

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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W. W. BOOTH, EDITOR AND MANAGER

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WILSON'S TURN.

PRESIDENT WILSON talked yesterday to the people of Russia and of Germany. His words were manifestly chosen for their ears. "Open covenants of peace," "no private international understandings," "equality of trade conditions" and "evacuation of Russian territory and opportunity for Russia's political development," all will be welcome news to the liberals of Germany and Russia. In most things President Wilson is in agreement with Lloyd George. But he so sharply differs on the Russian question that one is almost tempted to believe that the president decided to make his speech after George had made public Britain's war aims, and that Wilson hurried in the hope of reassuring Russia as to the real attitude of the allies. Lloyd George all but throws Russia "to the wolves"; President Wilson makes restoration of Russia's colonies and opportunity for her political development, part of the demands that must be granted before peace can come. The president, it may be interpreted, points a long forefinger at Kaiser Bill and says: "Great Britain and the United States are in absolute agreement as to what you must come through with before we'll even consider negotiations; but those demands do not include an insistence that the German people dethrone you and your flock of junkers."

Diplomats are quoted as saying peace negotiations are near. One congressman said: "This means peace is ten years away." That no doubt is an exaggerated estimate, but Wilson's words can mean but one thing—a long war.

MUNITION CONTRACTS.

RECENT heavy government contracts for war munitions call for expenditure of \$100,000,000, including \$60,000,000 for howitzer gun mounts to be built by Standard Steel Car company and \$30,000,000 for shells ordered from Detroit Steel company, organized for purpose of executing this government contract. Other government orders include 5,000 Liberty motors given to General Motors corporation and distributed among Cadillac, Buick, Northway and Chevrolet plants. Harroun Motor company, Detroit, has a large contract for six-inch shells. S. A. Woods Machine company of Boston will manufacture 2,000,000 trench mortar bombs, for which it has purchased forty lathes and other machine tools. American Steam Gauge & Valve Manufacturing company, Boston, has been awarded a contract for 2,000,000 detonators.

Shipbuilders are still in the market for tools, including Chicasaw Shipbuilding company, the southern subsidiary of the steel corporation, Southern Shipbuilding company, which is buying for its plant at Charleston, S. C., and Foundation company, which is buying plate and angle shop equipment through Liberty Steel Products company.

Framerian Industrial Developing corporation, New York City, has come into the market for seventy tools required for equipping a munition plant in France. Amesbury Brass & Foundry company, Amesbury, Mass., and Howard & Bullough American Machine company, Ltd., of Pawtucket, R. I., have also received government contracts for shells and gun mounts. These companies are also coming into the market for shop equipment.

Orders of 54,000 tons of steel plates and shapes required for building forty ships by American Shipbuilding company on the lakes have been distributed among four or five plate and structural mills, mainly in Chicago territory, and the emergency fleet corporation has placed additional contracts for rivets and plates amounting to 11,000 tons, for shipment to Hog Island plant of American International Shipbuilding corporation. The Youngstown mill has also taken an order for 6,000 tons of plates for shipment to the Philadelphia government ship plant.

FUTURE OF SILVER METAL.

THE future of silver metal for many years to come seems assured, insofar as one may say of anything these war times that it is assured. Silver differs from all the other metals in that at the end of the war today, next week, or next year would not halt the demand for the white metal, says the Mining Record. All the silver that the mines of the world can produce for years to come will be needed for coinage purposes to replace the gold that has been removed from circulation, and which gold will stay removed from circulation. A year's production of silver, recently around 170,000,000 ounces, is equivalent to but \$231,000,000 in subsidiary silver coinage. An ounce of silver makes about \$1.36 in United States, British, Mexican, French and other minor coins. It is apparent that if the entire silver production of the world were given over to mining, the amount of new silver money produced would be scarcely a drop in the bucket. Whereas a temporary lull in the steel, copper and other metal trades may possibly ensure at the end of the war and just before the work of reconstruction begins, no such lull need be expected as regards silver.

CLIPPED AND CREDITED.

The allies can stand another Verdun, but can Germany—Wall Street Journal.

The German hope of changing the name-spelling to Palestine is gone forever.—New York Morning Telegraph.

The Appeal to Reason did not have to change its name to the New Appeal when it decided to espouse the cause of the allies in the war of democracy. Any appeal to reason seems to be a new enough appeal among a large body of Socialists.—Philadelphia North American.

The British will soon fix it so that a man can go from Jerusalem to Jericho without falling among thieves.—Eric Dispatch.

As an opportunity for the German crown prince to show his ability, the war may already be said to be a failure.—Columbus Dispatch.

Now that a few mutinous soldiers have been hanged, what's the matter with a cheerful execution of a German spy or two?—Chicago Herald.

Emma Goldman complains that the draft law encroaches on religious liberty. This must hurt Emma, who never was known to encroach on anything religious.—Philadelphia North American.

"The Fighting Trail"

TWELFTH EPISODE—"THE DESERT OF TORTURE."

A pull on the rope, and down the airshaft lifted a compact bundle which Gwyn lifted on a dry ledge above, and then with drill and hammer attacked the face of the rock. As he worked, supported uncertainly on a sloping foothold, his strength, already sorely tried, drained swiftly away. He had chosen a spot to drill as far up as he could reach, but even so it seemed that the water must reach it first.

"Watch the hole, Nan," he said. "If the water gets there first the dynamite will not explode and we shall all be drowned." His fingers worked frantically while the water rose higher and higher continually. Casey, with features drawn tense, strained his ears at the entrance to the main shaft, for the sound of the explosion which should already have come. The seconds went by; they grew into minutes. Still the blast did not come. There was no sound from Gwyn. This distance down the shaft to the flooded tunnel below was too great for Casey to hear whether or not the drill was working. He became worried and was about to have himself lowered below when, with a mighty blast, the earth shook beneath his feet. He straightened, relieved; Gwyn must have succeeded in blowing out the sidewall of the mine.

As Gwyn and Nan were the nearest to the rent in the wall, through which the water was flowing madly, they were also the first to be swept out. Immediately they realized the impending danger. But a short distance ahead of them was the precipice over which the flood waters were pouring into the river, hundreds of feet below. Towards this cliff they were being carried helplessly with a speed that made them despair in the face of their apparently inevitable doom. Even now as they peered before them, they could see the water falling over the brink of the chasm and plainly hear it dashing down and into the river.

Suddenly, just as it seemed as though they must go over, and when they were almost close enough to the edge to see the river below, Gwyn's body struck a huge boulder projecting upward beneath the surface. His body, striking this on the side as it did, was thrown to within almost arm's reach of the shore. Nan, who had been clinging desperately to him, was turned toward the land also. Gwyn, grasping this slender hope with the frenzy of a man facing death, exerted all strength in one superhuman effort, and managed to grasp the limbs of a bush growing near the water's edge. Clinging to this tightly, he pulled Nan to safety and together they clambered safely to the land.

Just as they reached the shore the struggling forms of the men who had been imprisoned within the mine emerged through the hole in the shaft, being swept toward the river on the crest of the swirling waters. Gwyn caught the first as he was passing near the shore, horror written on his face. By holding him

firmly by the hand, he, in turn, was able to catch another farther out in the stream. Thus, by forming a chain, all the miners except two were saved and pulled ashore. These two unfortunates passed far out in the water before the chain had been formed sufficiently long to reach them, and were dashed over the rocks to the death that would have been shared by both Nan and Gwyn had fortune not been so kind to them.

A few minutes later the wet and bedraggled little crowd walked slowly up to the entrance of the shaft and found Casey and Sheriff Hogan excitedly making preparations to go down into the mine in search of them.

"Heavens, man," Casey cried joyously to Gwyn as he saw them approaching, "you certainly threw a scare into us. We thought you'd been blown to bits in the explosion. What's happened to you, anyway? You look as if you'd been in a fist fight with Niagara Falls." "We almost didn't get here to tell you about it," Gwyn answered. "We were swept out by the flood and were almost pitched into the river. Two poor chaps did go over."

"Where were you trapped?" Hogan inquired. "We would have tried to help you, but I hadn't any idea where you were." "I don't know much more about it than you do," replied Gwyn. "It was in one of the shafts on the other side, near the river. We have such a network of tunnels there now that it's a regular maze. It would take a stranger a week to find his way out."

"Well, now that you're all safe and back again," Hogan said, "I'll get along to town. There are a lot of things that I have to attend to before I've got my new job well under way. I'll leave my dog out here with you. You may need him; he's as good a policeman as any sheriff that Lost Mine has seen in the last twelve years."

Gwyn and Nan laughed and bade Hogan good-bye. Nan patted the dog

and assured herself of his friendship. And now, Gwyn and his wife, feeling secure and tired from their racking experience, prepared to rest for a while and then go about straightening things again as soon as the water in the mine had flowed out entirely, so that work could be resumed. He did not intend to allow any time to be lost—matters in New York were becoming too serious for that.

But they reckoned without fully appreciating the persistence of their enemy, Von Bleck, who was not so easily to be defeated.

The bushes that hid from view the old entrance to the cinnabar mine—the shaft that had been in use by Don Carlos and had been abandoned since Gwyn had taken charge and opened the main shaft—parted slowly, and the figure of a man appeared moving cautiously along. Von Bleck and his little band of confederates lowered their revolvers, which they had raised, ready for action, when they saw who the new arrival was. He had been sent, some time before, to see how matters developed at the mine. Now he was returning with the news. As he came up to the old shaft entrance, the agent of the central powers waited anxiously to hear the report.

"It didn't work," the spy confided. "The flood almost did away with Gwyn and the girl, but they got out all right. Two men were killed, but that doesn't accomplish anything." "I don't care about their being safe," Von Bleck said impatiently. "I'm not trying to murder my enemies—I'm trying to beat them. What I'm after is to destroy the mine, so that they can't get any cinnabar to the enemies of my country. Tell me, did the flood ruin the mine?"

"No," the other answered. "If the water had stayed in the mine it was so deep that they couldn't have worked there, but Gwyn blew out the wall, and let the water out. Everything is all right now. The mine has been empty about two hours, and when I came over Gwyn was just going down into the shaft with a shift of men to start work again. We'll have to find another way to put the place out of business."

Von Bleck, though discouraged by the news of his failure, did not despair. The other way was already found, and preparations had been begun even before the man had ar-

rived to report the failure of the flood.

"If water fails," Von Bleck said, with a crafty smile, "we'll try fire, Drant," he called, turning to that individual, "you and Rawls get the explosives ready and lay the wires. Bring me the fuse and we'll give this old mountain the biggest earthquake it's ever seen."

Drant was in action before Von Bleck had finished speaking. He and Rawls, aided by two or three others, disappeared through the old entrance into the mine, carrying with them stocks of explosives and fuses, the ends of which were held by Von Bleck. In a few minutes they reappeared without the sticks.

"Everything's ready," Rawls announced. "But you're not going to set off the charge when Gwyn and the others are in the mine working, are you? We might as well wait until they get out. This new guy, Hogan, might not be so easy in dealing out the law as Causley was, and there's no use taking chances."

"The devil with Hogan," Von Bleck cried angrily. "I'm here to destroy that mine and let you go to destroy it. If a couple of people have to die it's better than waiting until my whole nation is wiped out by the stuff they're getting. Come, now, get back. I'm going to let 'em blow. As soon as this first charge goes off and the smoke clears away a bit—I've planted some smoke bombs, too, to keep anyone from going down and putting out the fire—you and Drant have got to go in and lay another blast. One more'll do the job up fine, and I want to be sure that I end this whole business right here while I have the chance. Clear away! Get back!"

With these words Von Bleck

lighted the wires in his hand, and a little, flickering, spitting flame went spluttering along the fuse. The crowd watched the fire as it danced down, ignited another fuse which had been "bushed" onto it, so that several charges would be released simultaneously, and ran along into the darkness of the mine entrance.

The face of another person than Von Bleck would have been clouded with horror at such a moment. But the actions of this strange man were impossible to account for. At times he seemed human, almost sympathetic, reluctant to carry his aims to disastrous extents. Now he was stolid, unrelenting, uncannily cold, as he watched the fuse burn nearer and nearer to the charge that meant destruction, and waited for the blast.

(To Be Continued.)

Application No. 4785, Notice of Application for Permission to appropriate the Public Waters of the State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that on the 17th day of December, 1917, in accordance with Section 59, Chapter 140, of the Statutes of 1913, United Cattle and Packing Company, a corporation, of Reno, County of Washoe, and State of Nevada, made application to the State Engineer of Nevada for permission to appropriate the public waters of the State of Nevada. Such appropriation is to be made from Unmanned Spring, at a point in the SE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 16, T. 7 N., R. 44 E., M. D. B. & M., by means of a dam, and one cubic foot per second is to be conveyed to the SE 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 16, T. 7 N., R. 44 E., M. D. B. & M., by means of pipes and troughs, and there used for irrigation and stock watering purposes, from January 1st until December 31st of each year. Water not to be returned to stream. (Signed) J. G. SCRUGHAM, State Engineer. Date of first publication, Dec. 26, 1917. Date of last publication, Jan. 23, 1918.

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