

CENTRAL NEVADAN.

Vol. 1.

BATTLE MOUNTAIN NEVADA. FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1885.

No. 3

THE CENTRAL NEVADAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
DENNIS & ELLSWORTH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year..... \$5.00
Six Months..... 3.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, ten lines, first insertion..... \$3.00
Each subsequent insertion..... 1.25
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Whitewashing a Fence.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down on his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the face boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out of his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straightened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers here in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was beat and captain and engine bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane deck giving the orders and then executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow! His right hand meantime describing stately circles—for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the larboard! Ting-a-ling! Chow-ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the starboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the larboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Come ahead on the starboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn over! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that head-line! Lively now! Come-out with your spring-line—what're you about there? Take a turn round that stump with the bite of it! Stand by that stage! Now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling! Sh't! Sh't! Sh't!" (tying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on whitewashing—paid

no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

"Hi-yi! You're a stump, ain't you?" No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap! You got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd ruther work, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come, now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it! Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again, Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. "No, no, I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now, lemme just try, just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks! I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say, I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here, no, Ben, now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it."

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out Johnny Miller for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a canteen, a tin soldier, a couple of tad-poles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door knob, a dog collar, but no dog, the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a disappated old window sash.

Tom had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it. If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Running Out Nevada.

It seems to be quite the desire of a certain class of people at the present time to run Nevada out of the Union. The same crowd oppose admitting certain Territories. The low down, villainous proposition to oust Nevada ought to damn forever the political wire pullers who are at work. In this connection it is well to note that we have now in this country a Federal Ring, backed by corporations, land grabbers and foreign coin. They are the worst and the richest elements of the Democratic and Republican parties. There is almost nothing they would not do to accomplish their ends. —Farmer and Dealer.

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He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or boy covet anything, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

MARK TWAIN.

Legal Notices Regarding Pedigrees.

(National Live Stock Journal.)

A recent case tried before a United States Commissioner, in Chicago, brought up in a very salient manner, what we may call the commercial value of pedigrees, and the criminality of misrepresentation of pedigrees. The claim of the attorney for the defense in that case was, among others, that even though the pedigree had been falsified and signed with the name of a third party, the signer was not guilty of forgery; that to constitute a forgery in a legal sense, the unauthorized use of a person's name must be such as would create the foundation for an action, if the signature were genuine, conditions which, he argued, did not obtain in this instance. The attorney for the prosecution held that, to find the definition of forgery in the meaning of the treaty, it was necessary to go beyond the statutes to the common law. Finally the Secretary of State decides that the case does not fall within the provisions of the extradition treaty between this country and Great Britain.

We refer to this matter purely in the abstract, and solely with a view to elucidate the principle involved in a decision that forging a pedigree is not a forgery. Should that be the correct construction to put upon the Secretary of State's decision, or even, if nothing further be deducible from Mr. Frelinghuysen's decision than the mere statement he makes, to the effect that the case does not come within the provisions of the treaty between this country and Great Britain, then the consequences of such ruling, it seems to us, may be very deplorable.

Of the value of a pedigree our readers are sufficiently well informed, and common sense teaches that there is comparatively little value in a certificate that may be falsified or forged without entailing any crime. It is recognized as a crime, under the law, to obtain money under false pretenses, and when a man pays \$500 more for a horse, because of its pedigree, the proof that the pedigree is false, certainly entails the criminal action and punishment. It is difficult to see that if the pedigree be not only falsified, but forged, why it is not forgery under the criminal law. It may be good law, but it is, in our opinion, a very poor principle.

Now, with regard to extradition, why it is not to the interest of every country to give up all those who seek a refuge therein to evade punishment entailed upon them by the laws of their own country, is a point we have never been able to see. However that may be, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and if the American Government does not recognize forging pedigrees as a crime, coming under the extradition treaty, it is hardly probable the Canadian or British governments will look at it differently, and consequently Canada offers a friendly haven for any American dealer who should indulge in the forging of a pedigree for the sake of adding a few hundred dollars to the selling price of his horse, bull, cow, or other animal.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan 25, 1885.

The week's work in Congress was varied in character, importance and interest. There was a sensational discussion about the patriotism and traitorship of Jeff. Davis early in the week, which commanded much attention. There were dull debates on financial questions, on inter-State commerce, on appropriation bills, and there were political debates in which the tariff found a chance to demand some attention. A bill to retire Gen. Grant on full pay went smoothly through the Senate, and the McPherson funding bill failed in the House, while the old French Spoilation bill, which has been dangling about in Congress since 1802, was passed. The latter bill has now passed both Houses three times, has been reported forty-two times, and has been vetoed twice, once by President Polk and then by President Pierce.

The struggle for right of way among the special orders has been begun, and will grow fiercer week by week, as the session approaches the end. The "special orders" now make a long calendar by themselves. They are so many that they clog legislation, and quarrels ensue for the survival of the fittest. The "special order" device has been carried too far, and some new one must be contrived by ingenious members who want the House to transact some business in spite of itself. But Mr. Randall says Congress is not in a law making mood now.

The remaining days of the session are so few, and the regular appropriation bills still to be considered so many that this postponement to another Congress of all general legislation will be easy to accomplish.

Several events in the last week have been calculated to attract attention to the Government collection of paintings in the Executive and Departmental portrait galleries. The arrival at the White House of a life-size, three-quarter length portrait of President Hayes, gains interest from the fact that it completes the collection of portraits of Presidents from Washington to Arthur inclusive. The arrival at the Naval Department of a crayon portrait of Cabot, the first Secretary of the Navy, revives interest also in that Department's collection, the most incomplete of any of the Executive Departments. The White House collection is the most interesting of them all; it is most familiar to sight-seers, and affords a great variety of sizes and styles and a wide range of artistic merit. Beginning with the large portrait of Washington that hangs opposite that of Mrs. Washington on the the East room, the series is followed through the small paintings of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Taylor, Harrison and Johnson, which line the walls of the President's library, to the larger and more imposing portraits of John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Buchanan, Pierce, Tyler, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, that are hung along the main corridor and in the Red Room. The Hayes portrait has just been assigned to a position over the Red Room door, where it is too high to be seen well. The comparison between the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Hayes in a position of honor in the Green Room, and the rather common-place picture of her husband over the Red Room door in the dark, will not have a tendency to silence the unkind remarks that have been made about the respective influence of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes in the management of the administration that intervened between Grant and Garfield.

Remember the Place!
ma-24-14

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