

PIOCHE NOTES.

From the *Record* of Aug. 19.
Late on Saturday evening the downgoing train of cars of the Nevada Central railroad was thrown from the track just this side of Bullionville, at the point where the stage road crosses the track. The mishap was caused by something being placed upon the track. Four ore cars, with contents, were upset, and a brakeman was slightly injured, so slightly that he resumed work next morning. The train was delayed about two hours. Three or four rails were torn up, and that was all the damage done. Twenty men were put to work to repair the damage, and on Sunday morning trains passed over the road as usual.

From the *Record* of Aug. 20—
SUDDEN DEATH.—At an early hour yesterday morning a son of Patrick Dougherty, who resides on the hill back of Cedar Street, was taken with convulsions. Dr. Lee was sent for, and administered such remedies as were best suited to such a case, but without avail, and the boy died. He was about seven years old. He was in good health the evening before, and the announcement of his death yesterday morning was a surprise to all in the neighborhood.

INCREDIBLE.—In the Harrington trial yesterday one witness made this statement: "They tell me there were only three shots fired, but I thought there were a dozen." Attorney: "Are your ears so unused to the sound of a pistol shot that you could think there were twelve shots when there were only three?" Witness: "Yes; I never saw a man killed before." Attorney: "How long have you been on the Pacific coast?" Witness: "Since '49." [The audience surprised.] Attorney: "How long in Pioche?" Witness: "Since five days after the last general election." [Greater surprise.] Attorney: "And yet, sir, you say that you are unaccustomed to hearing the reports of pistols and guns?" Witness: "Yes; I never saw a man killed before in my life." [Can such things be?—REP.]

From the *Record* of Aug. 21—
WEATHER.—Yesterday evening we had lightning and sunshine, dust, wind and thunder altogether. As the sun went down, a heavy shower of rain, preceded by a few small hailstones, came from the north, where a terrific storm had been raging all the afternoon. The lightning, which flashed around nearly the whole horizon, was peculiarly bright, and the flashes were very long, while Jupiter Tonans made the world (around Pioche, at least), tremble with his mighty voice.

EASTERN NOTES.

The *Hartford Evening Post* has been sued for \$1,000 damages, on account of referring to "Prof. Gardner, the great soap peddler," as "the chronic nuisance of Connecticut."

An Elmira milkman has introduced a novelty in the way of furnishing milk to his customers. In his wagon are arranged inside racks containing quart and pint glass bottles, filled with fresh milk, full measure. These bottles are delivered as required, the customer returning the bottle left the day before. Each bottle is tightly corked, and can be laid in cold water, keeping it fresh and sweet, or set away in a cooler, taking up but little room.

The steamer *New York*, Captain Winchester, when eight miles from land, thirty-three miles east of Portland, on her trip from Boston last Friday night, between 7 and 8 o'clock p.m., was visited by a shower of pebbles that fell like hailstones. The watch on deck, who was trimming his light at the time, supposed that some of the crew were pelting him. The whole of them fell aback the paddle boxes. In the morning he swept them up and threw all but one handful overboard, much to the regret of all on board, as some were very handsome. In the opinion of an eminent geologist the stones were taken up by a whirlwind from some fresh water brook. It will be remembered that the sky presented a very singular appearance that evening. The wind at the time, to use a queer expression blew from all quarters. The stones saved were all about one size, and present the worn appearance of pebbles on the bottom of a fresh-water brook, and will weigh about half an ounce each.—*Boston Traveler*, July 16.

—Milton, the blind author, was one day asked by a friend of female education if he did not intend to instruct his daughter in the different languages. "No, sir," said Milton, "one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

—The fact that President Grant has promised to attend the Fat Man's clambake will probably be regarded by the *Herald* as a new proof that he favors Caesarism; for on one occasion (according to Shakespeare) Caesar cried out: "Let me have men about me that are fat."—*Ex.*

—One of the enigmas of domestic economy is that while oats out West are worth twelve cents a bushel, oatmeal brings five cents a pound in this market, and is often poor and stale at that. Is it in consequence of the railroad monopoly, the cruel injustice of the tariff, or the last war with England, or the epizootic? It is said that in Scotland oatmeal is very cheap, edible, and nutritious. It is a pity some body would not import Scotland, and then we should grow fat and brainful.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

—Clarksville Tobacco Leaf's own reply to a toast of the press:

"Gentlemen the—the Press. The Press—as I said the Press [cheers]. The Mill, as I remarked [laughter]—the mill—and by the mill I mean the flouring mill—is the great civilizer and distributor of the staff of life. The press and the mill—the mill and the press—gentlemen [great applause]—the mill and the press stand—so to speak—stand in intimate juxtaposition, of which the mill sustains most intimate relations to the press, while both are productive of indiscriminate grinding [great applause]."

—Dr. Youdell advises young doctors as follows about the treatment of the sick: Whatever sick people have a true desire for they should be indulged in. When your little patients have been sick for a long time, and have become anæmic and emaciated (it may be for want of proper food), have them carried to the table, and allow them to indicate by signs, if they have no words, what their systems require to build them up again. Infants suffer great distress when ill on account of thirst, which they have no way of making known to you except by their moans and cries. You will often be delighted to see how instantly these complaints cease on your giving the little sufferers a drink of cold water. Dismiss from your minds, then, and everywhere discountenance the absurd notion that cold drinks can ever be injurious to the sick.

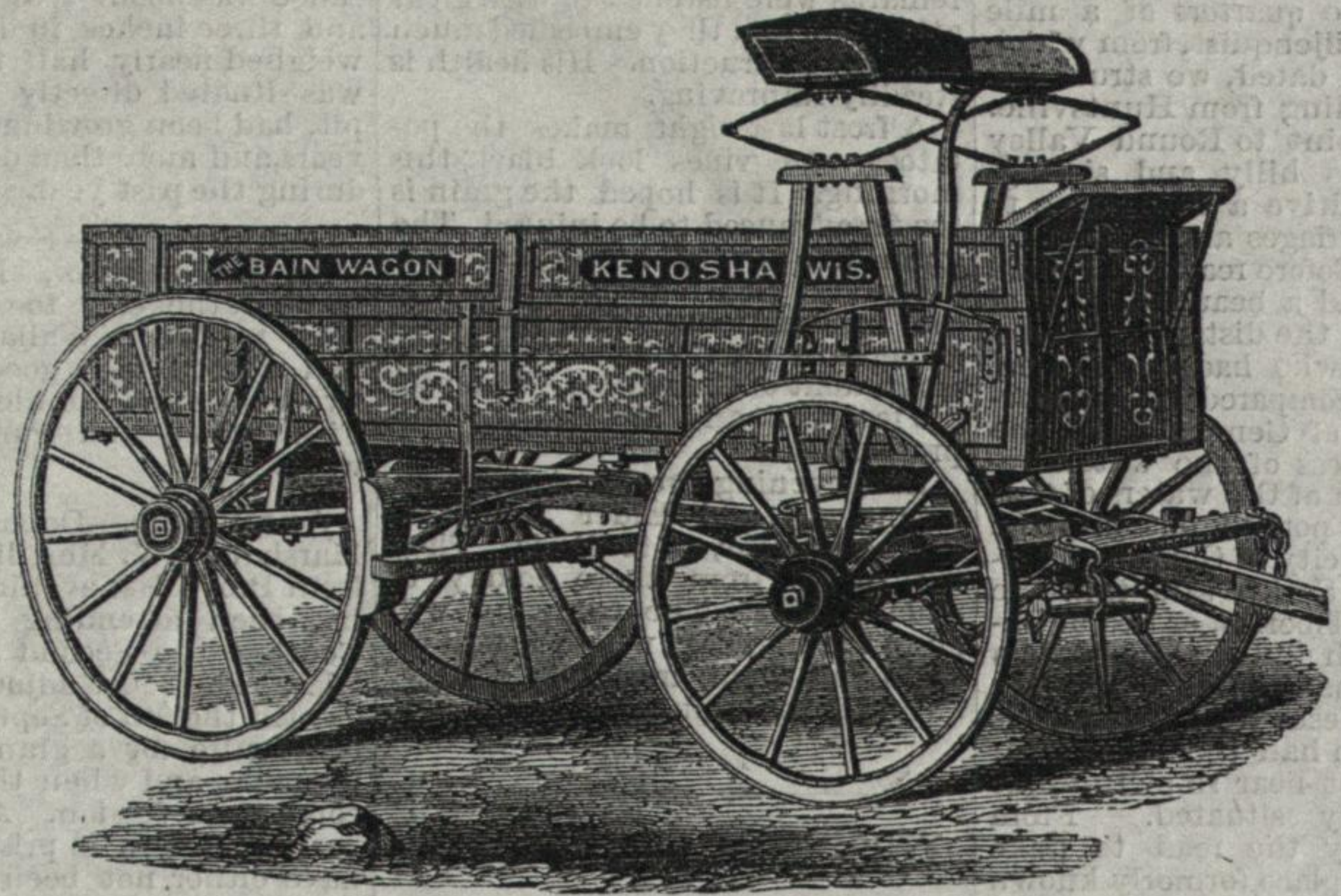
Yesterday morning Drs. Philson and Bergstein tapped a man by the name of Wm. Williams, an inmate of the county hospital. He has been suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The operation was successfully performed, and the patient is doing as well as circumstances will permit. He is a native of Wales, and about 45 years old.

The following is an extract from a private letter, written at sea, on the voyage from San Francisco for Japan, to a Connecticut friend:

STEAMER JAPAN, June 2, 1873.
We have two ministers on board, and the ship still floats. We have Dr. Newman, the chaplain of the United States Senate, and the pastor of President Grant's Church. He is appointed "Inspector of Consuls in China and Japan, and to go around the world at government expense. His arduous duties are to visit each consulate on his way, eat and drink a couple of days with each, then pass on—thus saving all hotel bills. For these trying services he receives \$3,000 a year and traveling expenses. His wife, who is with him, draws from government \$2,000 a year more, and her traveling expenses, as his private secretary. He has eighteen months leave of absence from his post as chaplain of the Senate, and draws his salary all the time; and I suppose he draws his salary as pastor of his church in Washington. Who would not be a minister of the gospel? How different is all this worldly profit and pleasure from the character and lot of the honest minister of my boyhood with his \$300 a year! But I suppose we must allow something for the wear and tear of conscience. The laborer is worthy of his hire.—*Hartford Times*.

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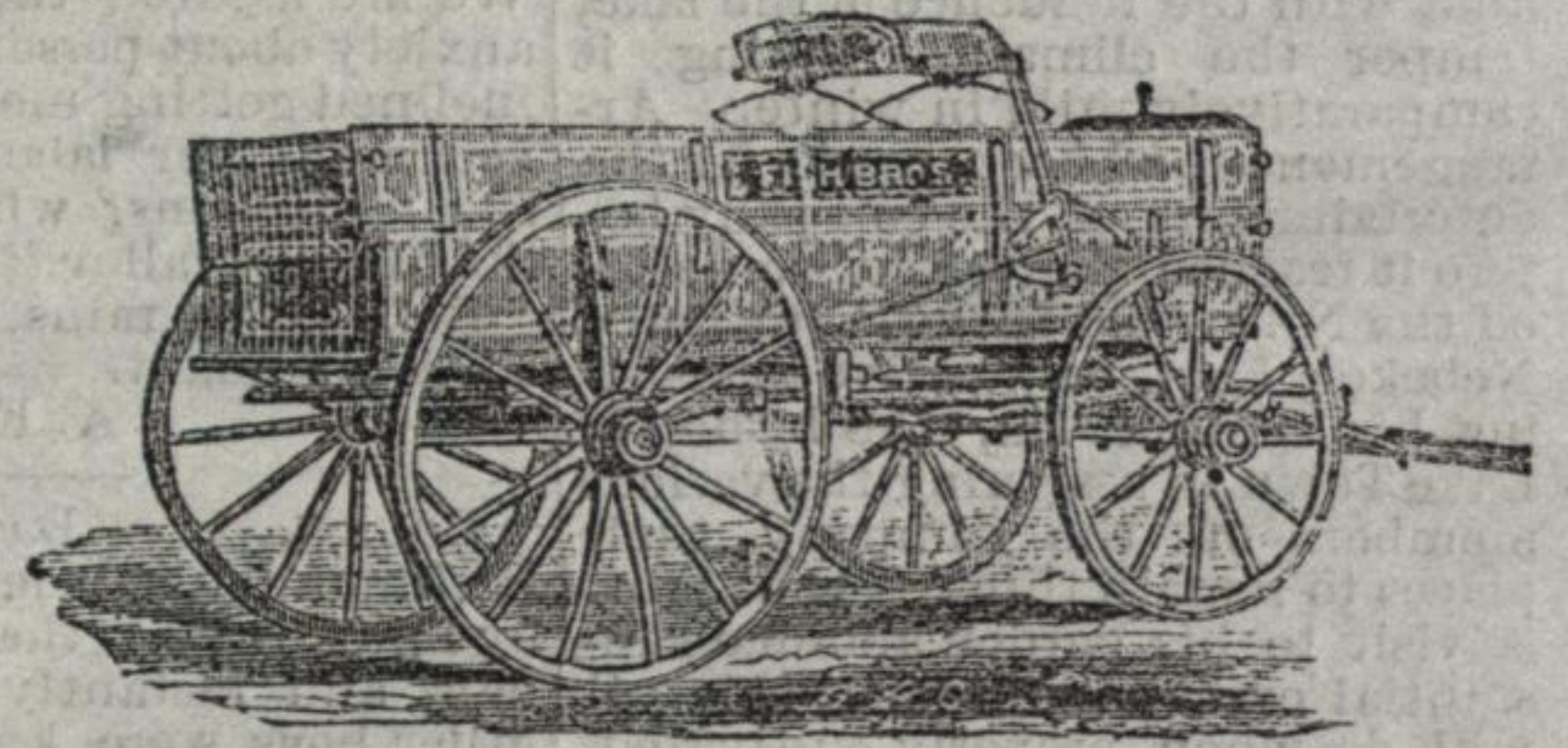
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