

THE INDEPENDENT.

VOLUME I.

INDEPENDENCE, INYO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA; SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

NUMBER 1.

THE INDEPENDENT.

BUSINESS CARDS.

P. REDDY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER,
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.
SAN FRANCISCO CORRESPONDENTS:
BENNETT & OWENS,
JUDGE N. P. BENNETT. JNO. OWENS.
All business in reference to Mining Patents and Land Claims, Collections, etc., promptly attended to.
111111

MILLS & CLARKE,
BISHOP CREEK, INYO COUNTY, CAL.
BLACKSMITHING,
Machinering, Repairing, Etc.,
Done with neatness and dispatch.
Bishop Creek, July 11, 1870. 11113m

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Aurora, Nevada.
Comprising the Counties of Esmeralda, Nevada, and Mono and Inyo, California.
WILSON BUTLER, Register.
WARREN ACKLEY, Receiver.
111111

W. M. SEAWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AURORA, NEVADA.
Practice in Supreme and District Courts of Nevada and California. 111111

CLOSE & FINK,
MASONRY,
A. J. CLOSE, F. F. FINK,
INDEPENDENCE, CERRO GORTO.
BUILD AND DESCRIBE OF HOUSES,
Furnaces, Etc., in Masonry. Contracts
taken and estimates made.
July 9, 1870. 11113m

BISHOP CREEK SALOON.
THE FINEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND
Cigars. A first class Billiard Table con-
nected with the saloon.
AT SEWELL'S NEW BUILDING,
11113m

HARVEY RUSSELL,
Justice of the Peace,
BISHOP CREEK PRECINCT.
Office at Sweden's Hall. 11111m

FISHER C. SMYTH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence at Mr. J. Wallace's, Kear-
ney street, first house west of E. Kelly's, Esq.
Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., July 7, 1870.
11113m

ASSAY OFFICE
J. W. POOR.
OFFICE - PINE STREET, AURORA, NEVADA.
BULLION AND ORES assayed. CORRESPOND-
ENCE SOLICITED. 11113m

**BISHOP CREEK
STAGE HOUSE.**
JOHN CLARKE, Proprietor.
TRAVELERS WILL FIND EVERY ACCOMMO-
DATION. Commodious corral for stock.
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SAZARAC SALOON.
INDEPENDENCE, CAL.
John Wallace, Proprietor.
Choice Brands of Liquors, Ales and Cigars
constantly on hand.
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INYO HOTEL.
INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.
W. G. SQUIRES, Proprietor.
THIS POPULAR HOTEL, HAVING CHANGED
hands, the proprietor respectfully an-
nounces to the public that the house will be con-
ducted in the best style. Stables attached.
July 10, 1870. 11116m

R. J. MORRISON,
BENTON, MONO CO., CALIFORNIA.
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Wines, Liquors, Etc.

AGENT FOR WELLS, FARGO & CO.
Benton, July 8, 1870. 11112m

**AURORA
EXCHANGE STABLE,**
PINE STREET, AURORA, NEVADA.
S. G. COBB, Proprietor.
SADDLE HORSES,
Carriages, Buggies, etc., etc.
-TO LET ON-
Reasonable Terms
HORSES KEPT BY THE WEEK OR DAY, ON
very reasonable terms, at the Exchange
Stable, south side of Pine street, Aurora.
S. G. COBB, Proprietor.
11115m

ORATION Delivered by Hon. A. B. Elliott, at Independence, July 4th, 1870.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
This day thirty-four years ago, in Independence Hall, in the City of Philadelphia, was signed and published to the world, a declaration of political truths and principles, which have influenced and controlled the political destinies of nations and peoples, more, probably, than any other single document or writing affecting the liberties and rights of man. The great and heroic men, who signed and proclaimed that eminent and declaration of political truths and principles, which we now are wont to call "The Declaration of Independence," the bold, noble and truthful declarations or utterances of which have this day been read in your hearing, were "Our Forefathers"—our political ancestors, it matters not whether we became citizens of this free, enlightened and self-governing Republic by birth or by naturalization. As in the whole human family, have a right and a reason to rejoice that they ever lived and acted their part in the great drama of life in defence of human rights, so well and so successfully as they did. All have a right to share in their name and renown, yet their glory and the institutions established by them, as a people and as a nation, especially enjoy and possess. Every citizen therefore of this great Federal Republic, who loves to honor their memories or who loves to see the dearly bought rights of citizenship and the glory and national honor of this free country, has an interest, a deep and abiding interest, in celebrating and honoring this, the natal day of our liberties and of our nationality. So long as freedom is desired, so long as national honor and glory and love of country, swells the human heart, so long as self-government, or government founded on the consent of the governed, through the instrumentality of written constitution, and laws and agents of the people's own free and deliberate choice, is believed to be the best and highest form of government for educated, cultivated and advanced man, just so long must the memories of those men, who gave birth to the same, be honored and held sacred, as being that of all others upon which those political principles and truths were first promulgated, which led to the establishment of our free institutions. Then, why should not all citizens, throughout all sections of this vast Republic, joyfully meet together, on this day and give expression to these patriotic feelings and emotions, which must fill and swell the hearts of all who think of the many inestimable blessings and rights, they now possess and enjoy.

It is true, that as a people and as a nation, we have in our history, had our trials and tribulations, from intestine strife and foreign struggles, yet with them all, and with all the changes they have brought upon us, we still maintain our nationality undivided as one people, glorious and independent, bound together by the bonds of the Federal Constitution, which creates a government supreme and sovereign within its sphere of action. Let us rejoice, therefore, and give due homage, to the memory of those men, who, in all our trials and sufferings, we still have much to glorify our hearts and make us happy. If there is any one, by reason of circumstances which have occurred in our history, who has no control, who may think that he has just reason for complaint and for grief and perchance may give way to repining at what he may deem a hard fortune or cruel and harsh in his recent dealings, or even against any portion of our countrymen, let him remember that "Alas proposes and God disposes," and that the events of which he complains have been, doubtless, so ordered or overruled by an All-wise Providence for the greatest good to the greatest number." It is very much in the way we teach ourselves to look at the events of this life, over which we have no control, out of which happiness or misery, as we may choose, arises or results to us. If we accustom ourselves to look at the, to us, inevitable and unavoidable events of life, as being for our best and highest good and happiness or for that of the greatest number, then usually the philosophy of true wisdom comes to our aid and shows us with all that which we regard as misfortune and misery, yet other ends by the same events have been accomplished, which in the end will redound to, or result in our highest and greatest happiness, prosperity and good, for that of the greatest number.

What a glorious and thrilling feeling of joy and happiness it must produce in the hearts of all true lovers of their country and of free institutions, to think of this great people, from the Lakes on the North, to the Gulf on the South, and from the Atlantic on the East, to the Pacific on the West, notwithstanding all we have passed through, recognizing and acknowledging, in their judgments, feelings and acts and conversations, this great truth and reconciling and adapting themselves thereto, by uniting annually and in celebrating the ever memorable day, as one people and as brothers, friends and fellow-citizens of one common country, forgetting the past that is a pleasant in our history and burying it with the lauds of the past, laudably, with each other in honoring the names and memories of those great men who gave us a national existence, and in giving expression only, in our social intercourse, in our songs and in our public utterances, to those patriotic thoughts and feelings in which all can unite, and which bring back to our hearts and to our minds, as a reality the glorious memories and hallowed associations which cluster around the names and heroic deeds of the founders of our liberties and of our government? May we not cherish the glorious hope, that such a day will yet come in our history when all the malignant and revengeful feelings and passions of our nature, aroused by the civil war, through which we have just passed, shall have entirely died out from the hearts of all and when the white-winged Messenger of Peace and the "better angel of our nature," shall have indeed and of truth proclaimed, "Peace on earth and good will towards all men." When the renown, pomp and glory of war, and especially of civil war, if such ideas can properly be associated with such a strife, shall have passed away, and instead thereof, peace, art, industry, science, education, Christianity and all the social virtues, refinements and cultures, shall possess and sway the minds and hearts of all nations and peoples?

The science and administration of government, from the earliest recorded history of the human race to the present time, have ever produced a conflict of opinions, which not unfrequently have resulted in war and probably may continue to do so to some extent so long as the organization of the human intellect is so diverse and the human heart so per-

verse and selfish as they are by nature. Indeed man's selfishness is so great that I might, in the language of an other, with some degree of propriety and truth, say "I will tell you how they will act, under any given state of circumstances."

Yet, notwithstanding all this, man universal, by using reason, and his capacity to maintain peace and for self-government—that is for a government founded upon the consent and in the affections of the governed, and who have complete and full power in and sovereignty over the same, their written constitutions are their chosen by a government in person. In our governments, State and Federal, we have effected this, by separating, by written constitutions, the powers of government, from the people, who possess sovereignty, under God, as we hold and believe, is inherent, and have vested them, by the same means, in the hands of those chosen, in accordance with law, by the governed, called the representatives of the people.

By means of this science in the science and knowledge of self-government or representative government, the exercise of the powers of government have been transferred from and by the people, by means of their written constitutions, to their chosen representatives, yet they have at the same time, by the same means, retained their power in and sovereignty over their governments and are thereby ever enabled to protect their rights and liberties. This progress in the science and knowledge of representative government was not made until our governments, State and Federal, were established. It is true that some of the ancients claimed to have attained, in the days of ancient Greece, Lacedaemon, Athens and others, yet their governments were not Republics in any true sense of the term, in which the principle of representation was carried out and our governments were not such. Rousseau, a French writer on government, says that the principle of representation was not known to the ancients and it is certain that they did not have written constitutions, nor did they have the power of transferring the powers of government to representatives chosen by the people and retaining the sovereignty in their own hands, and where the powers of government were divided into different departments, the peculiar duties of each, and the powers of each, independent of each other and discharged by different officers. Their governments were pure democracies, in which the people "en masse" and in person, met in public assembly, and their own laws, in their own domain, and our people are so numerous that a pure democracy would be utterly impracticable and impossible. A pure democracy, it requires a people who exist in Athens over a people whose population was so very limited and whose population so small as was theirs, yet I cannot conceive of the idea of self-government or democratical government, for our people and country far exceed in extent the functions of an office, under our governments, State or Federal, are, in my opinion, not only bound by the religious sanctity of the oath of his office, but also by the highest dictate of patriotism and self-interest, to preserve the form and principle of the government, under which he acts to the full extent of his ability. The representative, who disregards the limitations of the powers of the constitution, and swears to support, the judge assumes to act without the sphere of the judicial duties imposed by and which properly appertain to his office, the executive who is not empowered to grant him by the constitution which he has sworn to observe, protect and defend, in a word the officer under our governments, who in disregard of the oath of his office willfully and knowingly acts without the limitations of the powers granted or which may be fairly implied from some power granted, is not only very unwise, but is also very unpatriotic and hostile to his own highest and best interests; or he thereby strikes at and undermines the very principle and the principles of the government upon which all of his rights of life, liberty and prosperity depend.

For such an one I have neither respect nor regard, and I do not regard him as a crime rather than as an error. With the people, it is otherwise, for as Edmund Burke said on one occasion, "the people have no interest in disorder; if they do, it is their error, not their crime; but with the governing power, it is far otherwise." England boasts of the best government and of the best form of government, and many of our own citizens, "to the man born" even are so inconsiderate as to believe it and to be so, in their own judgments, yet to my mind the government of Great Britain, without a written constitution and without the people educated to self-government, could not and would not exist for or longer than were its executive head and its House of Lords, elected by the people for a term of years, as are our President and Senate. It is these hereditary orders in the British Government which has given it its stability. Diverge it would, in my opinion, become a great mob government, as it is at this day, in every feature other than in these hereditary orders and in its judiciary, probably. Destroy these orders and make them elective and it would become a government, of the will of the people acting and operating directly on and through the will of their representatives, yet without any checks or restraints of organic law or otherwise, save those self-imposed. It would be controlled and influenced alone by the temporary passions of the people and the excitement of the hour. What would be unto the people a government to-day, to-morrow would be numbered with the things of the past. A revolutionary government or a government of the unwritten will of the people, acting through and from impulse, passion and the excitement of the hour, can, in the nature of things, be but temporary; and hence can never exist or gain the affections or good opinion of the people, or protect life, liberty or property. Such, in my opinion, would be the English government, divested of its hereditary or monarchical and aristocratical features. Stability, order and protection to life, liberty and property in that government are due alone to those features, which to a lover of constitutional government and of liberty regulated by law, enacted by the

consent and authority of the governed, are so obnoxious and objectionable.

It then simply resolves itself into the question whether a monarchical government or a government of monarchical and aristocratical orders is more stable and desirable in other respects to a constitutional government, in which the people retain the sovereignty, and certain powers and attributes of government only are vested in their representatives and where all the powers of government are separated it to distinct and independent departments? Where the latter character of government is established the former cannot exist. Monarchy and aristocracy are by such a government subverted and utterly annihilated. In their stead arises the beautiful, lovely and flourishing tree of republican democracy, which with an educated, cultivated and honest people as lovers of personal independence and liberty, may become as lasting as time and the human race and yet good to be known for its blessings and good effects upon the governed.

Is there for the establishment of such government, as these founded upon the sovereignty of the people and upon their wisdom, intelligence, justice and virtue, that we have most need to be thankful and the best reason for celebrating this day and honoring the names and memories of those great men by whose efforts and patriotic struggles we have inherited such institutions. If therefore in the opinion of the people any of our constitutions of government, State or Federal, are imperfect or anything wrong or evil is incorporated therein which it is desired to have eradicated, or any principle or measure which may seem right, just and proper, and desire to have incorporated, being of a democratical or republican character, by remedying such defects or accomplishing such innovations in accordance with their written constitutions and without doing violence thereto, or the great and fundamental principles upon which the same are constructed, resorting to force, fraud, chicanery or threats, nor appealing to force to accomplish the end desired, but relying solely upon an appeal to the sense of the people, and that sense of justice and right implanted more or less in the hearts of all by the Great Creator of the Universe and of all things.

This is the crowning glory of the American people, and why above all other people or nations on the earth they have better reason to be proud of their institutions and to glory in the exalted title of American citizen. This title is or ought to be the synonym not only of free government, of self-government, of constitutional government, of republican democracy, but also of all that is honorable, honest, independent, generous and true in the character of man. Our free institutions ought to, as naturally and spontaneously, produce all these virtues and noble traits of character as the generous and rich lands bordering on the majestic rivers of our country produce the magnificent forests and exuberant vegetation. The tree of liberty ought, among other things, to produce all of the fruits of honor, justice, fidelity, courage, generosity and independence of character. These noble traits were pre-eminently conspicuous in the characters of those great and good men, to whom we are indebted for our liberties. They manifested all of these virtues and "dared to do right and to be true" to themselves and to posterity, when to do so, "tried men's souls," and when, in the language of that patriotic and noble man, John Adams, "if they hung not together, they would separate." The more we contemplate and study the characters of the men of that era in our history and by whose efforts, sacrifices and struggles, we were given a nationality among the powers of the earth and governments which were founded upon and recognized the principles of the individuality, independence and equality of each and every citizen of the government, and of the rights of such citizens, the more deeply are we sensible of their great wisdom, courage and perseverance. Let us make them our matured example, and never cease to imitate their noble virtues, nor forget their sacrifices and struggles in our behalf, or cease to commemorate the same, as the revolving years shall bring around this the anniversary of the Declaration of our Country's Independence.

Value of Newspapers to Farmers.

Mark Bell, Esq., in a late agricultural address at Steuben county, New York, full of interest and practical interest: "his hearers, among other things said: 'No one can too highly estimate the value of a newspaper in a family of children, and I am of the opinion that if one is conscientiously taken in a family, it will be impossible for the children to come up without becoming intelligent upon all the questions of the day. Every household should bring in a newspaper, then, as an absolute and indispensable necessity. I defy any farmer to try for a year, and then be able to say that he has not paid, and been in every way for his good.' Of course this refers only to such newspapers as are devoted to really useful and instructive reading." (Scientific Press.)

Manufacturers.

There is a great deal of truth in the following from an exchange: "In town or village capital, prosper unless the business men, we do not mean mechanics but manufacturers of all kinds, are sustained. Every industrious mechanic is a blessing to the town. Every manufacturing establishment, however humble, is a public benefit. Every chair, table, bedstead, bureau, wheelbarrow, harness, pair of boots, or other article, made at home keeps money from going abroad, and to just that extent helps the town generally."

Profit of Sheep Raising.

To convey some idea of the profit that can be made by raising sheep, the Amador Dispatch relates the experience of a gentleman in that county who recently sheared 3,300 head of sheep, the clip averaging seven and a quarter pounds of wool per head, making a total of not far from 24,000 pounds in all, which he sold for \$4,545.75. Besides this, he raised 5,355 lambs, worth \$2 apiece, making a grand total realized from his sheep of \$9,395.75—say \$10,000. His profit, clear of expense, in the item of sheep raising, will not fall short of \$8,000 for the year.

Mono County Road Bonds.

In compliance with the requirements of an Act of the Legislature, passed March 10, 1870, providing for the redemption of Mono County Road Bonds by the State, such bonds have recently been submitted by the following named parties: William Ede, \$12,000; D. O. Mills & Co., \$1,000; J. S. Mooney, \$1,100. Controller's warrants have been issued therefor.]

Experiences in the Plains of the Andes—A Terrible Story.

(From the Eclectic Magazine, for June.)

I had been traveling on horseback across the plains of Columbia, accompanied only by a copper-skinned Creole fellow, who went with me half over the continent, who boiled my camp-kettle, saddled my horse and his own mule, waited on me in every and any fashion, and would, I believe, have stabbed me if I had called him a servant. He called himself a guide, and really was a good fellow, considering that he was one of those peppery half-breeds.

The sun was going down with a dip and a plunge, and the snow-tipped crests of the Andes were all blushing, with rose-colored light, when we caught the first glimpse of Wilson's hacienda. It was a pretty house of white stone, with portico and verandas, a flat morisco roof, and in front of it a green lawn, with fountain and flower garden. Close by were the numerous huts where the farm-laborers and herdsmen lived; these were built of light wood and thatched with cane.

All the huts, as well as the stables, barns and outbuildings, were surrounded by a strong stockade, which also ran around the master's house, for fear of Indian attacks. Beyond was the huge corral, in which the cattle were penned, and where the horses were driven for security from wild beasts and savages. Wilson, the owner, was a great cattle farmer. We had been passing for a long time through his herds of oxen, luxuriously browsing on the ocean of grass which the broad plains presented to the eastward.

To the west, as I said before, lay the Andes, towering up into the very sky, and at a great distance I could see the gilt weathercock of the church of San Juan de los Llanos, a little town ten miles off. There was no other town near, and to the eastward the plains rolled away unbroken towards the remote Atlantic.

I had heard from some unlettered that I should find an English settler hereabouts, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of conversing again with a countryman. So I rode up to the house through the open gate of the stockade, and presented myself as a guest, after the free and easy fashion of the wilderness. I need hardly say there are no inns in the country, except in the sea-ports, but I never found the poorest herdsmen unwilling to set before me his parched corn and beef, and to set aside for my use the snugest corner of his grass-thatched hovel. But whereas I had reckoned on nothing better at Wilson's hacienda, than the rough and easy hospitality of a bachelor, I met with an agreeable surprise.

Two English ladies, both young and pretty, came out into the porch to greet the stranger. They were the emigrant's wife and sister, and with them came two playful children, the loveliest little laries I ever saw. As for the owner of the house himself, I never saw a finer or more manly young man, nor one that I was prouder to hail as a countryman.

I was received with the most genuine kindness. If I had been a dear old friend or a blood relation, the Wilsons could not have given me a heartier welcome. And I, who had ridden up to the hacienda meaning to ask and accept shelter for a single night, remained for two months the guest of that kindly household, who would not part with their visitor lightly.

The time did not hang heavy on our hands. We were up at dawn, the most enjoyable time in that latitude, and had a thousand things to do until the blazing sun drove us in. Wilson was a wonderful horseman, and as for the lasso, he had learned to throw it so skillfully that he actually surpassed his instructors, the Spanish vaqueros and peons, bred as they were to the art.

Indeed, the oldest veterans of the Llanos, brown or white, admitted that the English heretic was a match with the *bolos* or the loop, for the most renowned rider in Columbia, while in battle with the savages he had given a hundred proofs of his courage. He told his story, a simple one enough. He had come out to South America, rich in nothing but bodily strength and mother wit, and had made an honorable fortune by dint of sheer work. I believe his father had been a clergyman, and died poor; but on this subject he said little.

He was fond of telling his early hardships as an emigrant, how he bought and sold, how he fought Indians and fevers, until he was wealthy enough to claim as his wife the girl whom he had left in her English home, far away, waiting faithfully for him to return and fetch her to the new dwelling across the seas.

Mrs. Wilson had not had to wait very long, after all, for the betrothed lover had been more fortunate than is always the case when there is a long engagement. "But you see," said Wilson modestly, "I was a fair judge of cattle and pastures and so forth, and luckily I settled where I am. I may say that my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and my fortune, which consists almost wholly in live stock, has quintupled itself in six years."

So honest William Wilson had been able to go back within a reasonable time to England, to wed his wife and bring her to her transatlantic home, and with her had come her sister, for whose maintenance he had hitherto provided, even while struggling his hardest. The family were prosperous and their

prosperity was well deserved, for they were popular with even the most jealous of that heretic-hating population among whom they dwell. Wilson was perfectly happy and would not have changed places with a king. He had laughed at my hints that after all Columbia was hardly a country adapted for the safe residence of delicate ladies and children.

"Sale! Why not?" he would ask. "Oh the savages! Well, there's little to fear just at present from my old plagues the *Indios bravos*. We haven't heard the war-whoop in real earnest since the year I went over to be married. Now and then a few loping redskins do make a dash at the beasts, but we seldom lose more than a hoof or two of them."

I said something about the danger of over-severity, adding: "I don't wish to be an alarmist. Wilson, but even in my very limited experience of the Llanos I have seen something of the horrors of Indian warfare." "If I were in your place—besides a natural anxiety for the safety of wife and sister—I should never look at the golden hair of those little cherubs that are hunting the butterfly yonder, without seeing in fancy, the scalping-knife of the savage glittering over them. Near the sea now—"

"Confound it, man, don't creak in that way!" cried my host, with unusual abruptness, and an angry look. But he relaxed into a smile directly afterwards, and added: "I beg your pardon, Royston. I know your advice was most kind and well intended, but I cannot accept it. Why should we move? As for revolutions, they only affect the cities and high roads, and are out of the way of pronunciamientos and military massacres. Earthquakes! There hasn't been a shake strong enough to break a wine glass since I've been in the country. Plenty of little shudders Mother Earth gives. You remember how Mary laughed the other night when the tiny shock came as she was playing the piano, and spoiled the tune? Those shocks frightened the womenkind at first, but now they are not a rush for them. So you perceive that in going eastward we should actually run into danger, political and geological."

I was worried, but not convinced. On another occasion, when there had been a slight nocturnal alarm—a mere dash made by a party of mounted savages at the corral, which contained not only horned beasts but a valuable man and a string of mules—I ventured to hint to Wilson that such neighbors might some day prove an overmatch for his precautions.

My entertainer was coming back from a bloodless victory and fruitless pursuit. He was half dressed and bareheaded, mounted on a horse without a saddle, just as he started, rifle in hand, to lead half a dozen of his Spanish herdsmen against the marauders. He laughed good-humoredly at my forebodings.

"What a Cassandra you would have made, Royston!" said he, as he dropped to the ground from the back of his panting and heat-stained horse. "I haven't forgot my Virgil quote, you see. But seriously, these affairs are child's play. The Indians have lost their confidence. Ah, you should have seen the great raid they made upon us seven years back, before a stone of that house was reared, and when we had but a miserable timber barrack, the thatch of which they soon set on fire with their first-tipped arrows. We had not that strong stockade, but merely a breast-work of turf and boughs, and around it swarmed five hundred of the painted yelling brutes, under the grand Cacique White Eagle. Ah, he was a man, that chief! The Cayugas will never get such another leader for their border forays. His son, Spotted Jaguar, who commands them now, isn't fit to stand in his shoes—though, to be sure, he never wore such superfluities."

"But how did you manage?" asked I, with genuine interest. "Did the soldiers come to your help, or had you to fly to the town of San Juan?" Wilson looked quite sheepish; he was one of those bold, bashful fellows who have an absolutely nervous dread of anything that could be construed into a boast. He merely said it was an old story not worth telling, and strode off to bed again.

I found, however, on the next day, a more communicative narrator, in the person of Jose, the saladero, or butcher of the farm—a man who boasted himself a pure Spaniard, Castilian, and "old Christian," by which he meant to disclaim the possession of any drop of Moorish or Hebrew blood. He was a tough, gray headed old fellow of sixty-five, about the oldest and most experienced Lanero of all the settlement, although a broken limb, ill set, had spoiled his riding forever. Lame as he was, the old man had fought in many an Indian affray, and he had almost an exhaustless stock of stories. He was a very important member of the little commonwealth, since on the judicious use of his keen knife depended, in a great measure, the value of the hides exported.

Every great cattle farm has its salada, presided over by an expert slaughterman, who kills numbers of oxen, not for meat alone, but for the hides and tallow, which South America so largely exports; and this hero of the pole-axe is called always "saladero," to distinguish him from the town butcher, or "carnero." I found that old man among his cherished piles of shaggy ox-hides, and with very little trouble elicited

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Independence Day in Independence.

At due 1 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, the people of our quiet burg were startled from their slumbers by the report of a gun salutes, announcing the annual return of America's National Holiday...

THE FLAG

Was raised about 8 o'clock in the morning, upon a flag-staff erected near the Court House by the Committee of Arrangements. With a gentle breeze stirring, the Stars and Stripes—the loveliest banner of all the nations in the world—was d its graceful, approving undulations until night closed on the valley and the proceedings were at an end.

THE COURT HOUSE.

When the assembly commenced gathering about 12 o'clock it was tastefully adorned with the national banner and beautiful bouquets of flowers. About this time an inevitable Fourth of July rain began descending—the air with its grateful drops. Lasting but a few moments, however, the firing of the anvils was hardly discontinued until about 1 o'clock, the day was over.

THE EXERCISES OF THE DAY

Were begun. The audience consisted of many ladies and gentlemen of Independence and country surrounding were called to order by Mr. Paul W. Bennett, the President of the Day, who briefly stated the programme.

PRAYER.

As President introduced the Rev. Mr. Clarke, who offered a most impressive, eloquent petition to the Throne of Grace, praying for divine approval of our celebration, and asking blessings upon our nation.

THE READING OF THE DECLARATION

By Gen. J. J. Hoffman was most masterly effort. The General, with his deep, clear voice and finished elocution, is a good reader, and those failing to hear his rendition of this mighty instrument, missed a treat.

MR. D. E. HUNTER.

Was next introduced by the President, Mr. Hunter, though sufficiently loud to reach all in the room read a poem in a low tone of voice, and upon retiring received general applause.

THE ORATION.

Was now delivered by the selected orator of the Day, A. B. Elliott. We print the address on our first page. The delivery was rapid, occupying about thirty minutes, and was listened to with great attention.

Being pronounced by Mr. Clarke, the assemblage dispersed with appetitive keen for the elegant, sumptuous banquet spread by the hotels and citizens.

IN THE EVENING

A beautiful rainbow shone forth, in seeming efforts to span the valley, with the eastern end of the converging are resting among the peaks of the Sierritas Inyo mountains. The beautiful sight was generally noticed and remarked upon.

AFTER DARK.

Fireworks, balloons and rockets were introduced and sent up in the old Fourth of July fashion, both here and at the Fort. A grandly crowd assembled at the hotel at the exchange Hotel, when they "tripped the light fantastic" until the "wee sma' hours" and everything "went merrie as a marring bell."

The Crops.

Agriculture is taking more attention every succeeding year and proving remunerative to the intelligent farmer. Many farmers in this valley are stocking their farms with improved tools, such as mowers, rakes, thrashers, &c., and by obtaining better crops than formerly. The cereals are looking exceedingly well this season. The grain during the last few days has made a grain fill up, and crops that appeared only ordinary before, now bid fair to be large. In some parts of the valley fears are entertained for the corn crop, as the army worm has made its appearance.

The Fourth at Bishop Creek.

At Bishop Creek the citizens assembled en masse at the residence of Tim Lewis, and celebrated the Day of Days by inaugurating an old-fashioned barbecue. Roasting and feasting were the order of the day while the perspiration held sway at night. Youth and beauty fished in the maze dance with the rays of old Sol warmed them of the advent of another day. On the whole, the good people of Bishop Creek passed an enjoyable day, one long to be remembered.

Steam Threshing.

Mr. E. Chaquette received on the 1st inst. per freight team from Los Angeles, a 40-inch cylinder Nicholas & Sheppard Vibrator threshing machine, with a 12 horse engine as the motive power. This is a very important and valuable addition to the agricultural interests of the Valley and will be appreciated by our farmer friends. Mr. Chaquette will give due notice through the columns of The Independent when he is ready for operations.

The Fourth at Lone Pine

The citizens of this town celebrated the day with the usual artil firing, a procession, and reading of the Declaration of Independence in English by Mr. Stratton, reading of the same in Spanish by Don. Ybeset, and other festivities, closing the amusement with a grand ball at the new house of Mr. Cook. The day passed over pleasantly, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

New Strike.

We learn from a Benton correspondent that Wm. Witherell has discovered ore in the White Mountains, near the "Hotel Canyon," paying all the way from \$200 to \$5,000 per ton. None the report is true and that it may prove a permanent and extensive mine.

The Kearsarge Mine.

This famous mine is at present producing, from new developments, some rich ore. We propose paying the Kearsarge a visit, soon, with a view of making a full report of the affairs of the Kearsarge and other mines and works in that locality.

Stage Robbery.

On the 29th ult, the Silver Peak stage was stopped about 12 miles from that place and robbed of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box and 32 lbs of gold bullion, worth \$15 per ounce. We are not informed if the road agents were apprehended.

Cerro Gordo Items.

We collate the following, from a letter from our Cerro Gordo Correspondent. "Mercario": "In consequence of the bursting of the pipes, water is very scarce in camp, and a cash article. Mr. H. A. Hart, Superintendent, started up Belshaw & Co's smelting works on the morning of June 29th, and ran out 4 1/2 bars of bullion by the evening of July 2d, averaging over 108 bars each 24 hours. To supply the demand for water, Mr. Nadeau's teams undertook to haul water up the mountain from the springs near the lake to the mill—a distance of eight miles—but found it impossible to supply the furnaces."

Our correspondent concludes by giving a brief history of the mining operations, etc., and an interesting account of the first construction and working of smelting works, in that district, which will appear in our next issue.

Improvements.

Citizen H. C. Morse is preparing to erect a foundry to cast iron, brass, etc., at his new -hop, which will be a great accommodation to millmen and farmers, as small parts of their machinery are constantly being broken and necessitates them to send to San Francisco to have them replaced. Both, Childs & Co. are preparing to erect a new and commodious store on Edwards street. Thomas J. Goodale has a new livery stable nearly completed on Edwards street and will soon be able to accommodate all that choose to give him a call. Isaac Harris is erecting his saloon, where Joseph, will attend to the wants of the "inner man," of sojourners or travelers.

Personal.

We had the pleasure of meeting, last week, Mr. Brady, Superintendent of the Swansea furnace, at the Lake. Sheriff, A. R. Elder was in town this week, on a "flying trip, from Lone Pine. He is now in Cerro Gordo, superintending the laying of the new water pipes. We shall make it a point to "interview" these gentlemen during our visit to Lone Pine. Swaine Harris and Cerro Gordo, and give our readers an account of their doings.

Going East.

Mr. W. L. Hunter, of the Belmont mine, Cerro Gordo, takes his departure on Tuesday morning, on a visit to his relatives in the States, old Virginia we believe. We wish him a pleasant journey and a quick return to us, with his piece of calico.

Wagon Work.

On the afternoon of the Fourth a firing party manipulated a couple of anvils some 500 feet high shots per minute. How's that for high?

Our Advertising Columns.

In our advertising columns will be found a great deal of "good reading," both original and selected, to which we wish to call the attention of EVERYBODY.

HOTELS.

INYO HOTEL. INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA. W. G. SQUIRES, Proprietor.

THIS POPULAR HOTEL HAVING CHANGED hands, the proprietor respectfully announces to the public that the house will be managed by the late proprietor, J. J. Hoffman, J. J. Hoffman, Proprietor, Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., July 9th, 1870. 11-13m

Merchant's Hotel. CORNER OF PINE AND WISCONSIN STREETS. AURORA, NEVADA. JAMES A. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. 11-13m

THE STARO HOUSE. THE TRAVELING PUBLIC WILL FIND FIRST class accommodations, the best of meals, and beds, and the most refreshing at the rate. JAMES A. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. Aurora, Nevada, July 4, 1870. 11-13m

EXCHANGE. THE UNDERSIGNED RETURNS THANKS to her patrons for past favors, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. Having concluded her NEW HOTEL, and furnished in the best manner, families can be accommodated with other single rooms, on a moderate scale, public will find the best of meals and good clean beds at the hotel. MRS. M. F. BLANEY, Proprietress. Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., July 9th, 1870. 11-13m

BISHOP CREEK STAGE HOUSE. JOHN CLARKE, Proprietor. 11-13m

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. R. E. MORRISON, BENTON, MONO CO., CALIFORNIA. DEALER IN 11-13m

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Wines, Liquors, Etc. 11-13m

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. A. MACK, Partzwick Mono Co., Cal., DEALER IN 11-13m

GENERAL MERCHANDISE. Partzwick Hotel. 11-13m

D. NAYLOR, RETAIL DEALER IN 11-13m

Croceries, Provisions, Clothing, Etc., At Big Pine, Inyo Co., Cal. 11-13m

D. COHN & CO.

INDEPENDENCE

GROCERIES,

Provisions, Liquors,

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Dry Goods,

HARDWOOD,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS, SHOES

Crockery,

GLASSWARE,

Tin-Ware,

SADDLERY,

Farming Implements,

SHOE FINDINGS

AND GRANT OF ALL KINDS

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS LEAVE TO INFORM the citizens of Independence and vicinity in general that they have on hand a large and well selected stock of the following articles, which they will sell at the lowest possible prices for cash:

GROCERIES,

Flour, Bacon, Sugars, Tea,

Coffee, Rice, Macaroni,

Vermicelli, Tapioca,

Preserved Fruits,

Jellies, Jams,

Dried Apples,

Peaches,

Grapes,

Pickles, in Kegs or Bottles,

Extracts, Sauces,

Codfish, Salmon, Mackerel,

Salt Pork, Etc.

LIQUORS.

Special Dist. American Brandy, Old Valley Whisky, Jamaica and New England Rum, Apple Jack, Old Tom, Port, Los Angeles Wine and Sherry, Anisette, Jamaica Ginger and Sarsaparilla of All Kinds.

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

Of the best brands in the market.

DRY GOODS,

SILKS, DELAINES, PLAIDS,

GINGHAMS, CHAMBRAYS,

BRILLIANTINES, MUSLINS,

HOOP SKIRTS, FINE KID

GLOVES, BALMORALS, OIL

CLOTHS, LINENS, PRINTS,

SHEETINGS, CARPETS, WIN-

DOW SHADES, EMBROID-

ERIES, LADIES' HATS, SU-

DDOWNS, HOOPS, &c. &c.

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Of the best quality and latest styles, just from San Francisco.

HARDWOOD TIMBER

Of all dimensions. WAGON WHEELS, SPOKES, KELLOGS, AXE AND PLOW HANDLES, SINGLE AND DOUBLE TREES, BUGGY RIMS, &c. &c.

SALOONS.

SAZARAC SALOON.

INDEPENDENCE, CAL. John Wallace, Proprietor. Choicest Brands of Liquors, Ales and Cigars constantly on hand.

SALOON.

MAY & TASKER, Proprietors. CORNER OF MARKET AND EDWARDS STREETS, INDEPENDENCE.

WHERE THE UNDERIGNED WILL BE found every day, at our new front bar supplied with the most popular and palatable beverages. Call and take a smoke, smoke a Havana, and play a game of billiards.

BISHOP CREEK SALOON.

THE FINEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. A first class Billiard Table connected with the saloon.

AT SYDENHAMS NEW BUILDING. 11-13m JOHNNY CROUGH & CO.

BANK EXCHANGE SALOON.

Aurora, Nevada. BARKER & NOVACOVICH, Proprietors. The finest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CALL AND TAKE A SMILE. 11-13m

DRUGS.

A. A. GREEN,

Wholesale and Retail.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST.

AURORA, NEVADA.

DEALER IN

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, ALCOHOL,

ACIDS, PAINTS, OILS,

QUICKSILVER, GENUINE

PATENT MEDICINES,

PERFUMERY,

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

TOILET ARTICLES,

Brushes of Every Descrip-

tion. Also, Garden

Seeds, Guaranteed

Fresh.

ALL ORDERS BY MAIL OR EXPRESS WILL be promptly filled and forwarded immediately. Aurora, Nevada, July 1, 1870. 11-13m

Drugs & Medicines

ALSO,

SPICES, PERFUMES, &c.

AND—

Hair Restoratives & Dyes.

PATENT MEDICINES,

HORSE LINIMENTS,

STATIONERY

Of Every Variety.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CONFECTIONERY

AND—

ALL KINDS OF NUIS.

Tobacco & Cigars.

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND A VARIETY of other goods not specified, all at reasonable prices for cash. JOHN LENTILL, Independence, July 6, 1870. 11-13m

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN H. SHEDD, Independence, Cal. 11-13m

Boot & Shoemaker,

BOOTS OF EVERY STYLE MADE TO ORDER and repairing neatly done. 11-13m

ATTORNEYS.

P. REDDY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER, INDEPENDENCE, INYO CO., CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO CORRESPONDENTS: BENNETT & OWENS, JAMES N. P. BENNETT, J. O. OWENS.

All business in reference to Mining Patents and Land Claims, Collections, etc., promptly attended to. 11-13m

W. M. SEAWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AURORA, NEVADA.

Will practice in Supreme and District Courts of Nevada and California. 11-13m

PAUL W. BENNETT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR INYO COUNTY, Independence, Inyo Co., Cal. 11-13m

PHYSICIANS.

FISHER C. SMITH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence at Mr. J. Wallace's, Kearney street, first house west of P. Reddy's, Esq. Independence, Inyo Co., Cal., July 7, 1870. 11-13m

H. L. MATHEWS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—At Lentell's Drug Store. Independence, July 9, 1870. 11-13m

BUSINESS CARDS.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,

Aurora, Nevada. Comprising the Counties of Esmeralda, Nevada, and Mono and Inyo, California. WILSON B. TAPP, Register. WARREN ACKLEY, Receiver. 11-13m

HARVEY RUSSELL,

Justice of the Peace, BISHOP CREEK PRECINCT. Office at Sheldon's Hall. 11-13m

BLACKSMITHING.

NEW SHOP.

H. C. MORSE. Executed with neatness and dispatch. At Reduced Prices! Independence, July 9, 1870. 11-13m

ABRAHAM PARKER,

Pioneer Blacksmith OWENS VALLEY. 11-13m

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY IN-

FORMS the citizens of Independence and vicinity generally that he is always on hand at his old stand, to do all kinds of work for his line, in the best style, at the low rates—for

Horse Shoeing, Ox Shoeing, Tire

Setting, Iron Work, Etc. Of every description.

Done in the best style at reasonable terms.

Ag. Agricultural Implements Made and repaired.

FACT ARE returned to work for the very best, and out of patronage received from the people of Inyo, and hopes they will continue to favor him with the same.

A. PARKER, Independence, July 9. 11-13m

MILLS & CLARKE,

BISHOP CREEK, INYO COUNTY, CAL., BLACKSMITHING, Horseshoeing, Repairing, Etc., Done with neatness and dispatch. Bishop Creek, July 11, 1870. 11-13m

MASONRY.

CLOSE & FINK,

MASONS, A. J. CLOSE, F. F. FINK, AND PENELAGE, CERRO GORDO. BUILD ALL DE-CARTON OF HOUSES, Furnaces, Etc., in Masonry. Contracts and Estimates made. 11-13m

ASSAYING.

ASSAY OFFICE

J. W. POOR. Office—PINE STREET, AURORA, NEVADA. BULLION AND ORES ASSAYED. CORRECTNESS GUARANTEED. 11-13m

LIVERY STABLES.

AURORA

EXCHANGE STABLE, PINE STREET, AURORA, NEVADA. S. G. COBB, Proprietor. 11-13m

SADDLE HORSES,

Carriages, Buggies, etc., etc. TO LET ON— 11-13m

Reasonable Terms.

HORSES KEPT BY THE WEEK OR DAY, ON very reasonable terms, at the Exchange Stable, south side of Pine street, Aurora. 11-13m S. G. COBB, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING.

The Inyo Independent

Job Printing OFFICE.

LENTELL'S BUILDING, Cor. Edwards and Market Streets.

EVERY VARIETY OF

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,

Plain and in Colored Inks,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

WE ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING, direct from the San Francisco, New York and Philadelphia Foundries, all the latest styles of Printing Material, and are prepared to execute every description of work in a style unsurpassed by the best printing houses on the Atlantic or Pacific Coast.

Specimens.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR

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Specimens.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

fed from him a full account of the memorable foray in which the wild Indians had besieged the hacienda.

"Holy St. Jago!" he began, "that was a peril, indeed. A thousand of the barbarians broke into the civilized territory divided into two great bands, the most numerous of which was led by White Eagle the terror of the frontiers. They came sweeping forward, burning and destroying, harrying the land like a devouring fire, and leaving but blood and ashes where eight and twenty flourishing farms had stood. At last the White Eagle beset us here. Demons! shall I ever forget the war-cry with which the savages came on, fringing the horizon with a long line of plumed heads and painted bodies, and long lances that had drunk the heart drops of many whites! But Senor Wilson, our master—ah! what a man was he in that day of danger? The God could not have thide a gallanter defence, I can tell you, Senor Inglese."

And then he proceeded to relate in glowing language, the repeated and furious assaults on horseback and on foot, the stratagems, the surprises which took place in the course of a siege that lasted three days and nights.

He drew a graphic picture of the flaming arrows which set the thatch on fire; of the blood-thirsty yells of the savages; their frenzy at being thus baffled by a handful of men ("We were but eight guns," said Jose, proudly), and the cool courage and Herculean strength which Wilson had displayed in repeated hand-to-hand encounters.

At last the famous Cacique of the Cayguas, White Eagle—at whose belt hung seventeen fresh scalps, hideous trophies of that merciless war—had fallen by Wilson's hand, in a desperate effort to force the breast-work.

And then they ran, Senor Inglese; the saints be with us, how they ran! they made but one bound, each man, to the back of the horse that was nearest him, and galloped away, leaving all the ground strewn with shields and bows, and plunder, and dead heathens. Santissima! the slain infidels made a mound that you may see to this day, all over turf and hemlocks, within the present stockade. And Senor, the coward citizens of San Juan never stirred a finger to help us, though they saw the fire and heard our guns. I never go into their town since without snapping my fingers in token of the contempt in which I hold them.

"And do you feel safe now?" asked I. "St. Michael! yes," answered the slayer of cattle.

"We have tamed the pride of the heathens, so that they come now to piller, not to scalp and slay, and bear off captives, as of old. We have the stone house now with lead over the roof, that no flaming arrows can set on fire. We have a stockade that defies the tomahawk, and a ditch that no horse can leap. Better than all, sir, we have eighteen guns, for eight we had at the great fight; and even when all the men are out at the distant butts, there are sure to be ten herdsmen at home, counting myself; and then there is our master, Don Wilson, brave as Bay Diaz, and strong as the blessed St. Hercules."

So old Jose was quite comfortable as to the future. A few days afterwards I saw Wilson's face grow uncommonly grave. Drought was the thing he had feared above all others; and drought so fatal to the cattle farmer, had begun. That is a rainless land—at least rain is very rare, so near the equator; the vapor condenses on the Andes as snow but a shower is more of a rarity. Now the numberless rivers and streams—some fed by the melting of the mountain snows, some dependent on the heavy rains that fall in the tropical regions further north and south—keep the grass of the prairie succulent and green. But, for the first time since Wilson's occupation, stream after stream began to run dry; deep pools were changed into mere slimy pits; the grass grew withered and brown. Very soon the horses, mules, and cattle began to suffer and next many of them died, or got so thin that they were obliged to be killed.

Here was a calamity indeed; and daily it got worse. The emerald plains assumed a rusty and burned appearance, and water grew so scarce that the cattle were obliged to be driven away, far off to the banks of big rivers that would not readily run dry.

Here again there was a new danger for these remote pastures were exposed to the maraudings of the savages, and were full of jaguars, wolves, pumas, and other beasts of prey. To guard against these, most of the vaqueros and peons were sent with the cattle, leaving but six men, besides Wilson, myself, and my man Diego, to look after the house.

Ruin now stared the settler in the face; the complaints of the increasing drought were heard far and wide; my host's temper became less genial and joyous, and he began to pass his days in moody silence. I would have taken my leave, but for very shame's sake, I could not.

I had shared in the prosperity of these hospitable folks, and it would never do to prove a mere fair-weather guest by deserting them in misfortune. Two rifles were a welcome addition to the garrison of the farm, now that so many men were away with the herds beside the rivers.

One day as we were sitting and smoking after supper, in the cool verandah, silent as usual, Wilson suddenly spoke. "I'm becoming a sulky, inhospitable bear," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Royston, not to leave me in the lurch. But I'm afraid, downright afraid of ruin. Not for my own sake; it is for the sake of my poor little ones, Lily and Lucy, that I flinch from loss as I do. I wanted them to be heiresses, you know, and to live happily and have enough, at home in England, when I'm no longer able to care for their wants, poor pets—and now, if this lasts a month, I shall be almost a beggar."

In came a mulatto servant, Pedro by name, rolling his eyes, and showing every sign of perturbation. "Senor Wilson," said the man, "the well is dry."

"Which well, booby?" asked his master, with a snappishness, quite foreign to his habits; "and why do you stand glorifying at me in that fashion?" "Alas, noble sir, it is the old deep well that was sunk in the time of the infidel Inos of Peru. Never has it failed before to supply us with plentiful water, cool as the snow of Andes, but now—"

"Now it has stopped. Well, I suppose the brook yields water yet, and you must fill your buckets there, and be sure you get it above the place where it is muddy with the trampling of the horses." The mulatto lingered and wanted to say more, but Wilson abruptly dismissed him.

I had just settled my head comfortably on my pillow that night, and was dropping off into a doze, when I was disturbed by the entrance, on tiptoe, of my follower Diego, with a candle in his hand, and an expression of mysterious importance in his shrewd brown face.

"Senor Inglese," said he, "one word. To-morrow morning permit me to saddle your honor's horse, and my mule, and let us take our leave. Caramba! it will be high time."

I asked him what he meant. "Diego does not like the drying up of that well, Senor. It is a portent. It means no good. Old Jose, who is the most knowing of all the vaqueros, says it never happened before, never but in 1827, when the great earthquake was."

"The doze!" exclaimed I. "You don't surely mean to say it is a sign of a coming earthquake? Pshaw man, Mr. Wilson nestles me they are never worse hereabouts than those trifling shocks we have felt ourselves, mere flea-bites."

Diego shook his head. He observed that Mr. Wilson was a foreigner; that the English were as obstinate as pigs—no offence to present company—that old Jose had seen the great convulsion of 1827; and that then, and then alone, had the "well of the Inca" run dry.

Diego spoiled my night's repose, but when I spoke to Wilson in the morning he had a hearty laugh at my follower's prognostications.

"Nonsense," said he; "the natives of this country are always haunted by fears of earthquakes and savages, and if I had listened to them I should have passed a d-lightful existence. I wish I could guarantee the cattle from thieves, fourfooted and biped, as easily as I can insure you against being swallowed up alive. Nevertheless, if you have any apprehensions—"

I assured him I had none. That day and the next were awfully sultry and oppressive; not a breath of cool air from the Andes. The weight and stillness of the atmosphere were depressing to the spirits. The very hum of the buzzing insects had something melancholy in it.

The children, usually so gay, lost all their buoyancy of spirit, and ceased to make the house ring with their merry laughter. We were all dull and stupid, and the servants went about with most hang-dog faces, while Diego looked reproachful and Jose didactic.

On the second evening little Lily Wilson, the eldest child, came running to call papa and mamma, Mr. Royston, Aunt Mary, everybody, to look at the beautiful fire in the sky. Out he went, and sure enough there was a fantastic bolt of fire visible in the western sky over the white tops of the hoary Andes.

Now it seemed to cling to the mountains like a burning girdle, now to soar above them and flutter like a pennon, and now to glide like a tremulous pillar of light between earth and heaven. The children clapped their little hands with delight.

"A meteor, no doubt," said Wilson; "and finer than any I ever saw before. I never did see one in this latitude. I wonder if it has a special meaning." His wife hung tremblingly on his arm, and whispered something in his ear. He laughed—with rather a forced merriment, I thought—and bade her dismiss idle fears.

Just then up came old Jose, clanking in the great vaquero boots he always wore, though his lameness prevented his riding. The old fellow was pale, but resolute.

"Master, I leave you." "Leave me! You, Jose!" Wilson spoke in profound surprise.

"Senor patron, I have eaten your bread a long time, but life is turned my back in battle, Senor, as you know. But there is a worse foe than the bloody-minded Indian—a foe that even you, brave Englishman, can not match. And from that enemy I flee at day-dawn, master, across the mountains, where a cripple like myself must limp his way on foot. I have broken my engagement, and here, thinking of a bag of silver, 'are the duros' we have."

"I never thought," said Wilson, passionately clenching his fist, and drumming on the ground with his heavy foot, "that you, old Jose, would have abandoned me in this cursed cowardly way." The swarthy cheek of the old Spaniard reddened.

"Cowardly!" said he. "Senor, take back the word. Old Jose does not merit to be thus addressed. He fought by your side when the spears were thick as grass blades by the river; he leaves you now that Heaven has blinded you, Senor!"—he raised his voice—"in 1827 perished in this valley my whole kith and kin, father and mother, sister and brother—here where I stand they died all, and I escaped by the blessing of the Madonna alone. And then, two days before the earth gaped for human lives, there glared a fiery flag in the sky, as to-night. It is a warning. Heretics may mock if they will. It is a warning to Christian men."

He turned on his heel, cast a sad look at his employer, at the ladies, and especially at the golden-haired children he had so often dandled on his knees, hobbled out, and was gone.

An hour after, while Wilson was chaffing and striding about the room like a caged lion, the whole of the servants, all save two impassive Indians of the full blood, came to give warning. We had a sad evening. But ere I

had finished undressing, Mrs. Wilson tapped at my door, and told me with irrepressible joy that she had persuaded her husband to take the whole family, as soon as possible, across the country to the comparatively safe country on the Pacific sea-board. There they could remain until the danger was past, or the signs had proved futile.

"Isn't it kind of William, anxious as he is about the cattle away on the Negro?" said the pretty young matron, as she tripped away down the corridor. "Of course, Mr. Royston, you go with us! And my dear little ones! We shall sleep in peace."

I had ugly dreams that night. Dreams of anacondas, and nameless man-devouring monsters that glared at me with eyes as inscrutable as those of the Egyptian Sphinx. I woke feverish and languid. Wilson, to my surprise, seemed quite ashamed of his own compliance with the wishes of his wife.

"Going to the sea, like a parcel of poltroons," said he, "and all because of a set of stories any old woman might be ashamed of! Strange, too, to see that José so unmanned. I saw the old rogues with three strapping Indians upon him at once, and he faced them boldly, and brained two with his axe before I relieved him of the third. Well! women rule us all. So I've sent off one of the men to San Juan town to see about litters and pack-mules, and we'll start to-morrow. You go with us, Royston, I hope? We'll have some shots at the condors west of the pass."

So it was settled that next day, when the equipages were ready, we should go, and the house should be shut up and left to take its chance of Indian assault.

"That was a dreadfully hot, still day—the air as heavy as lead. Everybody was gloomy, in spite of repeated efforts to be cheerful. And yet, when the hour for the siesta came, nobody, not even the children, seemed to care for sleep. All were restless and ill at ease. Suddenly Wilson exclaimed—"

"Royston, come out, will you? Hang the sun! I can't kick my heels indoors any more. Let's get our nags, and have a gallop over the Llanos."

Before long we were mounted: I on my black horse from the south, Wilson on a splendid sorrel mustang, with very evident marks of the Arabian blood derived from the Spanish jennets. We had our rifles slung, and heavy Mexican knives in our belts—an indispensable precaution on those prairies. And Wilson had his lasso at his saddle-bow, as well as the bolas which he always carried.

"There's a brindled bull astray," said he; "that has puzzled the vaqueros; perhaps I shall get sight of him, and if I get the noose over his horns I'll forgive him if he gets off again. And then there's a flock of pronghorns, you know our American antelope, driven in by track. Shy as they are, we may get a crack at them. Come along!"

And he spurred out of the corral. I followed, and we were soon careering side by side, over the boundless sea of grass. The brisk motion did us good and stimulated our nerves a bit; and my companion shot an antelope, and slung him behind his saddle, and we hit on the tracks of the lost bull.

After a sharp gallop we suddenly reined up. There lay the poor bull on the parched plain—dead, but still warm.

It had died of thirst. A dozen ugly vultures rose screaming from the carcass. They had been pecking at the eyes and protruding tongue.

"Pah!" cried Wilson; "I hate the vulture's very name; but they are useful scavengers. Come along, P or brindle! we have come to late to save the truant."

We rode homewards. Once or twice Wilson saw some shadows far off against the extreme horizon, and pronounced them to be mounted Indians.

"The dogs are after no harm; most likely chasing game that is running for the rivers, mad for the want of water," said he.

At last we reined up our horses on the edge of the low hill, carpeted with blossomed shrubs, which overlooked the fair white house and sweet shag garden which formed Wilson's home.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Can you wonder," said Wilson, "that I am anxious not to leave it to the torch of the savage? What an earth are you about?"

It was not I that was doing anything remarkable. It was my horse that began to shiver, and to snort and pant, and spread his nostrils to the air, and show every sign of distress. I sprang to the ground.

"What ails the brute?" cried Wilson. "By Heaven! mine is trembling too, in every limb."

And he too dismounted. The horses, dark with heat drops, with quivering limbs shaking, showed signs of extreme terror. They prewhinnying close to us, and then trembled till they could hardly stand.

What was that? A groan, deep and thrilling as it came from the agony of Nature herself—a sound as of a tortured Titan on the rock—came mellowly past. It deepened; it swelled; it roared. The horses were down, cowering like frightened spaniels.

And then we felt the solid earth heave and swell like surging water beneath us, and a swift shiver made the ground reel, and we dropped to our hands and knees.

The Earthquake! It was come in its terrors. What was that in the valley beneath? A great fissure was gaping in the earth, like the mouth of some devouring monster; stretching, widening, fast—fast—quicker than I can describe it. We saw the dark chasm yawn like huge jaws hungry for prey.

Then another shock came; we prostrate, sickened and giddy. The moans of the horses at our side were the only sounds audible. Crash! I saw the dust rise thickly where the huts of the herdsmen had fallen in. I saw the stout stockade give way like straws in a whirlwind, and the horses and cattle left, crouching huddled up together.

But the house stood firm, with its fair white walls of hewn stone, though

the trees were snapping and breaking; the shrubs torn up, the ground bursting as if a mine had exploded.

There were loud shrieks. I saw the fluttering garments of women, the fairy figures of the two children in the veranda, the outstretched arms, the wild gestures and I heard the despairing cry for aid.

But fast towards the house extended the dreadful chasm, yawning, widening, splitting asunder the firm earth with great force; its huge jaws opened as if to devour the home and its inmates.

The sight gave new strength to the husband and father. He sprang up, though his feet could hardly cling to the heaving ground. I caught his arm and held him fast.

"Let me go!" he cried; "they call me. Let me go, or—"

In his madness, in his bitter despair, he would have struck me with his hunting knife had I not released him.

And yet by that momentary restraint I saved his life, worthless as the boon may have seemed to him, for in the next instant we were both flung helpless to the ground by a more violent shock.

I glanced up; I saw the house quiver and reel; I saw the chasm open and swallow it up, with all its living inmates, and I pressed my hands upon my eyes to shut out the horrid sight.

When the last shock passed away I looked again. The fissure had closed, all but a narrow rift, nearly choked with broken fragments of the ruins. Trees, bushes, earth and stones lay tossed about in confusion. Nothing was unaltered. A few instants had changed the face of all familiar objects. Wilson lay beside me, senseless and livid. The horses were still in their agone fit of fear.

Two men only were standing unharmed where the huts of the herdsmen had stood. They were my guide and the Indian peon.

Poor Wilson! he lay long ill of a brain fever at San Juan de los Llanos, and when he recovered he was a broken man. The bodies of the dead ones he had lost were never more seen by mortal eye. His despair had done the work of years upon him—had made him a prematurely old man.

A Waggle Journalist

Who is often merry over his personal plianess, tells this story on himself: I went to a chemist the other day for some morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I, "I look like a man who would commit suicide?" Gazing steadily at him for a moment, he replied, "I don't know; it seems to me I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself."

In Edinburgh

Reads a gentleman, who is as huge, though not so wise as Falstaff. It is his custom, when he travels, to book two places, and thus secure half the inside to himself. He once sent his servant to book him to Glasgow. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: "I've booked you, sir; there were but two inside places left, so I booked you one in and one out."

Utilization of Iron Slag

The Scientific American says: Joseph Woodward has taken out a patent in England for converting the millions of tons of slag from the blast furnaces into building brick.

Iron Pipes

When laid in the ground and packed all around with dry clay, do not rust, or at least, their oxidation is very slow. The clay protects the metal from the action of oxygen in moisture and air.

Squibs

A young lady having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrow to a couple of her female friends, who comforted her with the words: "Never mind, solite, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother; "but she wants a whale."

Among the questions to be put by New York census-takers the following are included: Were you married by Henry Ward Beecher? and is your wife another man's wife? and do you intend to become insane, and perforate that other man with a ball?

Louis Napoleon having ordered the importation from Kentucky of a few barrels of old Bourbon for use in the Imperial household, a Parisian wit remarked that it is only "spirit of that name" that the Emperor likes.

Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick; and ooh! St. Patrick! how it did squaw!"

A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene, she didn't heed the warning. Her clothes lit his second wife remarkably well.

A boy in Detroit disregarded his mother's injunction not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin. His mother don't have to cook for so many as she did by one.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

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And every kind of fruit in season AT REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH!

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Pearl of Orient, Bouquet, Peach, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Smoking—WADAWANDEK, BIG LICK, SETHAISEY, NUNFABREL, GOLDEN SHOWER, GIGAWAN, NUMBERA, SNESTA, FOREST ROSE,

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