

Weekly Mercury

1-7-1881

Completely Cured.

Six weeks ago Mr. Frank Gerling was affected with inflammatory rheumatism so bad that he was unable to move hand or foot. He concluded to place himself under treatment of the China doctor, at Deadwood. It took six men to place him in the buggy, and after he was placed a person had to hold him. When he arrived at Deadwood he was unable to help himself. He returned to this city, Monday, after being treated six weeks perfectly cured. He is now attending to his business as usual.

New Tunnel.

For some time past the managers of the Cherokee mines have been sinking shafts in the mine and have found exceedingly rich deposits. The depth of these stratas is over one hundred feet and are so low that the present outlet will not admit of their working any lower. The only way an outlet can be obtained is to run a tunnel, and for the last three weeks James McGann and Garney F. Williams have been making the necessary surveys. The proposed tunnel will run from the Miocene bridge up Saw Mill ravine, a distance of over three thousand feet, and will cut under the present works a little over one hundred feet. It will be 8x8, and Mr. McGann estimates the cost at \$100,000. Part of the machinery necessary to commence the work is now on the way, and will be delivered in Cherokee, together with a large Ingersoll drill, in a few days.

Weekly Butte Record

1-8-1881

Eagle Captured.

Mr. Ben Allen, of Pentz, yesterday presented Mr. Ira Doolittle, of the Union Hotel, with a golden eagle. The eagle was captured several weeks ago near Cherokee by a son of Mr. Allen, who, when he shot the eagle, inflicted a slight wound from which the bird has now entirely recovered. Mr. Doolittle has placed his eagleship in his hen house, where he will make it extremely interesting for night intruders.

Weekly Mercury

1-21-1881

Severe Accident.

A week ago Monday the youngest son of Mr G. Tribbey, at Deadwood, was out playing with a crowd of companions, and proposed to show them the modus operandi of blasting. They dug a hole in the ground, poured in a lot of powder, tapped the earth back and pushed a pitch pine stick into it and set it on fire. It burned all right until it got below the surface of the earth, and young Tribbey, supposing it had gone out went up to examine it. While he was bending over it, the powder exploded, filling his face with dirt and small gravel, and burning his eye lashes and winkers off. At first it was supposed he had lost his eyes, but after a careful examination they proved to be all right. It was a very narrow escape, and will probably teach him a good lesson.

Note: G. Tribbey is Gerhard Tebbe. His youngest son in 1881 would have been Charles Tebbe, born in 1876.

The Williams & Vintin mine, in Mesilla valley is running night and day. They are using 1500 inches of water, daily, taken from the flume of the Oroville Lumber Company.

Weekly Mercury

1-28-1881

The Flea Valley mill is to be moved in the spring, two miles from its present location.

Wm. Mullen will stock the Concow reservoir with carp, next summer.

Thos. B. Barbee has been appointed postmaster at Cherokee.

Mining Notes.

Cris Hanson left Wednesday, for Peavine, to commence work on his claim.

Monday or Tuesday the water will be turned into the Miocene Company's claims. At first they will run about 2,000 inches.

Ground was broken on the big tunnel, in Cherokee, Tuesday. The tunnel will be 9x9, and five gangs will be worked at the same time.

Gold has been known from the earliest ages, and we find representations of gold-washing and melting on Egyptian tombs dating back to 2,600 B. C.

The Spring Valley Gold Company received two electric light engines from New York, this week. The express charges on them were over \$300.

Silver has been known from the earliest ages, coin of that metal having been found dating back to 800 B. C., and in the Pyramids of Egypt linen stained black by salts of silver has been discovered.

During the high water a few weeks ago, the waste way of the Spring Valley Co.'s reservoir at Concow was washed out. Last week Geo. Parry was sent up with a gang of men, and has completely repaired the damage.

Sac Daily Union Feb 3, 1881

The Oroville Lumber Company sawed 2,700,000 feet of lumber, at their mill in Flea Valley, last summer.

Redding, Shasta county, claims to have a black cat and a Brahma hen which have become so enamored of each other that sleeping or waking they are never apart.

Weekly Mercury

2-25-1881

Close Shave.

Wednesday evening, in Cherokee, a young fellow named Frank West made a desperate attempt to stab Johnny Williams. It seems that the two had had words half an hour before, in reference to some remarks that West had made, reflecting on Williams, but the matter had been dropped. Williams got into the stage, with some others, to come to this city. West also got in, but behind Williams, who was not aware of his presence. At Derrick's saloon the crowd got out of the stage and went in. West came in last, walked up near Williams, who was leaning up against the bar, saying: "I think that you and Johnny Herbert are the best friends I have in Cherokee," at the same time pulling out a knife and preparing to stab Williams, and would certainly have done so, had not Sandy Onyett, who was behind him, taken hold of his shoulders and pushed him one side. Geo. Bassett who also saw him pull the knife, picked up a poker, when West started for him. Bassett struck at his arm, missed it on the down stroke, but hit it when he threw it up, causing the knife to fly up against West's face. West jerked the poker out of Bassett's hand and ran out the door down towards middle town. It was a close shave for Williams, and he has the boys to thank for escaping a nasty cut.

Weekly Mercury

2-25-1881

He got his Man.

Sunday evening, a man named Loui Languish, at Pence's Ranch, knocked a Chinese peddler down and beat him in a most unmerciful manner. The Chinaman came to this city and swore out a warrant for his arrest. Monday, jailor Knowles went out to serve the warrant, but found that the man had gone and that the people living at Pence's were very reticent in regard to his whereabouts. There being no other officer at the Court House, all the other deputies being away on business, Knowles had to return without his man. Tuesday morning, Under Sheriff Patten returned, and the particulars were related to him. He took the warrant and started for Pence's, arriving there at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. To all the questions that he asked concerning the whereabouts of the man, the only answers that he could get were, "I don't know," and, "I have no idea." Patten saw the game and told them it was all right; that he would get that fellow if he stayed there a month. He had his team put up, got some dinner, sat down and commenced talking about the crop prospect to the crowd that was in the bar-room; but all the time keeping his ears open. From a few remarks that were accidentally dropped, he became convinced that his man was in a cabin about one hundred yards from the house. He then ordered his team, bid the people good-bye, saying he was going home on business and would be back next day, and started for this city. After going down the road a few miles he turned off and went over to Clark's, where he stayed until dark. He then came over to within half a mile of Pence's, hid his team walked up to the cabin and opened. Lighting a match he

discovered, sitting in a chair, one of them who had been at Pence's that afternoon, and lying on the floor, the man he was after. The fellow jumped up, saying, "Do you want me?" Patten told him he rather thought he did, and to hold up his hands until he put the jewelry on. The look on their faces when he struck the match was a sight. The prisoner is a great, powerful Dutchman, and for a number of years traveled with a circus under the name of the "Iron Boy," and performed what is known as the cannon ball trick. Some idea of his heavy bones may be drawn from the fact that the handcuffs would just catch around his wrist on the first notch, and when they were taken off his hands were terribly swollen from the stoppage of circulation. An ordinary man can slip his whole hand through the cuffs when they are clasped at that notch. Mr. Patten is making himself felt as an officer, and it is becoming generally understood that when he starts for a man it is business from the word go, and that he don't scare worth a cent.

Dwelling Burned.

The residence of Archie Wilson, situated about two miles below Dogtown, was totally destroyed by fire, last Wednesday night. The family had all retired, and about 11 o'clock Mr. Wilson was awakened by the crackling of flames. He succeeded in getting his family out in safety, but all their wearing apparel and household effects were consumed.

Weekly Mercury

3-11-1881

Dr. H. Allen.

The Solano Republican of March 5th says: "This gentleman, a former resident of Cherokee Flat, Butte county, after looking at various localities, has determined to settle in Suisun for the practice of his profession. The doctor comes to us highly recommended by persons who are intimately acquainted with him; is a licentiate of Cambridge, England, a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and also a graduate of the Eclectic College of Cincinnati, and of the Homœopathic of Chicago. The doctor served four years and a half as first surgeon in the army, during the war of the Rebellion, and has had an extended practice. He has a family consisting of a wife and two children, who will doubtless make a valuable addition to our little society. We cordially welcome the doctor and his family to our midst, and trust that he may find that he has cast his anchor in smooth waters."

Weekly Butte Record

3-19-1881

Electric Light at Cherokee.

The Board of Directors of the Spring Valley Mining Company of Cherokee, who reside in New York, have sent out the machinery to have mine lighted with electric light. The mine is run both night and day, but under the present system of lighting it with coal oil lamps, a light of sufficient intensity cannot be produced to work by. We were informed by Mr. Swain that Superintendent Waldyer would have the lights placed in position as soon as the weather became somewhat settled. If this light proves to be a success in the mine at Cherokee, it will doubtless add greatly to the probabilities of it being adopted in this city as a means of lighting the streets. Concerning the introduction of electric light at Cherokee, the Oroville Register of last Friday has the following: "The balance of the machinery for the electric light, to be used at the Spring Valley Gold Co.'s mine, passed through town on its way to Cherokee, on Monday. There will be four of these lights used at the mine, each of 8000 candle power. When fully in operation the night work of the mine can be prosecuted with the same vigor and safety that it can by day light. Mr. Waldyer, the Superintendent of the company, is a man of energy and infinite resources, and with all, intensely practical in his ideas; hence, whatever operation he inaugurates to facilitate the working of the mine we shall have a great deal of confidence in. While we know but little, at present, about the economy and practicability of the electric light in its application to night work in hydraulic mining, our knowledge of Mr. Waldyer and his experience in such work, is assurance to us that he will make the thing a success."

Weekly Mercury

3-25-1881

An Aborigine Gone.

Died—At camp near Berry Creek, March 15th, Wash-Kipee, aged about 26 years.

Wash Kipee was a half-enlightened aboriginal American, and until some five years ago was a temperate, industrious, trustworthy and very useful member of the community in which he dwelt. Then came to tarry in the neighborhood at intervals a very poor specimen of the white man's race—a lecherous lover of libidinous squaws. And this male individual has persistently plied the Indians with wine and whisky until they have become besotted, indolent, depraved and miserably destitute. Wash-Kipee the Indian is dead; his destroyer the white man still lives in contraversion of the theory of "the survival of the fittest!" Is retributive justice irrevocably banished from the earth?

SPECTATOR.

Weekly Mercury

3-25-1881

Pence Items.

A correspondent at Pence's Ranch furnishes us with the following items:

The Jesse Wood place is going through a process of "evolution" that surprises the natives and fairly puts to shame traditional Yankee enterprise. A large tract of mellow, dark soil has been turned up by the plough, a great variety of fruit trees, vines, etc., planted, and the dwelling house is fast nearing completion. The location is picturesque and healthful, the grounds are watered by copious mountain springs, and taken all in all, it will be one of the most delightful residences in the county.

Messrs. Lyte and Mugford, are working at the Davis mine, in Dry creek canyon. They believe there is a bonanza in it, and intend to find it. They will soon put up a good dwelling house, Mr. Lyte having a family.

It is rumored that private parties are about to petition the Board of Supervisors for a charter for a toll-bridge across the West branch of Feather, at Nelson Bar. A good idea.

Mr. Henry Curtis met with a rather serious accident on Saturday evening. He was trying to break a young mule, and was on the point of mounting it, at Pence's, when the animal took fright at a dog and ran. He seized the halter with both hands and, being as determined as the mule, hung on, but the mule did not appear to know there was any obstruction in the way, dragging him through the lane to the lumber yard. Curtis was badly bruised, but no bones broken.

JACK THE GRANGER.

Weekly Mercury

4-1-1881

Stoneman School.

CLEAR CREEK, March 30, 1881.

EDITOR MERCURY—As I never saw a communication from our neighborhood in the MERCURY, you will no doubt pardon me for troubling you with this short one. I think we have some of the finest farming and grazing land in this section of the county to be found any where in the foot-hills. The soil is actually rich, and will produce much, even without irrigation. I think the time not far distant when these fertile canyons will be settled up with thrifty sons of toil, and what is now regarded as worthless land will be much sought after. Grain and grass is growing finely. The fruit crop hasn't been injured from cold.

Your correspondent with others, enjoyed today, the pleasure of witnessing the closing exercises of our school—Stoneman—which has been successfully taught the past term by Mr. E. B. Price, who has given general satisfaction, and whose departure will be regretted by all in the district, except one, who is a sighing widower, and who has regarded the pedagogue as a formidable rival in one of his—the widower of course—many unsuccessful matrimonial adventures. The exercises were as follows: A humorous selection read by the teacher; recitations by Nellie Saulsbury, Rosa Knox, Martha Lewis, Birdie Salsbury, Nannie Escherman. Reading by Miss Salsbury from the "Royal Path of Life." Recitations again by Mary Lewis, Ella Cory, Willie Clarenbach, Belle Williams, Frank Clarenbach, John Ingram, Dolph Escherman, Rosa Clarenbach, Hattie Knox, Charles Williams, Birt Knox, Willie Clarenbach and Ella Cory. A dialogue by Rosa Clarenbach and Belle Williams. Mr. Price then presented James Williams with a nicely bound U. S. History, as a reward for the best written copy-book in the school, and then closed with remarks appropriate to the occasion. He has given general satisfaction, and it is the desire of the patrons that he shall again teach the school.

J. GOODWIN.

Weekly Mercury

4-15-1881

Departing Teachers.

Mr. F. A. Peachy for the past term principal of the Oroville public schools, will leave for Yankee Hill, Saturday, where he will take charge of and open the public school of that place, on Monday, April 18th. J. F. Halloran, teacher of the First Intermediate department, goes to Forbestown, Sunday, where he has secured a position as teacher of the school at that place, which opens Monday next. Miss Nellie Givens, who has had charge of the Second Intermediate department, will leave for Oakland, in about two weeks, where she will remain during the summer.

Cloudburst.

A rain-cloud burst over Cherokee, Friday. The street through Lowertown was filled with water to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and looked as though a sluice-head had been turned into it. The road was washed out, leaving it full of bare rocks and deep gullies. The Spring Valley mine was so filled with water that it was unable to run off through the tunnel, and formed a little lake in the diggings. Considerable fluming was washed out, and the pipes had to be stopped. Work was detained for about twenty-four hours while repairs were being made.

Weekly Mercury

4-22-1881

Building Burned.

Last Friday afternoon, a building owned by Rev. Jesse Wood, on his ranch above Pence's, was totally destroyed by fire. The men were down in the field at work, and about three o'clock noticed that the building was in flames, but before they could get water it had burned to the ground. The house was a small one of two rooms, occupied by the hired men. The fire is supposed to have originated from wood rats carrying away matches. The loss will probably be \$300.

Weekly Mercury

4-29-1881

Played "Hookey"

One day last week, twelve of the largest girls of the Cherokee school becoming affected with spring fever, left school in the afternoon without permission, or, in common parlance, played "hookey." After rambling around through the woods for awhile, they all sat down on the grass in a circle and indulged in that interesting game called "mumble peg." This they played until after school and then returned home. The next day they all appeared at the school house, but were promptly suspended by the principal. The joke then ceased to be funny, and turned out quite serious. They appeared before the trustees with the corners of their aprons stuck in their eyes, and after considerable pleading were at last allowed to return to school.

Picnic at Cherokee.

The school children of Cherokee will give a grand picnic at that place to-day. Extensive arrangements have been made and a good time is assured, all attending. The festivities will conclude by a dance in the evening at Vinton's hall.

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY.....MAY 13, 1881

The Mercury has double the circulation of any other Weekly Newspaper published in Butte County.

Boiler Explosion.

Last Friday afternoon, the boiler in the Flea Valley mill, owned by the Oroville Lumber Company, exploded. The boiler was an old one, having been used for a number of years in the Nesbit mine at Oregon Gulch, and was purchased by the company and removed to the Flea Valley mill about one year ago. At the time of the explosion the gauge indicated only twenty pounds of steam, though the boiler has frequently carried one hundred and fifty pounds. Fortunately no one was injured by the accident.

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY.....MAY 13, 1881

The Mercury has double the circulation of any other Weekly Newspaper published in Butte County.

Farming Land to be Sold.

The Spring Valley Mining and Irrigating Company have decided to sell all the farming land they own. The land was acquired by them while engaged in business, and consists of 15,700 acres of the best farming land in this county. The title to it is perfect and it is all under cultivation. They have had the land graded and new place it on the market at about the same price as railroad land. The terms are twenty per cent down and the balance in yearly installments. A purchaser can have the lands in any quantity that he wishes, from forty acres up. For a farmer who is willing to farm acres rather than square miles, this offer of the company presents a rare opportunity. The man with small means can here find a good farm under cultivation, with good fences, buildings, and in fact all ready for him to put in the next year's crop. A man with a family will find schools and churches for his children to attend, not far from any portion of the land. In fact, no more desirable farms are to be had in the State than on this tract of land, and those who are rushing off, from all parts of the State, to Washington Territory, to put in years of hard labor breaking ground and getting a farm ready, would do well to stop and look at these lands where all the hard work is done, and all that is now required is to purchase and settle down. Such chances as these should not be missed.

Weekly Mercury

5-20-1881

Will Wine Explode?

YANKEE HILL, May, 17, 1881.

ED. MERCURY: We know that saltpetre, flour and sugar mills have exploded, but whether wine is or is not an explosive is a question that now excites the good people of our section. Last week a man named John Tunacker, who lives near Deadwood, purchased a five-gallon demijohn of wine at this place, packed it on his horse, and started for home. When within a short distance of his house he heard an awful noise, which sounded about as loud as the report caused by firing off a six-pounder. This was all he knew of the affair until he recovered consciousness, some six hours later. On investigation Mr. Tunacker discovered that his demijohn was broken into fragments and his wine all gone, and his horse was badly used up. He is now laid up for repairs under the care of the Chinese Doctor.

TEDDY.

Weekly Mercury

5-20-1881

Letter from Defiance Mills.

DEFIANCE MILLS, May 16, 1881.

EDITOR MERCURY: When churches, halls, or any other public buildings are dedicated, usually the services are of short duration, but private edifices, such as houses, barns, stables, etc., sometimes take a wide departure, and a whole day and even night is required to complete the full order of exercises, especially if the weather is fine and there is a picnic to commence with. Judge Wells' barn at Yankee Hill received such a dedication on the 2d of May. Not being able to accept the invitation, we cannot give you the programme in full, but it was pronounced by all those who attended an enjoyable entertainment, and the services were conducted in a befitting manner by the host and hostess.

We hoped to have been able to report our fishing experience, but being deterred from stopping on our way up, we received a standing invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Marquis to try our luck at some future time, and, judging from the low water in the Concow reservoir, we might have better luck later in the season.

Migrating from valley to mountain every summer is not wholly devoid of incidents, but to tell over and over again what is all ready known—much better to read of foreign affairs, the last new novel, life of Lord Beaconsfield in prospect, or the latest mining news; for gold nuggets of surprising value are continually being found, and diamonds of the first water are picked up, even by those who never searched for them. While there is only one lucky one, an innumerable multitude "toil on, toil ever," for money or its equivalent.

The amount of labor required to put old machinery into good working order will in time compensate, by turning out a greater number of thousand feet of lumber. Time will not permit me to describe the several repairs that have been made in this mill for the coming season, only that the old boilers—one of which came so near bursting that we were all satisfied that it sprang a leak, with less than twenty-five pounds of steam—were hauled at a distance and deposited for further inspection as to their utter incapacity for ever being of value in the shape of boilers. They had been taken out before and thoroughly repaired, and all ready, as was supposed, for a summer's work. Two other boilers fill their places, and will be doing their work ere this reaches you. I am happy to inform those who were misinformed that no one was injured except the proprietors.

The engine for the tramway is in working order, and soon the work for the season will be fully commenced.

We hope the new organization of Good Templars at Masilla Valley will exert a beneficial influence on our community, and that a saloon will not be opened this season near by. -
-ness and Intemperance always go hand in hand. C. H. Spurgeon says in one of his sermons, that when he was going to speak to one of the people to his minister, he began: "He's dreadful lazy." "That's enough; all sorts of sins are in that one," was the minister's reply. Trusting we have no such here, we have no fear of drunken brawls or ungentlemanly acts.

On Sunday, sunshine and thunder-storms alternated, but the rains were scarcely more than April showers. The foliage and flowers are just one month earlier than last year. We do not yet discover any signs of the conjunctive planets producing any immediate change on earth. This altitude is a favored spot to observe all such irregularities, etc.

Weekly Butte Record

6-11-1881

Job Work.

The RECORD job office is turning out some excellent job work. There is no discount on the work of the RECORD boys.

Cards are out for Sherman's Chico and Prattville stage line, under the summer arrangement. The stages on this route are running well loaded, and on good time.

Cards are out for Messer's line of stages to various points in the foothills. He has a line from Chico to Centerville and Powellton, and Chico to Pence's Ranch, Cherokee, Yankee Hill and Deadwood.

Daniels & Sprague have posters and dodgers out for a big auction sale at the Fashion Stables on Saturday, the 11th instant.

The RECORD is doing a splendid and legitimate business, while impecunious roosters, with a handful of type and a cheese press, are setting up on every street corner, and the asthmatic Enterprise is wheezing itself into a cataleptic fit.

Weekly Mercury

6-17-1881

Pipe Collapsed.

Sunday, about noon, one hundred and twenty-one feet of pipe on the Yankee Hill side of the West Branch of Feather river, used to convey water to the Spring Valley mine at Cherokee collapsed. There was a break in the pipe, and when turning the water off so that it could be repaired, it was shut off so suddenly that a vacuum was created, resulting in a complete collapse of the pipe. It will take nearly one week to repair the damage.

Weekly Mercury

7-1-1881

Leg Broken.

Friday last an employe of the Plea Valley mill, named Ed. Malloy, while unyoking an ox-team was kicked by one of them on the leg, which knocked him down, and before he could be rescued by friends the ox kicked him three times. Dr. Achuff was telegraphed for immediately, and on an examination found that the right leg had been broken below the knee. He set it, and the man is getting along all right.

Sunday at Cherokee.

All the business houses and saloons were closed in Cherokee, Sunday. Each had been served with a notice from the Good Templars that, unless it was done, suit would be commenced, and all preferred to close their doors and save trouble. Some of the door-knobs were decorated with crepe.

Weekly Mercury

7-15-1881

CHINA DOCTORS.

We understand that two new Chinese doctors have located near Deadwood, intending to run opposition to the one already there, who has been working so successfully on the credulous. Already marvelous stories are told in reference to their power to cure and heal, and it will be but a short time before people with all manner of diseases will flock to them and spend their money. These new doctors probably do not know any more about medicine or the treatment of disease than the one already there. The first one has had a good thing, having all the time from seventy to eighty patients, who pay five or six dollars a week. No doubt these two new ones, seeing that their brother is making money, wish to make some too, and have started out with that intention. It is a well-known fact that the Chinese are an imitative race, and if they see that others are making money by doctoring, it will be but a short time ere the country will be overrun with these quacks.

New Road.

Mike Wells has commenced the survey of a new road to run from Yankee Hill to Flea Valley. The distance will be about nine miles, making it two or three miles shorter than the Concow road. The grade will be four or five inches to the rod. Mike is enterprising from the word go.

Weekly Mercury

7-15-1881

Leg Broken.

Monday morning, Sam Garber had his leg broken about three inches above the ankle. He jumped from his buggy and alighted on a brick lying in the road, which turned over, causing him to fall. It was at first thought he had sprained his ankle, but an examination by Dr. Miller disclosed the fact that he had sustained an incomplete fracture of the fibula. The accident will confine him to his room for a couple of weeks.

Nearly Drowned.

From Johnny Preston, who returned from Concow, Monday, we learn the particulars of a narrow escape from drowning which occurred at that place Saturday. Miss Maude Blood and Miss Della Goodrich, of Chico, who were camping with a party of friends, went in bathing. Miss Goodrich waded in beyond her depth, and Miss Blood in endeavoring to aid her, also got into deep water, and being unable to swim, cried for help. Mr. Rinehart, who was some distance away, heard the screams and ran to their assistance. Swimming out to them he was seized by both girls, and being unable to do anything, all three went down twice. Mrs. Jones, who also heard the screams, ran down to the water, picked up a long fish pole which she handed to Mr. Rinehart and drew them all ashore. The young ladies were insensible when taken out, and the whole party returned to Chico, Sunday. It was a very narrow escape and they were only saved by the presence of mind of Mrs. Jones.

Sacramento Daily Union
7-15-1881

A new bridge is being built at Nelson's Bar, on the road from the Dump to Flea valley. The neighbors along the road have contributed the work, both on the road and to build the bridge. S. L. Farnham, of the Oroville Lumber Company, donated the lumber to build it. This gift by Mr. Farnham was certainly a very generous act, as it requires 51,700 feet of lumber, worth \$20 per thousand, or something over \$1,000.—[Oroville Mercury.]

Weekly Mercury

7-22-1881

A Cowardly Brute.

At Chico, Tuesday morning, Tom Noakes, a powerful man and a blacksmith by occupation, brutally and perhaps fatally beat an inoffensive cripple named A. J. Crum. It seems that Noakes accused Crum of talking about his dead brother, which Crum denied, whereupon Noakes knocked him down, jumped upon and kicked and stamped him until he saw fit to stop. Crum made no resistance, and could not had he desired, as the blow that knocked him to the ground rendered him unconscious. When found, Crum was insensible, and was a horrifying sight to look upon. The right ear was dislocated, and the left one badly cut; across the forehead was a deep and ugly wound; both eyes were badly blacked and swollen and tightly shut; the teeth of the lower jaw were dislocated and the lower jaw fractured; the lips were cut in several places, while the whole face was swollen to twice its natural size. Upon the left side were ugly bruises that had been inflicted with the heel of a heavy boot.

Noakes was brought to this city Wednesday, and lodged in jail. A MERCURY reporter called at the jail Thursday morning, and applied for permission to interview Noakes, but Deputy Sheriff Patten rather brusquely denied the request, on the ground that the safety of the prisoner might be imperiled.

LATER—A dispatch received from Chico, yesterday, announced the death of Crum, and a charge of murder was accordingly entered against Noakes.

Weekly Mercury

7-22-1881

Fatal Hunting Accident.

A correspondent of the Bee writes as follows from Concow, Shasta county, under date of July 18th: "A very sad affair occurred on Saturday morning last at the place known as Deadwood, five miles from here. The particulars are as follows: Three young men named O. E. Thomas, J. E. Powers and S. S. Simon, of Oroville, were on a hunting trip, and in camping at night Simons' gun was accidentally discharged and a full charge of buckshot was received in the heart by Thomas, killing him instantly. The deceased's relatives are living in Sacramento. His death is sadly regretted by all who knew the young man. The body was removed to Oroville, where the funeral will take place.—Sacramento Bee.

There is not one word of truth in the above item. Simon is the only one of the three young men mentioned who lives in this city, and he has not been at Concow this year; neither is Concow in Shasta county, and as far as we can learn no accident of the kind mentioned occurred at Deadwood on the day named. The Bee's correspondent was evidently slightly "off" when writing the above.

Nearly a Fire.

Monday, the roof of John Spencer's residence at Yankee Hill, was found to be on fire. The fire company under Foreman Mike Wells, turned out and with a promptness only equaled by a city department, extinguished the flames and saved the house. The roof was considerably damaged,

CHICO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

From Tuesday's Daily.

BRUTALLY BEATEN.

Chico was thrown into a wild stage of excitement this morning over the news that A. J. Crum had been assaulted at his residence in Chapmantown, and beaten nearly to death by Tom Noaks. Dr. C. C. Mason was called and examined Crum's wounds, and found them to be extremely severe, with a possibility of them proving fatal. After Noaks had left Crum in an unconscious condition, he came up town to Judge Hallet and wanted to plead guilty to an assault, but being denied the privilege, he went before Judge Warren, where he met with the same refusal. A few minutes later he was arrested by officers True and Rundel and lodged in the City Prison. When interviewed by a RECORD reporter, Noaks stated that he had given Crum a good thrashing, and he did it because Crum had been talking to different parties about his brother, Charles Noaks, who was shot and killed at Angels Camp, Calaveras county, on the 13th of last May. He said that he was sorry the difficulty had occurred, but he had friends enough in town to see him through, and he defied the officers to lock him up.

Noaks is a man that stands over six feet and will weigh over two hundred pounds, while Crum is a man of small stature, crippled and well advanced in years. Whatever provocation Noaks may have had for his action, the assault is looked upon as a cowardly and dastardly act.

At ten o'clock Crum was removed to the residence of Mrs. H. McBride.

When visited at 11:30 by a RECORD reporter Crum was lying upon a bed in an unconscious condition, and was the most horrifying sight that any one could be called upon to witness. The right ear was found to be badly cut, and the left one was badly cut; across the forehead was a deep and ugly wound; both eyes were badly blacked and swollen tightly shut; the teeth of the lower jaw were dislocated and the lower jaw fractured; the lips were cut in several places, while the whole face was swollen to twice its natural size. Upon the left side were ugly bruises that had been inflicted with the heel of a heavy boot.

A lady who was an eye witness to the tragedy, and the only one who saw it, states that Noaks approached Crum and showed him a letter, and at the same time asked him if his brother owed him anything, to which Crum replied that he did not. Noaks then said: "Why have you been talking about him?" Crum said that he had not talked about his brother, and that the person who said so lied. Noaks then struck Crum in the breast with his fist and knocked him down, then jumped upon him with his feet and kicked and stamped him until he saw fit to stop. Crum, it is said, made no resistance, and could not have done so had he desired to, as the blow that knocked him to the ground rendered him unconscious.

The whole affair and Noaks' actions show that the act was premeditated, and that it made but little difference to Noaks whether he killed Crum or not. The affair has created a great deal of talk upon the streets, everybody taking sides with Crum; some have gone so far as to make threats of lynching if Crum should die.

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7-23-1881

Cherokee District School.

The Trustees of the Cherokee district met on the 15th of July and elected for the year as follows: Principal, O. E. Swain, salary \$100 per month; Intermediate, Andie McGregor, salary \$70 per month; first primary, Magnolia Wood, salary \$60 per month; second primary, Nora Ryan, salary \$50 per month.

Weekly Mercury

7-29-1881

New Stage Line.

Finding that there is so much travel to Dead-wood, Henry Morrison decided to put on a regular line of stages, and on Monday made the first trip. He connects at Pence's, Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays with stages from this city, and connects on the down trips at the same place Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, with the stage for this city. He has placed the fare at the low figure of \$2 50, and will no doubt make a success of the line. People can now jump on the stage, go to Dead-wood, spend one day and come back the next.

Weekly Mercury

7-29-1881

Dance at Coucow.

J. B. Mullen will give a social dance at his hotel in Coucow, Friday evening, August 12th. Good music has been engaged for the occasion, and the fact that Mike Wells, M. Pence and J. M. Vanderhoof constitute the floor committee is sufficient guarantee that all who attend will have an enjoyable time. Tickets, including supper, can be obtained for \$2 50.

Held for Murder.

Thursday, T. J. Noakes was examined before Justice Leonard on a charge of murder. It became known on the street that the examination would take place, and quite a crowd collected to have a look at the man. Noakes was taken to the Justice's office, handcuffed, in charge of Under Sheriff Patten and two deputies. When inside the office, the handcuffs were removed, and Noakes took a seat beside his counsel, Judge Reardan. He did not show any signs of nervousness, and took but little interest in the proceedings. Mary Washburn, the principal witness for the prosecution, testified as follows: "Noakes walked out of the house and told Crum that he had received a letter stating that his (Noakes') brother was dead, and asked Crum if he knew him. Crum replied that he did. Noakes then asked Crum if his brother owed him anything. Crum replied that he did not. He then asked Crum what he had been talking about him for. Crum denied that he had talked about his brother, and Noakes then called Crum a damned liar, and struck him on the breast with his fist, knocking him down. Noakes then kicked Crum three times in the left side, after which he commenced beating him with his fists on the head and face. Crum appeared to have been insensible from the time he was knocked down, and during the beating lay perfectly quiet. I stepped up to Noakes and taking hold of his arm told him he had killed Crum. He stopped and said that he had not; that Crum was only letting on. He started off and my uncle told him he must send a doctor down, and he said he would." Judge Reardan objected to the witnesses detailing the injuries Crum had received, and District Attorney Gale withdrew the questions. The defense offered no testimony. Justice Leonard held the prisoner to answer before the Superior Court on the charge of murder. Noakes was again handcuffed and taken back to jail. During the examination numbers of our citizens came into the Justice's office to take a look at the prisoner, who did not seem to particularly appreciate it.

Weekly Mercury

8-5-1881

Accidentally Burned.

Two young lads in Cherokee, were severely burned by a powder explosion, Thursday of last week. Ed. McIntire, a boy five or six years of age, from San Francisco, was paying a visit to Ed. Willoughby, who is about eight years old. Young Willoughby wished to explain, by a practical illustration, the method of blasting a bank. To do this, the two boys obtained quite a quantity of powder and some fuse. They then found a bank, ran a drift into it, and placed the powder and fuse in it in the most approved fashion. They lighted the fuse, but for some reason it burned down low, and both boys ran up and leaned over the blast. As is usual in all such cases it exploded and both the boys' faces were badly burned, more particularly their eyes. From Dr. Miller, who attended the case, we learn that Willoughby is hurt the most, his eyelids being badly burned. The other lad escaped with less serious injuries.

Weekly Mercury

8-12-1881

Mr. S. A. Smith, of Frenchtown, is putting up a new two-story building, 60x40, to contain twenty-eight rooms. It will be used as a hospital by two Chinese doctors.

The new road from Pence's to Deadwood has been graded as far as the west branch. The bridge will be erected by Mr. A. Heckart, and will be finished within three months. Work will be commenced on it immediately. It will cost about \$5,000.

Mr. Wells is busy fixing a road from Yankee Hill to Cherokee, which will shorten the distance from this city two miles. It will be completed in two months.

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8-12-1881

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LYNCHED.

The Murderer of Crum Taken From the County Jail and Hanged to a Tree—How the Deed was Done—Testimony Taken Before the Coroner's Jury—Verdict—Notes.

On the 19th of July, the citizens of this county were shocked at receiving the news of a most horrible and revolting crime committed in Chapman town, Chico, in which an old and much respected citizen of that place named A. J. Crum had been fearfully and brutally beaten by a man named Thomas J. Noakes. Mr. Crum died from the effects of the beating on the 21st day of July, and to protect the murderer from threatened violence, he was brought to this city and lodged in the County Jail. On July 28th Noakes was taken before Justice Leonard and examined; as the result of the examination he was held to answer on a charge of murder, without bail. On the 20th of July, a party of men left Chico, with the avowed intention of taking Noakes from the jail and lynching him, but whether they lacked sufficient numbers or courage, or it was simply a ruse to throw the officers at this place off their guard, is not known, for, after traveling some eight or ten miles in the direction of this city, they returned home, and all fears as to the safety of the prisoner were quieted. Sunday morning, however, at about 2 o'clock, the quick, sharp peals of the Court-house bell were heard, and as it is unusual for the bell to be rung at that hour, unless in case of fire, or some other startling event, a crowd of citizens soon collected at the Court-house. Everything was in confusion and excitement, occasioned by a mob of armed men having made a descent on the jail, taken Noakes out and departing with him. Jailor Knowles told us substantially the same story as he testified to before the Coroner's jury, a report of which is given below. A MERCURY reporter visited Chico, Sunday afternoon, and from one sup-

posed to know all about the affair he learned the following: The mob left Chico in small crowds, so as not to excite suspicion, and were joined by others from different points along the road until they numbered about forty men. They arrived at the bridge about 1 o'clock, and about half of the mob crossed over to this city in two wagons, stationing men along the street from the river to the Court-house. One of the wagons stopped at the corner of Montgomery and Lincoln streets, and the other drove up to the Court-yard gate opposite the Postoffice and halted. Guards were stationed at each of the gates, and then ten of the mob walked up to the Sheriff's office, and knocked at the door. [Our informant here stated that the story of Jailor Knowles was true in every particular.] The double doors leading to the main corridor of the jail were broken in in a few minutes; then the iron door leading to the iron tanks was forced open and the mob were in front of the doomed man's cell. A few blows of the sledge hammer were sufficient to break the lock on the tank, and the door was swung open. One of the men called out to Noakes, "Come out here, Noakes, we want you." Noakes, who was dressed and standing in the middle of his cell, replied, "I am ready to die," and stepped out into the corridor. Noakes was bound and gagged, taken to the wagon in waiting, and the mob were soon on their way out of town, the whole work having occupied but some fifteen or twenty minutes. On the bridge the gag was taken from Noakes' mouth, and the bell on the Court-house being rung at that time, and Noakes, imagining that a party was being organized to recapture him, gave utterance to two yells, which were distinctly heard by people on this side of the river. On the road leading to the place selected for the final act in this terrible tragedy, Noakes would frequently complain to his captors that he had not been given a fair show, and evinced a desire to talk about the murder, but was silenced by the men in charge, who told him that he would soon have plenty of time to talk. On arriving at Crum's ranch—the place fixed upon for the commission of their crime—the wagon containing Noakes was driven under a cottonwood tree planted in 1861 by the doomed man's victim, he was made to stand up in the wagon, bound hand and foot, the noose adjusted, and he was told that he would be allowed seven minutes in which to prepare for death. Noakes, taking advantage of this short reprieve, commenced by telling the mob of the whereabouts of his mother and sister; he then talked about the murder, claiming that he had never intended to kill Crum and

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going over the circumstances of his crime, the details of which our readers are already familiar with. Becoming tired of his harangue, one of the mob cried out, "Oh, hell, we have heard that story too often. Drive off." As the order was being obeyed, Noakes said, "Good-by, friends," and a moment later he was dangling in mid-air. Sheriff Sprague, who came down from Chico that morning, found the corpse hanging to the tree, and on arriving in this city, notified Coroner Mitchell of the fact, and that official went out and brought the body to this city, and placed it in the undertaking rooms of G. W. Sovereign, where the remains were viewed by hundreds of people. It was a horrid sight, indeed. The fatal noose still encircled his neck, hiding the abrasions of which it was the cause. The eyelids were open, and their cold, glassy appearance, together with the surroundings, sent a thrill of horror through the morbid throng, and told the story of his sufferings while in the throes of death. His face was of a deep-blue color, and the fingers of his hands were very much contorted. Even in the cold embrace of death, a more perfect specimen of physical manhood it has never been our lot to behold. His height was six feet one and one-half inches, his weight two hundred and twenty-three and one-half pounds—in stature a giant, in intellect a dwarf, in courage a mouse.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

At the inquest held before Coroner Mitchell, Sunday afternoon, the following testimony was adduced:

THE VERDICT.

We, the undersigned, the jurors summoned to appear before John K. Mitchell, Coroner of the county of Butte, at Oroville, on the 7th day of August, 1881, to inquire into the cause of the death of Thomas Noakes, found hanging by the neck dead at Dry Creek, in this county, on this day, having been duly sworn according to law, and having made such inquisition, after inspecting the body and hearing the testimony adduced, upon our oaths, each and a'1 do say: that we find the deceased was named Thomas Noakes, supposed to be a native of Missouri, aged about 40 years; that he came to his death on the 7th day of August, 1881, in this county, by hanging by a rope around his neck, which caused death by strangulation, having been found hanging on a tree at Crum's ranch, Dry Creek, Butte county, Cal., on the above date; and further find that the deceased, Thomas Noakes, came to his death by mob violence, according to the evidence obtained before this Coroner's jury. All of which we duly certify by this inquisition, in writing, by us signed this 7th day of August, A. D., 1881.

J. A. WARDWELL,
CHARLES ST. SURE,
HIRAM B. ARENTS,
L. A. SIMON,
E. B. CLEMENTS,
ASMUS NISSON.

BURIAL.

At 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the body was placed in a plain pine coffin and hurried away to the cemetery, where, in an obscure corner, all that remained of Thomas J. Noakes was

"Consigned to the dust from whence it sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Weekly Mercury

8-19-1881

Social Dance.

A social dance will be given at J. M. Smith's hotel, Frenchtown, near Yankee Hill, on Friday evening, September 2d. M. H. Wells and M. Pence will act as floor managers on the occasion. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Tickets, including supper, \$2 50.

Destructive Fire.

Friday afternoon, the little son of a Portuguese living near J. McSmith's place, found some matches and built a little fire of shavings and dry sticks. A breeze springing up caused the flames to spread into the dry grass, and in a short time the fire had burned over nearly the whole of Oregon Gulch. Skaggs' house, barn and fences, besides over 200 cords of wood were consumed, and also Jim Lynch's fence and several Portuguese cabins. Mr. McSmith had hard work at the time to save his place. He estimates that the fire burned over six or seven sections of land, and destroyed all the feed for stock.—Mercury.

Weekly Mercury

9-2-1881

Scare in Cherokee.

The citizens of Cherokee were given quite a scare, Friday evening. The valve on one of the air compressors blew out about half-past 8 o'clock, and so frightened a Scotchman who had charge of the machinery that he blew the whistle. The blowing of the whistle out of the regular hours signifies that something wrong has taken place, and the entire town rushed down to the tunnel.

Fire at the Dump.

The residence of Ben Allen, situated at the Dump, near Pence's Ranch, caught fire from a defective flue, about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, and was totally destroyed. Part of the furniture was saved. Loss, about \$4,000. We were unable to ascertain whether or not the property was insured.

Weekly Mercury

9-2-1881

Land Trial.

The case of George Duensing, timber claimant, against Louis Fritz, pre-emptor, occupied the attention of the Marysville Land Office, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday. The subject of the trial was a quarter section of land near the Defiance Mill. It seems that the Oroville Lumber Company had cut nearly all the timber from their land, and were talking about making application for the next quarter section. Before they could do so, however, Duensing filed a timber claim on it, and Fritz filed a pre-emption claim on the same, supposing, no doubt, that the company would pay for the timber. There was considerable testimony taken down by both parties. Mr. John C. Gray represented Fritz, and Burt, Turner & Hamilton appeared for Duensing. The Land Office has not yet rendered a decision.

Accident Policies.

On the 24th day of June, E. W. Malley, an employee of the Flea Valley Mill, broke his leg. The gentleman, a short time previous to the accident, had taken out an accident policy for \$3,000 in the Traveler's Insurance Company. On Monday he was able to come to this city and make the necessary proofs, which have been forwarded to the central office, and which show that he is entitled to \$165. He will probably receive the money some time next week. Not bad to take after lying in bed eleven weeks. Col. Perkins was also insured in the same company, and for the time he was laid up he received \$20.

Weekly Mercury

9-2-1881

History of Butte County.

D. J. Stewart & Co. propose to compile and publish a complete and comprehensive history of Butte county, from the earliest settlement down to the present time. From sample copies shown us, we hesitate not to say that it is as fine as any work of its kind we ever examined. H. L. Wells, who will have charge of the compilation of the work, will soon locate in Oroville for the purpose, and now is a fitting time for our old settlers to sharpen up their memory and contribute what information they have, before it is too late. We wish the enterprise success and a liberal patronage.

Weekly Butte Record

9-3-1881

Electric Light at Cherokee.

While at Cherokee a few days since we had an opportunity of examining the electric light, which is now in successful use in the Spring Valley Company's mine. The light used was a 1,000 candle power lamp and situated about two hundred yards from the workmen, and was without a reflector. The banks surrounding the workmen were so lighted that at a distance they looked like banks of snow. At 300 yards from the lamp the light was sufficiently brilliant to read ordinary printed matter. A light of over tripple the brilliancy could have been given from the lamp used, but it would have been too intense for the workmen. Should anyone doubt the success of the electric light, he has only to visit the mine and inspect for himself.

Our Reporter in the Mountains.

On last Thursday morning our reporter boarded one of the stages of the Chico and Deadwood line and took his departure to enjoy a few days' wandering over hill and canyon in the vicinity of Deadwood.

On leaving town nothing of interest was noticed until Pences' ranch was reached, where we were met by the jovial and hospitable pioneer who settled in the Dry creek valley away back in the fifties; and while others were tickling the sides of gulch and ravine with pick and shovel to make them yield up their hidden treasures, Mr. Pence devoted his attention to the tilling of the soil and providing a resting place for both man and beast as they trudged along on their way to and from the mines. Here can be seen all kinds of

SEMI-TROPICAL FRUITS

Growing in the greatest luxuriance. Orange, pomegranate and Japanese persimmon trees, heavy-laden with maturing fruit, deck the sides of the rippling stream, whose waters are unpolluted by the detritus of the mines, whilst higher up on the hillsides acres of vineyard and orchard are returning to their owners their wealth of wine, raisins and fruit. At this place is located the postoffice of Pentz, which name is nothing more than the German form of the word Pence. After spending a pleasant chat of one hour and a half with the hospitable landlord and partaking of a good and substantial dinner the stage was again before the hotel door, and with feelings of regret our pleasant conversation regarding the early days of Pence's ranch was brought to a sudden terminus, and again we are beside the invincible Messer and wending our way up the sides of the Sierras; but before the hill is reached we pass the lumber yard of the

OROVILLE LUMBER COMPANY.

To this place the lumber is floated by flume from the company's mills located in Flea valley, and here it is piled to season and then taken by teams to places where it is needed for building purposes. Around the dump a small village has built up, and among the buildings may be noticed a feed and planing mill, blacksmith and wagon shop and a school house. Passing the Dump and looking to the west, a bed of slickens, covering thousands of acres of what was once green and fertile meadow, sparkles with its myriads of minute crystals that bedeck its drying surface, as the setting sun casts its dazzling rays upon what was once a portion of Table Mountain. While to the east and high up on the sides of the hill will be seen the winding tracks of the Hendricks and Miocene mining companies' ditches, as they wind their way around ravine and spur in conducting their rippling waters to the mines below. Proceeding further on, and following the zigzagged road, the town of

CHEROKEE

is reached, and to do this place justice would take more space than we can devote. The town is built upon the top of the hill and its street is about as crooked as the average streak of lightning. In an early day it was a lively mining camp, and thousands of sturdy miners labored daily with pan and rocker in the neighboring gulches, but of later years the only mine of much importance is the Spring Valley, which we will make the subject of another article, and for the present we leave the town of Cherokee. Moving on and down the sides of the hill and following a little rill that leaps from boulder to boulder, we come to the canyon of the west branch of Feather river, whose roaring torrent, through ages past has worn a channel through the walls of porphyry and slate that cross its course and form the precipitous sides of the canyon. After making a short curve to the right and following down stream a short distance the river is crossed by an

ARCHED TRUSS BRIDGE,

and at the same place the water of the S. V. Mining Co, crosses in a syphon, the upper ends of which are over 1100 feet above the point at the bridge. As the winding road is followed up the steep hillside, the traveler looks upon Nature's grandest handiwork, as it is portrayed in sublime views of mountain scenery, and whatever of fatigue may have been wearing upon his mind, while trudging along the dusty and monotonous roads of the valley and lower hills, have now all vanquished before the sublime views of Nature's handiwork. In this section small valleys are numerous, and the hillsides are less steep than in sections further north. Along the dripping brooks a number of cozy mountain homes, surrounded with orchards and vineyards, may be seen dotting, what but a few years since, was a barren waste and gave no signs of civilization save an occasional miner's cabin.

YANKEE HILL

Was once a thriving mining camp and at one time one of the largest towns in the county. It received its name from a company of Yankees who settled there in the year of 1850. It supported several hotels and stores and the gulches were fabulously rich in gold. At present the whole town is owned by M. H. Wells, Esq., who has been a resident of the place since 1856, and whose hospitality is never excelled and rarely equalled. Here can be found one of the most complete libraries in the county. It contains about 1,500 volumes; other valuable books are the complete files of all the papers of this county from the first publication down to the present date, and also the complete files of Harper's and Scribner's Monthly Magazines, the Californian and a number of other journals, all of which Mr. Wells has preserved from his own private subscription.

The hills surrounding Yankee Hill are free from lava boulders, and many of them destitute of timber. The climate of the place is delightful—the warmest summer day rarely exceeding 90° while the nights are always so cold that heavy blankets are needed for a comfortable sleep. The view of the valley is grand. The whole country from Chico on the north to Marysville on the south is seen in one view. We believe that it is Mr. Wells' intention to erect a large hotel at this place during coming year and in connection with it will be an observatory. The building will be of the most modern style of architecture and will be supplied with water from the ditch of the Spring Valley Mining Company, which passes within a half-mile of the location of the proposed building.

A NEAT COTTAGE.

After spending a short time with the lord of the mountain manor, and his friend, Jesse Moore, who, by the way, is an indispensable assistant of the dusty traveler, and is very ready to lend him such assistance as lies in his power, we descended a winding grade which enters the head of Spanish ravine, at the head of which is a neat cottage with its newly-whitewashed fences, its blooming flower beds and thrifty orchards and vineyard—the home of Valentine Good, a pioneer miner of Butte county, and at one time a partner of York Rundel. For many years Mr. Good devoted his whole time to mining, but owing to a failure in his eyesight he had to abandon that vocation, and made for himself and wife a home that one can scarcely look upon without feelings of envy. Mr. Good's efforts to

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till the mountain soil shows that gold is not all that the hillsides will produce, for within his enclosure may be seen growing with great luxuriance, all kinds of fruit from the orange down to the peach, and of a flavor not attained by the fruit grown in the valley. Passing down the ravine may be seen what was once considered to be one of the richest mines in the State. The news of the uncovered bonanza spread like wildfire, and in a few months

SPANISHTOWN

supported over 2,000 inhabitants. This we believe was in the year 1856 or 1857, and at the Presidential election of Buchanan, the precinct polled over 500 votes. The houses were of the most temporary character, the most of them being made of canvass. The town in its days of prosperity supported some three or four hotels, and each of them were patronized by one hundred or more boarders. Two daily stage lines communicated with Oroville. Gambling dens, saloons and bawdy houses were numerous. The discovery of the gold deposit in the gulch above the town was made by some Spaniards, yet the great number of the Pioneers of the town were Chilians and Peruvians. Between these two nationalities rows were frequent, and as the common expression of those primitive days was: A man for breakfast was no unusual occurrence. In the year '57 a fight occurred between these two elements in a bawdy-house, which resulted in the killing of seventeen persons and the wounding of some eight or ten others, some of whom died from the effects of their wounds.

Surveys were made and a company was organized for the purpose of bringing a large ditch of water into the diggings from Feather river, but before this gigantic work could be completed the diggings failed, and what was at first supposed to have been an immense lode proved to be very limited, and what the gulch held was found near the surface; and all now that marks the site of what was once a thriving mining town, is the neat and cozy cottage of Mr. S. M. Nicholds, who is the happy discoverer of a quartz ledge, which prospects fair to yield its owner a hand-fortune.

DEADWOOD.

Proceeding one and a half mile further on and after making an abrupt curve around the spur of the hill Deadwood is in plain view. This place is noted as the site of the hospital of the Chinese doctor, Ah Sang. The place now has seven commodious buildings containing over eighty rooms, with eighty-five patients in attendance and under treatment, besides a number of others that are camped on the hillsides in the vicinity.

This hospital may be said to have grown rather than founded as a speculative institution. The origin of it was about as follows: About four years ago Mr. Tibbe built for himself a little mountain home, he at one time possessing considerable wealth, but through reverses of mining speculations was reduced to penury, and was, at the time he removed his family to Deadwood, working on the Spring Valley Mining Co's. ditch; and at this time one of Mr. Tibbe's sons was afflicted with white swelling, the case having been pronounced by several physicians as incurable; at the same time Ah Sang was in the employ of the same company, and hearing of the afflicted son of Mr. Tibbe, he offered his services, and in the course of a few months a cure was effected. Feeling so grateful for

what Sang had done for him, Mr. Tibbe offered his Chinese benefactor a home at his house. The cure of the son was soon noised abroad and others came in to be treated, and as room was needed other buildings were added, until now the place boasts of some seven or eight buildings with eighty-five inmates, representing all the diseases that human flesh is heir to. The mode of treatment seems similar in all cases, the principal remedies being teas and poultices. When the patient arrives and his case diagnosed, he is furnished with a teapot, in which a strong decoction of herbs and roots is made two or three times a day, and at stated intervals the patients congregate in a small room and drink their teas. The boarding-house is kept by Mr. G. Tibbe, who furnishes the substantials of life for six dollars per week. Much might be said concerning the character of the cases under treatment and the various localities represented, and some amusing incidents of the place, but we shall defer them until some future time, and pass Deadwood and pursue our journey to

CONCOW VALLEY.

This is a beautiful little valley and derives its name from a large tribe of Indians who formerly occupied it. The Concows were a treacherous tribe, and about 12 years ago they became so hostile to the white settlers of the valley that the Government removed them to the reservation. Among the depredations committed was the massacre of a family whose name we have forgotten. The valley has been purchased by the Spring Valley Mining Company of Cherokee and is now converted into a lake covering about one hundred acres of ground and is a reservoir for the Company's water supply. The climate at this point is unsurpassed, and fishing, hunting and rowing are among the sports indulged in by tourists. A number of small mountain ranches are found in the vicinity, on which are grown the finest fruit of which the State can boast. The hotel is owned by a Mr. Mullen, and the school is under the tutorage of Miss Magnolia Wood, daughter of the Rev. Jesse Wood Supt. of Schools of this county.

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9-16-1881

Gives Up Farming.

James Bowden has advertised all his stock and farming machinery for sale. Mr. Bowden has lived on Dry Creek since 1858, and is one of Butte county's successful farmers. He intends to give up farming, and will move to Chico for the winter, after which he will probably leave the State. There are probably but few better known men in Butte county to-day than James Bowden, and we are sorry to lose a citizen like him.

Weekly Mercury

9-16-1881

Visitors to Big Bend.

Colonel Logan and Professor Thomas Price, in company with two English gentlemen, left Monday morning in a four-in-hand for a visit to the Big Bend. They were met at the head of the proposed tunnel by James McGann and Mr. Brock, who will show them the line of the tunnel from the river into Dark Canyon. The Professor intends making a careful examination of the ground, and will bring back various specimens of rock through which the tunnel will cut. He intends making a full report of the property in the interest of a number of English capitalists, who wish to purchase this claim. There is no doubt but that work will be commenced in a short time.

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9-17-1881

En Route to Deadwood.

On this morning's train Mr. Sam Banks was brought down from Cottonwood, Shasta county, en route for Deadwood. Mr. Banks had a severe attack of typhoid fever about five months since, which left his muscles so badly contracted as to render his arms, legs, hands and feet entirely useless. He was conveyed on a litter made of Willow poles and canvas. He was placed on the depot platform until the arrival of the stage, when he was placed upon a mattress in the bottom of the wagon and taken to the mountain hospital. The journey thus far the patient stood well, but he will doubtless suffer much before he reaches his destination, as the road is both rough and dusty, while the unpleasantness of the journey will be further increased by the excessively hot day.

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9-23-1881

Chinese Doctors.

The fever in regard to Chinese doctors seems to be on the increase. Tuesday, Mr. M. G. Berdan, who resides on the Chico and Humboldt road, was in this city, and made arrangements with a Chinese physician to take up his residence at his place, for the purpose of establishing a hospital. Mr. Berdan states that a number of the neighbors around him have been treated by the Chinese doctor of Deadwood for various and numerous diseases, but think the distance too far to go, and finally persuaded him to get one of them up at his house. This new one passes under the cognomen of Sue Tong, and we presume that it will be but a short time before we shall hear of most remarkable cures made by him, though for a number of years past he has lived in this city, and was not considered any different than any other of the many Mongolians that eke out a precarious existence in the vile precincts of Chinatown. There are now in this county four Chinese doctors—one at Deadwood, two at Frenchtown, near Yankee Hill, and the one who has just proclaimed himself. The one at Deadwood has from fifty to eighty patients,

who pay him from \$5 to \$10 per week. The two at Frenchtown have from six to eight invalids who are paying \$6 a week apiece. One of these last two was for a number of years a cook in this city. We stated some time ago that, as the Chinese are an imitative race, and as soon as it became known that one of their number was making money at the business, that it would be but a very short time before Chinese doctors would spring up from every hole and nook in Chinatown. We have never heard of either one of these physicians producing or making any pretense to produce a diploma from any institution either in this country or in China. Still they are believed by large numbers to be better skilled in the treatment of diseases, it makes no difference what kind, than gentlemen who have not only passed through the highest medical institutions in the country, but who have studied medicine the greater part of their lives. Some day one of these doctors that are springing up into prominence with mushroom rapidity will kill some person intrusted to their care, and then the tide will turn, and perhaps one of them will be run out of the country. "What fools these mortals be."

The Big Bend.

On Monday a deed, recording the largest transfer of mining property ever made in Butte county, was handed to the Recorder of this county to be placed on record. The grantees named were Major Frank McLaughlin and Colonel J. C. Logan, of this city, and Waldemar Allstrom, of Chicago, who granted an undivided one-fourth interest in the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company to Ray V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for the sum of \$800,000. A reporter called on Major McLaughlin at his office, to ascertain some of the particulars of the sale. The Major stated that they had received \$75,000 in cash, and at a meeting to be held in New York they are to receive another \$75,000, and the balance is to be paid on the sale of a number of shares of stock, the sale of which is guaranteed; that Hon. R. V. Pierce and Mr. Allstrom had already left for New York; that Colonel Logan left Wednesday, and that he (the Major) would leave for the same place about the 15th instant. On his arrival in New York, the four will organize a company at once, under the laws of that State, to be known as the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company, and the capital stock will be divided into 200,000 shares, of the par value of \$100 per share. Dr. Pierce will be the first President, and Col. Logan and Major McLaughlin will be members of the Board of Directors for the first two years. The certificates of stock will be engraved by the National Bank Note Company, and neither time nor expense will be spared to make them the handsomest ever turned out of that establishment. Money to commence work on the mine has already been placed in the bank, and Major McLaughlin has sent for James McGann to commence the surveys for a line of flumes, which are to carry off the waters of Cheno, Stoney, French and Berry Creeks, which empty into the Big Bend below the dam. Their waters will be carried by these immense flumes, and kept from running in the bed of the river, which must be perfectly dry. Mr. N. A. Harris, who is now acting as Superintendent, will go up this week to lay out a road,

so that they can get the machinery and supplies in. The road will be built right down to the head dam and the mouth of the tunnel, on Hamilton Bar. As soon as Mr. Harris lays the route of the road out, work will be commenced on it by Mr. Mike Wells, who has already taken the contract. Mr. Harris will also select suitable sites for boarding-houses and other buildings, and have the ground cleared for their immediate construction. He also takes with him a Chinese interpreter and a constable, to drive off the Chinamen now working claims on the river. The shallow bars on the river are known to be very rich by the Chinese, and simple warnings prove of no avail to keep them from working, and it has been found necessary to employ John Stevens, whose cabin is now built, as a watchman to put a stop to their depredations. John Stevens was selected for the position because of his thorough knowledge of the country, he having been one of the original locators, and virtually one of the fathers of the present enterprise. Professor Price, who made an extensive examination of the property a short time ago, and also carefully examined the proposed method of working, claims that the heavy grade given to the tunnel will have the effect of acting as a siphon placed in the river above the dam, and will cause the water to rush through the tunnel with such velocity that it will take up and carry large quantities of gravel with it into the tunnel. To catch the gold that is in this gravel, the bottom of the tunnel will be constructed on the same plan as a flume in a mining claim. That is, it will be lined with blocks and rocks for over a mile. Then in the winter, when the water raises and flows over the head dam, thus preventing the work going on in the bed of the river, the gates at the mouth of the tunnel will be shut down and the tunnel itself cleaned up the same as an ordinary sluice. It has not as yet been decided whether the irrigation scheme will be run by a separate company or not. This a very important part of the gigantic enterprise, and is a very valuable piece of property after the bed of the river has been entirely washed out. The company propose to bring the water from the exit of the tunnel into Dark Canyon, in a great irrigating canal, down into the Sacramento Valley. The effect of distributing this amount of water which will irrigate 450,000 acres through the plains of the Sacramento Valley, will be something that is almost impossible to imagine. Where there is

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nothing now but dry land that produces but one crop—wheat—in a year, with facilities for irrigating at will, would be one vast garden spot. Experience in Europe, Asia and in the southern part of this State, shows that where land can be brought under irrigation it increases in value at least fifty per cent. As work has already been commenced there is no doubt but that by spring the tunnel will be under way, and the greatest of mining operations in old Butte will have been inaugurated. The headquarters of the company will be in this city, and Mr. Ed. Harkness will be the accountant. The advantages that will be derived from this scheme by Oroville are great, and the citizens should recognize the fact that it is due to Major McLaughlin and Colonel Logan. They were the first who dared to invest their money and start the scheme in motion. These gentlemen are to be congratulated on the success of their endeavors. They will in a short time make a fortune out of this property, and they certainly deserve it, for it is through their energy and pluck that this valuable property was handled at all.

Weekly Mercury

10-21-1881

Intends Leaving.

Mr. Loomis, formerly a partner with Parker in the saloon business at Cherokee, is driving stage for Henry Morrison, but will only be thus employed for a short time, as he intends leaving for San Francisco.

Weekly Mercury

10-28-1881

The Chinese Doctor at Deadwood.

There are about one hundred patients at Deadwood under the treatment of the Chinese "Doctor," and they pay him on an average five dollars a week. He has erected a six-thousand-dollar hospital, and has lately built a large stable. He has his private carriage and team, and a coachman to drive it. He is terribly afraid of losing his life, he having been told that a heavy reward has been offered for his scalp, and queue, and on this account will never travel in the daytime, but always at night, and both he and his coachman go heavily armed. A few days ago he had occasion to go to San Francisco, and left home at 1 o'clock at night, in his carriage, to catch the train, in this city. Wednesday evening he returned, and on his arrival here he ordered his carriage out, although it was raining hard and was very dark, and he and his coachman started for Deadwood.

Weekly Mercury

10-28-1881

Fire Apparatus for Deadwood.

There is now being manufactured at the ~~hardware~~ ~~works~~ of J. L. Gray, in this city, 1,000 feet of 6-inch iron pipe for Mr. G. Tebbe, of Deadwood. This pipe will be used to carry water from the ditch of the Spring Valley Company to Mr. Tebbe's place, for fire and other purposes. Mr. Tebbe has also purchased 150 feet of 2½-inch carbolized hose, three fire hydrants, nozzles, etc. From the place where the ditch is tapped to Mr. Tebbe's hotel, the water has a fall of 250 feet.

WEEKLY MERCURY

FRIDAY OCTOBER 28, 1881

Lost his Finger.

A short time ago Johnny Crowley, of Deadwood, had the first joint of his little finger bitten by a bear. Some Indians had captured a cinnamon bear near Deadwood, and after the beast had been chained up a few days he got loose and climbed up a tree near by. The China doctor, hearing of it concluded that he wanted the bear, and purchased him from the Indians. He then sent Johnny Crowley, his coachman, to capture him. Johnny took a rope and climbed up into the tree, but just as he was about to toss the rope over the bear, the brute struck out with one of his feet and knocked Johnny to the ground. After several attempts the rope was finally thrown over the bear, and he was pulled out of the tree to the ground. As soon as he struck the ground, he started with open mouth for Crowley, who also started on a run for an old cabin standing near by. He got inside the cabin and had barely closed the door, when the bear came crashing up against the door, breaking it from its rotten hinges, and knocking Crowley down under it. The bear jumped over the door into the cabin, and Crowley crawled out, but picked up the rope that was around the bear, and tied it to a sappling near by. Carpenters were then sent for, and a cage was built near the door of the cabin, but after its construction his bearship would not enter it. Crowley then went into the cage himself, and taking hold of the rope, pulled the beast inside. To get out was the next question, and Johnny attempted to make a run for it, but the bear was too quick for him, and, catching him by the little finger, bit it off at the first joint. The China doctor bandaged the wound up and in a few days it was all right.

Weekly Mercury

10-28-1881

Swindler.

About two months ago a man named Crandall went to Cherokee with his wife and two children, for the purpose of working in the tunnel. During his residence there he boarded and lodged with Mrs. Stermer. Last Thursday his wife took the stage with the avowed intention of going to John Byrne's place, but got off at Wick's ranch, and when the Chico stage came along she took passage for Chico. Saturday evening Crandall, who was working on the night shift, started to go to work, but failed to report to the boss of his shift, and went on to Chico. It seems that he owes Mrs. Stermer a board bill of some \$76. He is also indebted to the druggist, the doctor and the storekeeper. The only thing that Crandall did pay for was a pair of boots that he had made, the shoemaker refusing to allow them to be taken away unless the coin was put up.

Weekly Mercury

11-4-1881

The Big Bend Tunnel.

Innumerable questions are asked by gentlemen as to whether the proposed tunnel on the Big Bend will have the capacity to carry the water. In conversation with engineer McGann, who has done a greater portion of the surveying, and who has made the calculations and drawn the plans, we learn the following facts in relation to the project: The size of the flume that was put in the river on the old Cape claim years ago was forty feet wide and four feet deep, making a sectional area of 160 cubic feet, with a grade of six inches to 100 feet. This was of sufficient size to carry the water of the main Feather at its low stage. The Big Bend tunnel will be 18 feet wide, 12 feet high, with a versed sine of 3 feet. The area of the wet section will be 216 cubic feet, and it will have a grade of 53 feet to the mile. That zone in the upper portion of the tunnel is calculated for air passage. This tunnel will carry nearly double as much water as there is in the main Feather river at its ordinary height, and has the following facts in its favor: That it is only required to take what water there is in the North Fork, while the Cape flume had to contend with the waters of the West Branch, South Fork, Middle Fork and North Fork. Consequently, it is safe to presume that a tunnel of the above capacity will take all the waters of the North Fork for at least seven months in each year. Mr. McGann has just returned from a trip up the Big Bend, and states that Mike Wells, who has the contract to build the road to the mouth of the tunnel, has fifteen men at work already, and part of the road is completed. The boarding houses have been erected, and everything is being pushed ahead with great rapidity.

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11-4-1881

Dispatch.

NEW YORK, November 3d.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY MERCURY, Oroville, Cal.: A party named George Senn, of Cherokee, writes to parties here, denouncing Big Bend, at the same time asking that his name be withheld from the merchants of Oroville. This man for a long time endeavored to get me to invest in a quartz mine he claimed to own, near Cherokee. Knowing it to be worthless, I refused to invest in or recommend it; and now in revenge he tries to thwart my Big Bend plans. The attack of such a bankrupt cur on any scheme I endorse in New York, Chicago or Boston is, of course, harmless. The very gentleman he wrote to, turning his letter to me, with the significant remark said "Blackmail." I write only that the citizens of Butte county may know the man who attempts to stop me when honestly engaged in developing its legitimate resources without asking its citizens for anything but fair play.

FRANK McLAUGHLIN.

Weekly Mercury

11-4-1881

Surgical Operation.

Dr. Karsner performed a surgical operation, Tuesday, on Mr. F. O. Smith, of Pence's Ranch. The gentleman, who is 65 years of age, has been suffering for years with hydrocele. Finally, at the solicitation of his friends, he came to this city and consulted Dr. Karsner, who promptly performed an operation and drew off fully a quart of serous fluid. Mr. Smith is now doing very well.

Weekly Butte Record

11-26-1881

An Indian Wedding.

Captain Dick, Chief of the Digger Indians of this neighborhood, understands the ways of the palefaces, or at least he knows their style of procuring newspaper "delicacies." This morning he came straggling into the RECORD office, carrying three fat mallard ducks, which he threw into the lap of our "chief," knowing, of course, that he is the biggest eater, except the writer, in town. Dick was well dressed, and is an intelligent redskin. He said that preparations are being made at the camp for a grand wedding, which will take place when the next new moon shines the brightest. Every squaw has been promised a new red calico dress and red handkerchief, for them to appear their sweetest. Invitations have been issued to the Indians north of Chico to be in attendance. The bride is the belle of the rancheria, and the fortunate suitor is one of the most promising young braves of the tribe. The feast will be one of the largest ever had here by the Indians, and to which we have been invited to attend. The happy couple will receive many presents.

Weekly Mercury

12-2-1881

Gold Brick.

The Spring Valley Hydraulic Gold Company of Cherokee sent down, under an escort of four men, on Saturday, a gold bar weighing \$28,000. This was but a partial clean-up, and was taken out of a very small area of ground.

The Nelson Bar Bridge.

We learn that considerable difficulty has been experienced with the Nelson Bar bridge. Operations were commenced some time in the summer, but it was found that no spruce timber had been sawed. After considerable difficulty the requisite timber was obtained, and then it was so late in the winter that the contractor was afraid to start in work, for fear of the high water. Also, the road on the north side had not been graded down to the proposed bridge. The lumber was hauled to the ground, however, and there stored for the winter, and as soon as spring opens the work of building will be pushed forward.

Weekly Mercury

12-9-1881

Interesting Pistol Practice.

Mr. Benjamin, of Cherokee, who spends part of his time at his cabin on the Magalia road, recently found some obstruction to the lock of his cabin door, which proved to be a pistol bullet. Further investigation revealed the fact that some enterprising hoodlum had been practicing upon the water bucket, wash basin and other utensils inside the cabin, which were riddled with holes. Fathers of boys who carry pistols would do well to confiscate these manly weapons, or they may have some of this "malicious mischief" to pay for.

Ball at Cherokee.

A grand ball will be given at Boyer's Hall, Cherokee, Friday evening, December 23d, by Mr. W. C. Williams. The best of music has been engaged. Tickets, including supper, \$2 50.

Weekly Mercury

12-16-1881

Head Dam Finished.

The Spring Valley head dam at Concow was finished last week, and it is probably one of the finest and most substantial pieces of work of that kind ever constructed in Butte county. Mr. George Parry, who had charge of the work, commenced on it about six months ago. The dam is constructed for the purpose of holding back water, so that it can be drawn off at will and used by the Spring Valley Company in working its mine at Cherokee. It is forty-two feet high, 150 feet wide at the base, and 100 feet in length, running up and down Concow creek. It is built of iron, rock and timber. Over half a million feet of logs (board measure) were used in its construction. During the summer from twelve to twenty men and six horses were constantly employed. The work has been done well, and reflects credit on Mr. Parry, the contractor.

Weekly Mercury

12-16-1881

An Unheard-of Murder.

From Joe. Harold, who came up from Bucks Ranch lately, we learn that a half-breed named Mike Castlering raised at Buck's, was murdered near Yankee Hill, in Butte county, some ten days since. He had some \$300 in money, a Henry rifle and a horse and saddle, and was in company with some other half-breeds, and it is thought they poisoned him. —Plumas National, Dec. 10th.

If the above is true, it seems very strange to us that no notification of the crime has as yet been received by the proper authorities in this city. We have not heard of any such crime having been committed, neither has the Sheriff of this county.

Weekly Mercury

12-23-1881

Yankee Hill Items.

YANKEE HILL, Dec. 21st, 1881.

ED. MERCURY—The MERCURY of last week copies an article from the Plumas National of December 10th, headed "An Unheard of Murder." No such murder took place here. The half-breed referred to, Mike Castlering, died near Round Valley Reservation, and was buried there. His brother Bob was with him at the time he died.

Pres. Longley has been at Deadwood doctoring. The Doctor says his sickness was caused by drinking too much Butte Creek water. He is O. K. now.

H. T. A. Smizer also paid the Doctor a flying visit. • He says on business.

The Big Bend Company's road to the North Fork is near done, and in less than three months the tunnel will be commenced.

"SPUDS."

Weekly Mercury

12-30-1881

Electric Light Company.

A company has been formed for the purpose of lighting the city of San Francisco with the Edison electric light. Mr. Louis Glass of Cherokee, Major McLaughlin, Colonel Logan and George S. Ladd are members of the company. Mr. Glass is very reticent, and refuses to be interviewed in regard to the subject, but stated that it was true that the above-named gentlemen were largely interested in the matter, and that the lamps and dynamo machines were shipped from Menlo Park on Monday; also, that Mr. George S. Ladd would probably be the Superintendent and that the lights would either be placed in the Union Club or in the Occidental Hotel billiard-room first. He refused to give any particulars concerning the amount of capital invested. The fact that the above named gentlemen are interested in the project is however a guarantee of success.

CHRISTMAS AT DEADWOOD.

How the Time Was Spent by the Chinese Doctor's Patients.

DEADWOOD, Dec. 26, 1881.

While all the world at this joyous and happy season are making merry about us, why should we not endeavor to have a little share of the general joy and good feeling amongst our own miserable selves; has been the question asked and discussed during the past week by the majority of the invalids sojourning at Mr. Tebbe's hospitable hostelry, undergoing treatment at the hands of the

CELEBRATED HEATHEN HEALER

Residing here; and after discussing at length and with considerable animation, the pros and cons, we came to the unanimous conclusion that the project was a worthy one, and also that it was entirely feasible. Once having determined definitely on making an effort, we set about with due diligence to make the affair a success. Having broached the subject to our landlady (Mrs. Tebbe), that lady became at once our coadjutor, and entered into the scheme with great spirit and earnestness, assuring us that she would leave nothing undone in her endeavor to make it a memorable Merry Christmas. So it was resolved to begin with a ball on Christmas eve, that Christmas trees, with stocking concomitants should be provided for the children, of whom there are quite a number here, and that on the blessed day the usual Christmas beverage, i. e. egg nog, should abound in moderate quantities, as spirituous liquors, is tabooed by the doctor, it conflicting with his treatment; and lastly, that a bounteous repast be prepared in the form of

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

Well, everything took place in the order named, and was such a perfect success throughout that I deemed it worth a few lines. The dance proved to be an amusing and famous fandango, as you would suppose naturally, that a ball-room filled with invalids would not be exactly the best material or the proper caper to cut pigeon wings, reels, etc., although there was an abundance of the latter motion to be seen during the dancing. The daring and audacity displayed by some of the rheumatically afflicted old boys was admirable indeed. In their endeavor to appear light and agile as in the days of yore, they weaved about in a manner truly ridiculous, and yet they never faltered for an instant, nor could all the torments and twinges of their ancient enemy compel a groan or cause them to weaken, in fact, the old timers exhibited more spirit than did the convalescing ones, although all enjoyed it heartily. The hostess, Mrs. Tebbe, was indefatigable in her attempt to get all hands and ditto feet to moving, and by her tact and amiability succeeded in a wonderful manner in promoting the pleasure of the evening. Those that were so badly crippled as to be entirely unable to shake the light fantastic were let off, but they had to show good cause, and enjoyed the antics of the dancers seemingly as much as the participants, and the ladies, bless their hearts, how pleased they were. Some of them, poor dears, I know must have kept up through great efforts, yet determined to do all in their power to make it a merry meeting, under no matter what difficulties, vied with each other in pleasing and entertaining the party, and indeed all hands joined with each other in mutual endeavor to

DISPEL CARE AND SORROW.

Worry and pain were for the nonce forgotten, and had a stranger casually dropped into our party and witnessed the capering and prancing, the antics of the jolly old invalids, and seen the harmony and good feeling prevailing and the mirth and hilarity shown, I woen it would have been no easy matter to have convinced him that he was among a band of invalids. Many of them suffering constantly acute pains, others afflicted with stated fatal maladies, relying on a miracle being worked in their behalf, and all a stranger to heaven's great gift—health. It would indeed be a matter of wonderment for a stranger to realize the fact and contemplate the scene.

After literally tripping the light and airy dance until after 11, and the ladies showing symptoms of weariness, a light collation was spread in the dining hall, and the edibles thereupon discussed and enjoyed highly. After a vote of thanks to our landlady for the masterly manner in which we had been entertained, preparations were made to retire. To those who know the character and nature of long residents of California, yeleft ye pioneer, it would not be a matter of surprise to know that after such an admirable first part, such a starter, as I may say, to make a night of it, that they did not go to bed immediately—not just then. In the interior, however,

THE JUVENILES WERE NOT IDLE.

And you may be sure "the stockings were hung by the chimney with care." After the ladies had retired the gentlemen withdrew to their sitting room, and then before a rousing fire in a spacious fire place (what more comfortable?) began recounting recollec-

tions of the past. Happy is he who is able to recall interesting events of the pleasant past, and has the faculty of relating them in an interesting manner; but thrice blessed is that man who combines the power of memory with the gift of conversation, and can conjure up the days of his childhood and relate the scenes and incidents thereof in a charmingly vivid and pleasant manner. At our Christmas eve convivial gathering, there were several of the former class—capital story-tellers, who apparently never tired of describing the glorious golden days of the old California—in truth, reminesnces of California seemed to have the swing of the circle, as their memories seemed to cling and linger over California. And recounting over again their lives and doings, one became unconsciously sympathetic in following the thread of the narrative of the ancient argonaut, and one there was who possessed the latter qualification above mentioned, and who remembered way back of the early days of California and told us of the dear old home so far away, and the many incidents and pleasures connected with childhood in the

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME OF LONG AGO, in so vivid a way, that many an eye was moistened that eve that had not borne the brine for scores of years; for who has not been a child and who ever forgets the dear old mother, and her tender solicitude and thoughtfulness in providing amusement and pleasure for her children during this holiday season and the cheerful heart and happy home with its dear delight, the expectant wonderment of the children on that blessed eve when Kriss Kringle, arrayed complete in furs and equipped with his inexhaustible store of toys and confection, is soon to make his appearance? How glorious were those times for all of us; "how fleeting and how transitory."

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT DEADWOOD.

At dawn of day all were aroused by the sbrill cries and joyful acclains of the youngsters, who had been visited in the night by Santa Claus, and who, after inspecting the bountiful bonanzas of toys and trinkets left for them by the good St. Nicholas, were wild with delight and were giving vent to their joy in true boyish fashion. After that there was no more sleep for the slug-gard. The day dawned bright and beautiful, and after passing the morning pleasantly, great anticipations were indulged in, with regard to the rapidly approaching Christmas dinner. A young bear had been killed, and turkeys no end. The pastry cook had been bustling about with a business-like air for several days and other suspicious circumstances led us to the conclusion that the denizens of Deadwood would not be left at the Christmas dinner. And sure enough, the result justified the prediction. About 80 persons sat down to the Christmas board and it is needless to say that the bear behaved well to the numerous guests, and left a farewell impression. The turkeys also rapidly took wing, or the guests did at any rate, they disappeared with amazing celerity, and when the plum pudding, flanked with the richest and most tempting looking pies of mince, apple and custard, and cakes of fruit, pound, jelly and others (whose names I have not at hand), made their appearance, it was agreed in general chorus that such a bounteous spread could not be beat in Butte or any county, and that it deserved a notice in the columns of the RECORD, and your humble servant was appointed a committee of one to write an account of how we passed the Christmas at Deadwood. If I have not done it justice it must be attributed to the egg-nog producing a prosy effect. Hoping that the good cheer so lavishly dispensed may be duplicated at each returning Christmas, I wish a Merry Christmas to all.

DON LEANDRO.