

THE PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

VOL. XLVIII.

PIOCHE, NEVADA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1897

NO. 4.

Judge Fitzgerald Loses.

The contest of the will of John S. Capron, which has been on trial in San Francisco for more than a month, has resulted in a verdict for the contestants, Capron's step-daughters. Over \$100,000 is involved in the litigation. After Capron's death last year an olographic will was produced, dated a few days before his death, which Capron bequeathed the greater part of his fortune to the children of Judge A. L. Fitzgerald of Eureka, Nevada, leaving his step-daughters with scarcely and provision. The step-daughters contested the will, producing a will of an earlier date in which they were named as the beneficiaries and also produced deeds, the gist showing that Capron had transferred his chattels to them before writing the olographic will. The verdict declares that Capron was not of sound mind when the olographic will was made and that it was not free from undue influence exerted by Judge Fitzgerald.

SCHOOL FUNDS.

Some Facts about the Finance of the State.

The first semi-annual apportionment of school moneys for the year 1898 has been made by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The amount apportioned was \$68,546. There are according to the last school census 9,096 children between six and eighteen years of age in the State. This gives to each child for educational purposes a fraction over 7 5/8 for the first six months of 1898 in addition to the amount derived from the local school tax in each of the several counties.

The State school money is derived from the interest on payments on State lands. Of this money \$500,000 is invested in bonds of the United States, which net the State an interest something less than three per cent. per annum. About \$292,000 more of the school fund is invested in State bonds bearing interest at 4 per cent. per annum. Besides these bonds there is an irredeemable State bond for \$380,000, which bears interest at 5 per cent. per annum, in the school fund. This bond was sold to the school fund, for cash some years ago to cancel the Territorial debt assumed by the State when it was admitted into the Union. A State Treasurer stole \$106,000 during his term of office, and it is alleged, lost the money gambling in stocks.

At the present time the greater part of the revenue of the general school fund is derived from direct taxation of the property of the people. Though nominally the \$78,000 just apportioned for school purposes is derived from the interest on school moneys, in reality a large part of it is derived from the taxes just paid into the State Treasury by the several counties. For instance, the interest on the \$380,000 irredeemable bond amounts to \$19,000 a year, and the interest on 4 per cent. State bonds in the school fund amounts to \$11,000 more, and both these amounts are paid from the revenue derived from State taxes. This with the 5 per cent. State tax for school purposes, the interest on the United States bonds and interest derived from balances due on State lands, which last year amounted to \$64,228.99 makes up the general school fund which is apportioned semi-annually among the several counties of the State in proportion to the number of school children in each county.—Reno Journal.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day: 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free.

Mixed weather this week, Generally snowy and cold.

THE NEWSPAPER LAW.

All Subscribers Should Read the Following Law and Avoid Trouble.

1. All subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodical the publisher may continue to send it until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.
4. Subscriber moving to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intended fraud.
6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of the time they do not wish to continue taking it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice with all arrearages are sent to the publisher.
7. The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest anyone for fraud who take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

Under the law the man who allows his subscription to run along some time unpaid, and then orders the postmaster to mark it "refused" and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day: 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic 10 or 25c. If C. C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

What It Costs.

It costs annually about \$300,000,000 to maintain the United States Government (exclusive of over \$90,000,000 for the postal service much of which is paid back from postal receipts). We expend annually for the civil establishment (that is, the salaries of public officials and employees of the executive departments, care of public buildings, etc.) about \$88,000,000; for military establishment, \$55,000,000; for naval establishment, \$27,000,000; for Indian service, \$12,000,000; for pensions, \$140,000,000, and for interest on the public debt \$85,000,000—making a total of \$352,000,000.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartes, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fails druggists refund money.

THE GAME OF GOLF.

It is Really a Linguistic Discipline Learned Out of Doors.

A celebrated metaphysician once said that the Hegelian philosophy consisted "entirely of a scientific terminology which no two people interpreted in the same sense, hence its value as a source of endless discussion." The more you talked the further you were from a conclusion, but you had a "grand training in dialectics." It is eminently proper that the game of golf should originate with the metaphysical race, the Scotch, for it consists partly of a hard rubber ball, a number of peculiar curved sticks and a becoming negligence, but chiefly and primarily of a vocabulary. It can be played, but not properly played, without mastering the vocabulary. It cannot be thoroughly enjoyed unless the name "golf" is rightly pronounced, but, as no one knows how to do that, and all think they do, the pronunciation is a matter of comparatively little consequence. The proper use of the technical terms, however, is a matter of vital importance.

The principal words in the new language are: Driver, putter, cleft, lofting iron, nibble, mashie links, tees and caddy. One who has thoroughly mastered these words and wears a costume of a "golfer." To confuse their meanings, to speak, for instance, of "holing a caddy" or "lofting a links," or call a "putting green" a "nibble" is as serious a breach of good form as it would be to call a fishing rod a fish pole, as boys did 25 years ago, before the tyranny of the technical term set in. To be sure, you do walk about out of doors and strike the ball with the clubs, but the real essence of the game lies in wearing the costume and using the words. A thorough mastery of them is a liberal education.

Other subjects have their peculiar terminology, but in none of them is so extensive and of such educational value as in the game of golf. An eminent authority defines an electrician as one who thoroughly comprehends the word "potential" and the notions collateral thereto. If you go into the woods, and live on canned food and crackers, you must speak of the place where you try to sleep, not as a "shanty," but as "a camp." The name at once elevates the place into the region of sylvan poetry and makes discomforts enjoyable. It really is a shanty; call it so, and the result is complicated discomfort; call it a camp, and the result is happiness. The right words are still more vital in golf, because the vocabulary is more extensive, though perhaps not containing any word of the peculiar potency of the monosyllabic, "camp." But take the entire technical vocabulary of golf, it is more productive of a large amount of low-grade joy than any other agency in the world. Low-grade joy is far better worth attaining than high-grade joy or excitement. The great value of the game of golf can be readily seen. It presents all the advantages of studying a language. It is less difficult than Latin or French, and is learned outdoors. It is called a game, but in reality it is a linguistic discipline undergone in the open air unconsciously, accompanied by moderate pedestrian exercise and the wearing of a very sensible Scotch uniform.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

Why She Couldn't Pay.

"Fare, please," said the conductor to the young woman who sat in the car, a picture of woe.

"I can't pay you this trip," answered the young woman, faintly.

"Why can't you, ma'am?" in a suspicious tone.

"I—I have lost my car fare."

"Did you have it when you boarded this car?"

"Yes, but I haven't it now. You can take my address or give me yours, and I'll send it to you."

"I can't do that," said the man; "it's against the rules. If you lost your fare in this car, there is no reason why you should not find it again. I'll help you to look for it."

"No, no," said the woman in a state of alarm. "I tell you that it is lost, and you will have to trust me to send it to you."

"Very strange!" said the conductor, suspiciously. "If you lost it on this car I can't see any reason why you can't find it again. How did you lose it?"

"I—I swallowed it!" shrieked the young woman, driven to desperation, and the conductor went out on the rear end of the car and cuffed a small boy's ears.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fried Cakes.

A simple rule for crullers, or fried cakes, calls for a pint of sweet milk, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, a quarter of a cupful of butter, three eggs, a scant teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the baking powder and salt twice with three cupfuls of flour and rub the butter through the flour. Stir the eggs after beating them well into the milk. Add the sugar to the flour and other ingredients and pour the milk over them, beating the whole until an even batter is formed. Add sifted flour enough to make a soft dough. Roll it out about half an inch thick, cut it in rings, twist and fry them in "boiling" hot fat.—N. Y. Tribune.

California Cookies.

One cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk, one egg, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix in flour like soft gingerbread, and drop in spoonfuls on buttered tins. Bake quickly.—Leisure Hours.

Not a First-Class Job.

"Yes," he said, proudly, "I am a self-made man."

"Too bad you couldn't have had a little more practice before tackling the job, isn't it?" remarked the lazy man in the corner.—Chicago Post.

THE YELLOW SCOURGE.

Humor and Pathos in the Fever-Stricken Region.

Scenes and Incidents Described by One Who Was Connected with the Relief Service in Georgia.

Since I have been mixed up with the yellow fever panic I have gone through many varied experiences. When I was pressed into service by Dr. McIlac as a train inspector at East Point I felt more like I should be taken for a train robber, and passing through the crowded sleeping cars with the dark eyes of those damsels from the far south turned upon us in listless languor, my sympathies went out to the refugees from the proud city curving like a shining crescent along the shores of that mighty river which rolls in resistless majesty toward the lumbering sea. I fancied how they must miss the dreamful quietude of that ancient city where old world ways so obstinately resist the onrush of modern innovations, and how homesick they must feel amid the restless bustle of Georgia's capital where the crackered Yankee and the Yankeeized cracker are struggling for supremacy, a generous rivalry and unenvied emulation, to be foremost in the march of progress. Ever and anon I caught the soft responses of the travelers to the questions put to them by the inspecting physician, delivered in that tongue whose musical intonations partake of the song of the sea winds among the quivering lime trees far down beside the sounding shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

It seemed so cruel and caustic to challenge them thus, and yet it was necessary, and the disagreeable task was robbed of all its harsher features through the kindly courtesy of the young physician, whose disagreeable duty it was to see that they were all sound and well. And I knew that when they reached Atlanta they would be greeted with a generous welcome, and no armed guard would lie in wait to keep them away from a safe and hospitable refuge. Atlanta never appears to better advantage than when an appeal is made to the generosity of her people, which is never found lacking in any emergency.

Among the pathetic incidents there have been some ridiculous episodes as well connected with the distressing state of affairs. One day I paid a visit to the office of my friend, Dr. Corput, and found him working away for dear life issuing health certificates. A lady took her seat in front of him and gave her name and an account of where she had been within the last 20 days. She didn't look to be very old.

"What is your age, please?" asked the physician.

"Ninety-eight."

"Your age, ma'am; what is your age?"

"Ninety-eight, I said," she answered, snappishly.

"Pardon me, ma'am," said the physician, with a critical look at her youthful face, "I asked you how old you were."

"Oh, I thought you asked my weight, which is 98 pounds."

"But your age—how old are you?"

"That is none of your business. Put it up; that will do as well as any other age," and she received the certificate.

Another lady of robust figure and with a determined expression loomed up in the doorway.

"I want a certificate."

"All right, ma'am; anybody to identify you?"

"Don't have to be identified, sir. Guess I've been around enough to be able to identify myself, and to take care of myself, too."

"Yes, but as I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I can't give you a certificate until you are identified."

"Then you refuse to give me a certificate, eh?"

"Can't do it, ma'am. Would like to oblige you, but the regu—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. If you don't want to give me a certificate, it is all right. I can go anywhere I want to go anyhow, even if I never see you again," and she flounced away like a high-born lady true.

Just then the sky was overcast, and a deluge of darkness entered under the chaperonage of Jackson McHenry.

"I want a st'kit for dis 'ere lady, an' dis 'ere gemmen, an' dese 'ere—"

"Yes, but who are you?" asked the physician, for it chanced that he, among all Atlanta's multitude, had never stood face to face with the puissant politician before.

"The Jackson McHenry, sah; ex-cap'n—"

"That may be true enough, but you will have to bring up somebody who can identify you."

"Great Lawd! I 'ought er'ybody knowed Jackson McHenry. 'Is gittin' up this 'ere squarshun to Chartynoozy, an' dese folks is bought tickets."

"He's all right," said an acquaintance standing near, "I'll vouch for Jack," and then the irrepresible leader of forlorn hope proceeded in turn to identify the rest of the crowd, whose indignation was already beginning to rise because they happened to be unknown to the representative of the health department.—Atlanta Journal.

In a Kentucky Town.

Visitor—Have there been many business failures here during the past year? Col. Pepper—Not one, suh.

"And times so bad—how do you account for it?"

"Every business man in this town, suh, has pride enough in him to keep his head above watah."—Up-to-Date.

Dictum of Science.

"Doctor, is there not a certain scientific justification for the command of etiquette not to eat pie with a knife?"

"O, assuredly. It would be far better for a person to eat only the knife."—Detroit Journal.

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8:55 a. m. Leave	Milford	Arrive 8:45 p. m.
7:05 a. m. Leave	Milford	Leave 8:55 p. m.
2:00 a. m. Leave	Oasis	Leave 9:50 p. m.
1:00 p. m. Arrive		
10:35 p. m. Leave		
9:15 p. m. Leave		
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