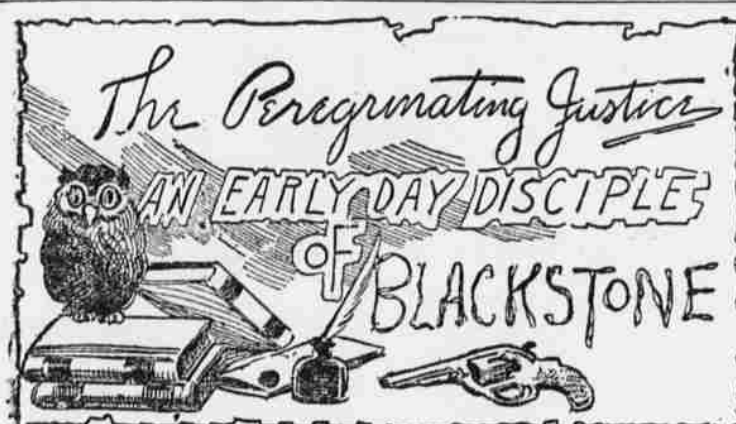




AMONG the early institutions of Plumas County was the migratory court of his Honor, Squire Bonner.

In the summer of 1852 an appreciative public elected Thomas Bonner justice of the peace in Quartz township.

He was not the only early-day justice in the county, for the records of Butte show that Edwin Fitch in 1851, J. B. McGee in 1852, and William Robertson in 1853, all qualified as magistrates in Quartz township, while S. S. Horton, Samuel Carpenter, D. F. H. Low, Lewis Stark and H. M. Gazley did the same in Mineral township during the corresponding period.

Squire Bonner, however, seems to have been the only one of the lot who made any special effort to discharge the duties of his office.

Justice, as he impersonated her, was not merely a blind goddess, standing with balances and sword, by her altar, ready to hear the plaints of the afflicted.

Far from it. She was rather a lynx-eyed detective; or, more properly speaking, a knight-errant, going from place to place seeking for an opportunity to apply the balances and use the sword.

Realizing that but little business would come to him at Holmes' Hole, on Rush Creek, where he resided, Squire Bonner put his "justice shop" on wheels, metaphorically speaking, and traveled from camp to camp in search of controversies upon which to adjudicate and collect the fees.

Many are the tales that the old-timers love to recount of this worthy justice and his pioneer methods of dispensing "gilt-ed" law to the guileless miner.

On one occasion, fully equipped, he made his appearance at Nelson Point, and announced himself as prepared to deal out justice with a liberal hand to all who felt themselves in need of the commodity.

Before his Honor promptly appeared one Ramshire, who wished to sue for a writ of restitution and the recovery of \$500 damages, the defendant being an individual who held adverse possession of a mining claim to which the plaintiff felt himself entitled.

The arrival of the wandering "J. P." at the particular time in question served to prevent a personal encounter between the rival claimants, for they were on the point of setting the question of ownership on the field of honor when Bonner made his appearance on the scene.

The two men then wisely decided to let the law take its course and the suit was duly commenced, to the great dissatisfaction, however, of many of the miners, who had been accustomed to see all difficulties settled among themselves, and therefore looked upon the invasion of the migratory justice with rather unfriendly eyes.

Just here it should be stated that it was one of the inflexible rules of Bonner's court that the fees must be paid.

That was what he held court for, he said, and unless the costs of court were promptly liquidated there could be no joy in life for the worthy justice.

To make it absolutely certain that he should not work in vain, it was his custom to decide against the party whom he judged was best able to pay the costs. Taking his somewhat peculiar view of things, good business principles would not permit him to do otherwise.

It so happened that as the Ramshire case progressed his Honor began to feel uneasy about the costs.

He had understood at the beginning that the plaintiff had nothing, and he early determined, therefore, to decide in his favor, and thus throw the costs upon the defendant. But something caused him to fear that even from the latter he would be unable to collect his fees.

He therefore made an order that the defendant give bonds for costs of suit and \$500 damages, thinking thus to insure himself against the possibility of disappointment.

But this made the defendant suspicious, and as he was not overanxious, anyhow, to have the trial proceed, he refused to furnish the required sureties.

In the meantime the miners composing the large crowd which had assembled to witness the trial had early become indignant at Bonner's methods, and when the mandate in regard to the bonds were issued their anger increased.

It was decided to appeal to the people at large, and a meeting was at once called that this might be done. After considerable debate a committee was appointed to wait upon the dignified

justice and request him to adjourn his court sine die.

The members of the committee, which consisted of J. H. Whitlock, chairman, Dr. Vaughan, John Bass, Dr. Lewis and Hiram Walker, walked into the court and the chairman thus addressed the worthy magistrate:

"May it please your Honor, I have been instructed by the people of this camp to say to you that we can find no precedent in law by which the defendant in a civil suit can be compelled to give security either for costs or damages in advance of judgment."

"Have you finished, sir?" demanded Bonner, adding, in a towering rage: "This court would like to know whom you represent in this case, sir?"

"I represent the people," coolly responded the spokesman of the miners.

"The people have nothing to do with the case," shouted Bonner. "My ruling must be complied with or the parties will be bound over in contempt of court."

"If this court chooses to place itself in contempt of the people," answered the miners' champion, "it must take the consequences. In the name of the people I now command you to adjourn this court and not to convene it again."

The uproar which followed was ter-

ner's behalf proved too great for the valiant constable and he soon resigned. Soon after he made his way to Victoria, where he became involved in a difficulty with an English sailor, whom he killed, being in due time hanged for the crime.

Squire Bonner's own official career was brought to an abrupt end upon the formal organization of Plumas County.

Then he took to literature, and in 1856 wrote a history of the life of James Beckworth, the noted mountaineer and trapper of early days, the volume abounding with stories of mountain life and adventure. Soon after publishing this book Bonner left for the southern portion of the State, and in that congenial clime passed the rest of his eventful life in peace and quiet.

Morals of the Bathtub.

"It is very easy to find a direct connection between the cleanliness of a people and their moral standard," writes Edward W. Bok, editorially, of "The Morals of the Bathtub," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Of all the external aids to a moral life none is as potent as tidiness. An untidy man or woman soon becomes a moral sloven. Let a man be careless of his surroundings, of his companionships, of his dress, his general appearance and of his bodily habits, and it is not long before the same carelessness extends into the realm of his morals. We are all creatures of our surroundings, and we work and act as we feel. If a man lives in a home where carelessness or untidiness in his dress is overlooked, he very soon goes from one lax attitude to another. He very quickly loses himself. The moral fibre of a man, fine of itself, can soon become coarse if the influence of his external surroundings is coarse. I believe thoroughly in the effect of a man's dress and habits of person upon his moral character. I do not say that neatness of appearance and cleanliness



ON THE WAY TO HIS HIGHER COURT.

rifle and long continued. In fact, it was nearly supper time before something like order was restored. Then the justice's voice was heard above the roar of the crowd ordering an adjournment until 10 o'clock the following morning.

During the night, however, Bonner evidently came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor, for long before the hour fixed for the resumption of the trial the careful judge was seen ascending the mountain, his legs dangling on either side of a patient pack mule.

He had a seat of justice in Onton Valley, many feet higher in the air than the river, and this he called his "higher court," where he sat to hear appeals from his own decisions in the lower tribunals.

Here he continued the case without the presence of the defendant, and gave judgment, but was unable to enforce it or to collect the desired costs.

At another time Bonner undertook to hold court at Rock Bar, but he there so infuriated the miners that he was obliged to even more hastily adjourn proceedings to his higher court in Onton Valley.

Bonner sent his constable, Tom Schooley, to Rich Bar in 1852, to serve a summons and attachment on a miner living there.

After considerable difficulty Schooley found his man, and, having made known his business, proceeded to read his papers.

The defendant was surrounded at the time by a number of fellow miners, who, one and all, laid down their implements and listened to the reading. When it was finished they told the constable, in the expressive language of the miners, to "git."

After some hesitation he accepted the advice, but, as he started away, was foolish enough to drop some offensive remark. Instantly the miners started for him with sticks and stones, and, it is asserted, even to the present day, that the very best record of a trip up Rich Bar hill was that there and then made by Tom Schooley.

The trials and tribulations attendant upon his services in Squire Bon-

STORY OF THE RAVEN.

How Edgar A. Poe Came to Write the Poem that Made Him Immortal.

The story of the growth of any notable thing is always a matter of common interest. Even to-day the minds of the great historians have pondered over the mysteries of creation; have attempted to deduce the processes by which the dewdrop, the quartz crystal, the blade of grass, or the universe came to be what they are. So, too, in the literary world there has always been a keen study of motives and influences as they have been at work in the formation of this or that masterpiece of rhyme, reason or fancy.

It is sometimes more than the mere inquisitiveness of the child who attempts to get at the works of a watch that inspires literary students to solve if they can the mental processes which have produced the world's masterpieces in literature. But, after all, the two inquiries have something in common; and, as men are but children of a larger growth, even those who do not pretend to literary insight or knowledge take keen pleasure in hearing for the first time the story of some literary work which has become a recognized product of genius. For that reason it is likely that an article which appeared in the Bachelor of Arts recently under the title of "The Writing of the Raven" is likely to attract a common interest among all classes of readers.

From the story, as told by F. A. Mathews, it appears that the fancy of Poe had long been pursued by the thought of the perpetual melancholy of the raven's croak. Ever since Poe's boyish days at school in Stoke-Newington he seemed to dislike the raven and to hear "the sordid flap of its wings." This recollection appears to have been brought back to Poe's mind by the figure of the raven in "Barnaby Rudge," which had then been recently presented to the public. The poet confessed something of this to Cornelius Mathews, from whose lips the story has been handed down. The conversation took place in the old Park theater in New York, and the poet's friend was surprised to find him hardly an hour later standing on a street corner in a dreary winter rain scribbling on a piece of paper.

It was in that bitterly cold storm that the poet's fancy had at last found utterance, and there, in the shrieking winds and the stinging sleet of the almost deserted street, the poet read aloud "The Raven." The brooding thoughts of months had at last grown into something at which the world of letters still marvels, for, despite its evident weaknesses, which verge dangerously near the incoherent, "The Raven" is a strong poem, and will live much longer than many of the passing fads of the present generation.—Boston Advertiser.

FREE SILVER.

The coinage of silver might have been too free, but the free use of it in a small sum may be a very big investment with very sure and large profits. What it costs to buy a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of rheumatism is within the reach of the poorest. It is the best investment in this line—best cure, and the profits are sure, because it will surely cure. This is so well known it is almost a maxim, and so much good is wrought out of the free use of so little that a vigorous, active workman can be made out of a man who before may have been a helpless invalid or a hobbling cripple.

When a man has a little time in which to improve his mind, he spends it in thinking what the women ought to do.

AN APPEAL FOR ASSISTANCE.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of various dyspeptic, bilious and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his life. Hostile to stomach, bitter, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

The production of Bessemer steel during 1895 amounted to 9,500,000 tons.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Milnburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No one would drink poor tea if he or she knew the difference in tea.

Good tea is not costly.

Your grocer will sell you Schilling's Best, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

A Good Showing.

What a Reporter Learned About a Certain Medicine.

From the Journal, Minneapolis, Minn.

There is one proprietary medicine in use in this city, the name of which has become a household word and that is the preparation known as "Pink Pills for Pale People." Shakespeare said, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." That may be so, but pills put up by any other name would not have the same attraction nor popular sales that Pink Pills have in Spokane, Wash.

A representative of the Minneapolis Journal started out the other day to investigate the merits of this popular and widely-sold household medicine. The evidence was on every hand. Hamilton B. Merrill, a young money lender of Spokane, was seen by the newspaper man. Mr. Merrill made no secret of his remarkable cure by these little pellets.

"Do I know the efficacy of Pink Pills?" he reiterated. "I should rather think I do, they have been a blessing to me. I am not in the habit of praising proprietary medicine, but I must say that Pink Pills as far as my case goes have no equal in the world. A little over a year ago I began ailing and commenced to lose flesh rapidly. The doctor told me to stop smoking; this I did, but the result was even worse. My heart beats decreased to less than forty a minute. I was prescribed for by my doctor, but without receiving any benefit whatever. I continued daily to grow worse and my parents became alarmed over my condition. Some one suggested Pink Pills; I thought I would try them anyway. And I tell you I cannot endorse them too highly; they worked like a charm in my case. My heart soon became normal again, my flesh increased and I felt like a new man. To tell you the truth I am still taking them. I have a sort of fondness for them yet and I am loath to give them up."

"I know of a young lady living in this city, whose condition was even worse than mine, she took Pink Pills and is one of society's gayest young ladies now. I wish I were at liberty to give her name, as I am sure she would only be too delighted to give them a hearty send off. I believe Pink Pills cannot be too highly recommended. They are gems, indeed."

Mr. Merrill is a young man of 23 or 24 years of age and today is the pink of health. He has a splendid complexion and would be the last person to be taken for one who has been so seriously ill only a few months ago. He is a splendid athlete besides and moves in the best circles of society here.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Napoleon's Will.

His will displays his qualities in their entirety. The language sounds simple and sincere; there is a hidden meaning in almost every line. His religion had been, at best, that of a deist; at the last he professed a piety which he never felt or practiced. During his life France had been loved and used as a skillful artificer uses his tool; the last word of his testament suggests a passionate devotion. To his son he recommended the "love of right, which alone can lead to the performance of great deeds;" for his faithless wife he expressed the tenderest sentiments, and probably felt them. It was his hope that the English people would avenge himself on the English oligarchy, and that France would forgive the traitors who betrayed her—Marmont, Angereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette—as he forgave them. Louis he pardoned in the same spirit for the "libel published in 1820; it is full of falsehoods and falsified documents." The blame for England's murder he took to himself. The second portion of the document is a series of magnificent sounding bequests, disposing of his supposititious private fortune, estimated by him at 250,000,000 francs, to a list of legatees, which includes every one who had done the legator any important service since his earliest childhood. In codicil he remembers one Caulillon, who had undergone trial for an alleged attempt to assassinate Wellington. "Caulillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchy as he (Wellington) to send me to the rock of St. Helena to perish there."—Century.

There is a little girl in Columbus, O., whose mother is in the habit of using the phrase, "Oh, don't mention it!" when any one apologizes to her. This little girl was naughty one day and her mother said to her: "Elsie, what will God think when you tell him to-night how bad you have been to-day?" "My mamma," said Elsie, "he will say: 'Elsie, don't mention it!'"