

TERMS:  
Single Copies.....\$ 10  
Per Six Months..... 1 75  
Per Year..... 3 00  
Delivered in town by carrier, per month..... 50  
Subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

United States Government.  
President.....BENJAMIN HARRISON  
Vice President.....LEVI P. MORTON  
Secretary of State.....JAMES G. BLAINE  
Secretary of Treasury.....WM. WINDOM  
Secretary of War.....REDFIELD PROCTOR  
Attorney General.....W. H. MILLER  
Secretary of Navy.....BENJAMIN F. TRACY  
Postmaster General.....JOHN W. WALKER  
Secretary of Interior.....JOHN W. NOBLE  
Secretary of Agriculture.....J. M. RUSK

State of Nevada.

United States.....WM. M. STEWART  
Senators.....JOHN P. JONES  
Congressman.....R. F. BARTINE  
Governor.....R. K. COLEBORN  
Lieutenant Governor.....J. P. BOULDER  
Judges of Supreme Court.....C. H. BELKNAP  
Clerk of Supreme Court.....JOSEPH J. EGAN  
State Treasurer.....JOHN F. EGAN  
Secretary of State.....O. H. GRAY  
State Controller.....R. L. HORTON  
Attorney General.....J. D. TORREYSON  
Surveyor General.....JOHN E. JONES  
State Printer.....JOSEPH ECKLEY  
Supt. Public Instruction.....RICHARD RISING  
District Judges.....A. L. FITZGERALD  
.....A. E. CHENEY  
.....G. F. LALLOU

Lyon County.

Justice of District Court.....RICHARD RISING  
State Senator.....J. G. GALLAGHER  
Assemblymen.....J. E. GIGNOUX  
.....WM. SHIRLEY  
Sheriff.....WM. A. DONNELLY  
Assessor.....A. W. BRANN  
County Clerk.....H. W. WOOD  
Auditor and Recorder.....T. P. MACK  
District Attorney.....R. W. APPEY  
Treasurer.....J. A. HUNTON  
Surveyor.....L. E. JACUA  
Public Administrator.....LEVI LAMB  
County Commissioners.....(1) W. H. SPRAGG  
.....(2) G. E. JACUA  
.....(3) T. H. VINSON

THE

"CORNER"

Main Street.

Dayton, Nevada

T. E. RILEY, Prop.

FINE WINES,  
LIQUORS  
& CIGARS

Always on Hand.

This saloon is one of the finest resorts in the county. Convenient club-rooms are attached and the stock of liquors and cigars is selected from the best. A share of your patronage is all that is asked.

INDIANA RANGE CO.  
MANUFACTURERS  
OF WROUGHT STEEL RANGES



Guaranteed to be the most economical, most durable and most perfect Range on the market. Suitable for hard or soft coal, or wood.

Send for catalogue to  
INDIANA RANGE CO.  
EVANSVILLE, IND.

SHILOH'S  
CONSUMPTION  
CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shilo's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

# Lyon County Times.

VOL. XXXVI.

Dayton, Nevada, Saturday, March 12, 1892.

No. 11.



## CHAPTER III. THE TALL MAN IS SURPRISED.



For over an hour he sat there absorbed in the book before him.

As soon as Dan Riggsby had finished his work about the house for the night, he retired to his room upstairs. Lighting a kerosene lamp which sat on a table near his bed, he opened a small bookcase containing a dozen well worn volumes, and after gazing fondly at them for several moments he drew forth a work on natural philosophy, and seating himself by the table began to read.

Dan was an industrious and studious boy, and nothing afforded him so much satisfaction and pleasure as those short periods after working hours when he could retire to his room and be alone with his books. The Riggsbys were poor and books were costly in those days, and it was not often that Dan could afford the luxury of a new book.

Among the small collection of volumes in the bookcase were two works of fiction, "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith, and "The Fair Maid of Perth," by Sir Walter Scott. There were old volumes when he had come into possession of them, but now deprived of their covers and worn with much handling, they had come to resemble huge basswood chips. Yet they were the most prized of the collection.

There was not a book in the case that he had not read over and over again several times, and how often he would long for the day to come when he could purchase other books of which he had heard, the possession of which was his crowning ambition.

For over an hour he sat there absorbed in the book before him, then returning it carefully to the bookcase, he hastily undressed, and extinguishing the light he retired to his bed.

For some time he lay there listening to the beating of the rain on the roof and the roaring of the wind without, till at last a sense of drowsiness stole over him, and he was just dropping into slumber when the sound of voices in the adjoining room aroused him. He recognized the voices as belonging to the two strangers who occupied the next room.

Only a thin board partition separated the two rooms, and the voices were quite audible. Without any intention of playing eavesdropper, Dan could hear what was said, and in the first words he recognized the voice of the tall man.

"I am of the opinion that we can't get through with this business any too quickly," said the voice, in low but distinct tones.

"Do you think we are running any great risk?" asked the short man.

"I'm afraid so."

"But the interested parties are a thousand miles away, and there is no way in which they can gain any clew to the business unless we are fools enough to tell them."

"But I am not sure of that?"

"Why?"

"As I said before I am not sure that Barnaby did not write the letter notifying the woman and boy of the death of our client, and of the will he made."

"That places matters in a rather unpleasant shape."

"It does indeed. If old Barnaby had died a few days sooner it might have saved us a deal of trouble. I never fancied him for a partner; he was too conscientious entirely. Of course his name drew a large business to our firm, but he threw away many golden opportunities of making a handsome thing, simply because he was."

"Too honest," supplied the voice of the short man with a low laugh. "You could never be complained of on that score."

"We are two of a kind," was the retort. "But to our business—we must hurry through with it with as much expedition as will seem consistent."

"That's a capital idea, for it would be extremely awkward for us if the old woman and boy should come staggering in there from Georgia and assert their rights."

Georgia, and that is no word has ever come from the parties there, and it could not have been less than a month ago that he wrote, if at all, for it was early in August that he died."

"That's so—just a few days before I dropped in on you fresh from the great Rockies of Colorado, where I had been engaged in an unsuccessful search for gold."

"And keeping out of the reach of the officers of the law," broke in the voice of the tall man with a chuckle.

"Exactly," replied the other, "but I fancy neither of us has any business that is liable to take us back to Ohio."

"Not if we can avoid it," was the reply. "But to the business—do you think we can trust the woman to do the impersonating act?"

"I am sure we can."

"And she will not fail to meet us in Scott at the proper time?"

"She'll be on hand, never fear."

"Did you give her the particulars of the business on hand?"

"No; I'd rather do that by word of mouth. Letters sometimes prove to be deuced awkward things when they fall into the wrong hands."

"That's a fact; you should have been a lawyer."

"It isn't too late yet—suppose I study under you?" with a low laugh.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea. What branch will you take up first?"

"Wills."

Both men laughed at this remark, and the conversation was broken off.

Dan Riggsby, who had overheard every word that passed between the two strangers, remained silent, hardly knowing what to make of what he had heard. There was one thing he felt sure of, however, and that was that the two strangers were connected with some business that was not altogether honorable. That they had entered into a plot to defraud some one out of an estate that had been left by a man who had died recently was plainly evident from their words.

Who were the parties to be defrauded? That they lived in Georgia was plain, and as that was the native state of Dan, as well as his parents, he could not help but feel more than a passing interest in it. Would he be justified in using the knowledge he had accidentally gained? Dan asked himself over and over. The more he thought over the matter the more convinced he became that a great wrong was about to be committed, and it was his duty to use all honorable means within his power to prevent it. But what could he do? This question he could not answer; but he was resolved to lay the whole matter before his parents on the following morning and abide by their decision.

For a long time he lay there thinking over what he had heard, till at last he fell asleep.

The sun was just throwing its first beams across the level waste of prairie and filling his room with a warm, red light when he woke. Hastily dressing he descended the stairs to the office, where he found his father already up.

"Ye didn't see anything of a letter about the house, did ye, Dan?" asked Mr. Riggsby as the youth entered the room. "That was one come fer yer mother in the evening mail, but I dropped it somewhere an it can't be found."

"I haven't seen anything of it," replied Dan. "How did you come to lose it?"

"That's just what I don't know. I put it in my coat pocket, an it must 'a' dropped out somewhere about the place."

Though Dan and his father made a thorough search through the house, no trace of the missing letter could be found, as the reader will readily surmise.

"It beats all," commented Mr. Riggsby, a puzzled look on his countenance.

"It does indeed," replied Dan.

"I expect we're goin' ter have trouble with the cattlemen," said the father in a troubled tone. "Ropes has been lookin' for some chance ter raise a row with me fer some time, an the trouble I had with him last night is liable ter bring matters ter a cressis. As soon as ye eat yer breakfast, Dan, I wish ye'd ride over ter the creek an tell a few of the settlers how things air goin'. I look fer trouble right away, an it would be a good idee if all the settlers in this part of the country knowed it. Tell 'em ter come ter my house an hold a meetin' ter-night, an we'll see what can be done."

"All right, father," answered Dan, and he left the room to do up his morning chores.

A few minutes later the two strangers came down into the office.

"Mornin, gents," greeted Riggsby. "Quite a pleasant mornin after the storm."

"Very pleasant," responded the tall man. "What is the prospect of fixing

up the old stagecoach? Do you think it can be patched up to carry us to Scott?"

"Yes; I've just seed ter that, an I found a wheel in my shop that will do in the place of the broke one, an I don't think ye'll have any trouble gittin through all right."

"That's good; we have some important business to transact at the Fort, and should hate to be delayed any longer than we could possibly help."

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied Mr. Riggsby. "But ye'll have finer travelin' terday than if ye'd went on in the storm last night. It was nasty weather, an the wind was blowin' hard enough ter take the hair off a man's head. It's powerful windy in Kansas—powerful."

"It is quite disagreeable in that respect," remarked the tall man.

"It's more 'an that—it's aggravatin, an nearly pesters the life out of me. It's a heap windier 'an Georgy."

"You have lived in Georgy, then?" said the tall man, a look of interest suddenly appearing on his countenance.

"Lived ther! Reckon I did; went ther from Arkansas in forty-one, an didn't come away till about a year ago. I have lived in seven different states, but Georgy beats 'em all. Would 'a' staid ther only I didn't have no land, an I was tired a-terrin. Ever been in Georgy?"

"Well, yes; I traveled through there a few years ago."

"Never been ter MacMooney's Cove, I reckon? That's the richest land on the face of the earth—right in the bend of Suds creek—an would fetch a hundred bushels of corn to the acre."

"Ever been in the neighborhood of Ringgold?" asked the tall stranger.

"Ever been ther? That's my ole home, I know myself. Glad ter see some one that knows about Ringgold—I am, by gosh! Did ye stop ther?"

"Only a short time; I was only"—

"Didn't get acquainted with Joe Muggs that kep the tavern ther, I reckon? He's er uncle of mine—been mayor six times, an they wanted ter run him fer sheriff, but he said he was gittin old an didn't feel like wastin' with lawbreakers like he did in his younger days; but ole Joe was a powerful man in his best days—powerful. Saw him lift a log that three men couldn't budge off of the ground!"

"Never heard of him," said the tall man. "But I was trying to think of some one there—thought perhaps you might have heard of him—his name is Riggsby."

A look of profound astonishment crossed the landlord's face, and for a moment he almost discredited his ears. Then, as a smile of self pride crossed his face, he said, while a curious twinkle shone in his eye:

"Yes—I knowed a Riggsby—lived nigh ter Ringgold—used ter haul logs ter Paxton's mill—ole Simon Riggsby—know him?"

"Let me see," and the stranger drew some papers from his pocket, and glancing at them said, in a scarcely audible tone, "Wife of Simon Riggsby"—then aloud, "Yes, it was Simon Riggsby. Can you tell me if he is still ther?"

"He left ther a year ago."

"Where did he move to?"

"Ter Kansas."

A look of profound amazement, not unminged with apprehension, crossed the faces of both the strangers.

"Do you know where he is at present?" asked the tall man in a careless tone, though there was a gleam of suppressed excitement in his sallow face.

"I do. I am Simon Riggsby!" and the landlord advanced and held out his hand.

## CHAPTER IV. BUD ROPES.



"So the cattlemen air goin' ter open war on us, yer father thinks!"

Had a bombshell suddenly exploded in the room the two strangers could not have been more astonished than they were at the landlord's unexpected words.

A sickly hue overspread the sallow face of the tall man, while his companion sat as if stupefied, staring rigidly before him.

"Reckon I must 'a' met ye somewhar," went on the landlord, "but I can't just call ye ter mind now. What did ye say yer name was?"

The two strangers exchanged swift glances. Then recovering his composure the tall man said:

"My name's Dill—I never met you that I know of—but—the fact is I met a man not long ago who used to live at Ringgold and I heard him speak of a Riggsby—Simon Riggsby—and I thought he might be some relative of mine, as Riggsby was my mother's maiden name."

Simon Riggsby looked sharply at the speaker, a puzzled look crossing his face. Something in the manner of the stranger had impressed him that he was not

speaking the truth, yet he could hardly tell why.

"Don't know; I might become relative of yours, but I've heard tell of other Riggsbys—some of 'em lived up in Tennessee," replied the landlord after a pause.

"Of course it was only a supposition on my part," said the other hastily, as if not caring to discuss the subject further.

"There are others of the same name, as you say, and I only spoke out of curiosity."

Here the bell for breakfast suddenly rung, which put an end to the conversation.

Mortimer Dill and Aaron Suggs—for such were the two strangers' names—were a pair of the most unprincipled and cunning rascals in the state, yet the sudden discovery they had made threw them completely off their guard, and for a moment it seemed to them that they had committed a fatal blunder. But like all those who live by their wits and make crime a profession, they were quick to recover their composure.

"I came near making a deuced awkward blunder," thought the wily Dill, "but it don't matter much, as the fellow's an old backwoodsman with not enough wit to trap a ground hog."

However, the designing lawyer was far from feeling easy in his mind, and the fact that those whom he had laid such a deep scheme to defraud were so near the place of operation filled him with a vague sense of anxiety.

Mortimer Dill and Aaron Suggs had been friends and companions in the city of Cleveland several years before, and their sudden departure for the west was the result of a swindling scheme they had conducted together.

Dill had come to Kansas and engaged in the practice of law at Baxter Springs, where his evident shrewdness had enabled him to gain the confidence of an old and respected attorney by the name of Jacob Barnaby, which finally resulted in the two becoming partners in the profession.

Among the most valued clients of Mr. Barnaby was an elderly man by the name of James H. Mansfield, an old bachelor who had lived in Fort Scott, but now made his home in Baxter Springs, hoping his failing health might be benefited by the use of the water at the springs there.

Shortly after the formation of the partnership of Barnaby & Dill, Mansfield was taken with a fever, and after a short illness he died, leaving a will bequeathing his valuable property in Fort Scott and other effects to his niece, Mrs. Sally Ann Riggsby, wife of Simon Riggsby, of Ringgold, Georgia, and her son, Daniel Hartford Riggsby.

The will was given into the charge of Barnaby & Dill, but a short time after the death of James Mansfield Mr. Barnaby died suddenly of heart disease, leaving the firm's business entirely in the hands of his junior member.

About this time Aaron Suggs, who had been sojourning in Colorado, suddenly made his appearance upon the scene, and between the two a scheme was concocted whereby the heirs of James Mansfield were to be defrauded out of their rights. But it so happened that Jacob Barnaby had written a letter to Mrs. Riggsby at Ringgold, Georgia, notifying her of the death of her kinsman and of the will which he had left, the contents of which is already familiar to the reader.

But the letter had been written and mailed only a few hours before Barnaby's death, and so it happened that Mortimer Dill knew nothing of the existence of the letter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PASTOR KOENIG'S  
NERVE TONIC

WOULD RATHER BE WITHOUT BREAD.

Editor's Residence,  
Marquette, Mich., Nov. 7, 1890.

The Rev. J. Koenig of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and when I feel now a nervous attack coming, I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it, and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

TORONTO, CAN. E. E. Co., N. Y., Feb. 1890.

My daughter had fits from infant since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these fits her thoughts would be cramped under the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a bluish color; this would last from 10 to 15 minutes; after that she slept; was drowsy for about 2 hours. We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured her at last. We therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers. JOHN EDIN.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1854, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

JOHN LOTHROP,  
Attorney at Law  
and Notary Public.

Will practice in all Courts in the State.  
OFFICE—Pike Street, Dayton, Nevada.

BABBIT METAL  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

JOB DEPARTMENT.

The most complete country Job Office in the State.

All Kinds of Work done with Neatness and Dispatch.

PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

## "August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never

Two Days. without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken

Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." ©

MRS. GRAHAM'S  
Cucumber  
AND  
Elder Flower  
Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freckles, and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and is as nourishing to the skin as dew is to a flower. Price \$1. At all druggists and hairdressers, or at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 183 Post Street, San Francisco, where she treats ladies for all blemishes of the face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book, "How to be Beautiful."

Sample Bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

MRS. GRAHAM'S  
FACE BLEACH

Cures the worst cases of redness, sunburn, sallowness, brown patches, pimples and all skin blemishes. Price \$1.50. Harmless and effective. No sample can be sent. Lady Agents wanted.

HELPMATE  
SEWING  
MACHINE

A MARVELOUS SUCCESS  
LIGHTEST & FASTEST  
BEST.

EMBODIES EVERY DESIRABLE IMPROVEMENT  
MANY EXCLUSIVELY ITS OWN.

HANDSOME, TESTED, FULLY WARRANTED  
ELEGANTLY FINISHED TIME FIVE YEARS

SEE OUR ADDRESS AGENT OR  
WILLIAMS MFG CO  
PLATTSBURGH, N.Y. MONTREAL, CAN  
A LIVE AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN

MARLIN SAFETY  
REPEATING RIFLES  
FOR SALE  
EVERYWHERE  
MADE BY  
THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.