

The excited mob—for it was nothing else—at once inaugurated a search for the Bauers and their kidnapers. Considerable snow had fallen the evening before, and the morning being yet young, and the road not much traveled, the footprints of the assassins and their victims were easily traced to an abandoned mining shaft, twenty-five feet deep, and located midway between Brandy City and a point known to all residents of Sierra county, at that period, as the Dutchman's ranch, then the property of, and occupied by, Hon. George Tully, the present treasurer of the state of Nevada. As the shaft was approached, a low, wailing moan was discernable, and upon a closer investigation, a feeble cry of "Help!" struck the ears of those nearest the orifice of the shaft. Two mounted men were hurriedly dispatched to procure appliances necessary to rescue what living being might be at the bottom of the hole. It was fully an hour before the horsemen returned, and by that time the cries and moans had been hushed, perhaps in death.

Three powerful miners were successively lowered into the shaft, and they brought forth two inanimate forms, which were identified as having been Bauer and his son. The father had a bullet hole behind his left ear, and the junior had three balls in his breast. The remains were conveyed to Brandy City, and inhumed the succeeding day. All business was suspended, and even the superstitious fanatics followed the victims of their ignorance to their resting spot.

Of the four surviving men, who so das-

tardly murdered two hard-working, persecuted persons, nothing more was seen or heard of in Northern California.

The day after the funeral, the respectable element of the camp organized a "protective society," signifying that further appearance upon the surface of Wilson's and Jones' fanaticisms would be checked by harsh measures. However, while the belief that there were others "coppering" the camp continued to prevail, no more open threats to expatriate them were uttered.

A wonderful sequel to this crime, born of superstition, yet remains to be added. The three miners who entered the shaft, into which the Bauers had been thrown, made a valuable discovery when removing the bodies. In raising the corpse of the elder Bauer, the earth on one side of the shaft crumbled away, disclosing a very rich gold nugget to sight, a discovery that was kept profoundly quiet. A few days subsequent to the foregoing, the trio returned to the shaft, and working the breast several hours, they were rewarded by finding an immense deposit of nuggets, weighing from five to twenty ounces each. They located the abandoned mine, and in less than two years when the resources of the claim proved exhausted, they retired with a joint capital of almost \$2,000,000.00. One of them is now a prominent banker in New York city. The other was a famous officer in the Union army during the war of the rebellion, and is now luxuriantly living in Dresden, Germany; but what became of the third man, has for years been shrouded in mystery.

OTTO GREENBOOD.