## Live stock....\* Amt paid Geo T Wells as steward's Chop mill.... Water works, artesian well and pipe lines Gas machine and fixtures. lee house Farm implements Live stock Conveying insane..... Steward's traveling expenses Salary of steward and matro

## FREELAND TRIBUNE. NAPIER'S BIG GOLD NUGGET PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

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well, that minute I knew our fortune was made. Old Ambrose got excited, and jumped around till I thought he'd have the whole diggings down upon us. Charley and I kept cool and covered the nugget up in the earth and didn't go nigh it for the rest of the day. After night we lugged the beauty to our tent and covered it up in the bedding.

About midnight we set to work as quiet as possible with our picks and sunk a shaft down about six feet underneath the table in the tent and buried the nugget out of sight. For three long months it stayed there, with us eating over it, walking over it, sleeping on it and dreaming on it, and not a soul at the diggings any the wiser. Ambrose used to talk in his sleep, but we found that a good dose of gin would settle that, and he generally got all he could cleverly stow away. Sometimes we lay awake all night with our guns handy in case we were molested, for there were plenty of tough subjects at the diggings that would have made short work of us if they had guessed our secret. "Well, about the middle of November we bought a horse and cart and lit out for Melbourne, liaving in the meantime dug out our claim and piled up enough of the yellow stuff to carry us to London. It took us four days and four nights to reach Melbourne, and I hardly slept a wink on the way. The nagget was packed up in a rough box with some old cloties, and we told every one we met that we made we told every one we met that we met that we want to devery one we met that we met that we want to told every one we met that we want to told every one we met that we want to told every one we met that we want to told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we made the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the told every one we met that we want to the

Dashed a Glass of Whiskey Into His Op-ponent's Eyes and Pulled His Gun—The Bartender Knew His Business and End-ed the Difficulty With Great Prompti-tude.

any man who will lay down a good hand on account of a dream is open to suspicion, and that's what Brown did.

"It seems that Brown dreamed one night of having a tilt with Smith. Smith opened a jackpot, and Brown just hipped him once for luck. He held the eight, nine ten and jack of clubs, so he had chances of filling either a straight or a flush. Smith drew one card—in the dream and Brown, of course, did likewise. He pulled the queen of clubs. Smith seemed to have bettered, too, and they had a nice little tilt. When Smith called he showed an ace full to kings, and Brown woke up just as he was raking in the pile.

"Well, it happened that a few evenings after this Brown and Smith werein the same game, and after a while Brown opened a pot with aces and kings. The rest dropped out, all but Smith, and he raised the limit. Brown made good, and each man drew a card. Brown got a third ace, and Smith seemed to be pretty well satisfied with his draw. Then Brown remembered his dream, He held exactly the hand that Smith had held in the dream, and he brose out in a cold perspiration.

"Toreams go by contraries,' he thought to himself, 'and it's a cinch 

Couldn't Juggle Without His Jag.

"Queer thing about jugglers," said an old-time vaudeville manager. "I had one of the best jugglers in the business under my management once, and he had no sooner opened than he started on a highly ornamental spree. He did his work all right, but I got tired seeing him wandering around with his jag, and told him I would cancel his date at once if he took another drink. He promised to stop, and that night he treated the audience to a few things not on the programme. For instance, a bottle slipped out of his hand and nearly brained the orchestra leader. Then he dropped a pyramid of glasses and scattered pieces all over the parquet. He wound up by letting a cannon ball rell into the footlights and smashed eight or ten dollars worth of fancy incandescents. When he came off I asked him as a special personal favor to get drunk again and stay drunk for the balance of the engagement. He said he was ready to do anything to oblige, and his subsequent performances were superb. Between times he would lie in a stupor on a trunk in his dressing room. Queer people, Jugglers." the footsteps of men gathering about me. Somebody wiped my eyes with a wet towel and the bartender's voice said:

"Come with me. Here, step around a little, this way. Now straight ahead."
"Holding my hand and with one arm around me, the bartender was guiding my steps to the back of the saloon. He turned me aslde once as we went, but not so quickly but that my foot tripped against something on the floor which I knew to be the body of a man. Then I heard him pouring water into a basin, and he said: "Now, dip your eyes in this and keep them there till the doctor comes."
"By the time the doctor came, which was in a few minutes, the smarting of my eyes was nearly gone, and I could see as well as ever. With my face in the water I had not paid much attention to the comings and goings in the room, but when I lifted my head and looked around I saw a crowd of men standing about a man stretched out on a plank laid across some whiskey barrels. It was the stranger who had thrown the liquor in my eyes, and he was as dead as Julius Caesar. A smash in the head with a whiskey bottle had sectled him short, and it was the boyish looking bartender who had done the trick.

"I landed the bottle none too soon," the bartender said to me afterward. He had his pistol half way out when he went cown. Why should he with to kill you? Ask me something easier. All I know is, some men get that way when liquor is in them
"It never to my knowledge was found out who the gentleman from no where was, and, in default of a name, his resting place is unmarked among the illustrious dead who have ceased from warfare and sleep their last sleep in Boot Hill Cemetery outside the old town."

## POKER PLAYED BY A DREAM. The Player Uncertain if Fate Slipped a Cog or if He Is a Chump. A NEW MEXICAN [PIS()] How to Prolong Life

The Gun Play of a Bad Mar From Nowhere, and Its Sequel.

A BARROOM TRAGEDY.

The Stranger's Method of Dealing With a Refusal to Imbibe With Him.

Dashed a Glass of Whiskey Into His Opponent's Eyes and Pulled His Gun—The Bartender Knew His Business and End-Bartender Knew His Busines

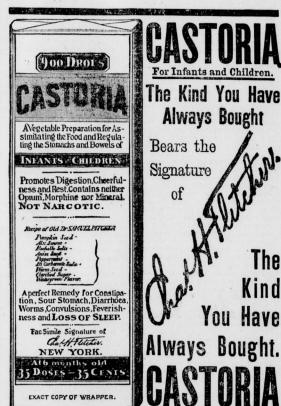
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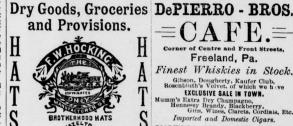
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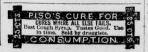
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