

The Wasp
April 3, 1886

Uncommon Occurrences

A Los Angeles crank named Workman was passing a crowd of newsboys waiting for their papers, and seeing most of them were barefooted he invited them into a shoestore and had them all comfortably shod. The loss was estimated by a by-stander at not less than seventy dollars; Mr. Workman probably intends to run for office.

In coming down the Geiger Grade, near Virginia City, a man named Sanderson was overtaken by a runaway team attached to an open buggy with an old woman in it. As the vehicle passed, Mr. Sanderson made a dash at its rear, caught on and climbed into the seat. The old woman, through terror or obstinacy, would not relinquish the lines, and at any moment the horses might go over the grade. It was a time for heroic, at least decisive, measures: Mr. Sanderson seized the reins with his left hand and with his right drew his revolver and shot the old lady dead; she released the lines, fell over the cliff and one life was saved when but for Mr. Sanderson's coolness both would certainly have been lost.

William Nerough, of Placerville, has a father in the county almshouse. A few years ago Mr. Nerough was running for County Clerk, and as the contest was going to be a pretty close one he could not afford to lose a vote; so he drove out to the alms-house and took his father to the polls to vote, afterward taking him to his home and giving him a first-rate dinner. Mr. Nerough was beaten by one vote, and the old man afterward confessed that he had voted "agin " him. Mr. Nerough endured the loss of the office very well, but was terribly cut up by the ingratitude of one whom he would have trusted with his life.

Little Mary Dustin, of Weaverville, was riding a heifer when both fell off a rock and the girl had a leg broken, besides receiving severe internal injuries. Drs. Dumpin, Groke and Thagger were at once called in, and although they agree that the terrible sufferings of the patient must soon be terminated by death, everything that medical science can do to keep the vital spark burning will be done. The heifer having sustained a fracture of the knee was mercifully put out of its misery with a rifle.

Mr. Charles Potarcle, who is in the Milpitas House of Corruption, charged with the murder of his wife, asks for a suspension of public opinion. He expects to be able to show that the deceased was a Hallelujah Lass of the Salvation Army.

A most remarkable instance of sagacity on the part of a dumb beast and coolness on the part of a man occurred the other day in Dead Squaw Gulch. Messrs. Robfer and Mulken, of St. Helena, were in there hunting, and while taking luncheon a large grizzly bear walked up to them,

limping and holding up one fore-paw. Mr. Mulken at once sprang for his rifle, but Mr. Robfer coolly took the bear's paw in his lap and examining it discovered that it was dreadfully swollen from a rattlesnake bite. So he took his hunting knife and, the bear standing still and whining with pain, proceeded to lance the swollen foot. No sooner did the knife enter than the bear struck him on the side of the head with the other paw and made off into the woods. To the day of his death (which occurred the succeeding Saturday) Mr. Robfer declared that authentic accounts exist of similar occurrences where the animal has been more patient under treatment and singularly grateful after cure; but that is not the kind of bears they have in Dead Squaw Gulch.

The petrified body of a woman buried fifteen years ago at Downieville was dug up last week by the husband and sold to the county for seven dollars. It is to be erected in the courthouse as a statue of Justice. It will, of course, be draped.

(Source: Archive.org: <https://archive.org/stream/waspjanjune188616unse#page/n12/mode/1up>)