

POSTOFFICE HOURS

8 A. M. to 7 P. M. SUNDAYS. 6 P. M. to 7 P. M.

No money orders issued or letters registered after 6:30 P. M. and none on Sundays.

JOHN SHIER, P. M.

Local Intelligence.

Pat Devlin is again able to be upon the streets.

Mrs. Stodard's little girls who have both been down with diphtheria are now recovering.

This is St. Patrick's day. Attend the ball this evening.

W. S. Godbe is expected to return from New York next Tuesday.

The preliminary examination of McCannan and Wilkinson, the horse thieves, is set for Monday next.

Joe Cook, our wide awake livery stable keeper, lost a valuable horse a few days ago by sickness.

John Frei and family, well known recent residents of Pioche, are now settled in San Rafael, California.

To-day was pay day for the Day mine hands. The working force there now numbers about twenty-five.

Old man Jose whom we mentioned last week as having received a slight paralytic stroke is slowly recovering.

Our section is now favored with the most beautiful weather. The warm sun and balmy air gives one the spring fever.

One of the families who left here last fall are thinking of returning. In all their peregrinations they still yearn to be back again.

B. C. McDonough, who has been to Salt Lake to place his little brother Frank in the Sisters' Orphan Home, returned Sunday.

Mr. A. Werner, whose painful accident we noticed a few issues ago, is again on the streets, though not entirely recovered from its effects.

We found the Tintic Miner upon our table Monday morning for the first time. The paper has a good appearance and booms the Tintic district muchly.

Since the exodus of a great number of our population, houses for rent are becoming more plentiful, and prices now asked are within the bounds of a moderate income.

Samuel James, superintendent of the P. C. M. & R. Co., left for Salt Lake this morning on business connected with the company, and will be absent about ten days.

On Monday the 14th inst. the P. C. M. & R. Co. paid off for February month and are now back to the old paying date. The amount disbursed was much smaller than for many months past.

F. A. Dickle took a heavy load of provisions and furniture to his claims near the Half Moa a few days ago. His prospects are looking very bright, and it is to be hoped they will pan out well.

The streets of late have been tolerably free from swine, and the owners of those not eaten or dead should be compelled to keep them up. They are neither useful nor ornamental on a public thoroughfare.

The closing down of the furnaces has had a very salutary effect upon the town and all good citizens heave a sigh of relief in getting rid of all the old bums and drunks with which we have been infested.

Chief engineer John Ryan of the P. C. M. & R. Co. had his collar bone broken by being pushed off the water car by the smoke funnel in the round house after returning from Jack Rabbit Sunday evening.

What is the matter with our street cleaning department? Is the garbage and rubbish to remain in our streets until the warm weather approaches and grim Death stalks into our midst with another dose of la grippe or fever.

There is an inkling to the effect that one of the Bachelors is about to sever his active connection with the order and become a Benedict. Should this be true, the lodge no doubt will see that he is properly launched on the sea of matrimony.

Go and see them! What? Why the W. L. Douglass shoe? Where? Why at Wertheimer's. He keeps also a fine assortment of dry goods and clothing. Call and see him.

Cook Bros., the Godbe Mercantile Co., R. A. Martin & Co., and N. P. Dooley have started the street cleaning hall to rolling by clearing away the rubbish from the front of their respective places of business. Others should do likewise.

McCannan and Wilkinson, the horse thieves brought in by Deputy Rives Tuesday night, have not yet had their examination, owing to the absence of important witnesses. Upon the road McCannan went by the name of A. L. Heath previous to his capture.

The condition of McCune the victim of Johnson's pistol bullet, is still very hopeful. Dr. Crowder says he is doing finely and, while not out of danger, may recover with proper care. This is good news and we sincerely hope that he may be upon our streets in as short a time as possible.

Mike Williams has returned from Salt Lake, where he has been under medical treatment for an injured eye. The oculist who treated him told him that he was in great luck to be able to return with either eye, as the injury had so affected his sight that he was in great danger of losing it. He is now on the way to speedy recovery.

A bottle of Trib should be in every household

Some miscreant, with a disregard of the safety of other people and his own liberty, fired a pistol shot on Main street Monday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock. As no officer was about at the time he was not arrested, but it is known who was in that vicinity at about that time, and we would recommend that parties inclined to do miscellaneous shooting have a care else they may find themselves in an unpleasant position.

Our old time friend W. J. Kennedy of Milford, Utah where he holds the responsible position of manager of the Consolidated Implement Company, was in Pioche for a few days this week in the interest of his firm. "The boys" gave him a warm reception and a banquet at the Palace Varieties. Many sincere regrets were expressed that Mr. Kennedy could not remain longer, but "we'll meet in the sweet bye and bye" Kennedy. So long.

An old saying is that "there is no great loss without some small gain," and we thus see it exemplified. Tuesday a number of the sporting fraternity left for Prescott, Arizona, by private conveyance. Pay days do not now yield them the harvest they once did. The sporting element remaining in Pioche will receive very slim support from those now in employment here, for they are sober, steady men that are now working about Pioche.

The hall of the B. B. B. is becoming a very popular resort. It is open to its members day and night. A library is being established, and newspapers of all descriptions are to be found within its walls. Those whose tendencies lead to athletic sports can pass a pleasant evening in the use of clubs, dumbbells and other paraphernalia, and it is the object of the members to make it homelike and comfortable and hold out inducements to spend their evenings in social and profitable enjoyment.

If you want the news subscribe for the Pioche Record.

Mining Notes.

The Savage is supposed to be the mother lode of the Point. The owners have spent some \$20,000 since acquiring the property.

Mark Church has just returned from Comet district, where he has had a force of men doing assessment and development work for himself and Lieut. Gov. Foujard.

Charley Price and others are working upon prospects near the Point of the mountain, and the outlook for this section is so promising that the claim owners are agitating the question of forming a district of their own.

Clark Miller came in from Silver Park Sunday and reports but very little doing there. Clark has been representing some prospects there and bids us to keep an eye on that district for awhile.

Jim Brown and Dan Bertosh are taking out considerable high grade ore from the old Chapman mine one on the hill between the Yuba and the old Mazepa. The ground belongs to the P. C. M. & R. Co., and is being worked on lease by Brown and Bertosh.

Jim McFadden has a couple of men working on the Challenge, over the hill from Jackrabbit. They are driving a tunnel to strike the ledge at a depth of about 140 feet, and are now nearly to where the ledge is expected to be struck. A shaft sunk to a depth of 80 feet reveals ore going 35 to 40 ounces in silver and carrying about the same per cent of lead.

W. R. McFadden & Co. have a nice looking prospect on the Point about four miles from town in the direction of Highland. They are down about eight feet, and the bottom of the shaft is all in ore of high grade. No assays have yet been made, and competent judges estimate its value to be about 200 ounces per ton. There is a great ledge in the Point somewhere. An adjoining claim yielded some hundreds of tons of valuable ore a few years ago. The iron of this section is the best in the country for fluxing purposes.

James C. Nicol has taken a lease from Tom Gillan on the old Michigan mine near Bristol, and will proceed at once to work on the property. Mr. Nicol thinks there is a good showing for some pay ore, and was in town this week getting supplies to begin work. No work has been done on this property for a number of years, it, like a good many others, being relocated every year, instead of being represented by labor. When a railroad comes here and our resources are known to others, that kind of representing won't do. It will have to be done with a pick and shovel and not with a lead pencil.

John Savor, of the Mayflower mine in Bristol district, was in Pioche this week. John says he has an abundance of leaching ore on hand ready to extract and can obtain samples of ore all the way from 30 to 300 ounces of silver to the ton. The Mayflower was worked by chondlers years ago, who extracted a large amount of good ore therefrom which they sold to the Bristol smelter, realizing handsome profits upon it. The mine fell into litigation and judgments were rendered against its owners, which were purchased by John Roeder, John Savor and others. Mr. Savor will put the mine in shape this summer for advantageous working upon the advent of a railroad to Pioche.

CAPTURED.

The Horse Thieves Brought Back.

An Escape Was Attempted, but Through the Assistance of Winters, McArthur, Yount and Some Indians the Prisoners are Again Captured and Brought to Pioche.

Deputy Sheriff George Rives accompanied by Mr. Joseph Gilbert, Mr. W. P. Yount and two prisoners, George McCannan and Charles Wilkinson, arrived in town Tuesday night. Mr. Rives and Gilbert had been in pursuit of the two men, who had stole a couple of horses from J. A. Denton on February 28th, since March 1st. The story of the pursuit and capture is a long one and reveals the trials and hardships which the officers of our county are put to in the discharge of their duty, and the hindrance met with from the lawless element who now infest the interior of the country between California and Nevada where no law exists, no mail facilities are even provided, mail being brought 150 miles by private carriers.

Leaving here Tuesday, March 1st, Mr. Rives and Gilbert went to Mr. Denton's camp, twenty-five miles north of here, to find the trail of the thieves and the direction taken. This led them to Mr. Craw's ranch, where they stopped that night. In the morning they proceeded to Bristol, where Mr. Denton left them and returned to Pioche. Rives and Gilbert left Bristol about four o'clock Wednesday, March 2nd, and followed the trail towards Pahranagat. A heavy storm and darkness setting in, the men were forced to camp in an abandoned cabin. In the morning they again started on and arrived at Geer's ranch in Pahranagat Valley about 9 o'clock that night. They got supper and fresh horses here and left about 10 o'clock. Riding all night they reached Summit springs at daylight, where they tied their horses to a rock and lying upon the ground slept without blankets for a couple of hours. Waking they rode on, still following the trail, and reached Quartz spring at night. Here the horses were watered and the two weary men again mounted them and rode all night through the desert to Turner's ranch on Indian creek, where they had breakfast, and learned that they were still a day behind their men. Procuring a change of horses they again rode on, crossed the Yellow Pine mountains and reached Pahranagat ranch about 1 o'clock at night. Here they expected to overtake their men, but were disappointed. While leading the horses to water they became frightened and broke away from Mr. Rives, taking his shackles with them. Mr. Gilbert fell upon the ground asleep from sheer exhaustion as soon as he alighted from his horse. Mr. Rives woke Mr. Bailey, the ranch foreman, who informed him that the men had not been seen there, but they would probably be at White's ranch, six miles down the valley, and kindly offered to take Rives and Gilbert down in his buckboard in the morning.

Upon arrival at White's it was found that the men were still twenty-four hours ahead of them. Mr. Rives procured Mr. Bailey's buck-board and one horse from that gentleman and another from Mr. White, and with Mr. W. P. Yount to drive, he and Mr. Gilbert again went on, determined to overtake their men. They drove to Resting Spring, about forty miles distant, and over the California line. The parties sought had not been seen here at all, so the officers and his assistants went to Evan's ranch, five miles further on, in the Amargosa valley, and only a few miles from Death Valley. Just before reaching the Evans ranch a thick growth of mesquit bushes covers the country on both sides of the road. Rives and Gilbert here waited while Yount drove up to the ranch. In about three quarters of an hour Mrs. Evans came down and told Rives and Gilbert that their men had just gone in to supper. At once going to the house, Mr. Rives entered, armed with a Winchester, which he drew down upon his men and told them to throw up their hands. They were astonished but complied, one remarking, "Well, you got the drop on us," and "you got us by getting the drop on us." The men were armed with a Winchester and undoubtedly would have shown fight had Mr. Rives not got the drop on them.

As Mr. Rives had no iron he tied their hands while Mr. Gilbert held a double barreled shot gun on the men. The party stopped at Evans' that night, and Mr. Rives and Gilbert taking turns at guarding the prisoner, as they did every night until they reached Pioche. Next day they left for White's with the prisoners and stolen horses. From White's Mr. Rives sent up to Pahranagat ranch for his horses and shackles, employees of the ranch having lassoed the horses on the range and brought them in. The ropes were replaced by iron upon the prisoners and another night spent in guarding them. Next day Mr. Rives took them to Pahranagat ranch to have hand cuffs made so that they could ride upon the horses, which they could not do with the shackles. The blacksmith did not finish making the hand irons until too late to leave Pahranagat, and Mr. Rives concluded to stay there that night. Just after supper, as Mr. Rives was standing in front of the little store and saloon with his prisoners, some one in the store called his attention to some boxes specimens. While he was looking at these, the prisoners, shackled

together and unhindered by the men at the store, some twenty or thirty in number who do not belong at the ranch but have come from all parts of the country and are more or less desperate men themselves, went to the buckboard and took Mr. Gilbert's rifle, with which they decamped. Coming out of the store Rives found his men and rifle gone and at once started in pursuit. Some Indians were found and put upon the trail but darkness coming on it could not be followed. Returning to the store Mr. Rives found that great sympathy was openly expressed for the prisoners among the roughs who had gathered there. He now consulted with Mr. McArthur, Mr. Winters and Mr. Yount, three influential citizens of Pahranagat Valley, who agreed to get Indians and go with him and assist him to recapture his prisoners. Early next morning the aforesaid gentlemen with three Indians started on the trail, which led them by a circuitous route through the sage brush and over a mountain which the Indians themselves thought impossible to climb, toward Resting Springs. On the way it was found they had broken the shackles with rocks and were now separated. Near Resting springs upon the mountain side the desperate men had built a little pile of rocks and determined to stand off the deputy and his party, whom they could see upon their track. It was now thirty six hours since they escaped and they had had neither food nor water and had traveled forty miles over a most rugged country. As Mr. Rives and his party neared the springs the men on the mountain left their retreat and came down to the springs, arriving there about fifteen minutes ahead of the pursuing party. A consultation was held by the latter, and Mr. Yount went up to the house to see if he could persuade them to surrender. A man named Black, who lived there, came down and told Mr. Rives and his party that they could not have the men, as he intended to take them to Dagget, on the railroad, and turn them loose. Mr. Winters informed him that they had come for the men and intended to have them, in such a manner that Black thought best to quit.

The men now came down and gave themselves up, shaking hands all around. They did not have Rives' rifle with them as was supposed, some one at the ranch having hid it. Gilbert's rifle was the only rifle they had taken when they escaped. Returning to Pahranagat ranch, Mr. Rives was openly threatened with having his prisoners taken from him, so, being advised to do so to avoid trouble, took them to White's ranch. From White's, Mr. Rives, accompanied by Gilbert and Yount, with the prisoners and stolen horses, arrived in Pioche, as before stated, after hard traveling and closely guarding the prisoners, last Tuesday night. The whole party was completely worn out.

Great credit is due Messrs. Winters, McArthur and Yount for their assistance; also to Mr. Bailey and Mr. White. And George Rives has certainly won our praise for his bravery, determination and faithfulness to his duty.

FURNACE NOTES.

George Williams and Fred Godbe have for the last week been taking an inventory of all charcoal burnt and wood cut in the neighboring camps.

The two furnaces have undergone a thorough cleaning and are put in repair so as to be ready to start up at a moment's notice.

All the surplus bullion on hand has been shipped to Milford.

Everything at the works under cover has been securely nailed up or placed under lock and key.

A considerable amount of matte is now on the dump, which will assist in the production of bullion as soon as the furnaces start up.

The electric lights at the works have been reduced considerably in number. Buckets filled with water have been placed all over the works to be ready for any emergency in case of fire.

Let credit be given where it is due. The excursion to Jackrabbit last Sunday was engineered by Mr. Percy Folwell, who made it one of the most enjoyable outings Pioche ever had.

Accident.

Mr. C. E. Goodrich our worthy townsman started with a party of ladies for Eagle valley Sunday morning in one of Joe Cook's rigs. When about three miles from town the forward wheels became separated from the rest of the wagon the bolster having split and allowed the front end of the wagon to fall upon the ground throwing the occupants out. The horses ran away but "Joe" followed them about half a mile and caught them. Mounting one of them he came to town and secured another rig with which he returned, picked up his party and proceeded on to Eagle Valley where all enjoyed themselves thoroughly returning to town again in the evening none the worse for their accident.

They are here!

A Monument to Penrose.

The Sons of St. George have decided to erect a monument to the memory of the late W. J. Penrose, who was foully murdered last June. Mr. Penrose was a member of the Montana legislature and editor and proprietor of the Butte Mining Journal at the time of his death. His political actions, and utterances through his paper are supposed to have been prominent factors in causing his murderers to execute this dastardly crime. Previous to locating in Butte, Mr. Penrose was a resident of Eureka, Nevada.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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