

BAGGED BULLION.

A Sensation Among the Railroad Men.

Two Men Charged with Robbing Freight Cars.

Last summer the officers of the M. K. & T. of the Missouri Pacific at this point became painfully aware of the fact that their freight cars were being systematically robbed, and that measures for capturing the thieves and putting an end to their losses must be speedily adopted.

He entered upon his duties with the determination to succeed and was carefully to work. One night, when near the Missouri Pacific freight office, he heard two men talking in a low tone about cans of fish.

Franklin heard enough to know that they were talking about stolen property, and when they stopped talking he casually strolled toward and entered into conversation with them.

as his wife was an invalid and could not take little else. These men next night gave him a can of salmon and told him to take it home and use it, which he did.

The next night Franklin met Tothman and Comby and told them the fish was excellent, and that he would like to get some more.

He told them these railroads were grinding monopolies, and he was right in raising the bag flag and making them divide their good things, especially when they consisted of canned fish.

"Smith, Smith, Smith," said the landlord slowly and softly to himself, "it appears to me that name has a familiar sound."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, my friend," said the landlord, "I'll keep the best house in Burlington, and I value my reputation highly. No man ever left this house that could not say his every want was provided for.

Three bars of silver bullion, each weighing ninety pounds.

Franklin told Comby that he would take the bullion, as he knew of a good place where he could convert it into cash. Franklin took two men of it to his own house for safe keeping.

Just after this an employe discovered that Tothman had a private car key, and he watched him. The result of his surveillance was that one night he discovered Tothman

carrying off a sack of flour from the cars. Tothman saw that he was discovered, or thought he was discovered, and dropped the sack.

After the discharge of Tothman, and suspended operations. After Tothman went to work on the platform he kept pretty straight, and refused to do any more of the kind of thing that had so far disgraced him.

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THE BULLION.

We are informed that six bars were taken from the company, three of which have been recovered. It was shipped from Silverton, Colorado, to Howard Station, at Cheyenne, near St. Louis, for smelting.

A BAZOO reporter saw one of the bars, which weighed ninety pounds. Upon the bottom it was stamped, "Silverton Smelting Works, J. G. G." Their value is probably between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

VERY RETICENT. The parties engaged in unearthing this transaction are very reticent, and are as close as an oyster. The examination of the parties arrested is set for next Saturday.

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STAGE STRUCK.

A Fair Sedalian Attempts to Join the Lingards.

But the Manager Appears to be Invisible.

There is a fascination about the stage that to some ardent temperaments is irresistible. The glare and the glitter, the sparkling of jewels, the rich robes, feathers and tinsel, the crash of music and fervid eloquence—all these are superhuman attractions to the young and inexperienced.

They imagine the life of an actor or actress to be one of unalloyed pleasure, an end-around round of triumphs easily achieved. They read of the fabulous sums paid to stars with amazement, and imagine that they must revel in wealth and luxury.

Ab, little they know that those proud positions are achieved by very few out of tens of thousands, and then only at the cost of

LONG YEARS OF PATIENT STUDY, of assiduous application, great expense, and constant struggles against trials, jealousy, and a thousand and one disadvantages of which the general public know nothing.

Nevertheless, there are but few young men and maidens who attend a performance but retire firmly impressed that Nature intended them for the stage, and that all that is necessary for them to succeed is but to learn a few lines by heart and the opportunity to repeat them in character.

Many yield to the temptation and pursue it until they find, by bitter experience, that they have made a terrible mistake, and many a young maiden who has run off with the assurance that she was born for an actress, has penitently returned home convinced that she was better fitted for the ordinary occupations of her sex.

Also! too many of them never return, and find too late that they have sacrificed everything that makes life honorable and worth having in the mistaken pursuit of a beautiful mirage that they can never grasp.

"THE STAGE STRUCK." individual, unfortunately and unconsciously, never realizes how supremely ridiculous he or she appears to others, and it is only after their golden dreams are shattered by stern disappointment that they are convinced that they have made fools of themselves.

The other evening, when the Lingards were here, a severe case of "stage-struckness" developed itself. Owing to missing the train, the Lingards did not arrive here until the night upon which they were to perform.

In the afternoon of that day a young Miss of this city inquired at the Garrison House if the Lingards had arrived, but was informed they had not. After supper she again made her appearance and inquired of Capt. Pratt if Mr. Lingard had arrived.

The Captain politely informed her he was in the house, in his room, and asked her

What she wished.

The young lady then said she wished to see Mr. Lingard privately.

"If you will give me your card," said Mr. Pratt, "I will send it right up to Mr. Lingard. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Oh, no," replied the young lady, "I never saw him, and I have no card."

Noticing her confusion and divining the object of her visit, Capt. Pratt encouragingly told her that he could easily furnish her a card, upon which she could write her name and send it to Mr. Lingard.

A blank card was furnished and she wrote her name upon it, after which Mr. Pratt courteously took the missive, turning it face downward so as not to see the name, and calling a porter to take it to Mr. Lingard's room.

"Oh, I am not ashamed of my writing or my name," the young lady said to him, noticing the movement.

She then told Capt. Pratt the object of her visit was to see Mr. Lingard with a view of

GOING ON THE STAGE.

to which she thought her talents peculiarly adapted her. Did he (Pratt) think that Mr. Lingard would give her an appointment?

The Captain looked reflectively at the little anecdote and solemnly assured her he could tell much about it. He didn't know exactly how Mr. Lingard was fixed for actresses; perhaps he might, and then again he might not.

The young lady then told him she fairly doted on elocution, and always had high aspirations for theatrical honors. She knew she should succeed, for one of her parents was French and one in her family was an actor.

When asked if her parents were willing that she should adopt that profession, she candidly confessed that she expected

THEY WOULD OPPOSE IT.

But there was nothing improper in regard to her going there to see Mr. Lingard in regard to it, was there?

Capt. Pratt said he did not think there was anything improper about it. He didn't see anything improper, and he looked carefully around.

There were one or two belonging to the troupe standing near, and they became very interested in the would-be actress. After considerable conversation about theatricals in general and her talents in particular, she reluctantly retired without an opportunity of seeing Mr. Lingard, as he had paid no attention to her card.

About eleven o'clock she again made her appearance at the Garrison, thinking that she would be able to see Mr. Lingard and gratify

THE DREAM OF HER YOUTH LIFE.

But the actor did not appear, and the young miss was perforce content to expatiate upon her hopes and aspirations to the Captain. He also listened to her extravagant ideas of the historic art until about midnight, when he sent the disappointed young lady home with an attache of the Lingards as an escort.

The next morning the Lingards departed, and thus her hopes were glimmering down the shimmering rails of the M. K. & T., which enter Texas by the front gate at Deaton.

The name of the young lady is known only to Capt. Pratt, but the facts are substantially as related above.

SANDWICHES.

Chuck Full of Bore, Easy Tid-bits.

But 'em All And Don't Throw Away The Crusts.

Stranger, how are you on Thanksgiving? It is well to feel thankful. We always feel thankful—born that way. Always glad it ain't no worse. Some people never return thanks. That ain't right. Always return a thing as soon as you are through with it. We're through with it.

Providence is very good to us, taking into consideration what a lot of oratory cases we are; but one of the best and greatest blessings which we have vouchsafed to us is the turkey, which gets dead ripe on Thanksgiving. People who are too proud to carry home a peck of potatoes, will assume along with a day on the road with turkey. Our old landlord hung out a turkey once over the door three days before Thanksgiving. She said wild game was always best when it was kept two or three days.

That was a queer game. Some fellow dropped on it. One morning the stake was gone. Somebody had a full hand, you see, and raked in the pot.

If the Lord saw how mad that old woman was that Thanksgiving morning, her goose is cooked, if her turkey wasn't.

Talking about things good to eat, a fellow arises from the table and sings: My spick! 'tis of thee—Thou that agreeest with me—Of the King!

Thou that art my art friend, Thou that art my art friend, Thou that art my art friend, Thou that art my art friend.

Oh! savory music mine! What taste is like to thine, I love to watch thee fry, And stick the cork to thy fry, And stick the cork to thy fry, And stick the cork to thy fry.

As prayer is close kin to Thanksgiving, we'll tell our girls how one of their exes come it over her fellow when he married her, and advise 'em all to do likewise.

She married rather a wild young gentleman from the town, and they retired for the night he quietly looked on while she knelt down, said her prayers and got in bed.

When he, too, attempted to take his place beside her, but she stopped him with her hand and asked him the question, "Have you said your prayers?" He was forced to answer in the negative, and on up that he had not prayed for fifteen years past. She told him to get up and pray with her until he commenced praying, whereupon the gentleman went to his marrow bones in double quick. The best of it is that she makes him keep it up. "This what we call good keeping."

Well, if a fellow ever will pray, that's about the time he would put in all freed licks.

We never like to strike a fellow when he's down, but the way they're showing it to those Greenback roosters is a sin to name. Hear this fellow:

Go dig him a grave with a paper pack, Go get him a paper slab; Go bury the fatist down by the creek, Where the babbling waters bab.

Go over the grave all over nice, With a rat paper roll, And give him a good kick on the bold device: "Here's where we shut our world."

If there is anything in this world more than another, it is when a fellow comes out ahead. This happens feeling which tickles the hide of everybody, is beautifully portrayed in the following lines, which we hope will reach you in good health and enjoying the same blessing:

A tramp was pulled off the trucks of a passenger car the other day, and after smilingly submitting to the accustomed kick, turned to the conductor and said: "Old man, you ain't away at me with that yer leg till you kick me so full o' holes that my hide won't hold egg-brush, but you can't knock the glory out of me, or take me from anything over the thought that I'm jist three grand and fifteen miles ahead of this d—d grindin' monopoly. I froze to this train at Reno. Whoop!"

—Lotta wears a \$12.50 dress in "La Cigale."

—Morrish wears new engagement rings in the morning.

—The woman of Salt Lake is talking bag? A little above two feet.

—It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to waste on a lady's vanity. —The queen of Greece washes her own dishes. Let us suppose she is proud of her.

—Suzanne pretends to be a young woman committed to the madhouse. Beware of 'em.

—Mrs. Partridge says that her minister preached about "the parody of the probable."

—The new snake-skin shoes that the Paris women wear are the latest thing in the world.

—Harris calls it a scandal for a young gentleman to be in a club in arms. It is in Harris, but not elsewhere.

—Paris are now more fashionable than diamonds, but it is all the same to a poor girl who has only a dollar and a penny.

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton invented the "blow-out" costume. We thought all that was somebody in the "blow-out" costume.

—When a boy becomes attached to it on his mother's lap he is probably in business for himself—holding somebody else's property.

—Let me kiss him for his mother!" is the snappers wish to kiss a girl, but how few boys ever want to kiss a girl for her father's sake.

—The woman who married in a pair of stockings valued at \$150. (one hundred and ninety-nine dollars) worth of stockings, and who afterwards found she had made more show to the public than she had.

—Madame Y. has a passion for always dressing her daughter in clothes that are grand and too large for her, so the ground that she is still growing, "My dear, I shall be happy to do so, my dear, if it is worth it." "What a pity, it was just beginning to fit her."

—The woman of France are shouting the battle cry of freedom. The local housewife is attempting to enforce measures of dress reform. It has issued an edict prohibiting the fair sex from wearing long dresses. Considering the doctor's "that trailing robes raise a dust in the streets which is highly prejudicial to the public health, it is prohibited to women to wear the robes in question in the public thoroughfares. There are signs appropriate to be at a right."

EVERYBODY says that the oysters sold by the fishery cannot be excelled, and that everybody says must be so.

FLORA BITE.

Down the room with a bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the center of the crowd.

He left it there and quickly put two more knives of the same kind in his belt and relaxed his yet smoking pistol.

"King the bell, I am about to open school." He spoke to the crowd-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats, I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silently, almost breathless. After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, "all who can read, write and spell will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to the upper seats, and then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand—

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the crowd-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when they were well organized, then came recess. The teacher went out, too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in the air. The teacher drew a revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the sitting scholars.

From that day Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch; his salary was doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolvers were out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

Old, black weather is upon us. No more fancy wraps are seen in the shape of small talmas, carnal caps, or cashmere dolmans, but instead cloaks and hats are common to the front.

India shawls are very fashionable, and so reduced in price that one hesitates between them and a handsome cloak—the latter for the former being that it can be used for a wrap at any season of the year.

Chicago made of camel's hair, beaver, seal and silk and wool diagonals, velvet and satin, velvet and damask, and satin and brocade.

The shapes have not altered materially since last season, the extreme length only being abandoned, and a greater and larger variety of trimming is noticeable.

Fur trims many of the handomest garments, and for this purpose are used seal, chinchilla, beaver, ermine, fox, mink, musk (sparingly), lynx, otter, squirrel, etc.

Many ladies prefer to trim with fur, rather than to wear fur garments, considering rightly that only in the extreme cold of the season is a seal cape or a greater and larger variety of trimming is noticeable.

Even the buttons to be used upon fur, or garments trimmed with it, are also covered with fur; something new this season, as heretofore heavy silk and cloth buttons have been used.

A pattern from a trading house is double-breasted, the fronts being longer than the back, forming a plastron, being trimmed with a velvet and gold-silk to give that effect; double rows of buttons, the top row being on one side, and the bottom row on the other. The trimming defined a shorter plastron in the back, and pockets in the side-garment, long, wide and ample, trimmed on the top edge with gold-silk, and buttoned above. The bottom of the plastron, as well as neck and sleeves, were finished with astrakhan, the cloth a self-lapora diagonal.

Different shades of blue and green are used in velvet, and the latter, headed by a heavy, curled fringe; six pointed tails, alternate of cloth and velvet on the extreme edge, and the three of cloth in the spaces above.

Velvet, shawl pockets, edged with fringe and ornamented with plaques, were placed low on each front. A deep-cut velvet had two fringed-trimmed tails on the front of top, and finished with triple loops of ribbon. The neck was trimmed across the shoulders to simulate a yoke, and in the centre were three plaques of passementerie. The bottom of centre was trimmed across with one broad band of cloth, one of velvet, each edge with fringe, the lower fringe not touching the bottom of the cloth.

For the little dots, honey-comb heaver, in dark blue or seal brown, is much used. Their wraps are rate little plaques, with or without cordons, and the trimming is in turkish, or Irish crochets, lace upon these dark omitted, then a square sailor collar of the lace is worn. These collars can be purchased ready-formed and are really prettier than those thus formed of the lace at home.

The latest bonnets show us that the close-fitting of medium size, lead the way.

Hats are quite as much exaggerated brims crooked and bent in most fantastic shapes. Velvet double-faced ribbon, the lining either satin or gros grain, is the favorite ribbon of the season, and the most expensive. Some of them are shaded in the most brilliant colors, and others are in the most delicate of evening tints.

Waterfalls silk are again in vogue. One can now have a dress dyed and reworked.

The Japanese is seen even on the short street dresses. It is a pretty, coquettish costume, the white lace and muslin peeping from the skirt of the dress.

Lesser buttons are fashionable on the other side of the water. Here, everything in buff-shape is used, both in crochet and metal. Japanese inlaid buttons, of silver gilt, ivory and pearl, are sought after by fashionists. They are very handsome, and quite expensive.

Watered silk is combined with gros grain for street costumes.

Despite the effort toward brilliant colors, one notes a great many black costumes upon the street as ever.

The latest lot of an ear-ring is in robe form. All ear-rings are larger than they have been worn of late.

Dead gold sets, in long, slender shapes, have inlaid lines of the valley and ridge upon them, in colors. These are right pretty, and becoming in women.

Evening hats are made of felt, filled in with butterfly blous in some delicate colors; others have tiny buds or daisies, the tint of the costume. They are especially pretty if the feathers of the hat are of the same color.

MASKED BALLS.

The Splendor of Early California Days.

The fancy balls in the year 1850-51, at the California Exchange, corner of Kearney and Clay-streets, were splendid affairs. In the upper part of the building all the courts were held, with the Sheriff's office, County Clerk's, etc. The first floor was at large hall, used as a ball-room and a gambling house (gambling was licensed by the State). It was dedicated to the service of Terpsichore, though it must be confessed that Bacchus came in for his share of the devotion. I have since been an attendant at the Lederkranz and other masked-assemblages in the city of New York, but I never witnessed a more magnificent display (of course on a smaller scale) than these masked balls at California Exchange—beautiful women, brilliant diamonds, fancy and grotesque dresses and artistic dancing. The allotment of the cyprion contested the scepter with the faro bank, the roulette and other games. The Puritan became a gambler; the young man taught to consider dancing a sin, soon found his way to the masked balls. Monte, the national game of the Mexican, became as familiar as our own national game of faro. Here the ring of silver, the clanking of gold, the rattling of the cards, the calling of the dealer at a range of noir tables—"Make your bets, gentlemen. The game is made—all down—no more—five, eleven, seventeen, twenty-four, twenty-nine, thirty-one—red wins." One dark and rainy night the late Chief Justice Murray and myself, after dining together, attended one of these fancy balls; and after depositing our firearms and overcoats with an officer in attendance to receive them, we entered the hall. In a few moments we were joined by a large, well formed, handsome woman, named Rose Sheppard, gotten up in superb style, dressed, as the women