration,
I just want to meet th' Boss an' face him honest-eyed,
Show him jist what chips I got an' shove 'em in for cashin',
That's what you can tell 'em when I cross the Big Divide.
—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Boston—Cincinnati 6, Boston 2.
At Brooklyn—St. Louis 10, Brooklyn 6.
At New York—Chicago 2, New York 3.
At Philadelphia—Pittsburg 1, Philadelphia 3.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburg	14	8	.636
Philadelphia	11	8	.579
Chicago	13	11	.542
Cincinnati	12	13	.480
New York	9	10	.474
Boston	9	11	.450
Brooklyn	9	11	.450
St. Louis	10	15	.400

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Cleveland—Boston 3, Cleveland 2.
At St. Louis—Philadelphia 1, St. Louis 0.
At Chicago—Washington 6, Chicago 2.
At Detroit—New York 4, Detroit 11.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	16	5	.762
Boston	12	8	.600
New York	11	9	.550
Philadelphia	10	9	.526
Chicago	11	11	.500
Cleveland	9	12	.429
Washington	6	13	.316
St. Louis	6	14	.300

COAST LEAGUE.

At San Francisco—Oakland 0, San Francisco 7.
At Los Angeles—The game between Portland and Vernon was called on account of darkness in the twelfth inning; score 0-0.
At Sacramento—Los Angeles 5, Sacramento 1.

	W.	L.	Pct.
San Francisco	26	16	.619
Portland	22	16	.579
Los Angeles	24	19	.558
Sacramento	19	22	.463
Vernon	18	22	.450
Oakland	14	28	.333

WOMAN HANGS SUICIDES.

LOS ANGELES, May 12.—Mrs. Florence Minnock, wife of an employe of the Llewellyn Iron Works, and mother of four children, committed suicide today during a fit of insanity after her husband had watched at her bedside all night to prevent such an act. This morning when his back was turned she secured a vial of poison and drank its contents, dying a few minutes later in dreadful agony.

MIX-UP IN THE PHARMACY BOARD

NO MEETING AT RENO, OWING TO THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE MEMBERSHIP.

RENO, May 12.—An unsettled condition of membership was responsible for the state board of pharmacy doing little business at its meeting. Just who's who on the board hasn't been deciphered as yet. The board will enforce the law regarding drugs and the employes handling them, but at this time it cannot do much. F. J. Steinmetz of Carson resigned, as he is going out of the state, and R. L. Prouty was named in his place. H. J. Hodgkinson of Reno resigned last January, but has received no notice as to whether his resignation has been accepted or refused, so he doesn't know whether he is a member or not. A. M. Cole of Virginia City has also resigned, yet his office has not been declared vacant, and no one has been named to take his place. Joseph Taylor of Elko, William Brown of Winnemucca, and Mr. Prouty alone know where they are at.

HANDCUFFS DAUGHTER TO PREVENT KIDNAPING

TACOMA, May 12.—Mrs. Edna Reed, divorced wife of R. T. Reed, a wealthy real estate man of Denver, created a sensation on the streets of Tacoma where she appeared with her 9-year-old daughter Inez, handcuffed to her. Twice since the divorce was obtained, Mrs. Reed says, attempts have been made to kidnap the child. She believes the silver-chained handcuffs will guarantee the child's safety.

PROHIBITIONISTS BREAK OUT WITHOUT WARNING

ATLANTIC CITY (N. J.), May 12.—Prominent citizens who were opposed to Sunday liquor selling and who have remained quiet since the big crusade of a year ago, created a sensation this afternoon by having warrants issued for half a dozen well known hotel men on the bench front on the charge of selling liquor on Sunday.

New goods arriving daily at Ryan and Stenson's 3-4-11

Draft beer and free lunch at the Nevada Club. 4-16-11

GOES TO PRISON TO PROTECT HIS SISTER'S HONOR

CROWD CHEERS HEROIC LAD ON WAY TO CELL—MAY BE PARDONED IN WEEK.

FORT WORTH (Texas), May 12.

Stephen Beasley began today the serving of a five-year's sentence in the Texas state prison for the slaying of his father. He need not have gone to prison, for every man from judge to jury who sat in judgment on him tried to set him free. But he chose prison to save his outraged sister the disgrace of telling why he slew his father.

The slaying was done in the elder Beasley's cotton field a week and a half ago. It ended twenty years of such parental cruelty as has seldom been known in a civilized land. Beasley, the father, was immensely wealthy. His cotton and yam fields extended for miles along the outskirts of Fort Worth. But he never hired a man to till them. He forced his wife and five children to be his farm hands, and since they could first hold a hoe not one has remembered a day when he or she was not flayed to work by the blacksnake or the whittetree. Three of these were girls and on these Beasley vented his tyranny even more than on the boys.

The climax was approached two weeks ago when the wife of Beasley was forced to flee for shelter to a neighbor's and when the young son, Stephen, ran away from the torture to take work with another farmer near by. The next day one of her daughters, not yet 15 years old, escaped from the father's watch upon her and staggering to the farmhouse where her mother was living, told a frightful tale of the wrong she had suffered at her father's hands.

In some way the mother got the news to Stephen, and when his work was through the lad took down his rifle and walked to his father's farm, where he hid behind a wall to await the old man's return from the field.

When Beasley appeared his son stepped out, raised his gun and deliberately shot him dead.

That same afternoon he gave himself up, declaring himself guilty of slaying his father.

A grand jury was summoned to indict him, but after the mother had told the revolting story the grand jury refused to indict. Stephen would have been set free on the spot, but Prosecutor Roy declared that he must be brought to trial.

So a second grand jury was immediately impaneled. The mother's testimony was kept out for fear of its effect and Stephen was indicted and brought to trial. There was not the slightest doubt of his acquittal.

But at the last moment Stephen heard that if his trial went on his sister would be forced to take the stand and tell the wrong the father had done her. And to save her that humiliation and the disgrace to his family he broke from the officers as he was brought into court and thrusting aside his lawyers at the bar, shouted:

"I killed my father! I plead guilty to manslaughter and I want to be sentenced to prison without trial."

Forced by the law to accept the plea or try the lad on a charge of murder in the first degree, the judge sent out the jury with an order to bring in a verdict of guilty.

"I sentence you to five years in the state's prison," pronounced the judge, "but I will be the first to sign a petition for your immediate pardon."

Hundreds of Fort Worth's best citizens cheered the lad today as he started for the prison. It is believed he will be set free within a week.

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KILLS MOTHER-IN-LAW TO SAVE HER SICK SON

Sarah, the squaw, held in jail on the charge of killing another squaw about two months ago, told Deputy Sheriff Harris all about it Saturday and agreed to go with him to find the remains. Saturday afternoon Deputy Harris and Sarah left town in a buggy and drove about eight miles to a place in the hills southwest of town.

When they reached the place, where the woman was killed, they found the skull and the bones of one leg from the knee down. A moccasin was still on the foot, but all the flesh was gone from the bones.

Sarah told Deputy Harris that at the time she killed the squaw her husband, the murdered squaw's son, was very sick and that the medicine man and other Indians told her that if she would kill his mother her man would get well. The murdered squaw also shared in this belief. One night Sarah went to the old squaw's wickiup and found her gone. Sarah saw her tracks on the snow and followed them on horseback. She overtook the squaw and found her sitting by a fire. Sarah left her horse and the two sat by the fire and talked about the sick man. They talked and cried together for sometime, and the old squaw finally said "you kill me."

Sarah says that she then took a small iron rod the old woman had and struck her on the head and rolled her into the fire. She then became frightened and mounted her horse and rode away.

The officers will bring the bones in and an inquest will be held. Sarah will then be charged with the crime.—Elko Independent.

CHAIANGANG AT WORK CLEANING THE STREETS

The chaingang has been put to work cleaning the streets and alleys of Winnemucca and already a good impression has been made on some of the side streets. With the streets thoroughly cleaned by the prisoners, says the Star, it is up to the people here to help the good cause along by having rubbish hauled away instead of dumping it on the public highway.

Would not the chaingang in Tonopah be the proper career. There is much needed work to be done upon our streets.

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