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Is delivered in Pioche and Bullionville at 25
cents per week, payable to the Carriers.

All persons having business with this office are
requested to address the RECORD PUBLISHING
COMPANY. We have no authorized Agents.

DARE-DEVIL JEHU.

Buffalo Bill tells a good story about a party of Englishmen traveling on the plains before the Pacific railroad was finished. They came rumbling into Laramie, abusing the driver and the coach and the "blasted country" generally, because they averred, there was no "coaching or driving outside of England." Their contempt of all things American was shown in the most offensive manner to all the people standing around as they sighted. It happened that Bob Scott, the finest driver and most reckless dare-devil on the plains, was to take the coach to the next station, eight miles westward from Laramie, and as the gay Jethu heard the remarks of the Brits, he slowly made up his mind to give them a specimen of purely American coaching. The stable boys led out six colts that looked as if they had never heard of a stage before; they reared and snorted, plunged and knicked until the noble Brits were quite delighted with the anticipation of a fine drive.

"Now, driver, you know, just give them their heads and let 'em go; don't you be afraid my boy."
"Yes," says another encouragingly. "my good fellow, just go ahead."
Bob mounted the box slowly while a man held each horn; he gathered the reins and said quickly, "Let 'em go." And they did and the colts plunged and reared, but Bob's iron grasp held them in. With the aid of the California brakes he held them down to a walk for three miles, while the passengers blasphemed at him for a "lead," and a sneak. At the end of three miles they got to the top of a hill, and one Britton poked his head out of the window and began to say something, but as he did a wild unearthly yell waked that vicinity, and at the same time Bob threw all the reins down. The coach seemed to lift from the ground, and those six colts started at the very best speed they could make. Another yell from Bob, and they seemed to increase it; then to help matters he drew his revolver and began firing over the horses' heads.

"Gr-at God," cried the Brits, "we've got into the hands of a blasted lunatic."
"Stop! stop!" they shouted, but the mad team and crazy driver tore on faster and faster, while the stage went bounding over the rocky road in a way that threatened to pound the passengers to pieces. Bob craned his neck over and yelled into the window.

"Gents, I'm just getting 'em started; they'll do better after awhile, and he took out the lamps and hurled them at the leaders with a wild Comanche war whoop.

The affrighted passengers presently saw the station in full view; the question was how was the team to be stopped. They gave themselves up for gone and hung on despairingly to the seats. It seems that the horses were accustomed to go right into the stable, coach and all, and up they came to the open door at full speed. There was a yell from the assembled stable attendants and tavern loafers, then a frightful crash as the whole top of the coach went off, throwing three Brits out and breaking two arms and a leg, besides other slighter accidents. Bob came out of the stable smiling, picked up an Englishman, and said:

"Never mind, sir, we'll have a real nice drive to the next station. I was obliged to take 'em along slowly over that era bad road. Boys put in the other team in a fresh coach and give us a couple of cocktails. It is dull driving so dogone slow, and I'm powerfully dry."

Those Englishmen waited and sent for a doctor, but they did not put down anything in their note book about American driving.

Henry Watterson called on General Grant during the excitement of the Electoral count of 1876, but the President did not seem to catch his name when he was introduced. After a short conversation, the gentleman who introduced the Southerner said: "Bat Mr. President, this is Mr. Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal." General Grant removed his cigar, paused a moment, turned his calm, clear gaze upon the celebrated agitator and journalist and said: "Ah! you, I believe, are the gentleman who talks of bringing 100,000 men here to prevent the inauguration of my lawful successor. Well, sir, bring them on, and you shall see what I will do with them."

APPROPRIATE BRIDAL PRESENT.—A gentleman goes to an armorer's and asks for a revolver. "Here's a real nice family weapon," said the clerk. "Family weapon?" "Yes, family weapon, just the thing for domestic tragedies; six-shooter, you see, sir—two bullets for your wife, two bullets for the destroyer of your happiness, two for yourself. All the go, sir! Sell hundreds of 'em for bridal presents, sir."

A Bat Story.—While a resident of Anaheim was walking in one of the orange groves of Los Angeles, the other day, he saw on the limbs of one of the trees what looked like a ripe orange. He plucked it, but found instead of an orange, it was nine yellow bats clinging together, heads downward. They were in a semi-dormant state, and the spherical form into which they had crowded themselves, and their color made them look exactly like a ripe orange to a careless observer. Yellow bats, though scarce, are not unknown in Anaheim. [Anaheim Gazette.]

The village of Villard d'Arenne, in Hautes-Alpes, France, is slowly but surely going down hill in a very uncomfortable and unheard of manner. The church and the cemetery are particularly unfortunate, and seem to be setting a very bad example generally. The inhabitants are doing their best to avert a catastrophe by means of dykes, but so far unsuccessfully.

A Vermont girl married a rich man in order to get a seal skin coat, and the very day she got it she eloped with her poor lover, who hadn't even a Spring overcoat.

If the young man who insists on stealing kisses don't abandon the practice, he will soon find himself behind the bars of wedlock.

A WATER-TURKEY.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream, hunting on the Indian River, Florida, thus describes the snake-bird, water-turkey:

On the left are Islands innumerable, with tortuous channels between them, and was betide the unlucky boatman who gets lost in the labyrinth of their intricate windings. The islands are green to the water's edge with man-grove bushes, and the scene is enlivened by the numerous water-fowl, egrets, herons, pelicans, gallinules, water-turkeys, cormorants and fish-crows, feeding near the Islands, and the gulls, terns, vultur s, ospreys and man-o-war hawks, swooping, skimming and sailing in the air above.

"Look at a queer snake!" suddenly exclaimed Frank, as he seized his gun. We saw a snake apparently wiggling out of the water several feet in the air near one of the islands. As Frank fired, part of the snake dropped into the water, while the other part took wings and flew away.

"Did the snake drop the bird, or the bird drop the snake?" asked Frank.

"Yes, that was about the way of it," observed Ed. The explanation was quite simple. A snake-bird, or water-turkey (Plotos anbinga), swimming with his neck only out of water, had the snake in his bill, which he dropped and flew away when Frank fired his gun.

Sidney Lanier's description of this bird is quite characteristic: "The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird in the range of ornithology. He is not a bird, he is a neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appendances, and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seems necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black."

THE RED BOY'S REVENGE.—Stern parents are some times "sternly" rebuked by their own children. A case of this kind came under the observation of a Miner reporter the other day. A little Indian boy, whose mother had just given him a wallop for something or other, entered a blacksmith's shop on Bonanza Flat, and in the absence of the proprietor, crawled under the forge bellows to have his cry out. Pretty soon his mother came along too, and as was most natural for a squaw, squatted herself down on the apparently life-less forge to take a rest. The boy saw his opportunity to get even for the thrashing he had received a few minutes before, and crawled out of his hiding place, began to noisefully work the bellows. Pretty soon he had the underneath coals in a glow, and then giving the thing one vigorous pump, a flame of fire a foot high shot up in the very spot where his ma was seated. With a Piute imprecation on her lips, and a big fire playing havoc with her dry goods in the rear, the squaw jumped from the forge and hurriedly squatted in a tub of water standing near, while the boy scooted out of the rear door as if the devil was after him. She is sadder when she sits now, but won't that youth get a reception when he returns to the top of his injured mother. —[Silver Reef Miner.]

Milly Christine, the double-headed woman, although not a particular attractive person, has had five offers of marriage during her life, and all from white persons. Count Rosebud, one of the midgits, is in love with the nightingale on account of her winning ways and accomplishments, and would marry her to-morrow if she would consent. One head is willing, but the other is not, and the two heads have been disputing about this matter for the last two years. It is, in fact, about the only subject on which they are not fully agreed. A man who would marry a woman with two heads and subject himself to the raking fire from such a double barreled gun as that whenever he came home late at night, might elicit admiration for his valor, but not for his discretion.

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Hillside Mill & Mining Company.—
Location of principal place of business, San
Francisco, California; location of works, Bristol
District, Lincoln county, Nevada.—Notice is
hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the twenty-first day of November, 1879,
an assessment (No. 1) of Fifty Cents per share
was levied upon the capital stock of the cor-
poration, payable immediately in United States
gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Rooms 28, No. 330 Pine street, San
Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall
remain unpaid on the twenty-fourth day of De-
cember, 1879, will be delinquent, and ad-
vertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on the THIR-
TEENTH day of January, 1880, to pay the de-
linquent assessment, together with the costs of
advertising and expenses of sale.
F. FRANKENTHAL, Secretary.
Office—No. 330 Pine street, Room 28, San
Francisco, California. 4023-1f