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so largely advertised like patent medicine, and like it, good for everything and nothing in particular, I DO NOT KEEP IN STOCK. I cannot afford to sell them, as I live too near home. But if desired, I am prepared to furnish any of these cheap Pianos and Organs at eastern prices, save freight, provided I am not held responsible. In connection with this I will state that my Organs contain 5 full octaves of Reeds, to one set, and do not call a single octave of reeds, a full set, as advertised by shoddy makers and dealers.

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No. 103 South Main Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

PIKE SMITH.

San Francisco Cal.

"Curse that long-legged sneak," said old Tom Holden, a grizzly, weather-beaten miner, "there is always a storm whenever he turns up." Tom was a well-known pioneer, whose opinion carried weight and went a long way with the rough and ready denizens of Coyote Flat.

The subject of this uncomplimentary remark was a tall, slab-sided fellow, with a hang-dog countenance, who had been the means of kicking up a big fuss in the camp by charging a poor devil of a Mexican with robbing sluices. Now, if there was anything that would stir up a miner's bile it was to rob his sluices. Such an accusation was like a charge of horse-stealing "out West," when they used to hang a fellow first and try him afterwards.

That sluices had been robbed on Coyote Flat there could be no question, and a very bitter feeling existed in consequence. Several of the best claims had lately been visited in the dead hour of night, just before the company intended to clean up, and the sluices robbed of every ounce and particle of the bright, shining dust, which was to reward the miners for their hard toil. Time and again had the boys stood guard, but all in vain. The robbing still continued. Once an Indian was discovered in the sluices, industriously examining the riffles and scraping the bottom of the boxes. Two six-shooters were not enough to prevent his escape, but he left a bloody trail behind him. Again, a couple of masked robbers, found under like circumstances, and engaged in the same rascally work, returned the fire of the men on guard with such good effect as to nearly kill one of them. No wonder the exasperated miners swore wrathfully against the guilty perpetrators. Hence it was that everybody felt that summary justice would be dealt out to the villains in the event of their capture; and now the whole Flat for a mile or more, up and down the creek, turned out on hearing of the arrest of "the greaser Pedro," as the boys called the prisoner.

"What do you know about Pike Smith, who has made this charge against the Mexican?" asked several of the miners, appealing to old Tom.

"What do I know about him? I know everything about him, and mighty little that's good, I can tell you. We come to California together, in the spring of '50; or, rather my train picked the cuss up on the plains, afoot and alone, when three days out from the settlements. He's the fellow that undertook to wheel a wheelbarrow, with grub, and blankets and a rocker, from the Missouri river to Sacramento. When we overhauled him he was badly used up and awfully scared about Indians; and yet, afore we reached Salt Lake the pesky critter came mighty nigh getting us all scalped by the red devels. The infernal fool, through downright meanness and pure cussedness, because there was no reason for it in the world, went and shot a young chief who had come to our camp for tobacco and whisky. That night it looked like the whole tribe had swooped down on us, whooping and yelling as though the lower regions had broke loose. I can shut my eyes now and see them dashing up to our camp on their shaggy little ponies, blazing away, right and left, and then scampering off with the speed of the wind. Well, to cut a long storp short, two of our best men were badly wounded and the reds succeeded in running off some of our stock and leaving us half-starved for the rest of our trip. As if this was not bad enough, I'll be hanged if that skunk Smith didn't start to backbitting and swapping lies from one to the other until the whole train was ready to fight among themselves. The fact is, he made such a dog-goned nuisance of himself, that we called a halt away out there in the desert, and held a council of war to consider his case; and right then and there, though it may not look Christian-like, we turned him adrift, drove him out and left him, wheelbarrow, rocker, grub and all, to live or die, we didn't care which. How he got through God only knows, for we had a hard enough time of it, but the devel takes care of his own, and he came out all right.

"The next time I ran across Pike was down at Sonora, where he had been working all alone with that identical rocker, on the creek below the town. Mischief called him into notice once more. The whole country, for miles around, was thrown into a fearful excitement over the mysterious murder of Mr. Heslep, the county treasurer. The crime had been committed about 9 o'clock at night, in the treasurer's office, near the principal street, and under certain circumstances of the most shocking, cold-blooded atrocity. While the unfortunate official was sitting at his desk, after the labors of the day, examining some papers connected with his duties, the assassin had stolen up behind his back, and dealt him several murderous blows with a hatchet. He had then deliberately washed his blood stained hands, taken a large amount of gold and silver coin from the safe and made good his escape. An old friend of the treasurer, named Thomas Birney, went to the office an hour or two later, and found Heslep lying dead on the floor, cut and mangled in the manner described. A scene of wild excitement followed. The whole town was aroused; bells were rung, fires were lighted, and searching parties formed to hunt for the guilty perpetrators of the monstrous deed. Among the most active leaders in this movement was the man with the rocker, Pike Smith. He displayed wonderful zeal and energy, ransacking the 'Tigre,' the Spanish quarter, from one end to the other, and savagely endeavoring to inflame the passions of the people against the Mexicans. I remember the bloodthirsty wretch coolly proposing to put a torch to the fandangoes or dance-houses, and shoot the inmates while rushing from the flames. Notwithstanding the passion of the hour, Pike's fiendish proposition was rejected with horror, much to his disappointment and digust.

"All night long the excitement continued. Captain Patrick, the postmaster, Major Ball, the gunsmithy, Peter Mehen, the auctioneer, and many other well known citizens, organized a vigilance committee to aid in bringing the guilty to punishment. Witnesses were called before this tribunal. Everybody was heard who had anything to say. Among the first to press forward to give his testimony was an ill-looking Sidney chap named Griffith, a stranger in the camp, who had came up from San Francisco a short time before, and got work in a lumber yard belonging to Mr. Heslep, and in the rear of the treasurer's office. This man was particularly zealous in fanning the flame of popular indignation. He professed to be horrified at the atrocity of the act, and loudly swore that hanging was too good for the wretch who had murdered his friend and benefactor. He ought to be burned alive!

"It was after midnight when Griffith left the witness stand and retired with a thirsty crowd into the 'Long Tom' saloon, from which his voice could be heard swearing and threatening vengeance at a great rate. Something in the man's appearance struck several of the committee unfavorably. There was an air of insincerity about all he said and did; he appeared to be acting; to be playing a part. A consultation took place with Marshal McFarland and big Sam Phillips, the constable, in which the suspicious circumstances against Griffith were freely talked over. The result of this proceeding was a visit to the place where the suspected witness boarded and lodged, a house almost directly opposite to the county treasurer's office. Five minutes in Griffith's room brought to light evidence of the most damning and conclusive character. Beneath his bed were found clothes literally saturated with blood, while in the closet was discovered money to a considerable amount, likewise bloodstained. Returning to where the committee was holding its session, Griffith was at once arrested and charged with the crime. On being confronted with the evidence of his guilt he deliberately admitted, without excitement or alarm, that he had brutally murdered Joseph Heslep for his money. As if to make assurance doubly sure, the inhuman wretch voluntarily went before the vigilante jury again, and confessed to all the particulars of the revolting deed. In less than half an hour the verdict of death was pronounced. Griffith was sentenced to be hanged at sunrise next morning.

"How the news spread is not known, although every man, woman and child in Sonora seemed to be up all that eventful night. Be this as it may, the town was alive with people from all parts of the county before daylight. Just as the first rays of the sun were glinting the eastern hill-tops the prisoner was removed to the place of execution, a big tree with convenient overhanging branches, on the stage road to Jamestown. Never but once did he weaken. In going to the tree in question they had to pass the scene of the murder, near which was a big pile of lumber. At this point some one in the crowd cried out: 'Burn him! let us burn him!' Immediately the terrible cry was re-echoed from a hundred throats, and a rush made for Griffith. Then his nerves failed him and he begged to be saved from the fury of the mob. After an effort order was restored and the crowd proceeded to the place originally selected for the last act of the tragedy. Upon arriving at the spot a long rope was found dangling from a limb of the tree in question, one end of which was speedily fastened around the neck of the condemned man, and the other seized hold of by the strong hands of fifty or a hundred stalwart miners. At a given signal the guilty wretch was jerked into the air, and drawn up till his head almost touched the lower branches. In a few minutes the hanging was over and the crowd returned to town. Heslep's murder had been avenged.

"Pike Smith," continued old Tom, "has a way of turning up whenever and wherever there is an excitement or a prospect of a big fuss. Why, even the Chinamen couldn't have a row among themselves without his taking a hand in it. You remember that affair at Rock River Ranch, below Chinese Camp, in Tuolumne, where five or six hundred of the heathen pitched their tents for a grand battle. Like many more of the boys, I went down to see the fun, and I'm durned if Pike's ugly mug warn't the first white face I saw after arriving on the ground. There he was, big as life, and busy as usual, running from tent to tent among the pig-tailed warriors, as if he intended to boss the whole job. He was not the only white man who took a hand, however. Both sides had secured some Mexican men to assist in getting ready for the fray, and paid heavy sums for their services.

"I tell you, boys, it was a strange sight to see the hostile bands of Chinamen marching and countermarching, with banners flying and gongs beating loud enough to aroute the country for miles around. For months they had been making their prepations, and when the eventful day arrived, over a thousand 'outside barbarians,' as the 'Johns' called us, were amused spectators of the scene. Every once in a while a party of braves would march forth, plant their yellow standard in the earth, and then beat a defiant challenge to the enemy, shouting and gesticulating in the most riotous and furious manner. Then, in answer to the challenge, after rushing in and out of their tents like a lot of bees around a hive, making the most horrible noises and threatening gestures, another squad would make dash toward the standard, and blaze away right and left, with their old muskets and pepper-boxes, and then retreat in mild disorder, jabbering at every jump, providing the other side didn't run first. It was seldom that anybody got hurt in these dreadful charges, and so the day wore on with alternating success and defeat.

"One of the Mongolian partisans undertook to play the hero and was more unfortunate than most of his brethren. By dint of purchase and much patient labor this daring warrior had constructed and prepared for himself a complete suit of armor, made of tin cans of every size and description, which covered him from head to foot. Thus protected, and evidently under the belief that he was bullet-proof, the celestial knight boldly advanced alone into the centre of the arena, planted the hostile battle-flag, and shouted his note of defiance. For a few minutes the opposing army regarded this mail-clad soldier with curiosity, not unmixed with awe. Then Pike, the rocker man, was seen to busy himself among them and a dozen or two marched out to give battle to the mysterious stranger.

"Not until they got to close quarters was a shot fired. Up to this moment the tin-clad Chinaman viewed the approach of the enemy with absolute indifference. Bang! bang! went the firearms, and down went the celestial champion howling with pain. His friends made a rush to his defence and carried off the body in triumph; but the assailants seized the standard and bore it to their camp with shouts of victory.

"Two or three killed and a half dozen wounded summed up the losses on both sides of this great battle of the rival Chinese factions. Strangely enough, although the courts were open and the laws in full force, nobody did anything to stop the Chinamen from killing each other, nor were there any arrests or indictments after the fight was over."

Old Tom's recollections of the rocker man were cut short by a message requiring his presence at a meeting of the miners, to consider what was to be done with the Mexican, Pedro. On arriving at Cranes' grocery a big crowd was found in front of the building, and a very ugly feeling already manifested itself against the accused. He was known to be an idle, shiftless, worthless fellow, who hung around fandangoes and gambling houses, and did chores and odd jobs for the sort of people who lived in those institutions. Although he had never been accussed of stealing before, nor in fact of any other offence, still there existed little doubt but he would play the thief if he got a good chance. The testimony against him was not very strong, outside of the story of Pike Smith. Two of the boys, coming home half durnk, late in the night, saw the prisoner crossing the creek in the direction of the plundering claims. This the Mexican did not deny, the truth being that he lived over there, and had to pass the sluices toget to his cabin. Smith, however, said that he was on the watch having determined to quietly stand guard alone, and without mentioning the matter to anybody, and that after twelve o'clock he discovered some one in the sluices; that he shouted at the thief, and the latter broke and ran; that he recognized Pedro at the time, although it was a dark night, and shortly after daylight went to his cabin and arrested him. A thorough search of the cabin of the accused failed to reveal any of the stolen gold dust, and more than one of the miners did not place much reliance on the statements of Smith, who was a lazy, disagreeable fellow, and by no means popular with the boys. Nevertheless public feeling ran high, and the Mexican could give no satisfactory account of himself. According to his own story he had been gloriously drunk all the day before, and didn't have the faintest idea how or at what time he got home. Several of witnesses recollected seeing the unfortunate Pedro helplessly drunk as late as ten or eleven o'clock the evening previous. All efforts to make him confess his guilt proved unavailing. Even a threat to hang him if he didn't tell all he knew about it, while they would give him a chance before the law if he owned up and give the names of others engaged in the same rascally business, had no effect upon the stupid wretch. His only reply was that he knew nothing about it; that he hadn't stolen any thing himself, and didn't know who had gone through the sluices.

At this juncture the tables were turned in a very complete and summary manner. A party of miners, under the direction and leadership of Tom Holden, had paid a visit to the old tumbledown shanty where Pike Smith lived all alone, and made a search of the premises. Their efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a large quantity of gold dust stowed away in blast-powder cans and hidden in and about the place. Somehow or other Smith got wind of what was going on, and disappeared from the camp before he could be apprehended. His flight was none too soon, for the indignation of the miners knew no bounds when they learned that Pike Smith, who wanted to hang the poor Mexican, was himself the man who had robbed their sluices. If they could have laid hands on him, there can be no question but that justice would have been done in a very thorough and summary manner. Judge Lynch seldom made a mistake in the good old days of early California life.

How Children Had "Fun."

On a summer day, they went to play,
Down the road to Deacon Jones' pasture;
Dick climbed the tree, Vic looked so gay;
The hours were spent in fun and laughter.
That night those young ones yelled with pain,
Yes, the funny Dick and Victoria;
The gripes were of the green apple kind,
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The Hastings Creamery company has been incorporated. The capital is $10,000, all taken. The company is pledged the milk of 1,300 cows to start with.

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The North Bend Frail says L. B. Putnam has sold his farm, two miles west of town, consisting of 300 acres to the Bay State Cattle company for the snug sum of $30 per acre.

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Dr. Chas. T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a great restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

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My drug store was the first to sell Swift's Specific. It was then put up in quart bottles which sold for $6.00 each. I have seen a great many cases cured by its use, and some who had tried all sorts of treatment. In fact, I have never known it to fail when taken properly. I sell a large quantity of it, and for all diseases that are dependent on blood poison or skin humor. It cures

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN,

and makes the complexion fair and rosy. As for blood taint, there is no such word as fail. It cures cases that have long withstood other sorts of treatment, and without any of those recurring troubles that generally follow mercurial and other so-called cures. T. L. MASSENBURG, Macon, Ga.

DRY TETTER.

For years I was afflicted with Dry Tetter of the most obstinate type. Was treated by many of the best physicians; took quantities of mercury, potash and arsenic, which, instead of curing the tetter, crippled me up with mercurial poison and rheumatism. The Tetter continued to grow worse, and the itching almost made me crazy. In this condition I was induced to take Swift's Specific, and the result was as astonishing as it was gratifying. In a few months the Tetter was entirely well, the Mercurial Poison all out of my system and I was a well man—and do only to Swift's Specific. All like sufferers should take it. JAMES DUNNING, Louisville, Ky.

What a Physician Says.

Cypress Ridge, Monroe Co., Ark., July 23, 1883.

I have a bright little daughter who will be two years old next month. She has been troubled nearly ever since her birth with a skin disease, which I first diagnosed chicken-pox, but later found it to be some sort of eczema, at any rate it resisted very stubbornly all the different treatments. I procured one bottle of Swift's Specific and gave it to her in small doses three times a day, and in a short while had the satisfaction to see that she was entirely well. I am so well pleased with its effect on her that I shall not only use it in my practice, but I shall administer it to my other children and take it myself.

W. E. Bronte, M. D.

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