

Office of Carson Daily Appeal.

Carson City, Nevada, Sunday Dec 10<sup>th</sup> 1865

Dear Nellie:

The Mail Steamer "Colorado" arrived in San Francisco last Tuesday but brought me no letters. Perhaps I merit this disappointment for my own neglect in missing a mail which should have conveyed a letter to you. "Out of sight, out of mind" is an ~~axiom~~ which is ~~it~~ quite nullified (from: nullified) by the circumstances of our separation; for the "long, long weary days" which come and go, adding time to the distance of my far removal from you, increase and intensify the sense of longing to be near you once more, which has become a passive part of my thoughts, waking and sleeping.

Just at this point my reflections

Were suddenly brought to a close by  
Willie Johnson, who came into my  
office considerably out of breath, with  
the message "Pa is waiting for you,  
in his buggy." Remembering that I  
had made an engagement to take  
a ride with "Pa", I hastily put my  
manuscript in my table drawer, and  
went to join that impatient paternal  
-nal relative. We drove to the  
little town of Empire, about three  
miles hence, on the Carson River,  
passing through which settlement to  
its Eastern end, we stopped at the  
"Yellow Jacket Mill." Old resident  
as I am of the Pacific States,  
my visit to this establishment  
is the first that I ever made  
to a quartz mill. And that  
you may get a very imperfect

insight into the manner by which  
silver is extracted from the quartz  
rock in which it is held, I will  
attempt a short description of  
what I saw.

I will preface what I shall  
say of the mill, by stating the  
fact that the "Yellow Jacket Mining  
Company" ~~is~~ is one of several  
Companies which are engaged in  
extracting silver ores (argentiferous  
quartz) from what is known the  
mining world over, as the "Constock  
Ledge" at Virginia City, and the  
town of Gold Hill. The ore which  
I saw in process of reduction  
is dug out of the bowels of the  
Earth at a depth of some 450  
feet from the surface of the  
ground. Being dug out and hoisted

to the surface, the ore is put  
into wagons and brought to the  
mill to be crushed, ground to a  
pulp and its different parts of  
rock and mineral separated. And  
now I will try and give you an  
idea of the way in which the work  
is done.

In the first place, the larger  
pieces of rock are submitted to the  
crunching action of an immense  
iron crusher which shatters the  
quantity to pieces as readily as you  
would snap a filbert in a nut  
cracker. These, and other masses  
of partially crushed rock ~~and~~ are  
then shoveled into the "batteries," as  
they are called, to be stamped into  
powder. These "batteries" are a series  
of heavy and powerful iron stamps  
which thump away at the particles

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of ore until they are so fine,  
that a little stream of water which  
runs constantly through them carries  
off the finer particles to vats  
which are placed in readiness to  
receive them. This "sediment" so  
to call it, being simply the ore  
in a pulpy, muddy state resulting  
from its reduction and admixture  
with water, is then put into  
great iron pans, which are kept  
constantly revolving, and at the  
bottom of which are kept certain  
quantities of quicksilver, with which,  
whatever of silver there may be  
in the crushed and pulverized  
ores, will, in due process of time,  
amalgamate. This amalgam is then

taken by the assayer and "retorted"  
— that is to say, the silver is separated,  
by means of evaporation, from  
the quicksilver; the matter melts  
these lumps of silver into great  
suggets or "bricks" as the miners  
call them, and the "silver buttons"  
of the Commercial world is ~~finally~~  
the grand final result.

Now this Mill of the "Yellow Jacket  
Company" has forty stamps. With  
Each of these stamps, two tons of  
ore, per day, is pulverized — that  
is to say, the mill reduces eighty  
tons of ore per day; the pans  
and amalgamators extract the  
silver from the eighty tons of crushings,  
every day — and <sup>as</sup> this rock ~~is~~  
~~frag~~ contains about thirty five  
dollars in each ton, the result of

Each days work amounts, as you  
will ascertain by taking your slate  
and pencil, to ~~at~~ just \$2800<sup>00</sup>  
per day. Those figures look big,  
and they are big — and one would  
very naturally think that at  
such rates the silver mines  
ought to get very rich, very  
fast. But here now are ~~the~~  
some of the expenses. In the first  
place the mill cost, not less than  
\$300,000<sup>00</sup>. Then at the mine,  
as Mr. Winters, the Superintendent tells  
me, they employ about 150 hands —  
at an expense of about ~~\$400~~ four  
dollars a day each. Then the  
hoisting works, and the teaming,  
and the 30 hands at the mill  
all cost lots of money — and  
so do fuel and quicksilver and

All the Chemicals &c &c which  
are a necessary part of the  
process of reducing the silver to  
the shape of bullion.

The Yellow Jacket is one of the  
richest Companies on the Comstock  
Ledge, and its mill is one of the  
best in the State. And this Company  
is but one of not less than twenty  
similar Companies with ~~at~~ <sup>several</sup>  
2 - lar mills which are operating  
in the Comstock. There are numerous  
~~set~~ other mines and mills in  
other parts of the State, but as  
yet, there is no ledge developed  
which compares in extent and  
richness with the Comstock.

Perhaps you will be able to  
get a vague idea of the nature  
and extent of silver mining in  
Nevada, out of these few crude and  
clumsy statements of mine; and may

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also be able to understand how  
and why this state produces  
yearly, about \$30,000,000 of  
silver bullion - a very small  
part of which helps to keep the  
Appeal and its publishers and  
~~our~~ Editor in a state of exis-  
tence.

I have not forgotten that all  
this discloses the fact that the  
Yellow Jacket Mill and Mining  
Company fail to observe the  
Mosaic injunction to "Remember  
the Sabbath day and keep it holy".  
And having gone that far, I may  
as well make the further state-  
ment that all these great Mining  
Companies work every day in the

week. And it is only within a few months, in fact since I came to Carson, that the business houses have, by common consent, closed up on Sundays.

I was one of a very pleasant party that dined with Governor Blasdel on Thanksgiving day.

We had an excellent dinner and passed a very pleasant evening afterwards. (I will quiet any misapprehension which may have arisen in your mind with regard to that banquet, by assuring you that the Governor is a strict teetotaler himself, and compels his guests to be, by setting no wines or liquors before them.)

My good friend Louise Nightingale

has just returned home from San Francisco, and as he has promised to give me enough specimens to make up a box of mineralogical curiosities for Add, I hope to be able to fulfill my promise to send him a parcel of Nevada Ores for his Cabinet.

I send you two more of my terribly ugly photographs, one of which you may give to Mary Anne and the other to Sue or "Gussy" just as you please. I do wish that Sue would send me that budget of family pictures which I begged of her. Pray, do you please send me one of your own pictures, Mary's, and whatever other spare portraits of



the Orrell family, you may have on  
hand. I am getting to be a great  
bigger, you see.

I hope and pray that we shall  
meet "when the waves come again"  
and meet, never again to be  
separated. It is a cruel fate  
which divides us, and a hard  
fortune which has made it  
necessary for me to come so far  
away from you. But Nellie, I  
ought to thank God that I am well  
and able to work; and above all  
to feel the grateful assurance that  
there is a warm place in that pure,  
kind loving heart of yours for me.  
May He preserve and bless you  
daily. I am impatient for a response  
to my proposition to have you join me  
in San Francisco. But I will love you none  
the less, however you may decide.

Love to all. Good night dear Nellie. Re-  
member me to Byron, Add, Wash and the little ones, Kiss Lou for  
me and embrace to May for yours affectionately, Henry R. Doughty.

I wish you a picture of Grace Doughty's. It was  
taken in San Francisco. Is it our beautiful one?

PERSONAL.—Among the really pleasant acquaintances we made at Carson City, while we were there during the sitting of the late Convention, was that of the brave and talented editor of the *Appeal*, HARRY MIGHEL, Esq. Without wishing to flatter, Mr. Mighels is the best newspaper editor they have ever had in Carson, and the *Appeal* the best paper. The versatile pen of Mr. M. lends a charm to the *Appeal* which makes it one of the best papers in the State. The people of Storey county should more generally subscribe for the paper from the State capital. Much appears in it which they never see in the Storey county papers. As Carson is the centre of our State Courts, every lawyer, and every principal mine and business man should have a copy of the Carson *Appeal*.

Wonder where Maude  
dry all this up. Suppose she wants  
her picture too?

# ARTS AND ARTISTS

In gracious response to my request for guest writers to my weekly Arts and Artists column for a while this summer, a number of interested friends of the column who are active in community affairs are contributing articles.

Writing today's column on Henry R. Mighels, pioneer editor, is Mrs. C. C. Taylor, past president of the Nevada Federation of Women's clubs and former instructor at the university in the departments of history and Latin. At present Mrs. Taylor is an assistant in the Nevada State Historical society of Reno.—Lillian Borghi.

## HENRY R. MIGHEL'S

Among the interesting oil paintings to be found in the Nevada State Historical society in Reno is one of Henry R. Mighels, pioneer Nevada journalist and artist. This portrait, painted by an intimate friend of Mr. Mighels, was recently given to the Nevada State Historical society by Mr. Roy Mighels of Reno, son of Henry R. Mighels.

Henry R. Mighels, familiarly known as Harry Mighels, was born at Norway, Maine, November 3, 1830. His father, Jesse Wedgwood Mighels, was a graduate of Dartmouth medical college. His mother was a schoolmate of Henry W. Longfellow.

He was educated in the public schools at Portland, Maine, after which he studied navigation. In 1847 he studied medicine in Cincinnati, at the same time associating himself with some artists and acquiring some knowledge of painting in oils.

On August 1, 1850, he started for California, going by way of New Orleans and then by sailing vessel to San Juan del Norte, in the Mesquite kingdom. He then descended the San Juan river, crossed Lake Nicaragua, where he kept a tavern during the winter. In the spring he went to Panama on the barque Griffin. Mr. Mighels contracted tropical fever in Panama and was forced to remain there two months. From Panama he went to San Francisco on the steamer Panama. In 1851 he was in Nevada county, California. From there he went to Downieville, where in 1852 he painted, in oils, a drop curtain for the Downieville theater. This curtain was widely known in the early days. He next went to Marysville, working as a decorative painter. He decorated the first Marysville theater and painted stage scenery and murals.

Still working at his art, we find him at Bidwell's bar in 1853. In 1855 he went to Oroville, where he opened a paint shop. In the fall of that year he became associate editor of the Butte Record. In the spring of 1857 he was, for a time, editor of the Sacramento Bee.

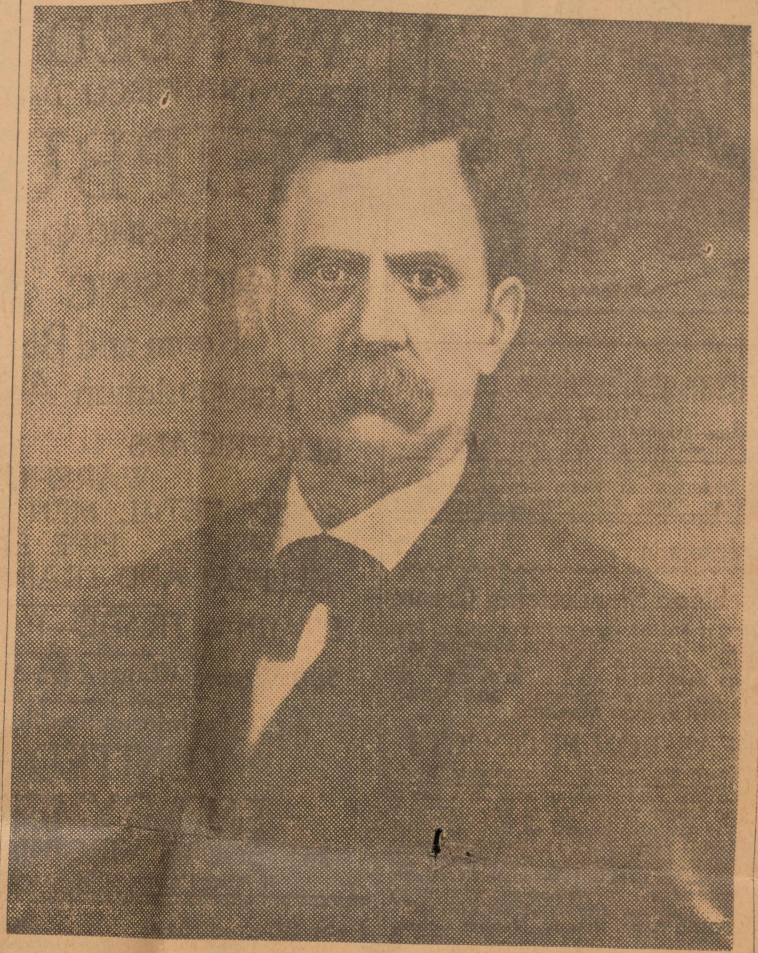
In 1857 he ran for the assembly in Butte county and was defeated. In the fall of 1859 he went to San Francisco, where he was employed on the San Francisco National.

In January, 1860, the Marysville Appeal was started, and Mr. Mighels was its first editor.

He was commissioned by President Lincoln in 1862 as an assistant adjutant general and assigned to the staff of General Sturgis. He participated in the second battle of Manassas, South Mountains, Antietam, first battle of Fredericksburg, siege of Vicksburg, siege of Spottsylvania, and others down to the battle of Petersburg, where he was shot through both thighs. After being honorably discharged from the army because of his wounds he returned to journalism.

In 1865 he assumed the editorship of the Carson City Morning Appeal, which he edited until his death. As an editorial writer he commanded the highest salary ever paid for such a service on the coast — \$500 a week as political editor of a San Francisco newspaper.

In 1866 Mr. Mighels was married to Miss Nellie Verrill in San Francisco. He was an ardent Republican in politics and presided over the house as speaker during the 8th session of the Nevada legislature. Myron Angel in his "History of Nevada" says of him: "His manner of



HENRY R. MIGHEL'S, Pioneer Nevada Editor

masterful logic. His wit and repartee flashed like the diamond. He loved nature as a true poet loved it, and spent most of the summer months wandering through the mountains sketching and painting."

As an artist he was a conscientious reproducer of nature as he saw it, painting for the love of it and distributing his efforts among his friends. Although he never offered one of his pictures for sale, he might have earned a competency with his brush. He painted with great care and labor, and gave his works away as fast as they were finished.

After his death the press of Nevada and California joined in such earnest tribute to his genius, abilities and sterling qualities of manhood as could only have been called forth by deserving merit.

The language of one of his biographers is appropriate: "With the heart of a soldier and the soul of a poet in his breast, he died upon the field of the hardest won victories and most crushing defeats of his life, laying aside a sword, which, shattered though it was, he had taught his enemies to respect."

A collection of his poems and sketches was published after his death under the title "Sagebrush Leaves." The book was completed during his last illness and dedicated to his wife. A copy of the dedication page follows:

"The odds and ends which make up this small volume were got into their present shape with much substantial assistance of scissors and paste; but they originated legitimately enough (as things go) in the due course of newspaper drudgery, done within the shade of the domestic vine and fig tree. The rather unusual circumstance is to be noted that the copy from which they were just printed passed at arm's length from the compositor, who also sat, while at work "at the case," under the shade aforesaid.

"I dedicate this book, with due deliberation, to that very accessible compositor.

"Thirteen years ago (come August), that printer and this writer became partners for better and for worse, by the help of Rev. Dr. Stebbins; and so the domestic nature of our work, as also the propriety of this dedication become apparent to the reader.—H. R. M." Carson, Nevada) April 14, 1870)

The following is from "Sagebrush Leaves":

"MOUNTAIN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—If you are impressible by colors and tones, tints and atmospheric phenomena

mountain ranges there—a number as infinite as the changes of the changing sky—as changeable as the clouds. To be sure, summer being cloudless, has a certain set of mountains for its landscape; but these must yield and be gone with autumn, with winter and with spring. Yesterday we caught a glimpse of an old friend of ours that had been gone, God knows where, these ever-so-many months. He showed his head, dark and threatening, as is his wont, high topping the crest of the Sierra there. Some veils of mist and changing storm clouds had revealed his outlines. He has been away, with the white mountain hares, the snowy owls and the pogonip, all summer. He is as distinct from any mere summer mountain as if he were a storm or a Christmas eve.

"Some weak philosopher will sneer at this Notary for a vagarist or a madman, perhaps. But where is any sanity or soberness of statement to be had if not in an account of the actual, the visible, and the present? Is there a peach-bloom-tinted mountain in the east, this heavy Tuesday? Was there not such a mountain there last Sunday at the going down of the sun? You swear to what you see, not to what might have been or may be again. That black mountain there, over against the western sky, capped with those frowning clouds, stands midway and above two sharply defined peaks, the two making a gorge and showing deep shadows and great gloomy precipices, which was not so before.

"The plain fact is, some migratory mountains, just from a summering at the north pole or amid the surges of the Antarctic, have come back again to their old haunts. You say, in your thoughtless way, that the lights and shades are so disposed as to bring out, in an unaccustomed relief, those mountain outlines. This, my dear reader, is to jump at conclusion. You are taking the unnecessary pains to build to suit yourself, the contour of your neighboring acclivities. Why not take them as you find them?

"Is the old garden gate of your boyhood the gate that it used to be, seen through the eyes of long ago? Are the eyes themselves the same? Look at that complacent matron, her form rounded to a womanly fullness, her silky brown hair tinged with silvery strands, and her manner so gentle and winning, but so something formal, withal. Is that your sweetheart, Fanny, think you. No, sir! That motherly woman who meets you with so much of cordiality mixed with a wise reserve, is no more

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In 1878 he ran for lieutenant governor, and although acknowledged as the head of the ticket, went down to defeat. Mr. Mighels died at Carson City May 28, 1879.

In Davis' "History of Nevada" we find the following: "His editorials were winged words and he had a profound grasp of political affairs. His philosophical ruminations were original, spontaneous, brand new, and with the unmistakable stamp of genius upon them, and minted from the brain of a scholar and a gentleman."

One would look over his little one-horse country paper with wonder and surprise to find such a cultivated writer presiding over it. It was like "finding money in ashes," to use some of his own expressions.

Quoting from Myron Angel: "All of Mighels' characteristics were strikingly positive. He had more warm friends and bitter enemies than any man in the state. He was as thoroughly endeared to the one as he was relentless and uncompromising to the other. As a writer he had no superior on the coast. He penned the purest and best of English, and leveled all opposition by his

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The following is from "Sagebrush Leaves":

"MOUNTAIN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—If you are impressionable by colors and tones, tints and atmospheric phenomena, you call to mind the sunset hues of those mountains in the east yonder. Of a clear, still, gloaming the Pint Nut hills loom up into the golden ether aglow with such rosy lights and violet shadows as the painters whose skilled hands so often have portrayed the Tyrolean alps like to imitate upon their canvass. You say to yourself these gloomy peaks are not the pleasant mountains I saw at sunset. If they are the same, indeed then hath nature taken upon herself the arts of the changling and the false colors of the coquette. You accuse her of 'painting,' for you have caught her in her dishabille and without her rouge and her Bloom of Youth. But how do you know which is the right tinting for the face of yon hillside to bear before your eyes? Why may not the mountains have moods as well as any man or woman? But in fact these grim peaks so black with the darkness of a dull October morn are not the same that you saw at twilight. Where is the deep and jagged ravine so shaded with the royal purple of sundown? It is gone. Where is that distant peak which casts a shadow upon its fellows, giving us the strong and definite outlines of an independent, self-sustaining mountain? Gone!

"This is another wall reared against the horizon. There are two, yes, an infinite number of

swear to what you see, not to what might have been or may be again. That black mountain, there, over against the western sky, capped with those frowning clouds, stands midway and above two sharply defined peaks, the two making a gorge and showing deep shadows and great gloomy precipices, which was not so before.

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"Is the old garden gate of your boyhood the gate that it used to be, seen through the eyes of long ago? Are the eyes themselves the same? Look at that complacent matron, her form rounded to a womanly fullness, her silky brown hair tinged with silvery strands, and her manner so gentle and winning, but so something formal, withal. Is that your sweetheart, Fanny, think you. No, sir! That motherly woman who meets you with so much of cordiality mixed with a wise reserve, is no more Fanny of your boyhood than the glossy fabric of your wife's dress is a silk worm. Fanny vanished forever one day when she wept you out of sight, and went away to school, there to stay until she should be a woman. Also you went out of sight—her sight—forever and ever. You who are so paternal and bewhiskered, what business have you to give yourself the airs of a boy of sixteen? Am I to be told that my broadcloth is a sheep's fleece because it once was wool? And if immortal man and beautiful woman are persons who have come to take the place of a certain boy and girl who once played together and made love, why not these mountains, which can throw "three different kinds whose very looks is a thing of the caprice of the clouds and a freak of the sunshine, why not these 'keep and pass and turn again'?"

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Clean, soft rags wanted at Gazette Office. Must be washed.

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**Personals** 7

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VENNER Keisen announces that she is no longer associated in any way with the business known as FACIAL CONTOUR, 21 So. Virginia, Riverside Beauty Salon, Reno, Nevada. Having sold this business, I am not responsible for debts contracted, or damages incurred by the business known as FACIAL CONTOUR, Reno, Nevada. Venner Keisen. J23M-F

I, BYRON LARSON, 510 M. U. c/o Fleet Post Office San Francisco, California, hereby declare I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by anyone other than myself from this day, June 30, 1944. Jy2M-Jy10E

SPENCER costiere Mrs White Phon-66994. If no answer 2-4315. J11E-F

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**Travel** 8

YOUNG man wishes to share driving and expenses with person driving vicinity New York. References. Phone 6044. Jy8M-Jy11E

DRIVING to Salt Lake City, Grand Junction. Leave 6:00 p. m. Saturday. Take light luggage, one passenger. Phone 6751. Jy8M-Jy8E

CHARTER airplane going east as far as New York. Will take 2 more passengers. Phone 3277, after 6 p. m. Jy6E-Jy9M

LEAVING Sunday for Las Vegas. Take one. Phone 2-1661. Jy6E-Jy9M

LADY wishes transportation to Boston or vicinity. Phone 7604. Jy2M-Jy8E

**Help Wanted, Male** 9

**MEN NEEDED!**

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Garage Mechanics (with own hand tools) ..... \$1.15 per hour

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Fallers (Contract) \$54 per M plus .07½ per hour

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Chain Saw Operators ..... .90½ per hour

Experienced Saw Mill Men: Jiggerman \$1.13½ to \$1.19½ per hour

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Block Setters ...\$1.19½ per hour

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Apply at United States Employment Service, 255 So Virginia St., or at the Red River Lumber Co., 500 Evans St. Reno.

Men now employed in an essential industry need not apply

WANTED—6-weeks man to do chores for board and room at Mountain Lodge. Phone 2-3962. Jy5M-F

**Help Wanted, Male** 9

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**Help Wanted, Male and Female** 10

**Help Wanted, Male and Female** 10

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**HELPERS AND TRAINEES IN ALL CRAFTS**

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If Now Employed in Essential Industry Do Not Apply

**Help Wanted, Male** 9

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By large construction company, 85 cents per hour. Ten hours per day. Time and a half after 8 hours, and Saturdays. Transportation furnished. Travel time. Live at home. Apply at U. S. Employment Service or Room 208 Lyon Building. (If now employed in essential industry do not apply.)

WANTED—Man to sell our low cost life insurance in old established company. All or part time. Energetic man can earn good money. Liberal front money allowance. Good renewal commissions. See Mr. Reese, State Manager, evenings after 6 o'clock. 323 Flint St., Apt. 6. Jy6M-Jy12E

WANTED AT ONCE — Young man for stock work, must be able to drive light delivery truck. Apply in person, Saviers Paint Store. Jy6M-Jy8E

SALESMAN wanted. Good opportunity for right man to earn \$200 weekly. Apply at 817 E. Fourth. Jy8E-Jy12M

WANTED—Assayer, salary \$250. Inquire M.G.L. Tungsten Mine, Fernley, Nevada. Jy4M-Jy10E

HANDY man with tools, willing to work steady. Apply 1004 E. 4th. Jy5E-Jy12M

**Help Wanted, Female** 9A

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From 21 to 25

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**ONE OF THE MOST  
SELECT  
CLUBS IN THE STATE.**

Applicants required to bring a statement of availability or a release issued by the United States Employment Service; also Social Security card.

DO NOT APPLY—If now employed or available for essential industry.

**RENO  
CASINO**

"The Club With a Pledge"

**Help Wanted, Female** 9A

EXPERIENCED bookkeeper, local resident. Write Gaz-Jnl, Box 610; state qualifications and salary expected. Jy8M-F

WANTED: Woman to stay with semi-invalid at Lake Tahoe to help with light house work. Call 5516. Jy7E-Jy11M

TYPIST or stenographer. Accurate and rapid worker for manuscript. Mail replies to room 207 El Cortez. Jy7M-Jy10E

WANTED part time cook, house maid. \$65.00 monthly Telephone 2-2145. 10 to 12 a. m. J13M-F

WANTED: Woman whose husband is employed to do hotel work. Apt. and salary. Phone 8896. Jy8E-Jy12M

WANTED: Laundry help. Experienced preferred but not necessary. Sparks 551. Jy6E-Jy9M

WANTED: One cook and three waitresses. Must be experienced and dependable. Terry Tavern, Minden. Jy5E-F

EXPERIENCED grocery clerks. Salary \$40 a week, room and board. Phone Tallac 28. Jy6M-Jy8E

GIRL wanted for general office work. Permanent resident Gaz-Jnl Box 504. J16M-F

MAIDS wanted Golden Hotel J15E-F

WAITRESS wanted Q-ne-Q J8E-F

**Help Wanted, Male and Female** 10

**A  
GOOD  
PERMANENT  
JOB**

For a person experienced in all credit procedures.

WRITE FOR INTERVIEW  
stating all qualifications.  
Journal-Gazette Box 1814.

**WESTERN UNION  
OFFERS**

Men or women with automobile an opportunity to serve during the war as communication carriers. Full time.

Apply Mr. O'Sullivan  
131 North Center St.

The  
Western Pacific Railroad  
Need Men and Women to Attend  
Free Evening Classes in  
Telegraphy, Train Operation,  
etc.

after a short course to accept employment at salary of approximately \$200 per month to start; free housing, fuel, etc. at many points.

If interested see  
MR. HICKMAN or MR. BATTLES  
at 325 East 4th St., Reno

WANTED: Ranch couple, must have good references, dependable, and thoroughly familiar with ranch work. Good opportunity for right people. Phone between 7 and 8, evenings. Reno 4201, or write Rancho San Raphael, Reno, Nev. J30E-F

MIDDLE-AGED couple or single man to

Factor mechanics (mechanics are for Logging camp—must have own hand tools . . \$1.30 per hour

Fallers (Contract) 554 per M plus .07½ per hour  
 Pickers (Contract) 4072 per M plus .07½ per hour  
 Pert Log Scalers  
 Must be fast and accurate \$1.03 to \$1.17½ per hr.  
 Pickers . . . . .96½ per hour  
 Experienced Saw Mill Men: Jdgerman

\$1.13½ to \$1.19½ per hour  
 Trimmermen \$1.02½ to 1.08½ per hour  
 Block Setters . . \$1.19½ per hour  
 Laborers . . . . .87½ per hour  
 Saw Mill now operating 9 hours per day, 6 days per week. Time and one-half for all time over 40 hours per week.

Apply at United States Employment Service, 255 So. Virginia St., or at the Red River Lumber Co., 500 Evans St. Reno.

Men now employed in an essential industry need not apply  
 WANTED—6-weeks men to do chores for board and room at Mountain Lodge. Phone 2-3962. Jy5M-F

**Help Wanted. Male 9**

**HELP WANTED  
 In  
 Washington**

- Hours a Week
- BRUSH PAINTERS
  - MILLWRIGHTS
  - PATROLMEN
  - PROTECTIVE FIREMEN
  - REGISTERED NURSES
  - PHYSICIANS
  - TRUCK DRIVERS
  - (Service and Supply)
  - HEAVY DUTY OILERS
  - TYPISTS
  - JUNIOR CLERKS
  - SENIOR CLERKS
  - TELEPHONE OPERATORS
  - ADDRESSOGRAPH OPERATORS

**FOR INFORMATION ADVANCED**  
 representative our incentive plan, which qualify for free railroad trip  
 PRIVILEGES AVAILABLE FOR ONLY.  
 registration and classification, and proof of citizenship  
 information Call at  
**EMPLOYMENT SERVICE**  
 Virginia Street  
 Nevada  
 B — 2C  
 Social Activities or Agriculture  
 at Apply

**THE PALACE CLUB OFFERS A NEW OPPORTUNITY**

For Young Women  
 From 21 to 25  
 TO LEARN TO DEAL ALL GAMES  
 Can Make Up to \$90 Per Week  
 Call at Cashiers' Office if you are interested in working in ONE OF THE MOST SELECT CLUBS IN THE STATE

Applicants required to bring a statement of availability or a release issued by the United States Employment Service; also Social Security card.

DO NOT APPLY—if now employed or available for essential industry.

**RENO CASINO**

"The Club With a Pledge"  
 14 East Commercial Row or Douglas Alley  
 NEVADA'S NEWEST CLUB

Invites applications from young ladies between the ages of 21 and 31, who are willing to learn to deal various games in one of Reno's select clubs. Experience unnecessary, but good references are required.

**UP TO \$90.00 PER WEEK**

CAN BE EARNED BY THOSE WHO QUALIFY

Call and ask for the manager. Applicants must present a statement of availability or clearance issued by the United States Employment Service of Nevada.

- WANTED experienced fountain girl or waitress Eagle Drug, 444 Granite. J16M-F
- WANTED: Practical nurse for out-of-town case. Phone 4644. J30E-F
- EXPERIENCED permanent dining room maid. Good salary. Apply 157 Mill. Jy5E-F
- CHAMBERMAID wanted, Royce Hotel, 35 W. Plaza. J20E-F
- WANTED—Beauty operator. Phone 3492 or 3533. Jy8E-Jy12M
- MAID wanted: Reno Motel \$4.00 a day. 8381. Jy7E-F

**WANT ADS BRING RESULTS PHONES 3161 OR 4121**

**PERMANENT JOB**  
 For a person experienced in all credit procedures.

WRITE FOR INTERVIEW stating all qualifications.  
 Journal-Gazette Box 1814.

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The Western Pacific Railroad  
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WANTED: Ranch couple, must have good references, dependable, and thoroughly familiar with ranch work. Good opportunity for right people. Phone between 7 and 8, evenings. Reno 4201, or write Rancho San Raphael, Reno, Nev. J30E-F

MIDDLE-AGED couple or single man to live on small ranch, 7 miles out; part time work. Also night service man for small hotel. Phone 2-4282. Jy8E-Jy12M

MAN for ranch irrigating and milking two cows. Couple preferred. Dog Creek Ranch, Verdi. Jy6M-Jy8E

WANTED—Fry cook and dishwasher at Harvey's Q Ne Q. Jy2M-Jy8E

WANTED—Cook for dude ranch. Telephone 6377. Jy6M-Jy8E

**Salesmen, Agents 11**

**UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY**

Full time or sideline. Manufacturers nationally known essential line. Work small or large established territory by car. Samples compact. No investment. Weekly drawings against liberal commission. Permanent. Replies confidential.

Box 2550 Merchants Station, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED: Reliable hustler to supply consumers with 200 household necessities. State age, occupation, references. Rawleigh's, Dept. NVG-11-Y, Oakland, Calif. Jy8E-Jy12M

**Situations Wanted 13**

RELIABLE, active retired farmer, 68, caretaker, farm, ranch. No hard work. Would batch. Jnl-Gaz. Box 1813. Jy8M-Jy11E

HOTEL clerk, night preferred. Reliable, sober, middle-aged man. Reno only. Permanent resident. Jy8M-Jy14E

COMPETENT stenog desires position. Local references. Telephone 2-4282. Jy6M-Jy8E

# WHAT CARSON DID WHEN LINCOLN DIED

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Recorder Dake was yesterday telling an old time story of fifty years ago in Carson City when the word came that President Lincoln had been shot. "At that time," said Mr. Dake, "there were many people living in the city who were southern sympathisers but being in the minority, were careful of their remarks. However, they had become known and were looked upon with anything but friendly eyes by the majority. When the word came of the shooting excitement went to fever heat and the southern sympathisers were in rather a precarious situation as had any hot head have started trouble there would have been a riot. Later came the word that Lincoln was dead and the word was quietly passed around that every house in Carson City must show crepe on the door and a sign of mourning or that house would be demolished. At once the federals commenced the hanging of crepe upon their door knobs and soon the city had a somber hue, as those who were against the union dared not disobey the mandate and had their houses draped in black. The loudest of the secessionists in the city was the notorious Jack Harris, but it was noticed that his house had the most crepe and he appeared to be the saddest of the many. He had heard that he was to be the first one to feel the fury of the people if action was taken."—Carson News.

[letterhead:] Office of Carson Daily Appeal

Carson City, Nevada, Sunday Dec 10th 1865

Dear Nellie:

The mail steamer "Colorado" arrived in San Francisco last Tuesday but brought me no letters. Perhaps I merit this disappointment for my own neglect in missing a mail which should have conveyed a letter to you. "Out of sight, out of mind" is an axiom which is quite nullified (pun: Nellified) by the circumstances of our separation; for the "long, long weary days" which come and go, adding time to the distance of my far removal from you, increase and intensify the sense of longing to be near you once more, which has become a passive part of my thoughts, waking and sleeping.

Just at this point my reflections

[page 2]

were suddenly brought to a close by Willie Johnson, who came into my office considerably out of breath, with the message "Pa is waiting for you, in his buggy." Remembering that I had made an engagement to take a ride with "Pa," I hastily put my manuscript in my table drawer, and went to join that impatient paternal relative. We drove to the little town of Empire, about three miles hence, on the Carson River, passing through which settlement to its Eastern End, we stopped at the "Yellow Jacket Mill." Old resident as I am of the Pacific States, my visit to this establishment is the first that I ever made to a quartz mill. And that you may get a very imperfect

[page 3]

insight into the manner by which silver is extracted from the quartz rock in which it is held, I will



attempt a short description of what I saw.

I will preface what I shall say of the mill, by stating the fact that the "Yellow Jacket Mining Company" is one of several companies which are engaged in extracting silver ones (argentiferous quartz) from what is known the mining world over, as the "Comstock Ledge" at Virginia City, and the town of Gold Hill. The ore which I saw in process of reduction is dug out of the bowels of the Earth at a depth of some 450 feet from the surface of the ground. Being dug out and hoisted

[page 4]

to the surface, the ore is put into wagons and brought to the mill to be crushed, ground to a pulp and its different parts of rock and mineral separated. And now I will try and give you an idea of the way in which the work is done.

In the first place, the larger pieces of rock are submitted to the crunching action of an immense iron crusher which shatters the quartz to pieces as readily as you would snap a filbert in a nut cracker. These, and other masses of partially crushed rock are then shoveled into the "batteries," as they are called, to be stamped into powder. These "batteries" are a series of heavy and powerful iron stamps which thump away as the particles

[page 5]

2)

of ore until they are so fine, that a little stream of water which runs constantly through them carries off the finer particles to vats which are placed in readiness to receive them. This "sediment" so

to call it, being simply the ore in a pulpy, muddy state resulting from its reduction and admixture with water, is then put into great iron pans, which are kept constantly revolving, and at the bottom of which are kept certain quantities of quicksilver, with which, whatever of silver there may be in the crushed and pulverized ores, will, in due process of time, amalgamate. This amalgum is then

[page 6]

taken by the Assayer and "retorted" -- that is to say, the silver is separated, by means of evaporation, from the quicksilver; the melter melts these lumps of silver into great nuggets or "bricks" as the miners call them, and the "silver bullion" of the commercial world is the grand final result.

Now this mill of the "Yellow Jacket Company" has forty stamps. With each of these stamps, two tons of ore, per day, is pulverized -- that is to say, the mill reduces eighty tons of ore per day; the pans and amalgamators extract the silver from the eight tons of crushings, every day -- and as this rock contains about thirty five dollars in each ton, the result of

[page 7]

each days work amounts, as you will ascertain by taking your slate and pencil, to just \$2,800.00 per day. Those figures look big, and they are big -- and one would very naturally think that at such rates the silver miners ought to get very rich, very fast. But here now are some of the expenses. In the first place the mill cost, not less than \$300,000.00. Then at the mine, as Mr Winters, the Superintendent tells me, they employ about 150 hands -- at an expense of about four

dollars a day each. Then the hoisting works, and the teaming, and the 30 hands, at the mill all cost lots of money -- and so do fuel and quicksilver and

[page 8]

all the chemicals &c &c which are a necessary part of the process of reducing the silver to the shape of bullion.

The Yellow Jacket is one of the richest companies on the Comstock Ledge, and its mill is one of the best in the state. And this company is but one of not less than twenty similar companies with similar mills which are operating in the Comstock. There are numerous other mines and mills in other parts of the state, but as yet, there is no ledge developed which compares in extent and richness with the Comstock.

Perhaps you will be able to get a vague idea of the nature and extent of silver mining in Nevada, out of these few crude and clumsy statements of mine; and may

[page 9]

3)

also be able to understand how and why this state produces yearly, about \$30,000,000 of silver bullion -- a very small part of which helps to keep the Appeal and its publishers and Editor in a state of existence.

I have not forgotten that all this discloses the fact that the Yellow Jacket Mill and Mining Company fail to observe the Mosaic injunction to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." And having gone that far, I may as well make the further state-

ment that all these great mining companies work every day in the

[page 10]

week. And it is only within a few months, in fact since I came to Carson, that the business hours have, by common consent, closed up on Sundays.

I was one of a very pleasant party that dined with Governor Blasdel on Thanksgiving day. We had an excellent dinner and passed a very pleasant Eving, afterwards. (I will quiet any misapprehension which may have risen in your mind with regard to that banquet, by assuring you that the Governor is a strict teetotaller himself, and compels his guests to be, by setting no wines or liquors before them.)

My good friend Lance Nightingill

[page 11]

has just returned home from San Francisco, and as he has promised to give me enough specimens to make up a box of minerological curiosities for Add, I hope to be able to fullfill my promise to send him a parcel of Nevada Ores for his cabinet.

I send you two more of my terribly ugly photographs, one of which you may give to Mary Gosse and the other to Lue or "Gussy" just as you please. I do wish that Lue would send me that budget of family pictures which I begged of her. Pray, do you please send me one of your own pictures, Mary's and whatever other spare portraits of

[page 12]

the Verrill family you may have on hand. I am getting to be a great beggar, you see.

I hope and pray that we shall meet "when the roses come again," and meet, never again to be separated. It is a cruel fate which divides us, and a hard fortune which has made it necessary for me to come so far away from you. But Nellie, I ought to thank God that I am well and able to work; and above all to feel the grateful assurance that there is a warm place in that pure, kind loving heart of yours for me. May He preserve and bless you daily. I am impatient for a response to my proposition to have you join me in San Francisco. But I will love you none the less, however you may decide.

Love to all. Good night dear Nellie. Remember me to Byron, Add, Wash and the little ones, kiss Lue for me and continue to pray for yours affectionately,

Henry R. Mighels

[left margin:

I send you a picture of Lance Nightingill. It was taken in San Francisco. Is it not beautifully done?]

[newspaper clipping:]

PERSONAL. -- Among the really pleasant acquaintances we made at Carson City, while we were there during the sitting of the late Convention, was that of the brave and talented editor of the Appeal, HARRY MIGHEL, Esq. Without wishing to flatter, Mr. Mighels is the best newspaper editor they have ever had in Carson, and the Appeal the best paper. The versatile pen of Mr. M. lends a charm to the Appeal which makes it one of the best papers in the State. The people of Storey county should more generally subscribe for the paper from the State capital. Much appears in it which they never see in the Storey county papers. As Carson is the centre of our State Courts, every lawyer, and every principal mine and business man should have a copy of the Carson

Appeal.

[handwritten in top margin]

Wonder where Maude  
dug all this up -- Suppose she wants  
this picture too?

[newspaper clipping, with photo of painting captioned HENRY R. MIGHEL'S, Pioneer Nevada Editor; Reno Evening Gazette July 8, 1944 p. 9]

In gracious response to my request for guest writers to my weekly Arts and Artists column for a while this summer, a number of interested friends of the column who are active in community affairs are contributing articles.

Writing today's column on Henry R. Mighels, pioneer editor, is Mrs. C. C. Taylor, past president of the Nevada Federation of Women's clubs and former instructor at the university in the departments of history and Latin. At present Mrs. Taylor is an assistant in the Nevada State Historical society of Reno, -- Lillian Borghi.

#### HENRY R. MIGHEL'S

Among the interesting oil paintings to be found in the Nevada State Historical society in Reno is one of Henry R. Mighels, pioneer Nevada journalist and artist. This portrait, painted by an intimate friend of Mr. Mighels, was recently given to the Nevada State Historical society by Mr. Roy Mighels of Reno, son of Henry R. Mighels.

Henry R. Mighels, familiarly known as Harry Mighels, was born at Norway, Maine, November 3, 1830. His father, Jesse Wedgwood Mighels, was a graduate of Dartmouth medical college. His mother was a schoolmate of Henry W. Longfellow.

He was educated in the pub-

lic schools at Portland, Maine, after which he studied navigation. In 1847 he studied medicine in Cincinnati, at the same time associating himself with some artists and acquiring some knowledge of painting in oils.

On August 1, 1850, he started for California, going by way of New Orleans and then by sailing vessel to San Juan del Norte, in the Mesquite kingdom. He then descended the San Juan river, crossed Lake Nicaragua, where he kept a tavern during the winter. In the spring he went to Panama on the barque Griffin. Mr. Mighels contracted tropical fever in Panama and was forced to remain there two months. From Panama he went to San Francisco on the steamer Panama. In 1851 he was in Nevada county, California. From there he went to Downieville, where in 1852 he painted, in oils, a drop curtain for the Downieville theater. This curtain was widely known in the early days. He next went to Marysville, working as a decorative painter. He decorated the first Marysville theater and painted stage scenery and murals.

Still working at his art, we find him at Bidwell's bar in 1853. In 1855 [1855] he went to Oroville, where he opened a paint shop. In the fall of that year he became associate editor of the Butte Record. In the spring of 1857 he was, for a time, editor of the Sacramento Bee.

In 1857 he ran for the assembly in Butte county and was defeated. In the fall of 1859 he went to San Francisco, where he was employed on the San Francisco National.

In January, 1860, the Marys-

ville Appeal was started, and Mr. Mighels was its first editor.

He was commissioned by President Lincoln in 1862 as an assistant adjutant general and assigned to the staff of General Sturgis. He participated in the second battle of Manasses, South Mountains, Antietam [Antietim], first battle of Fredericksburg, siege of Vicksburg, siege of Spottsylvania, and others down to the battle of Petersburg, where he was shot through both thighs. After being honorably discharged from the army because of his wounds he returned to journalism.

In 1865 he assumed the editorship of the Carson City Morning Appeal, which he edited until his death. As an editorial writer he commanded the highest salary ever paid for such a service on the coast -- \$500 a week as political editor of a San Francisco newspaper.

In 1866 Mr. Mighels was married to Miss Nellie Verrill in San Francisco. He was an ardent Republican in politics and presided over the house as speaker during the 8th session of the Nevada legislature. Myron Angel in his "History of Nevada" says of him: "His manner of presiding over that body has never been equaled in the state. By reason of his quickness and tact business was transacted with nearly double the usual speed."

In 1878 he ran for lieutenant governor, and although acknowledged as the head of the ticket, went down to defeat. Mr. Mighels died at Carson City May 28, 1879.

In Davis' "History of Nevada"



we find the following: "His editorials were winged words and he had a profound grasp of political affairs. His philosophical ruminations were original, spontaneous, brand new, and with the unmistakable stamp of genius upon them, and minted from the brain of a scholar and a gentleman."

One would look over his little one-horse country paper with wonder and surprise to find such a cultivated writer presiding over it. It was like "finding money in ashes," to use some of his own expressions.

Quoting from Myron Angel: "All of Mighels' characteristics were strikingly positive. He had more warm friends and bitter enemies than any man in the state. He was as thoroughly endeared to the one as he was relentless and uncompromising to the other. As a writer he had no superior on the coast. He penned the purest and best of English, and levelled all opposition by his

[column two:]  
masterful logic. His wit and repartee flashed like the diamond. He loved nature as a true poet loved it, and spent most of the summer months wandering through the mountains sketching and painting."

As an artist he was a conscientious reproducer of nature as he saw it, painting for the love of it and distributing his efforts among his friends. Although he never offered one of his pictures for sale, he might have earned a competency with his brush. He painted with great care and labor, and gave his works away as fast as they were finished.

After his death the press of Nevada and California joined in such earnest tribute to his genius, abilities and sterling qualities of manhood as could only have been called forth by deserving merit.

The language of one of his biographers is appropriate: "With the heart of a soldier and the soul of a poet in his breast, he died upon the field of the hardest won victories and most crushing defeats of his life, laying aside a sword, which, shattered though it was, he had taught his enemies to respect."

A collection of his poems and sketches was published after his death under the title "Sagebrush Leaves." The book was completed during his last illness and dedicated to his wife. A copy of the dedication page follow".

"The odds and ends which make up this small volume were got into their present shape with much substantial assistance of scissors and paste; but they originated legitimately enough (as things go) in the due course of newspaper drudgery, done within the shade of the domestic vine and fig tree. The rather unusual circumstance is to be noted that the copy from which they were just printed passed at arm's length from the compositor, who also sat, while at work "at the case," under the shade aforesaid.

I dedicate this book, with due deliberation, to that very accessible compositor.

"Thirteen years ago (come August), that printer and this writer became partners for better and for worse, by the help

of Rev. Dr. Stebbins; and so the domestic nature of our work, as also the propriety of this dedication become apparent to the reader. -- H. R. M." Carson, Nevada) April 14, 1870)

The following is from 'Sagebrush Leaves'.

**MOUNTAIN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS** -- If you are impressed by colors and tones, tints and atmospheric phenomena, you call to mind the sunset hues of those mountains in the east yonder. Of a clear, still, gloaming the Pint Nut [Pine Nut] hills loom up into the golden ether aglow with such rosy lights and violet shadows as the painters whose skilled hands so often have portrayed the Tyrolean alps like to imitate upon their canvass. You say to yourself these gloomy peaks are not the pleasant mountains I saw at sunset. If they are the same, indeed then hath nature taken upon herself the arts of the changling and the false colors of the coquette. You accuse her of 'painting,' for you have caught her in her dishabille and without her rouge and her Bloom of Youth. But how do you know which is the right tinting for the face of yon hillsides to bear before your eyes" Why may not the mountains have moods as well as any man or woman? But in fact these grim peaks so black with the darkness of a dull October morn are not the same that you saw at twilight. Where is the deep and jagged ravine so shaded with the royal purple of sundown? It is gone. Where is that distant peak which casts a shadow upon its fellows, giving us the strong and definite outlines of an independent, self-sustaining mountain? Gone!

"This is another wall reared  
against the horizon. There are  
two, yes, an infinite number of

[column 3:]

mountain ranges there -- a number as infinite as the changes of the changing sky -- as changeable as the clouds. To be sure, summer being cloudless, has a certain set of mountains for its landscape; but these must yield and be gone with autumn, with winter and with spring. Yesterday we caught a glimpse of an old friend of ours that had been gone, God knows where, these ever-so-many months. He showed his head, dark and threatening, as is his wont, high topping the crest of the Sierra there. Some veils of mist and changing storm clouds had revealed his outlines. He has been away, with the white mountain hares, the snowy owls and the pogonip, all summer. He is as distinct from any mere summer mountain as if he were a storm or a Christmas eve.

"Some weak philosopher will sneer at this Notary for a vagarist or a madman, perhaps. But where is any sanity or soberness of statement to be had if not in an account of the actual, the visible, and the present? Is there a peach - bloom - tinted mountain in the east, this heavy Tuesday? Was there not such a mountain there last Sunday at the going down of the sun? You swear to what you see, not to what might have been or may be again. That black mountain there, over against the western sky, capped with those frowning clouds, stands midway and above two sharply defined peaks, the two making a gorge and showing deep shadows and great gloomy precipices, which was

not so before.

The plain fact is, some migratory mountains, just from a summering at the north pole or amid the surges of the Antarctic, have come back again to their old haunts. You say, in your thoughtless way, that the lights and shades are so disposed as to bring out, in an unaccustomed relief, those mountain outlines. This, my dear reader, is to jump at conclusion. You are taking the unnecessary pains to build to suit yourself, the contour of your neighboring acclivities. Why not take them as you find them?

"Is the old garden gate of your boyhood the gate that it used to be, seen through the eyes of long ago? Are the eyes themselves the same? Look at that complacent matron, her form rounded to a womanly fullness, her silky brown hair tinged with silvery strands, and her manner so gentle and winning, but so something formal, withal. Is that your sweetheart, Fanny, think you. No, sir! That motherly woman who meets you with so much of cordiality mixed with a wise reserve, is no more Fanny of your boyhood than the glossy fabric of your wife's dress is a silk worm. Fanny vanished forever one day when she wept you out of sight, and went away to school, there to stay until she should be a woman. Also you went out of sight -- her sight -- forever and ever. You who are so paternal and bewhiskered, what business have you to give yourself the airs of a boy of sixteen? Am I to be told that my broadcloth is a sheep's fleece because it once was wool? And if immortal man and beautiful woman are persons who have come to take the place of

a certain boy and girl who once played together and made love, why not these mountains, which can throw "three different kinds whose very looks is a thing of the caprice of the clouds and a freak of the sunshine, why not these 'keep and pass and turn again'?"

[newspaper clipping:]

## WHAT CARSON DID WHEN LINCOLN DIED

Recorder Dake was yesterday telling an old time story of fifty years ago in Carson City when the word came that President Lincoln had been shot. "At that time," said Mr. Dake, "there were many people living in the city who were southern sympathisers but being in the minority, were careful of their remarks. However, they had become known and were looked upon with anything but friendly eyes by the majority. When the word came of the shooting excitement went to fever heat and the southern sympathisers were in rather a precarious situation as had any hot head have started trouble there would have been a riot. Later came the word that Lincoln was dead and the word was quietly passed around that every house in Carson City must show crepe on the door and a sign of mourning or that house would be demolished. At once the federals commenced the hanging of crepe upon their door knobs and soon the city had a somber hue, as those who were against the union dared not disobey the mandate and had their houses draped in black. The loudest of the secessionists in the city was the notorious Jack Harris, but it was noticed that his house had the most crepe and he appeared to be the saddest of the many. He had heard that he was to be the first one to feel the fury of the people if ac-[incomplete]